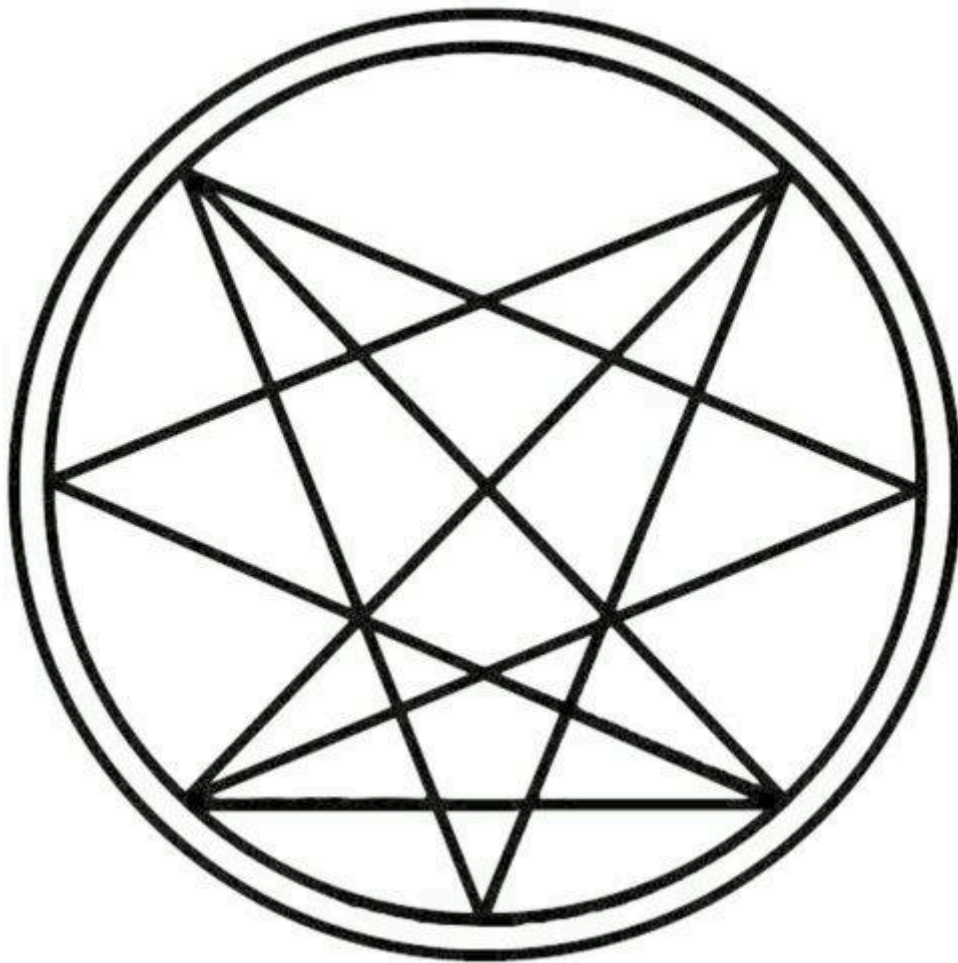


TEMPEL OV BLOOD
COLLECTION
(2004 - 2018)





TEMPEL OV BLOOD

DISCIPLINE OF THE GODS - ALTARS OF HELL
APEX OF ETERNITY

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(2004)

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The Tempel ov Blood exists as a Nexion to the Dark Gods as well as a guidance and filtration system for aspiring Noctulians. For those seeking a harsh alchemical change into the Transcendental Predator based on a synthesis of Sinister Hebdomantry and Vampirism... Our Calcination, Seperation, and final Coagulation will create a New Being capable of bringing about the “Day of Wrath” spoken of in the Diabolus Chant.

**Hail the New Aeon!
AgiOS Athanatos!**

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The Focus and Direction of the Tempel ov Blood

For those so inclined to work with the Tempel ov Blood (after proving their Noctulian potential), our main aims are threefold:

First, we wish to hold as our highest priority the creation of the New Being. The realization of the meaning of the human's life is this - humans are nothing in themselves, they are great however once they have decided to become a bridge to the New Being variously described and symbolized by Homo Galactica, Ubermensch, Noctulians, Vampires, and the various titles given to Alien beings in such mythologies. ANY and ALL humans who fail to embrace this evolutionary urge will serve as food and a resource to be used by the New Being- as a human would a lesser animal. Thus is our philosophy and way of being a terror to the Magian. So much sweeter will their Blood Essence be to consume...

Second, the infiltration and manipulation of organizations and forms with Sinister potential. Aryanism, particularly the more religiously fanatical forms of it, such as Christian Identity are a good example. The manipulating Noctulain is to use these forms for their own Presencing of the Dark, as well as changing in subtle ways the followers of such forms to following a more Sinister direction. For example, in Identity, using knowledge of the Biblical doctrines and prophecies encourage war, hardship, and system disruption using the scriptures as guidance and proof of the message you are sending to adherents of the said form. Any form with a transhuman, system disruption, or satanic direction to it may be of use here. The key is finding a form that in itself is an aid to the Dialect and empowering it further, causing a saturation of Acasual Energy.

Third, disruption of Magian organizations. Whether overtly occult forms, such as Judeo-Christian churches, Wicca covens, pseudo-satanic temples, or more physical "down to earth" forms such as Magian political groups and government.

These need to be infiltrated and disrupted via both magical means (the ways of which are detailed in a ms ot available to the public) as well as in more physical and practical ways. The Tempel itself is but a means for the Noctulain Empire to provide a harsh alchemical change process to those who seek it, allowing them to aid the dialect in their own with the knowledge and skills attained during the transformation. Those few who go on to become Noctulians will join with us in our Harvest and pass thru the Jihad as One of Them that will reign immortal in the Dark Land.

"Come as a reaper, for thus will you sow." - Black Book of Satan

Lord Karnac 114YF Era Horrificus

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Discipline of the Gods

by Czar Azg-Kala

The Satanic Monkhood

History is made and the destiny of civilizations are decided by hard men. Hard men are only bred via hard experience. All that is caustic, severe, harsh and cruel compromises the territory in which the vampiric/satanic/ demonic aspirant must traverse and master. The horribly mangled whited sepulchre known as ‘modern thought’ and ‘current theology’ safely sidesteps with care that which truly merits the title of sinister.

False so-called ‘Satanism’ of the LaVeyan and Setian veins see the archetype of Satan as pure and unbridled hedonism - a domesticated consumer and seeker of pleasure and so-called ‘hidden knowledge’, nothing more.

The stark facts remain: Too much indulgence breeds individuals who are soft, fussy and generally classified as dross of the human population by Sinister standards. The idea of Satan/Satanism being nothing more than pursuit of pleasure, a proud hedonist which functions within the safe legal confines of Western society, is false. What is more, it is an insult to the very idea of Satan and Black Magick. The concept of Satanism as promulgated by the Church of Satan is, in itself, part of the overall Magian deception. It is a disinformation front operated by the White Lodge to obfuscate the true and startlingly dark and evil nature of the Sinister itself.

If we look closely, we will see that the modern ‘Judeo-Christians’ are closely linked with the disease of spiritual enervation which afflicts the false Satanists, the poseurs. The White Lodge of the Magians wish to crush out all that is dark and possessing the promethean gleam of progress and evolution. They wish to turn the wilderness into sub-divided land for shopping malls and quaint suburban dwellings. They deny the true and holy emotions of Predation, Revenge, Discipline, Honor, Glory, Sorrow and Sacrifice. They do, and encourage others to do likewise, to live and promulgate a version of reality which is nothing more than a Jewish fantasy.

The Satanic/Vampiric/Demonic Neonates, Initiates, Adepts and Masters of the Tempel of Blood are, in essence, shock troops of the Apocalypse. Entities and intelligences who do or are working towards embodying the acasual forces of the Aeon-to-come. As such, they are disruptive by nature to the current society which nears the ‘Day of Wrath’ spoken of in our holy chants (see ‘Dies Irae, Dies Illa’). True Satanists and vampiric entities (bred through ordeals and the alchemical change processes of our Sinister Path) are essentially embodiments of chaos and evil. They in themselves are literal nexions, portals to the powers and energies of the new, Galactic Aeon which looms upon the horizon. They possess a certain

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awareness. They cut through the disinformation, propaganda and thralldom to fantasy that runs rampant in Magian-influenced society and are, in essence, the only true realists.

Satan is the archetype of the untamed wildemess. His is the skies. His is the earth. He is no stranger to intrigue, espionage, genocide, violence and nuclear war. He is the possessor of secrets. He is the guardian of the occult. He is the master of Awe and Derision. Satan - whose word is CHAOS.

Satan is what we strive to become, literally, in real life. Not a person who only assumes the tint of 'Sinister' within the safety of a ritual setting but rather a literal walking demon of darkness. An undead, uncool and uncaring clan deathsmen. A hard man, bred via hard experience.

The dangerous terrains of what we of the Tempel term as vampiric only serve to explicate that new sort of intelligence, that entity which is alien and very disruptive to modern society, which neonates of the Tempel ov Blood seek to become. Erase all images of the emasculated 'romantic' version of the vampiric that is promoted via media and most films. This usually has nothing at all to do with the physical reality of vampiric intelligences, who exist embodied in the physical and disembodied in the astral. The nature of the vampiric is extensively catalogued as "folklore" all across the earth planet and has been recorded for thousands upon thousands of years. The preconceived Magian/Nazarene ideals and falsehoods which are ingrained via neurological imprinting since childhood must be erased from the mind of the Neonate if he or she wishes to reach into the Backwards Darkness and BECOME something which is more than human.

All old and outmoded forms of the body and psyche must be discarded. The spirits of the Undead Gods must inhabit a new vessel which has been cleansed in the holy fires of ordeal, trial and hardship. Old and unproductive neurological imprints may only be erased through exploring the shadow-self of the world and one's own psyche and body. Exploring and learning to use the dark, hard world as one's arena of operations. The earth itself ("tui sunt caeli, tua est terra...") is the working arena of the Holy and Immaculate Satanists and Vampires of the TEMPEL OV BLOOD. Via the Tempel, you will, if you are part of said temple, be aided in the eradication of chaff from your being. You yourself must be willing to step into the caustic and sinister black flames of change.

This change will be enacted (amongst other methods) via SHOCK, TRIAL, ORDEALS AND TORTURE OF THE MIND AND BODY AND SOUL. You must effectively die to the self and the ego of which you now consist to step into the glorious undeath which you seek. You must feel and experience first hand the glory of horror and the purity of pain. Transformation must be enacted if you wish to reach into the higher stages of BREAKTHROUGH and beyond...

As is stated by Adolf Hitler (an individual whom should be carefully studied by all who wish to enter into what is known as the Sinister) concerning youth: He desired the youth of his day

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to be an IRON YOUTH - heard as krupp steel and within their eyes, very visible, the cold hard stare of a beast of prey.

We must become as such.

We must not set low expectations for our progress. We must embrace “Joy through Discipline” and strive towards the triumph of the Will. We must become familiar with brutal force and overcoming obstacles. Not merely overcoming obstacles, but decimating them entirely.

Seek not to become the next deluded occultist, but seek instead to become the next Dictator, the next black wizard who shall ascend the pyramid of skulls via the piercing and destruction of many, many minds. You shall become as we state. Our black hands of undeath are upon you now even as you read these words. You shall become that predator, that sinister beast of prey.

Our history and the vampiric lineage of the Tempel ov Blood shows us that we are to be harsh. We are those who are at one with the ‘Day of Wrath’. We walk amongst the stale and ghastly atmospheres and rotted flesh of the tombs and cremation grounds. Swarms of rats carrying the Black Plague are included in our astral entourage. Genocide is our pleasure, and pestilence is our portion. We walk not in life nor in death, but rather, in the undeath of entities which have transcended humanity altogether.

The truth of undeath and understanding of what it means by being in a state of ‘undead-ness’ will only be revealed via your own effort, which must prove to your temple and yourself if you are possessed of the fanatical will that is necessary to step into a higher plane of psychic, astral, intellectual, emotional and physical evolution. You must break yourself as you are now if you wish to create and re- create yourself.

Discipline, privation and hardship must be imposed for the deadly and sinister vampiric entity to blossom forth from your particular shell of potential. You yourself must not simply fantasize about the dark nature of the vampiric, you must live it - in the physical realm . To actually perform Sinister Chant while sitting upon a corpse in the crematory grounds. To live as a walking corpse, eating no physical sustenance, living upon the dark rays of the moon deep within the forbidden and wild hinterlands. To manipulate and use force for the furtherance of the Sinister Dialectic.

In this manuscript we will be exploring the nature of privation, discipline and pain pursuant to the pathworkings of those who wish to become and enter the state of monkhood of vampiric and satanic power.

Many of the advanced practices that accompany what shall be explicated within are kept secret only to be revealed to you via oral tradition by legitimate representatives of the Tempel ov Blood. This manuscript itself we wish not to keep secret - whomever hands it falls into, it

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shall aid in Presenting of the Dark and become grist for the mill of progress which shall usher in the coming Noctulian Empire.

The methods within are hard, but such is necessary to become an acolyte of real darkness and real evil. To become a courtesan of the Prince, the Master of Awe and Derision - whose name is Satan, and whose word is CHAOS.

Build not upon sand but upon rock And build not for today or yesterday but for alltime. (7th Statements of the 21 Satanic Statements of the Order of Nine Angles)

“And yours is the kingdom, for Aeons and aeons...”

Seek happiness in victory - but never in peace.

Far and large, the concept known as ‘peace’ is and will remain, an ephemeral and illusory concept. ‘Peace’ is something that people seek - but yet it continues to elude them. From every angle that sinister obscurer destroys illusion and brings reality (if only for a little while) into focus. That destroyer of illusion is known in layman’s terms as chaos. The White Lodge via the doctrines of the Nazarene sing their songs of praise to a ‘Prince of Peace’ - yet even in their own scriptures their deity states that during the turning of the age people will cry for peace, peace when in fact, there is no peace! As the prey spends time building the psychological house of cards that help them make it through the day (or years) and continue to ignore what is reality, chaos will intervene and destroy their illusions - pulling the proverbial rug out from under their feet. Rather than learning from such experiences, the herd quickly recoups and catches hold onto another illusion to keep them on an ‘even keel’ - to keep order in and to keep chaos out.

What most do not understand is that strife, conflict and War (the latter being one of the most infamous no-no’s of modern society, or so they say!) are essential - they are necessary for progress. They breed character. And, large scale conflicts (such as a world war for instance) further serves to clean out the dross, the weak, from the population as well as building individuals (the conquering warriors and all so intimately involved) into forces which shall need to be reckoned with in the future. Many pivotal figures of the last hundred years have been frontline fighters. An example from America would be Timothy MacVeigh. A prime example of a frontline soldier going on to enact Aconic change would be Adolph Hitler.

When most people say they want ‘peace’, what they really want is to live life in a fashion where they are able to exist (note that | said exist, not live) in such a fashion that reality will not intrude. Such is an attitude which has come into vogue largely via the brain manipulation of the Nazarene ethos. What is unpleasant is evil and therefore should be avoided. This sort of attitude, combined with the soft consumerist vision of modern society - serves to breed an entire generation of weaklings.

Certain people term “peace” as the freedom to live alone, without the bother intrusions from society or an overbearing government. This is something entirely different. Rather than

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'peace' this should be termed as 'freedom' - for in the Imperium stage which we now inhabit, finding the aforementioned solitude and self-government is something which has to be struggled for - war must be employed to achieve freedom of that sort.

The White Loge wishes you to become a person who is lassitudinous and bereft of action. In a sense, they seek a populace of soft and pliable human vegetables. The society being the vegetable garden into which you must assimilate yourself. If you do not assimilate, then you must face the consequences (persecution, social ostracism, prison or in some extreme cases, death). Another acceptable human type which is mass produced by the Magians is the caricature busy-body. This person (the busy-body) chases after illusory causes, enwrap themselves in meaningless intrigue of a noxious and irrelevant sort (ie: can you believe who movie star "X" married? How about that football team "Z" beating football team "Y"!) and dies at an old age with a full schedule of irrelevant and non-disruptive activities to engage themselves in.

People who seek "peace" as a primary objective (or people who fallaciously use the concept of peace for their own consumerist agenda) are never the sort of people who carve out nations from wild and uninhabited continents. They are not the sort of people who compose great works of music, literature or art. They are not the sort of people who become world leaders, or the sort who start world wars. The "peace-niks" are the heroes of a sick, Magian-influenced society. They are embodied in such disgusting pieces of human filth such as Mother Thereasa, Martin Luther King Jr., ad naseum. True role-models, true heroes, have been relegated to the caste of ill repute who are commonly called 'war criminals', Taking the place of the world leaders and men and women of action are the heroes of the degraded society - including such non-entities as sports stars, movie actresses, comedians, etc. For any who have studied history with a perspective, for any who have any sort of knowledge and lust for power - you will look at the world today and realize that there is something very wrong going on in the social engineering of today's society.

This Magian, Nazarene and weak programming is what the Satanists and the Aeonian Magickans who respect PROGRESS wish to combat. Every Satanic/ Vampiric/Demonic practitioner of the Tempel ov Blood is essentially an ENEMY COMBATANT in the arena of the 'souls' of the masses.

Regardless of the rise and tide of the battles between that which is Sinister and that which is Magian - the Sinister always tends to hold out. Why? Because the Sinister is concerned with reality, the Sinister does not shirk from chaos - which we know is the word by which our Prince is recognized. And, as weak as the populace may become, there will always be one or two Satanic individuals who will perform what is necessary to tip the scales. Those of the Sinister path are the makers of history. And even now all across the globe - Satanic temples are operating, many in a very clandestine manner, to Presence the Dark. One of the means that this is enacted is via the opening of portals of chaos - the creation of nexions. A nexion is a person/place/thing/concept/philosophy ad infinitum which accomplishes the purpose of becoming a gateway to the Acasual. Acasual forces (namely, the Dark Gods which are the

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harbingers of energies which are beneficial to the progress of mankind as a whole and therefore, disruptive to the current malaise which infests the land) enter through said nexion into the casual (our world). Such is the essence of change.

As one who holds dear the fact that we should “Seek happiness in victory - but never in peace” you yourself will seek via the Sinister Path to become a nexion. You will become a vessel carrying certain knowledge, insight and energies which are more characteristic of the Aeon-to-come than the current dying Western Aeon. An orthodox interpretation of an individual who is a nexion would be someone who is considered POSSESSED. When you perform pathworkings to call forth the Dark Gods from the horrid angles which are compacted into the numerical matrix of nine, you will be INVOKING them rather than EVOKING them. When you INVOKE, you take that spirit/cnergy/what-have-you into yourself. Such an act will naturally cause pain to the ego which you have carefully built up over the years (or perhaps the ego that has been carefully built up for you by the social engineers of the White Lodge). If we think carefully on this, we can find a parallel with a vampiric explanation of a similar occurrence.

One takes the blood of an Elder (or the infused lifeforce of the Undead Gods from beyond the gate) into oneself. This lifeforce begins to enact the alchemical change process - and the aspirant practitioner of vampiric sorcery begins to transform, mutate and change. In the deepest stages the original astral self (ie: the embodying entity) will have for all effective purposes died. Died, been killed (by invading vampiric entities who wish to possess the physical body arc permanently put into a stage of limbo or imprisonment on some obscure and dead alien landscape. Via the alchemical change process, the body itself (we mean here the physical) has also changed. It is no longer what it was, it is different going down into the very sub-atomic structures of such. Therefore, the body is dead. You have a walking corpse. What makes this corpse walk? The reanimation caused by the entrance of the Undead Gods. Such an individual will be seen to have become a vessel of demonic intelligences which are pro-Sinister nature and anti-Magian illusion.

Death leading to UNDEATH is a necessary state for any evolution to take place. This is true for individuals (and essential to the alchemical change process) as well as civilizations. To effectively allow the entities and infrastructures of the New Aeon to flourish, all the remains of the Old Aeon must be razed to the ground. Metamorphosis is never easy.

When seeking to become a conduit for Sinister energies - one must take on the attitude of a CONQUERER. Cursed are those that allow in themselves the creeping disease of Magian thought, existence and behavior - there is only one way to eradicate fully those insidious detractors from the evolution which you seek. That is through becoming SATANIC - becoming the adversary - possessing a Promethean/Faustian outlook and willing to go the necessary miles to become more than human. Metamorphosis is never easy. Seek happiness in victory - but never in peace.

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[This essay was written as a commentary upon the third Satanic Statement from the 21 Satanic Statements of Conrad Robury. The author is a Westerner being held in a third world country on erroneous charges of terrorism.]

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Altars of Hell

by Tempel ov Blood

Practical Workings for Neonates

One of the fundamental tasks of neonates upon the pathways presented by our Tempel is the embracing of the shadowside; the exploration of the dark (both Acasual and practical). Far from being simply an exploration of their own (supposedly) singular person, the exploration of the shadowside implies both the 1.) recognition and working with Sinister atavisms within the psyche, which in turn lead towards the pathways towards the Dark Gods 2.) presencing (via rituals appropriate for neonates) demonic, adverse spiritual forces.

Through the beginnings of the strivings and development of a Satanic character and the development of one's self via ordeals which cause alchemical change, knowledge of the self will come as a by-product of the previous mentioned activities of the neonate. This beginning of self-knowledge will be a start of a journey towards developing a true 'self-consciousness' which will last many decades. After the level of External Adept has been obtained, the Satanic adherent will begin to have a proper perspective on what they have become and how they, as an independent amoral force, interact with the world and the forces of Casual and Acasual nature (most often, Adepts will be working towards the furtherance of the Sinister Dialectic). Goals of varying color in regards to manipulation of Aconic forces are worked towards by various Satanic groups and individuals although the prominent goal is the bringing about the Return of the Dark Gods.

In the beginning, for the Neonate, one of the primary goals will be to strip the self of imposed Nazarene 'morals'.

In the beginning, it will be very imperative for the neonate to realize what is Satan and what it means to be-in reality, Satanic. Satanists - especially within the goals promulgated by Lord Karnac in "The Focus and Direction of the Tempel ov Blood" - and especially true for those actually working with the Tempel ov Blood specifically, are, quintessentially, a martial force of evil which stands in defiance to the Magian. Not only do we defy, we infiltrate, disrupt, dismantle, raze and sabotage both philosophical strongholds and both esoteric and exoteric infrastructure of the Magian system. As the Satanist develops, through their opening of certain nexions within their own being to the Dark Gods and forged in the fire of their own 'living on the edge' experiences in life they will become more Sinister, more Satanic. The neonate must begin a path that will force a self- evolution upon themselves. To undeveloped humans, a Neonate and especially an Initiate will be very dangerous indeed. This capability to both 1.) draw down Acasual forces related to the Dark Gods of the Sinister Pantheon (and 2.) be able to effectively enact system disruption will only increase over the passage of years and the descent of the practitioner towards the Casual and Acasual Altars of Hell.

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For the neonate, it is important that a real breakdown of Magian brainwashing to occur. It is not enough to go about it, willy-nilly, simply extracting things that may be personally attractive to extract while still holding onto deep, harbored emotions and ideas. It is precisely those deep-rooted magian elements which must be destroyed if one is to truly become worthy of the title of 'Satanist'.

In the pseudo-satanic groups, we often see individuals who, while flaunting certain conceived 'taboos' and 'indulgences' will truly 'run like the devil was after them' if confronted by an opinion, action, emotion, etc. which is truly dark, truly sinister. For instance, LaVeyian Satanists may still find it "thrilling" to paw at a naked altar girl, shout 'Shemhamforash' with nasal intonations or make 'vague hints' that National Socialist Germany possessed occultic power. In truth, the large majority of non-Sinister Path so-called 'Satanists' are simply dabblers, who have no real interest in 'getting their hands dirty' so to speak. Put these would-be Satanists in the presence of a truly heretical political or religious doctrine (an example in America would be, for instance, a Racial Covenant Identity adherent of Posse Comitatus limited government, who practices polygamy) and they will become surprised, bewildered and, in most cases, completely disoriented. Confront these would-be Satanists with a practical act of chaos and darkness (for instance, the destruction of the World Trade Center) and these so-called Satanists will suddenly become god-bless-america flag-waving patriots.

So, as you can by now see, even when many 'taboos' are broken in an attempt to cleanse oneself of Magian brainwashing and force-fed dogma there are always more to be broken, deeper layers of consciousness to uncover. This deprogramming is not just 'desirable' - it is ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY. For remember, we are not simply discussing a 'personal salvation' here, we are not simply explaining that for one's own personal benefit that these changes are desirable. One must begin to view themselves, straight from the start, as being a part of the whole - a Satanist with a specific destiny, but one whose primary objective is being a Satanic, vampiric shock-troop in the war machine which will plant the seeds for the return of the Dark Gods physically upon this earth planet. In this respect, it would be recommended for neonates to study, in-depth, the history of the National Socialist party and the Third Reich. Look into the philosophers and thinkers who influenced the National Socialist policy and credo and read those well. As is said in the Twenty-One Satanic Statements (Black Book of Satan, Order of Nine Angles): 'Build not upon sand but upon rock And build not for today or yesterday but for all time'. It should be the goal of every Satanist to create a Widening sphere of Sinister influence which will outlast their casual lifespan. For this purpose, it must be understood that all beginning steps are necessary training so that the Satanist, later on, might be capable to influence via their Sinister deeds the shifting of Aeons. And, by sacrificing for Sinister outcome in the turning of the ages, one is putting their effort in the pool of all those who wish to see the gods of darkness, the Lords of Evil and Plague, to enter from the dark spaces - coming out of their prison of Saturn - to descend upon the earth planet and establish open rule, making 'SOLVET SAECLUM IN FAVILLA' complete.

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This must be enacted on every possible facet of your operations. For instance, one big shock would be the defilement of sexuality for those who harbor traditional American 'fraternity boy' practices. Of course this will be especially effective for those who have been raised in the sexually-oppressive atmosphere of a Judeo-Christian home. Sadomasochism (which actually has a specific esoteric usage within Sinister Vampirism to be explored in other mss.), sapphism, uranian practices, etc. are all useful. The first thought of the neonate may very well be 'oh my, but, I find some of those practices to be disturbing!'. THAT is precisely the point and that is why-it is precisely those things which are unexplored and "disturbing" which must be engaged in. Only by dropping headfirst into the Abyss of Sinister experience will one become a truly Sinister individual, one which is capable of effecting change and disruption which is adverse to the Magian yet fraught with potential of evolution for the humans which come into your sector of operations. Satanists, via overcoming themselves, will become amoral, Sinister beings who are beyond human - beings which will be winds of change wherever they may go. Sometimes, the change they bring will be met with resistance. That in itself is only another opportunity for the Satanist to engage in a favorite pastime which is sorely needed in today's emasculated feminized society, and that pastime and operation is the operation of CONFLICT, STRIFE and WAR.

The neonate should begin, right away, to identify and observe the behavioral factors within the society in which they live that are causing anti-evolutionary results within the populace. Once identified, it can be readily assumed that these anti-evolutionary factors are being introduced by the Magians, who promote the kind of deplorable 'half-life' which is the anti-thesis of an upward, Sinister evolutionary course. It is useful for the neonate to early on begin exploring the disruptive forms, actions and creeds which elicit hysterical vituperation from the hordes of human chattel. When one has found a form which is able to 'touch a nerve' within the populace, it should be explored. More often than not, or if it possesses a psychic contaminant of anti-evolutionary creeds, it can still be manipulated and subverted to serve Sinister aims.

Along with the traditional tasks that are given to a Neonate (certain specific tasks will come from the Tempel ov Blood if one is so affiliated, and there are several traditional tasks such as the killing of an animal in the manner of a hunter with a primitive weapon such as a bow and arrow or a stone and sling, the procurement of holy water and consecrated wafer from a church which is then defiled ritualistically to bind oneself to Satan, etc.) every Neonate is highly recommended to undertake the following (or very similar tasks). This will be a 'building block' that will provide the base from which many more ambitious projects in the way of Aconic manipulation of forms for the furtherance of the Sinister Dialectic later on along the path.

Neonate Black Ops

The neonate should start (especially if one is young and unable to travel great distances via modern vehicular modes) their Sinister Path operations by becoming familiar with the

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different institutions and social groups (including, but not limited to, local 'sub-cultures') in their immediate geographical location. They should identify whether or not these institutions and social groups are operating according to Magian or Sinister principles.

More than likely, the former will be the case.

As the Neonate establishes his or her first temple area (this could be a grove in the forest or a bedroom which is used for meditation and practices of Vampirism and Sinister pathworkings) there will begin to be an outpouring of black, abysmal energies which will 'disperse' amongst the area in which the Sinister adherent is living.

In addition to traditional rituals it would be recommended to obtain some more conventional grimoires on black magick and work with the formulas while subverting them to cause Sinister, calamitous results. An example of this would be working with grimoires that require elaborate magical circles of protection with 'holy names' so inscribed on them. In such rituals the 'demon' or 'astral force' is usually summoned into a 'protective triangle' which is OUTSIDE OF THE CIRCLE - in other words, the magicians who practice such are very concerned about protecting themselves from the primal force/demon that is summoned. Another staple of these types of rituals is that elaborate 'banishing' rituals are used at the end of the rituals. This is to 'banish' all the remaining energies to prevent 'psychic contamination' or 'chaotic dispersion' of the (most of the time) adverse energies/forces/whatever which has been brought forth during the course of the ritual.

A rule of thumb for neonates concerning such rituals is this: whatever the white-light magicians recommend for 'safety', promptly eschew. Furthermore, reverse portions of the ritual in such a way that you will be bringing forth forces that will NOT BE BANISHED and will be allowed to run rampant, indefinitely.

A sample scenario of such would go as follows: An older 'black magic' manual gives the explanations for how to summon and banish a demon/primal force/etc. The manual explains that a circle must be drawn and that the demon will manifest in the triangle outside of the circle. Afterwards, the demon must be 'banished' and the room cleansed with salt and other nice, pretty herbal tinctures of exorcism.

Do not bother with forming a circle. Simply use an altar bearing the sigils/pictures and accessories specific to the demon which you are summoning. After the ritual is complete, do not utter any words or perform any actions which supposedly will 'close' the ritual - simply leave the area, with no banishment whatsoever. Another method would be to simply draw the triangle and to stand inside of the triangle, hermetically sealing yourself in the same small area in which the demon will be manifesting. Such purposeful subversions of ritual will quickly lead to demonic possession and dispersal of evil, chaotic energies in your geographical area.

Performing such 'open-ended rituals along with other Sinister practices will begin the process of saturating oneself with Sinister energies from beyond (a virtual 'crash course' in abysmal

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shadowside) and also saturating the area in which you live with similar energies. Your goal here is to be the catalyst for sort of an 'All Hell Breaks Loose' type of scenario in your respective location. This grooming of an area will again be a building block for more elaborate activities which can be taken on later during the Path which include forming a proper 'nexion' which will become a doorway for Abysmal, Sinister forces to enter into the casual.

Once these prerequisite 'renegade' rituals have begun to show some effect and once your initial meditation practices have begun to yield fruit, it is time for some exoteric disruption of local Magian as well as (potentially) Sinister forms. By this we mean institutions which exert some sort of social engineering upon the populace as well as social groups which are often by-products of the aforementioned institutional structures.

Find the following:

1. A local church into which you, the Sinister Adherent would be able to infiltrate and play a role within. For youth, the most useful would be 'the struggling teenager' (individuals in their early twenties could also undertake this role, lying about their age) who is 'interested in Jesus' but 'just not ready to make a commitment'. One could easily, several months down the line in the course of the infiltration, feign a sudden 'I've been saved, by the grace of God!' conversion which the (victims) will attribute to their own 'holy effort' and will further endear you to (the victims) that much more. Find such a church and visit it overtly and covertly on a few random occasions while you plan on your strategy and how you will disrupt their organization. By covertly I of course mean some after-hours visitations for purposes of feeling out the astral nature of their structure (placing strategic sigils around the physical building of churches is useful here) and begin some preliminary disruptions of the area on a physical level.
2. A local occult group or a local sub-cultural group in which intimations of being overtly Sinister will be met with interest and curiosity. As Nietzsche said, if something is falling - push it! The key here is to find a group of people who are (unconsciously) being affected in adverse ways by the Sinister energies that you are unleashing by your working in their geographical area. Agitate their deterioration and begin psychic and astral sabotage, putting them quickly on the road to perdition. This technique could be termed a 'vampiric massacre'. The astral and psychic terrorizing of a group of people, en masse, for massive blood essence feeding with you, unseen, being the cause of their woes.

These practices of infiltration, subtle (and in the case of some Neonates, not so subtle!) subversion and presencing of dark forces only on a local level will begin the development of skills which will be of use later on, during the stage of early Adept hood, when one begins using increasingly larger forms to manipulate. During that later period, the Sinister adherent will be taking the skills which were first developed during the stage of Neonate and honing them to use on a global level.

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While breaking down forms of Magian brainwashing one of the most effective tools to use in tangit with shock treatment (for more information on the methods and guidance on such please contact the Tempel ov Blood. TOB leaders will be able to assist individual members through observing the Neonates own personal nature and then prescribing certain duties and techniques which will be specifically beneficial to them personally) is to also undertake a serious influx of Sinister images, music, art, activities, etc. In essence, this is to implant certain 'impressions' of a Sinister nature which will override and replace former mental characteristics which have been implanted by the Magian.

The 21 Satanic Statements of Conrad Robury should be used as a catechism for every Neonate. If not memorized, they should be at least meditated upon (choose one Statement for each day of the month and meditate on one statement a day. After several months, the import of these statements will begin to sink in and you will find yourself applying the lessons which are taught within the statements.) If you have not so already, find a form of music available which embodies for you, atmospheres which you would consider appropriate to the Sinister Path. This should be music that moves you and brings forth thoughts of darkness, chaos and evil. Music of a past age (medieval or Victorian music for example) can be of aid in establishing a non-linear mode of conception when dealing with the Dark Gods and the Undead. The key here is to use appropriate props which will allow you to 'march to the beat of your own drum' and begin shedding the natural 'herd mentality' of 'follow the leader' which exists in undeveloped human society.

Rudimentary Vampiric practice should also be undertaken during the stage of neonate. The practice of draining blood essence (via touch, sight, and later, via astral travel) should commence and it is useful to pursue the mss. of groups such as (the now defunct) Tempel Azagthoth of the nineties to begin learning these methods. Mss. are also available from the Tempel ov Blood detailing more Sinister appropriate approaches to these practices and the TOB mss. should be read first. Ask your Tempel guide for information regarding Vampiric practice in this regard as they will be able to point you in the direction of knowledge and information which shall be appropriate for assuming the most hideous and dark forms of Wamphyrism in accord with the nature of the Tempel.

In Closing

This manuscript is to serve the purpose of being a supplement to your Neonate workings within the Tempel ov Blood. The information within is 'open-ended' and should not be read casually, but rather read in the mood of reading between the lines and apprehending the concepts which are intimated within. Much information regarding the Sinister Path of the Tempel ov Blood is not kept secret by choice, but rather, by necessity. For, the TOB stands at the threshold of darkness - amoral and thus, is a threat to the powers of liberal Western Democracy which would like you to believe that the practices of social engineering and genetic manipulation 'do not exist'. The development of our emerging tyrants who are becoming genetically in similitude to 'Those From Without' must be guarded against the

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prying eyes of opposing forces from the White Lodge. This is especially true within the United States.

The aims of the Tempel ov Blood are very ambitious and they will be ruthlessly pursued far after the casual lifespan of the individual who is now writing these words to you. Certain methods of ours are by necessity cloaked in the symbolic language of 'occult'. Through strenuous practice the curious may advance and have these layers of secrecy removed to reveal the true abomination of our agenda. This will come only through the personal effort of those so seeking.

The methods which will be learned as you make your progression within the Sinister Path will be of such a sensitive nature that many would think such techniques would only be known amongst top secret government sectors.

They are here, for those who wish to take the path of power, because we are a Tradition. Some of our members are moving (and some have already arrived) towards a state of existence which cannot be classified as 'human' (psychically, physically, mentally or biologically).

Those who, being chained by their own Magian brainwashing believe that such results are not possible are in for a big surprise down the line. What to us has arrived as progress will be seen by the vast majority of undeveloped humans as a terror which has no equal.

Noctulian covert infiltration and subversion leading to Noctulian overt command and control.

Day of Wrath, Day by that way...
Age of fire, Final Harvest, Final Omega...
Noctulian.

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
114yf Era Horrificus
Tempel ov Blood

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Apex of Eternity

By Drill Sgt. #333

“Behold a pale horse, and the name of him that sat thereon was Death and Hell followed after.”

Up to this point we have been systematically purging ourselves of our humanity, and therefore of our limitations. We now find ourselves in a very unique position of absolute autonomy, and therefore of absolute responsibility. Suddenly eyebrows raise and you ask, “Responsibility? Isn’t that what we’re against?”

Know that there is only one single thing to which you owe all of your power, intelligence and ultimately your existence - and therefore all of your responsibility: your personal Sinister Destiny.

That place wherein we find ourselves is the outermost regions of the Being. We are at the crossroads of action. We are in a realm of necessity where good and evil cannot trespass. We are at the very apex of eternity.

Once you have Realized your ‘Destiny’ or your specific role in the Sinister Dialectic (which, if you have made it as far as to reading this MS without being afflicted with life imprisonment, death or sanity, you SHOULD have realized such), your existence as a whole would be pointless and you would be the finest candidate for culling were you not to put into action that things which have in silence been revealed to you.

Shiva sits in solitary meditation for approximately 4 million years, according to the Hindu measurement of a Kalpa. Yet, at the end of the long meditation, with the power such discipline has generated and stored, Shiva opens up the dreaded Third Eye, out of which flows pure destruction, bringing the whole of creation to a fiery end.

Much more than a myth.

Opr power has been gathering, especially as the Mighty have been connected with one another and have joined in Unholy Communion. Now, let us send out a shock wave that will shake the foundations of this galaxy, with the Hinderlands at ground zero - the typhoid Mary of this, the final virus of this Age of Devastation.

Let us ride into the world as the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, bringing famine and war, disease and despair, death and Hell.

* * * * *

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I would never suggest that a single person attempt to plan and execute an operation that would be difficult even for an army. [would never ask that any initiate undertake a work that is impossible to complete. Have no doubt that what I ask now is no more or less than what I have asked of myself. What I now say that needs to be done is only that which I have seen the necessity for in my own world, and have acted in accordance with my own Destiny.

A nuclear explosive first collapses in on itself. This is the effect of the Low Order explosive being detonated. This triggers the High Order explosive, causing a reaction in the nuclear core that expands quickly and violently, effecting everything it touches. The nuclear shock wave, once it has left the earth's atmosphere, travels endlessly into space, carrying in its wake an awful scream of man's Will to Power.

By this time, our Selves should have already collapsed, and we have died. That death, however, is momentary. From there, the REAL force of our Beings pushes us from the grave and into a state of godless omnipotence.

Now that the nuclear core within has been detonated, it is time to start bringing the buildings down and turning the useless into ashes.

* * * * *

Modern occultists practice an esoteric art called Assumption of Godforms. In a ritualized setting, the magician will assume the mental and physical postures of a chosen godform or archetype, gradually uniting his lesser consciousness with the Grand Consciousness of the godform at hand, eventually resulting in a state that would make the magician appear to be the archetype manifested, astrally and sometimes physically.

At our present state of Undeath, we perform the exact reverse. As autonomous Gods of Darkness, we - through great discipline and unimaginable suffering - must take on the illusion of being human. We must be able to walk in the midst of the dying without recourse or even detection. We must appear in every way to be nothing of a threat. In this, we must be able to deceive even the very elect.

We are therefore Gods practicing the esoteric art of Assumption of Manforms. From there, handshakes become hazardous and stares melt the spiritual ice age that humans have brought upon this plane.

Now we can get to work.

* * * * *

Study military field manuals.& nbsp; From experience in the USMC, [would suggest anything from the MOS AIT Combat Engineer Training, as well as the basic 2 week Combat

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Training School teachings given to Marines following the 12 week Basic Training (boot camp).

What we're looking for is the knowledge and skill needed to kill with any weapon, with no weapon and from a distance (as with explosives or traps).

Study and memorization of the Terrorist Handbook is also recommended. Here, you will learn to use everyday devices for extraordinary purposes.

In handling all equipment, wear powder-free latex gloves. It is also advised to shave body hair and shower regularly to avoid leaving nasty DNA traps.

Using guidelines given in ONA MSS "A Gift for the Prince" and "Culling: A Guide to Human Sacrifice" select one of such offer. Immolate them in the names of the Undead Gods, pulling their soul from the fires of their death and casting it in to the Blood Pool. The Terrorist Handbook teaches wonderful way to make and use long distance (or even timed or triggered) explosive detonators. If done correctly, these leave very little evidence behind.

Always remember the first rule of murder: never kill a person that you have a reason to kill.

What we're look at is the Final Harvest in the guise of terrorism. And with the ritual of Assumption of Manforms being performed properly, you should be the last to be suspected of any such activities.

Serial Killer Ian Brady suggests, in his handbook Gates of Janus, using methods of auto hypnosis to erase old secondary psychotic patterns and install new ones.

What this achieves is to not only alter one's modus operandi (the method by which one has learned to successfully kill), but also the pathological ritual (the specific reason one kills). This can be utilized by the Sinister Activist at great lengths, leading the officials to look for sexually inadequate devout Pentecostals (as an example).

We are Gods pretending to be wolves in sheep's clothing.

Study the TOB MS "A Clandestine Burning" as well. It is a beautifully written piece that inspires to true Sinister cleverness and activism of the most horrifying sort.

Assassinations are sometimes necessary. I personally would suggest religious figures over political... the latter is far too obvious and overdone.

If you prefer traditional assassination, I suggest using a bolt action .22 long rifle. These are extremely accurate and easy to use. Once the bullet enters the cranium or chest cavity, it will "bounce around," scrambling whatever is inside. Also, in order to successfully trace the ballistic patterns of such a common caliber round, the police would need to confiscate and

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test guns from every farm boy to hunter to bus inessman from California to Florida. By which time your gun should be in the hands of some Crip or Blood in L.A. or buried somewhere in the Mojave Desert.

We need to cleanse our own communities of the filth that assails us every day. Garbage like religious imperialism, Semitics, governmentally monopolized morals, mass complacency, etc.

This earth is being prepared for its final baptism in Blood and Fire. So let us be the baptists.

* * * * *

I have barely hinted at what needs to be done, beginning in our own communities, on an active level. I have done this for good reason. Any initiate of the TOB should be able to take the above as a complete guide to the systematic downfall of the Magian Lodge.

And now we hit the carotid artery of the human race.

The world is in the state it is only because We have put it there. We have Our fingers on the pulse of All Life, Our teeth hovering just above.

Stand above creation, feeling it all pulsing down from you. Your arms become the stars, your legs the foundations of the worlds, your stomach the vastness of space, your eyes looking upon all the souls born into misery. They are all yours.

Choose a goal. make the changing of the world your target. Become Vindex.

Pull the fullness of the power of the Blood Pool into your Being. Solidify your wicked purpose in your mind. Allow the entirety of the potency of the Blood Pool to flow down from you into creation. Know that Blood is rushing between every molecule in existence, at your will.

Bring into causality that which you have fixed in the prescience of your Being. Let it sweep down like a thick fog into the physical plane and there condense into complete manifestation.

And then move away. Give up all attachment to the goal.

Through this simple, yet omnipotent transference of Reality, empires have risen and have fallen. Warlordshave been made rulers and the innocent are beheaded. With this, leaders have entered the grave and others have been lifted into office.

What needs to change in YOUR world?

* * * * *

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We walk the earth in human form, consulting unknown with the leaders of this world. Yet we are not men, but gods sent forth from the abyss to clear the Path for Vindex. Grant us dominion over the inhabitants of this world. As we speak it, so shall it be!



{ temple of blood }
Tales of Sinister Influence

Tales of Sinister Influence

TALES OF SINISTER INFLUENCE
(2006)

Tales of Sinister Influence

A Hermit's Confession

A little girl skipped down the trail, her sneakers bouncing upon the springy ground covering of manicured chipped pine. Observing closer it is obvious that the person is not a little girl at all, but rather a young woman of at least nineteen years of age. Her clothing, a pleated skirt and a brightly colored blouse, exudes youthfulness - as does her demeanor. She flits down the path, dark due to the thick cover of trees, humming to herself and gesticulating at figures and beings that only she can see.

From the cover of brush atop the earthen rise above the trail, the hermit gazes towards her with great yearning. It seems as though it has been years since he has gazed upon a form of feminine beauty - although it has only been thirteen months since Wulsin assumed his role as a reclusive hermit living deep in the southern woodlands.

Wulsin's left hand is wrapped around the branch of a spruce sapling - the rise is steep and hints at the fact that if not careful, it would not be difficult for a person to take a mad tumble down the slope onto the valley trail beneath.

With his right hand, Wulsin pulls out an odd wooden whistle from his sodden traveling knapsack.

A shrill toot pierces the serene quiet of the forest. The young lass ceases her fanciful undulations, standing solidly with her hands on her hips - perking her ear to the wind.

Wulsin removes the instrument from his mouth and sighs. So long has it been since he has talked (much less touched!) another. His only companions over the long months of his hermitage were the familiars which visited him in the forms of cats and rabbits and the ethereal astral manifestations of the elemental spirits of the wood which came to him on the nights of the new moon.

When he first began his reclusive life, he had been leaving a chaotic several years characterized by exoteric meddling in revolutionary politics, intrigue and subterfuge, as well as a period of almost two years spent in prison as a result of his involvement in certain anti-establishment circles.

It had been a period of tragedy, terror, camaraderie and faustian glory. It began and progressed during the preliminary stages of the "Terrorist Wars" and Wulsin had emerged, not unscathed, but as a survivor. Many of his contemporaries had not been so fortunate: some, assassinated by federal bullets. Others, kidnapped and taken to remote offshore concentration camps where they still rotted (if they still did indeed possess life) - gone, never to return.

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A chill came over him as he contemplated his past, a Satanic overcoming which had made him older - breaking the innocence he once possessed that was now but a sweet memory of the living past.

His eyes swept eagerly over the girl - full, muscled legs that were testament to an active participation in life out-of-doors. Plump arms and perfect hips so common of the rural American farm girl.

Wulsin raised his whistle to his lips and a slow, churning melody issued forth from the wooden pipes into the cool air of the forest.

The girl's eyes became glassy and, to Wulsin's surprise, she plopped down and sat cross-legged, listening to the sound that bespoke of an older, more noble age.

A grin curled along the corner of Wulsin's mouth even as he played.

To some, a moment of simple magic like the one he now found himself in was beyond reach - beyond comprehension. As the urban populace of America, enslaved to the forces of Magian distortion and subsequent materialistic mundania, went about their insect-like days - so much, so much more went on in the world beyond their scope of vision.

As his melody came to a close, he slowly extracted himself from the foliage - slipping back towards the darkness of the trees - back towards his solitary workings undertaken in his role of the hermit.

He took one last look at the girl before pulling his knapsack out from between two rotted logs and leaving.

A smile played across the young woman's face; and appreciation and apprehension that was pure for the auspicious forces which the hermit had presented.

"Aperiatur stella et germinet Mactoron" Wulsin whispered.

A few minutes after - the girl rose and proceeded out towards the lot where her automobile lie waiting beyond the forest's edge.

When she returned home from her small outing to the home of her parents, they seemed to notice a small change in her - of what sort, they could not tell. A few months after she left her home and her town. A few years later, she has become infamous.

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“She rows a boat in a black pool
From her steps:
The Hermaphrodite,
the body drowned.
The Planet of Them
And the first drop
In a white desert
Into clear waters
Aktlal Maka.”

-IV. Mactoron, ‘Caelethi’ Black Book of Satan II (ONA)

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
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Solvat Saeclum In Favilla

You lay down upon a shiny black leather couch. All around you is the atmosphere that you have created within the vast Victorian home that you use as the nerve-center of the Satanic Temple that you formed many, many years ago. The house was bought with money obtained via one of your international banking deals - selling several overseas businesses to an Arab developer who paid you handsomely. He paid so well, as a matter of fact, that you have for the last half-decade been living off the profits and been able to focus exclusively on workings of Aeonic Magick and personally training the next generation of Tempel adepts along with the help of Greta, your Satanic Mistress whom you encountered for the first time years ago while on a business trip in the mountains of Switzerland. Of course, all of these things: the Mistress, the business empire and it's consequent affluence came after many years of hardship and toil, and not of the sort which would be first thought in the minds of many who see the kind of person that you are now. You spent five years imprisoned after a large sedition conspiracy that the revolutionary group you were part of turned bad, and the government intervened. The best part of those five years were spent in isolation, in solitary confinement. The other parts were spent undergoing what they (the prison system) referred to as "diesel therapy" - traveling for weeks across the country in buses owned by the correctional dept., shackled and equipped with an electronic device attached to the manacles that would issue a high voltage shock at the press of a button from one of the guards.

Before your prison term and before you began to get involved with the revolutionary group which referred to themselves as "Black August", you had been a hermit: living alone deep within the Appalachian mountains of North Carolina. While living that life (which you did, for many many years) you composed several symphonies which have since been used and sold, via a fake name, to a movie company. Little did the company know (which went on to use the score on rather popular pictures) that within the music itself was sorcery, notes and movements tailor-created to effect subtle change in the psyche and spirits of the listeners. In one large metropolitan city, the murder rates in the inner city spiked forty percent during the three weeks after the opening night of the film. Few, very few indeed realized the connection at all.

Memories are now piled upon memories, and insights upon insights. As you lay upon the couch you look around you: the rich mahogany shelves lined with tomes of British bound books, bound in the finest leather and inscribed upon crisp, vellum pages. Lamps and chairs from the most reputable shops...In the corner, sitting upon a lectern the color of onyx, is an object bundled in black silk. A hint of sadness moves across your face for you know that within that black silk lies a crystal tetrahedron. The same crystal tetrahedron that was bought for you by a Satanic Mistress of decades past who, after summoning Budsturga high upon the snow-capped peaks of Colorado, became possessed and jumped from a cliff into the chasm below. You had somewhat snapped out of your own grim Acasual preoccupations only in time to go and peer over the cliff and see her body impaled gruesomely upon a bare limb of

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aspen - her head and naked body having been broken and bloodied upon the chaotic rock formations that are only found in the mountains outside of Denver.

As you look closely you begin to notice a faint glimmer of purplish light emanating from the silk-encased bundle. The scent within the room in which you are now lying begins to smell with the sweetness of petrichor and with a faint hint of sulphur. Far in the distance, you begin to hear the somber chanting of the Adepts deep in the woods on the border of your estate as they go about their night's work. A certain group of White Lodge Magians have been causing problems for one of the key covert members of the Tempel and the Adepts were now issuing forth from their cells beneath the mansion to enter into that secret place in the woods where the rituals of the Tempel were enacted.

As the chanting in the forest grows fainter and the sweet smell begins to increase, you begin to feel apprehensive and sense a certain kind of foreboding - like that felt by a slave before their punishment or a sweet young virgin as the evening approaches upon her wedding to a cruel, calculating member of Royalty. Slowly a form begins to materialize above you - it is female, and her form and expressions ooze a sensuality of the blackest and most sinister sort.

Like the rapid fire of a weapon, images begin to be forced into your mind, picture-shows intruding upon the casual which is slowly eroding as the power of the Dark Gods grow stronger premeditating the soon breaking of the Gates. Upon a dark English moors you see a blonde female figure grimly seated upon a rock...in her left hand she holds the severed head of a man. The blood from the large gaping wound which compromises the area where his neck used to be drips a congealed stream of blood onto the black, muddy grounds which forms rivulets in the dirt and flows into the ditch behind the figure.

Suddenly you hear a scream issuing forth from the forest. Later you come to find out that one of the Adepts was the victim of what appeared to be a freak accident - an unseen force seeming to suddenly push him into the large bonfire in the depths of the forest.

As the Adepts begin to pull the charred corpse of their former brother out from the dying embers of the bonfire in the forest, far to the north, a different scenario entirely is taking place...

On a deserted strip of country highway in southern Vermont, Greta, the Satanic Mistress, shifts her sleek automobile into overdrive as the ending strains of Christos Beest's "Self-Immolation Rite" begins to fade out on her top of the art car stereo system. "Go forth Dark Messiah - the world is yours, destroy and create!" proclaims Beest, accompanied by a synthesized cacophony of sound that is ingrained with the spirit of the Galactic Aeon.

Greta smiles to herself and brushes away a bit of deep red hair that had fallen across her right eye. Her trip had been a success. She had been visiting one of her lovers, who also doubled as an intelligence agent for the Sinister Path who had successfully infiltrated a sector of the

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Magian cult which was currently operating out of a serene farm amidst the sprawling Vermont forests.

Her lover, Sarah, led several different lives at once. Or, to explicate more correctly, she had progressed sufficiently in personal and magickal aspects to be able to move with fluidity between several different arenas of operation in which she worked, tirelessly, for the cause of expanding and enacting the Sinister Dialectic.

Sarah's current job (amongst others) was that of a dominatrix in a seedy semi-metropolitan New England town. Her establishment, which was owned by the Tempel, was called "The Convent" and inhabited a simple, multi-sectioned one story home with a basement on the outskirts of town. Very few of the town residents knew what was housed in that unimposing dark oak structure. The sign which identified it as "The Convent" was a smallish, wooden engraved board which hung unobtrusively near the ironwork gate bordering the road. Once one came into the establishment itself, many wonders of the erotic could be viewed and enacted, usually for a fee of some sort. The Convent was by and large patronized by the upper-crust elite and was known, in certain circles, worldwide. The patrons came from a diverse population, but all of them were usually either rich, and if not, they were sufficiently decadent to pay the fee required of them to gain entrance to the Convent and all its marvelous and sadistic secrets. Sometimes, only at Greta's approval, monetary fees were waived for individuals who were earmarked as being particularly possessing of a certain kind of potential. They were divided into two categories: one being individuals who showed potentials to possibly become privy to the Sinister doctrines of the Tempel ov Blood, the others being individuals who, for one reason or another, seemed to be of correct 'calibre' to be bestowed the honor of becoming an offer for the glory of Our Prince, Satan.

At one o'clock promptly in the afternoon, Greta had descended upon the Convent to make good a date for a meeting with Sarah that she had scheduled concerning a possible security leak within the infrastructure of the mansion temple. Sarah herself had forewarned Greta that in the last convocations of Magians that she had attended (under the disguise of one Henrietta Walpole, a school-marmish and rigid Methodist from Bedford, Massachusetts) information had come out about a certain 'operative' being involved in an investigation of the Tempel ov Blood.

Greta came to the door, immaculately dressed in a rich, gleaming leather trench-coat over a skin-tight polyurethane bodysuit. The stiletto points of her custom-made Gestapo-style boots clicked up the cobbled walkway as she approached the entrance to the Convent and rang the doorbell.

Even through the thick oak door between her and the sanctum of the Convent, Greta could hear an ominous and deep reverberation drone that came as a result of her pressing the shiny, gilded silver button just below the mail slot. It sounded more like a Far-Eastern ceremonial gong than a doorbell. Greta suppressed a smile, and looked stolidly forward awaiting the door to be opened.

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Greta heard activity near the doorway and then it slid open, the warm air of a central heating system spilling out into the chilly afternoon and the sweet scent of cinnamon wafting onto the winter breeze.

Before her stood a young girl who was aged nineteen, if even that. Two short plaited ebony braids hung on either side of her head, resting upon narrow, petite shoulders. "Welcome to the Convent, Mistress Greta" the young girl spoke, looking humbly down at the tips of her clunky brown Oxfords.

Greta crossed her arms across her ample breasts and her eyes narrowed dangerously. "Well, don't just stand there letting in the cold!". Greta took the youngster by her small shoulders and spun her around, marching her forward with her own person following precariously close behind.

The girl marched forward obediently and Greta closed the door behind her as she herself entered, automatically turning a heavy industrial-sized deadbolt as she did so. The inside of the Convent hallway was just as she had remembered it. It had been more than several months since her last visit in person, although she regularly descended her astral to this place during the secret Satanic rites which were performed in a ritual chamber deep in the basement, closed off and hidden from the rest of the basement interior which was used for various 'dungeon purposes'...

The hallway was pleasantly lit, bright enough to read a book but not bright enough to mistake this place as a hospital or some other kind of lesser physical center. The glow from the expensive French overhead lights cast a comforting gleam, which made one's mind drift to visions of the homely houses of the Welsh countryside. The light gleamed with sinister tint upon the finely polished reddish-wood walls.

The girl who had opened the door, stood with her back to the wall ten feet or so from the entrance. Greta approached and began to appraise her carefully. There was no one else present in this hallway and adjoining lobby, and no other sound could be heard from the inside rooms as the Convent was carefully sound-proofed room by room.

The girl with the ebony braids was small and petite, she looked to be perhaps eighteen or nineteen in mortal years and stood no more than five foot two inches tall. She had thin, cruel lips, slightly red but even still they stood in sharp contrast to her pale skin which was beginning to blush under Greta's careful gaze.

"Cast your eyes upon me, young lady" Greta stated with undeniable force but still in a kind tone. The younger girl complied, and looked up into Greta's eyes with large, sky blue eyes of her own - which were muscled into a look of childish timidity.

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Greta moved in on the girl and stood less than an inch away, her leather and rubber encased breasts just a few centimeters away from the young girl's face. With one leather-gloved hand, Greta reached out and touched the girl's lower thigh and began to slowly run her hand upward and up underneath the hem of the girl's very short dark brown pleated school-girl's skirt. As Greta's gloved hand continued upward and grasped the flesh of the young girl's bottom, she squeezed and the young girl let out a surprised cry.

"Tell me your name girl!" said Greta, still grasping the girl's bottom, inadvertently raising the right side of the girl's skirt revealing soft white thighs and knickers the same color of the schoolgirl uniform, which showed nicely the curve of the girl's youthful pudenda.

"Mary, my name is Mary Mistre...."

Mary's dialogue was cut off as Greta's other hand which had been hitherto unoccupied whipped up and smacked Mary on the side of the mouth.

"Simple answers, for simple creatures such as you my dear" the Satanic Mistress intoned, bending over and planting a soft, lingering kiss upon Mary's forehead as her right hand continued to massage Mary's buttock and her left hand pushed tightly upon Mary's shoulder, pinning her against the wall.

Greta abruptly stepped away, looking with a gaze that well elucidated her previous military training, towards the narrow passageway that led into the inner part of the lobby, "Come with me" Greta intoned and began walking briskly towards the lobby area.

The lobby was equipped with several large comfortable leather chairs and couches and pocked with low dark coffee tables upon which sat several crystal decanters of whiskey and a few large, brown-glass ashtrays.

Greta grasped one of the decanters and without bothering to pour herself a glass in the proper manner, simply pops off the top and takes a goodly slug, licking her lips as she re-lids the container and sets it carefully back upon the table.

Greta turns towards Mary. "Now listen to me, sweet little Mary..." Mary shudders slightly as those words come out. "I am getting ready to attend a business meeting, in fact, I am about to attend a meeting regarding something which you yourself have been wishing access to for many months now..."

"The Tempel" responds Mary.

"That's right Mary, the Tempel! Yet, we must not speak about the Tempel to anyone else and we must seldom mention it in this place especially at certain times, what is the key to respecting the ways of the Tempel Mary?"

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"We must keep them - sub rosa" Mary states, with some small satisfaction.

"That's right!" Greta exclaims with an enthusiasm which would seem startling in it's happy inflection compared to her earlier mistress-role intonations to Mary. "We must keep all of these things, strictly and without question, sub rosa...."

Mary gazes downward again seeming to study the tips of her brown Oxfords. Upon her face is a pleasant, pleased gaze of one who has managed to answer correctly even under pressure of certain...chastisements if you will, that Greta was oft imposing upon her.

Greta steps closer and pats one gloved hand lovingly upon Mary's head. "You've been a very good girl Mary, a very good girl indeed..." Mary blushes deeply as Greta continues. "Now Mary, what can I do to reward you for your very high and glowing intelligence?". Mary's face now resembles the color of a radish.

"Could I have a copy of... the Elizabeth Bathory book?"

Greta stands, appraising Mary with some pleasure.

"Mary, I tell you what, you wait for me - in the gym, and I will see what I can do. But for now dear girl, I must be pressing on, I do have a meeting to attend as you will know."

"Yes Mistress, certainly" says Mary as she shuffles with clumsy speed towards the door which leads into the inner complex of Convent hallways to open it for Greta.

Greta moves past her wordlessly and into the inner hall, listening to the audible click of the door closing behind her. Greta pauses, and as a second thought, turns and clicks a lock shut behind her before continuing her journey towards Sarah's inevitable whereabouts.

She walks silently through the hall, the only sound to be heard is the click of her own stiletto heels as they hit the hardwood floor. They really must get some carpeting put into this place, thinks Greta.

Every few feet on both sides of her, is another new door. The doors are unobtrusive and covert, except for the small black and silver-gilded signs which are mounted near the top which identifies them.

She passes a door which says "The Schoolroom". Greta grins. Many fond memories in that inner sanctum to be sure. She reads them off to herself mentally as she passes them, remembering exactly which is which and where along the hall they are situated. Greta is no stranger to the Convent.

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"The Stable", "Far East", "English Study", "The Bedroom", "British Kitchen".... No, and again no, simply seeing the titles of the rooms gives few clues at all to the variegated sadism which takes place within each and every one of them.

Greta nears the end of the main hallway, which sections off into a t-shaped junction which proceeds either way to the left or right. Greta goes right, and marches down another deserted hallway, this one more dimly lit than the one which she had just traversed.

As she proceeds further down the hallway, a feeling of growing ominous darkness begins to grip her. It is startling for Greta, as it is quite unexpected, yet at the same time not. She feels her chest constrict and images begin pouring in her mind from some hidden and demonic angle housed within the astral infrastructure of the Convent. She sees in her mind's eye a young man, a Satanist, speeding down a dark country road in Vermont. He is fleeing from something. Greta shifts her astral vision, and sees that this Satanist is near the Magian farm and behind his motorcycle are several white sport utility vehicles, gaining ever closer to the back of the motorcycle.

A dark tinted window on one of the SUV's descends and from the opening sticks the muzzle, equipped with a deadly flash suppressor, of a fully automatic MAC-10 machine pistol. There is a rapid blaze of dim light and suddenly the motorcycle rides forward without a rider, teetering viciously and then crashing altogether, hitting a hardwood tree, its body mangled but its engine continuing to run.

The white SUV's screech to a halt at various angles and from their doors jump several men and women. The men and women both have pensive, roden-like eyes and their bodies are paunchy and soft, bred and raised on a life of, no doubt, posh metropolitan luxury in New York City or Jerusalem or Boston. One of the women runs towards a red splatter on the ground. The other figures move in as well.

There, against the edge of the ditch, lies a figure in a motorcycle suit.

The suit has been ripped and torn from the barrage of automatic machine gun fire and blood issues forth from gaping wounds like a flood torrent. One of the women reaches down and with some difficulty manages to pull the helmet off the motorcycle's previous rider.

The vision abruptly vanishes and Greta remembers the words spoken to her long ago: never love anything so much that you cannot see it die. The thought fills her mind with a certain kind of loneliness and sadness, and as she looks around the hallway of the Convent she knows that this too, shall pass.

Thousands of years from now, the area upon which she now traverses in her workings as a Satanic Mistress of the Tempel may be nought but charred landscape; full of radiation and frozen grins of death as a result of a large nuclear war.

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She has now reached the end of the hallway and before her lies a door which is only marked with the roman numeral for the number nine. She knocks twice, in close succession, and then hears movement on the other side.

A small grate opens, revealing a thick wire mesh through which spoken word may be heard but no vision of the person inside given. A male voice speaks: "Satan...." Greta responds: "Whose word is chaos...". The voice speaks again: "His is the kingdom...". Greta responds: "for aeons... and aeons...".

The grate abruptly snaps closed, and through the thick wood of the door Greta begins to hear deadbolts being thrown back and chains and other locks being loosened from the door. The door swings inward and before her stands a large, muscular figure with a full auburn beard that flows down almost to the figure's waist.

"Mistress Greta!" the voice intones happily, as the man waves his hand and steps aside for Greta to enter. "Thank you very much Ranulf, and how is everything going for you as of recently?"

"Lovely Mistress, simply lovely...Care for a cup of tea? A cup of coffee? A cup of something stronger perhaps?" The figure of Ranulf grins through his thick beard.

Greta reaches up and seductively massages one of Ranulf's massive shoulders... "No time dear sir, no time...." she speaks as she lingers on his shoulder for a second more before withdrawing. "I, as a matter of fact, had a nice sip of whiskey in the foyer while talking to your little pet Mary!". Greta chuckles.

"My little pet you say? Nay, I must deny that accusation my dear Mistress! She is but a young eighteen, and I of course, am advanced in years...For even this year, I reach the venerable old age of forty-five..."

"Oh pish-posh Ranulf", Greta shakes her head in amusement. "I myself know from a bit of, how should we term it, remote viewing? That just a few days ago, you yourself took dear little Mary quite viciously indeed after you birched her within an inch of her pitiful life, then proceeding to manacle her to a beer barrel and bugger once, twice, or was it?"

Ranulf clears his throat. "Now then, that's quite enough about that!"

He laughs heartily with good nature, and not a little pleasure over his sudden remembrance of amorous (is that the proper term really?) encounters with young Mary Collins. "I'll be leading you down into the ritual chamber, per Sarah's express request, of course..."

"Of course" says Greta, still grinning.

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Greta steps forward and Ranulf comes up behind her, removing the trenchcoat from Greta's body and hanging it upon a rough wooden peg just inside the door.

Greta's body is sensual and immaculate in its skin-tight sheath of black, gleaming polyurethane rubber. Every movement produces a shimmer and reflection of the dim lights of the sanctum, and Ranulf looks lustingly over her ample breasts, long Swiss mountain-climbing legs and muscular buttocks.

Ranulf expertly reaches into a closet just a few steps away from the coat rack, removing a bundle of soft yet coarse fabric of the blackest hue, handing it to Greta's outstretched and waiting hands.

Greta pulls the robe over her body and lets it settle comfortably upon her lithe frame. It is completely black, excepting a dark grey sigil embroidered upon the left breast which is the sigil of the Tempel ov Blood accompanied by the word "NIGHTMARE" which is prominent in red, written in archaic old english script.

Ranulf and Greta proceed wordlessly to a trap door, and descend the hidden staircase which leads deep into the basement and the secret basement underneath the conventional basement which houses the ritual chamber and rooms used for only the most royal of Convent customers.

Ranulf accompanies her down the stairs and part way into one of the dank, musty tunnels of the sub-basement and then retreats down a separate, barely visible passageway to his left. Greta continues and steps into the ritual chamber, where Sarah and perhaps some others as well await her.

She steps into the dim purplish glow of the chamber. The chamber is shaped like an octagon, bereft of any furniture whatsoever except a lectern in the middle of the room upon which sits a tetrahedron, smaller than the one the Tempel houses at the mansion, but still filled with a goodly amount of Sinister power, infused by and by via the Satanic workings of the Convent inner circle, who are referred to as "NIGHTMARE" - the christened name of their clutch of the Tempel ov Blood.

Sitting against the wall in the corner is Sarah, an intense and brooding female figure with a shaved head and a beautiful body, fully revealed as she is clothed in nothing but the sparse leather-thong regalia of a 'Satan's slave' outfit; her breasts are fully exposed and menstrual blood seeps from the tight constriction of her tight leather panties, which is but a thong in the back as to fully expose a beautifully rounded and pert derriere.

Laying in her lap is the quivering body of what appears to be a man, yet the proportions of the figure are so inhuman that Greta wonders exactly what he is.

He is pale, so pale in fact that his skin has taken on a bluish tinge.

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Thick veins are visible all over his body, and the skin around his face and eyes have become near translucent. He is emaciated almost to the degree of a concentration camp victim, all of his ribs glaringly visible and his hipbones jutting painfully out above his pencil thin legs.

The flesh of his chest, right above the heart, has been engraved with the fine edge of a razor blade with the sigil of the Tempel. The figure's eyes roll back in his head and from his mouth issue the words of the "Dies Irae" chant in quickening and harsh whispers.

"Hello, Greta."

Sarah speaks with what seems to be an infinite sadness, which is only magnified by her surprisingly throaty, baritone voice. Such is the result of partly genetics, partly unending cigarette and moonshine binges and partly due to Sarah having been a coal miner for years and years deep within the backwoods hills of lower Kentucky.

Greta removes her gloves carefully, attaching them to a latch on her thick leather belt which encircles her wasp-thin waist. She raises her left hand, making the sign of the horns.,,

"Agius O Vindex Est Venturus!"

"Praise be to our dark prince Satan!" Sarah intones deeply in response.

Her working-girl's hands cradle the emaciated figure resting in her lap and rub against the still-wet wound of the Tempel sigil which had been carved into his chest.

Greta smiles and stares down at Sarah and the man, who she now recognizes to be an offer. With piercing eyes she analyzes the man's wound in the darkness...ahhh...the cut is fresh! Greta squats down onto the cold stone floor of the temple and crawls on her hands and knees, in animal fashion, towards where Sarah and her fortunate victim are resting.

Sarah bends her shaven head, softly whispering sweet words of deceit into the ears of the offer. He looks up expectantly, ceasing his chanting, then closes his eyes slowly and drifts off into a sorcery-induced stupor.

Without looking up towards Greta, Sarah begins to speak... "So before you, dear Mistress, lies the weak link in the chain of Magian information. I kidnapped this fellow, named Robert Samuel, only three weeks ago. As you can see, the three weeks have not been easy on him..." As a flourish to her statement, Sarah lifts up Samuel's filthy loincloth. Greta can see instantly that the poor soul had been castrated, no doubt with Sarah's own ceremonial razor, and that the wound was festering - becoming dark and gangrenous.

"It took some time before he was willing to talk..." Sarah continues.

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"First we tried it the nice way, that is to say, he was offered various gifts - a period of enjoying my own body not the least of the pleasures with great respect he was offered...
"However, his insidious Nazarene brainwashing held, he continued hurling phrases like "whore of Babylon" at me which he somehow felt would be vexing to my person, of course, they were only compliments after all..."

Sarah trails off, looking up at Greta and smiling. Greta smiles back in kind. When she first met Sarah, when Sarah was coal mining deep in the Kentucky hills, such educated language would have never been heard emanating from her mouth. Now, Sarah spoke with the fluency and authority of a baroness - and she was, after all, one of the most sought after dominatrixes in all of New England - and an External Adept to boot.

"To make a long story short Mistress Greta, both myself and Ranulf and a few other members of Nightmare were forced to take more, how should I say, more severe measures which were of course absolutely necessary to enact.

Soon after his castration and at the beginning of his first or second electrocution, he began to talk quite quickly about who exactly was the informant inside of the mansion Tempel..."

Greta stares into Sarah's eyes intently - instantly receiving the knowledge of the traitor via telepathic communication.

"Let our work begin then, Sarah" Greta intones.

Sarah stands, letting the limb body of the offer drop painfully onto the cold stone floor.

Greta suddenly leaps unto the emaciated figure, obscuring the skeletal figure in her black Nightmare cloak. Her head descends with a snap and she buries her teeth, which have been filed into very sharp points, into the neck of the figure. Blood spurts in great crimson floods, flowing into Greta's mouth and spilling onto the neckline of her polyurethane suit.

At that very moment, the knowledge which she had sought in her intelligence mission is solidified with great clarity in her mind even as the blood continues to gush into her mouth, much of it now spilling onto the floor and forming a blackish-crimson pool which sends gory rivulets trickling off towards the lectern in the center of the room.

The tetrahedron upon the lectern begins to pulse with increasingly dark and sinister lights of purple and black. Sarah now leaps about the room, uttering hoarse cries of exaltation to Noctulius, the patron of her temple.

Greta breaks away from the offer, rising in a jerky, ghastly fashion to her feet, standing now at her full and regal height. Her eyes stare forward, dead and void of any and all mercy that could have once been seen upon them.

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Caustic gurgling noises issue forth from the gaping wound in the neck of the offer as his breathing continues to become slower and more labored.

Greta's mouth and neck are covered in offer blood, glistening with luster in the faded glow of the tetrahedron's power. She speaks...

"I have been satiated, for now, by the blood of this mortal. Great visions have I seen Sarah, of the Final Harvest which shall soon envelope this pitiful land. That great Final Harvest, that Day of Wrath when our Prince, Satan, the Master of Awe and Derision shall come forth from the outer gates and change all that we see now into ash.

Call the dwarves to medicate this offer and keep him alive until the twilight hour. He will be kept alive until the first chanting of the Sanctus Satanas begins by the Nightmare chorus, and then he shall be left alone, in the temple. He will die at the appointed time, I have ingrained him with a time-release death which shall enact very soon.

Until then, let us go into your chambers Sarah, we have much to talk about..."

Sarah smiles, ear to ear, laughing like a demon from the very pits of hell and then turns, Greta following close behind her.

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Azanigin Pt. I

Dark Night of the Soul

“Code Red, Code Red! We have a perimeter breach in sector four. Stephens. I repeat, code red!” The voice with the midwestern accent boomed with an inhuman, electric lilt over the loudspeakers. Odd alarm bells sounded and red strobes began flashing throughout the lifeless, clinical white hallways. Burly men in white coats darted to and fro, shining flashlights down corridors, inside locked cell windows and elsewhere.

Stephens sat, undiscovered in a dark, unlit corner of a janitor’s closet in abandoned sector Five. He could not remember how long he had been imprisoned inside Selven Institute. Had it been weeks? Months? Years? He did not know. He didn’t even remember how, when or why he had ended up at Selven. He knew the name only because it emblazoned the side wall of the exercise yard he was permitted to use once a day, along with his fellow patients.

The others who shared his plight in this place were of no help to him in providing relevant information. He has asked other patients in what town and province they were located, but his queries were met only with blank stares. The staff were hostile - they consisted of grotesque, barbaric quadron with Islander accents and gibbering, greasy shylocks; the former being the orderlies and the latter being the hack “doctors” and “counselors”. The orderlies were not worthy of directing discourse towards - they spent their time alternately abusing the female invalids or making cacophonous racket with their uncivilized, pernicious accents and their vulgar, niggardly ways.

When he attempted to parley with the jewish doctors for information regarding his whereabouts or situation, they smiled placidly and informed him in a condescending manner that “Such is not part of your treatment plan” before ringing the buzzer which brought in the two ape orderlies who would brusquely usher him out of the office. His memory only consisted of brief snippets of persons and events, even these were garbled, and seemingly unconnected. The mind-numbing monotony of the place coupled with the involuntary injections of experimental chemical tinctures which were administered to him each morning did not aid his task of realistically determining his situation. The memories he did have were of a dream-like quality, contrast as they were with the “total reality” of the institution . He remembered a girl standing upon a narrow walking bridge deep in a hardwood forest. The girl laughed as she poured ashes into the autumn air, watching them float downward and dissolve in the churning stream waters beneath. Cloistered in dark trees to the left, beyond the bridge, a robed figure chanted in droning intonations as the female continued to whimsically perform her mysterious task.

Another time he remembered crossing the border into the United States, driving up along the Michigan thumb and then west towards Saginaw. He remembered the drive vividly: he had been alone, accompanied only by the sounds of Eckart’s concerto in B minor issuing forth

Tales of Sinister Influence

from his car stereo and the dark expanses of Lake Huron which beckoned to him from out the passenger side window. He remember arriving in the city of Saginaw at night and meeting two grim, sinister men in an abandoned parking lot from which could be seen a silo in the distance. After leaving his car and entering the men's vehicle they set off on a lengthy drive. The driver circled aimlessly around city blocks and sometimes took a ramp on the freeway, only to be back at a spot which they had already been to a half-hour before. The last hour of the journey he rode blindfolded, crouched in fetal position on the backseat before being stood erect and led out of the car, up a flight of steps and into a building. Once inside, the blindfold was removed. Before him sat three figures seated around a circular, kitchenette-style table. Behind them was a large bay window, from which the soft glow of pre-sunrise emanated. He had been riding around with the men for near an entire night. The man seated upon the right side of the table wore a thick beard and wore the clothes of an outlaw biker. He looked to be in his early thirties, though there were streaks of white in his hair and dark circles under his eyes. Despite his ruffian vestments, the clothes and look seemed to be affected - almost like a disguise.

In the centre sat a man of charisma - younger than the other fellow, but probably not by much. His vestments were soot black, and a silver necklace bearing a disturbing amulet rested upon his chest. Although the man was by all means well-dressed and of an affluent appearance, there was something harrowing about his aura. Stephens remembered that, during the colloquy that followed, he was never able to look into the face of the black clad figure for more than a few seconds at a time.

To the left was a seated female. For all practical purposes she appeared to be morally wholesome and, furthermore, quite attractive. Yet, there was a strange, abnormal emaciation to her - her eyes seemed to dart to and fro, exuding a deranged dominance and a masochism towards vague, nameless forces simultaneously. Upon her lap sat a grey cat, which purred contentedly as the female absently stroked the creature's fur.

He recalled that there had been little verbal discussion then, as the sun slowly rose in the east. The woman hummed strange tunes and the bearded chap sat as if entranced, smoking countless numbers of cigarettes.

The black clad figure in the centre sat, simply gazing forwards incessantly. Stephen's stared down at his humble shoes - better that than submitting himself to looking towards the person, who he now knew must be the Master.

They occupied that schedule for many hours, long after the sun had rose and began it's noonward course. The bearded chap smoked in silence. The female hummed. The cat purred. The Master stared. Stephens was never offered to sit and join them and, he was not inclined to start any sort of conversation given the menacing, eldritch currents which he perceived to be emanating from the triumvirate.

Tales of Sinister Influence

All at once, the cat jumped from the woman's lap and rubbed against Stephens' leg mewing thrice as it was. The two men left the table and exited quickly. After the feline scampered after them, the woman ceased her humming; turning towards Stephens and beckoning him towards her. As he walked closer she rose; beginning to run her hands across his back and kissing him passionately. She led him towards the living room and then flung him upon the ground. She stripped off her rather old-fashioned clothes and then attacked: ripping off his trousers and then entering onto him, straddled. She began bucking ruthlessly, molesting him, hissing and uttering oaths as her fists pummeled his chest and her cleft brought him closer and closer to climax.

Near the end of the amorous adventure, the woman began shouting the word "AZANIGIN" at the top of her lungs, over and over again. She stared down Stephens with wild eyes, the uncontrollable mood of the berserker. After that, his memory started to blur. He remembered the men returning and bringing him take-out food, treating him as if he was a dear friend they had known for many years. He recalled seeing the bearded fellow slice open his own chest, letting the blood drip into a pewter mug. Stephens remembers being forced to drink that blood, and after that only chaos and calamity followed.....

After he returned to Canada, alone by way of Port Huron a constant dread filled his days and nights. Physical sickness broke his health and contorted his features. He worked for days on end, towards goals so terrible he desired not to recall them. Whenever nervousness would overtake him and start to bring about fatigue and total mental and physical collapse, the image of the woman and her songs would visit him at night - reassuring him. After such nocturnal episodes he would approach his tasks with renewed vigor, knowing that his deeds would be pleasing to the Mistress.

His last memories before Selven were chaotic - the feel of the concussion of high explosives, a red, harvest moon, a military installment deep in the northern territories, the sigil of Azanigin drawn in blood....

And now he crouched in the blackness, the alarm bells screeching through the long corridors - the pulsing red lights trickling in from the slats on the door.

A shadowy image materialized before him. The Master! The holographic form uttered one word: "Come!". He burst forth from the closet as the image dematerialized, armed with a broken broom handle and a bottle of acid. The next day the escape made the papers all over Canada. Weeks, then months passed. Stephens was nowhere to be found.

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
July 27th, 114yf eh
Tempel ov Blood

Tales of Sinister Influence

Azanigin Pt. II The Devil's Highway

Deep within a forest in the southern United States, a young boy of seven years sat intently watching the smouldering embers of a huge bonfire. The curling smoke blocked out the twilight sky and traversed down the slopes of the gentle hills upon which many paths had been hewn. Women with very long, lorelei: hair and bearded men in stained leather jerkins and moccasins moved amongst the forest. They were silent - listening to the funeral beat of the tabor and the single cantor chanting the "Diabolus" in the traditional meter. They were watching, ever watching. Their eyes were upon the boy. He pretended not to notice, pretending that he was simply captivated by the burning embers. He knew, however...He knew who hw was and what he was. And staring into the last dying flames of the fire, he was aware of what was transpiring in the wide world, beyond the wood. He saw a man, curled up inside the trunk of a small Asian-made car as it passed the border from Canada into Buffalo, New York.

The man was wearing stained, white shirt and trousers - the vestments of a medical prisoner. The boy smiled, staring absently into the fire. The man had been on the run now for several days, and the mind-numbing effects of his involuntary medication had begun to wear off. He remembered why he had been institutionalized - for breaking into a Canadian Intelligence Agency farm deep in the Yukon territory. When interrogated, he had told the authorities exactly what he had been up to. Being human and afflicted with the common Magian fault of gross short-sightedness, they did not believe him. Furthermore, they thought he was "crazy" and had sent him to Selven without much ado.

Now, he was loose. The boy's smile grew wider. All was beginning to come together. The Sinister seeds which had been planted years ago were now beginning to bear their fearsome fruit. Elsewhere in the world, civil war, terrorism, plague, and famine were turning the earth towards it's terminal stage.

At the Acasual gate near Saturn, the entities who are not to be named strained at the door of their prison. They, too, would soon break free. And then, then would come true solvet saclum in favilla. Twilight had ended and true, black, country dark was now upon the rural community in which the boy dwelt. The men and women drew closer, all round him.

The burly men dragged a naked girl of nineteen towards the fire, stopping to strap her face down and spread-eagled to a large circular wheel upon which was etched all the sigils of the Dark Gods.

A young girl clad in crimson robes approached the boy from the east. She was small, only eight years old herself, yet her eyes shone with a preternatural intelligence that was far

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beyond her years. She smiled, kissing the boy on the cheek and handing him a thick, braided whip.

An ancient hag began turning a crank which, in turn, set the wheel in motion. Visions of explosions and horror filled the boy's mind. At each intermittent beat of the tabor, the boy struck out with his whip. The screams of the teenager filled the night sky, drifting into the ethers. The congregants began dancing widdershins around the torture shouting...

“Azanigin...Azanigin...”

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Azanigin Pt. III A Clandestine Burning

“Illuminated children, ride the north wind towards my secrets! Moriah! Moriah, Moriah! The conquering and destroying night wind! Blow through the ruins of this nazarene church which has been immolated for Our Dark Prince! Scatter ashes of the earth which has been scorched for thy pleasure!”

The gathered congregants hissed the name of the Master as a hot breeze whispered through the trees, reigniting the embers still smoldering on the charred wood which used to be the A.M.E. Zion Tabernacle. The Mistress, dressed in a hunting suit of green camouflage, snapped her fingers at two congregants who quickly came to her side. The other congregants slowly withdrew, melting into the woodlands of a southern pre-dawn. Having received their instructions from the Mistress, the two remaining congregants walked towards the burnt husk of an inverted cross which stood in the graveyard adjoining the church grounds. Grunting, the two men lifted the cross and flipped it to upright position before reinserting it back into the earthen hole.

Then, they too drifted into the forest with the rest of the congregants - walking upon well-memorized paths to their waiting vehicles located at a hunting cabin only half a mile through the forested acreage on the left side of the former church. Utter silence permeated the morning, the tread of the retreating Satanists were quiet and steady, and the mistress gazed at her handiwork before withdrawing into the forest herself.

“Azanigin, Azanigin, Agios O Azanigin!” she softly spoke. A faint smile came upon her lips as she turned her back on the incinerated scene and walked into the copse of pines which stood beckoning before her.

“Breaking news at five o’clock!”

The jingoistic sounds of the evening news broadcast filtered into the kitchen where Kathleen, a plump southern woman of thirty-five years busily stirred her biscuit dough in premeditation of her husband’s arrival at six o’clock.

Her husband was an officer of the Mississippi State Police, and was not one who liked to be kept waiting when it came time for supper.

“This morning in the outskirts of Meridian, the elderly pastor of the A.M.E. Zion Tabernacle drove to his church only to find it reduced to ash! A charred cross was found in the adjoining cemetery which echoes the reverend’s suspicions that the arson was the work of a militant Ku Klux Klan faction that has been operating in the area since late last year.”

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Kathleen continued to stir, staring absently into the swirling batter.

She peered out the window, still summer bright. A buzzard flew down from one of the backyard pines and started picking at the corpse of a half-eaten rabbit situated by the back by the beginning of the woods. Kathleen smiled to herself.

Just at that moment, her little tabby kitten, Nythra, came slinking through the doggie-door. Nythra's mouth was reddened with blood from the now deceased coney.

“Oh you silly little cat!”

Kathleen looked down lovingly at the feline, who purred and licked her lips. Suddenly Kathleen noticed that there was a bit of blackish liquid in the dough. Flummoxed, she peered closer. As she did, a few drops of ash fell from her hair onto the formica kitchen counter.

“Mental not to self - must wash hair before Ryan comes home.” She scooped the offending batter out of the dish and grabbed a rubber band from the windowsill tying her luxurious mane into a quick ponytail.

Peter Saunders, more commonly known to his friends as ‘P. Ugly’, roughly scraped his scalp with the military brush, sending nappy little black springs showering down onto the dilapidated food-stained couch.

“Goddamn honkey cracker trash!”

Peter threw his brush at the wall, which simply dropped to the floor with an anticlimactic thud. Peter had been in a very bad mood all day long. He was never a religious man except in his younger years, and even then that was forced. He had no time for the white man's religion or the white man's bible.

His father, on the other hand, was the pastor of the little Meridian chapel which had been burned to the ground, apparently by the Klan, sometime last night. Painful crawling sensations went up Peter's arm. He shivered, breaking out into a cold sweat. No goddamn money, no goddamn crack in town tonight, and some muther fucking honkey cracker burned down the only real black church in the area.

Saunders reached into his gym bag and took out his shiny MAC-11 fully automatic nine mil. machine pistol. That brought a smile back to his face. Enough is enough! There are enough crackers running around thinking that Mississippi was still a backwards southern province where niggers could be mistreated anytime they took a liking to do so. Talk never gets the job done, it was time for a little payback.

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He grabbed his pack of Newport menthols and shoved his gun into his oversized Raiders jacket before heading out to the pathetically small section of town that passed as 'inner city'. He knew one thing - a white man was going to die tonight!

“Sho’ nuff!”

With that, he headed out the door, locking it behind him.

Kathleen’s husband Ryan burped loudly before setting down his beer and reaching into his uniform pocket to withdraw a Pall Mall, which he promptly lighted with a big, tacky fireplace lighter. He didn’t really know why he liked using the ultra-flame instead of a more conventional lighter, shit, he just liked fire was all!

Ryan took a long draw, exhaling through his nostrils before tapping his first ash into an equally tacky ‘Dukes of Hazzard’ ashtray before beginning his evening lecture. Hating to spoil the moment, Kathleen flitted her eyes in a feigned exhibition of feminine expectancy before Ryan began his spill about his day at the barracks.

“How was work honey?”

“Well baby doll, I weren’t at the barracks, no ma’am. We had a situation on our hands all day today and prob’ly will all tamarra to boot. Some crazy Klansmen done went and burnt down the nigger church out on Maple Shade Road. That’s gonna cause all sorts of hell and tarnation, you bet on it sweet cheeks.”

Kathleen feigned shock and began to carefully phrase her next question.

“How did you find out it the Klan honey?”

Ryan stubbed out his Pall Mall before picking up the ultraflame to light another one.

“Oh hell baby, we know who dunnit. We got a big burnt up cross in the old Simon’s cemetery - a black cemetery, Simon’s is. It’s probably those boys who rolled in from Alabama and set up shop last year. The Militant White Knights as they call themselves. I hate to go after those fellas, but they are crazier than a rabid coon and shit, I’ll get a hefty pay raise if I catch some Kluxers - you know how the pretty biddies down at Channel Five are all the time wanting to bust down on the Klan in these parts.”

“Yes honey, I know...”

That same night, Harvey Goldberg stood at the speaker’s lectern at the Community Town Center in inner city Meridian. Goldberg wasn’t his real name, he was actually a Sicilian. However, he had learned that while participating in his current insight role as a “Communist

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agitator” , the illusion of being jewish helped endear him that much more to the local black community.

With a flourish he unclasped his hand and let a rivulet of ash fall down into the basket which had been strategically placed in front of the lectern for just the purpose.

“ASHES! ASHES!”

He shouted with feigned vehemence before whirling behind the speaker’s podium and in front of the microphone.

“This my brothers and sisters..” (that proclamation itself was greeted with a smattering of “yes brother” and “fight the power” from the illiterate crowd of human chattel which sat, spellbound, before his oratory).

“This is a sign of HATRED which has engulfed the state of Mississippi for far too long! This is the HATRED that must be utterly razed and destroyed if we are to live as a socialist democracy as prophecied by Karl Marx. As prphocied by Martin Luther King...”

As soon as the last syllable came out of his mouth, shouts of awe and afro glory burst forth from the audience with a hysteria akin to a college football game. The small black stone embedded in the sleek silver ring on Goldberg’s left hand seemed to twinkle in the light as he smiled.

“And we know brothers that the racists, the capitalists that they are, are NOT going to give up peacefully! We must take to the streets! We must drag them from their homes! To protect the sovereignty our ideals promulgate, we must destroy their security in outmoded racist ways! Tomorrow... we march!

“Hello, it’s five o’clock on the hour”.

Old man Calhoun sat in his god awful summer-hot lawnmower repair shop as the crackling voice of the announcer came through the beat-up speakers of his transistor radio.

“Meridian for the last week has been a hotbed of racial strain. Beginning with the burning of the A.M.E. Zion Tabernacle, an outcry against the racist presence in the city has led to the recent march by the Urban Equality League through the streets of Meridian this afternoon. No disturbances were reported. In other news, an unsolved shooting took place near the corner of Samson and Elm yesterday evening. The victim was twelve year old Amanda Keats, an honor roll student at Meridian Middle School...”

In other news, unrelated my ass! Thought Calhoun. He massaged the arthritic fingers of his left hand as he thought. No one on the news would dare the truth, that a damn uppity nigger coon had been seen riding around the Samson heights neighborhood only five minutes before

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the Keats girl was shot. He came around that tasty tidbit of information at the barbershop, a good a place as any for gathering intelligence.

The year 2005, and getting worse by the month. Who was going to stand up for that Keats girl? Certainly not the sheriff's, they were too busy moaning about what a 'great tragedy for the city' it was that the damn nigger church got burned to the ground.

Hell, back in better days he and some buddies would have took a few uppity coons at nightfall and hung em' up high to keep their place! That weren't gonna do no good now, no how. Just then old man Calhoun had a vision, a vision of him and his trusty Sportsman sniper rifle on the rooftop at the next march by that damned commie red League march.

Somewhere deep in the North Carolina woods...

A young boy sat swaddled in black before a huge crystal tetrahedron which had come all the way from a distributor in London, England. Before him lay a map of Mississippi and a satellite phone. "Just like Osma Bin Laden's" thought the boy, and chuckled to himself.

Around him, shrouded in the darkness of the trees, stood the members of his Satanist cult. At the sound of the gong, the chanting of the "Diabolus" began. Softly at first, then gaining volume until it was a frenzied sinister cacophony the emanated from the dark boughs of the trees.

The boy's eyes narrowed. With surgical precision, he began pricking the dot on the map that was designated with the legend "MERIDIAN".

"Dies Irae, Dies Illa, Solvet Saeclum In Favilla...

Teste Satan Cum Sabiylla.. Quantos Tremor Est

Futurus... Cuncta Stricte Discussurus...

Aperiat Strella et germinet Atazoth."

The sound brings down a starless night.

Suddenly, all is dark, all is silent. The Satanists

Have disappeared into the woods

Old man Calhoun sat sweating atop the Feed and Seed in meridian. Cradled in his arm was the sniper rifle. The sound of a throng chanting "We Shall Overcome" drifted through the summer breeze. The Urban Equality League was only a block away and would be turning the corner soon.

"Honey baby, I think maybe you should call the FBI". Ryan sat with Kathleen over a bowl of grits before heading out to a day which he really didn't wasn't to come. In an hour state police would be raiding the farm that served as headquarters for the Militant White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. The FBI was ready to come out at a moments notice, and Ryan had only to give the word for the big guns to come in.

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“Yeah sweetie, I think that would be a good idea.”

Ryan walked into the mudroom and got on the old rotary phone.

Fifteen minutes later, sixty FBI agents equipped with silenced M-16's were on their way to the rendezvous point three miles from the farm.

“They are going to come! Mark my words kinsman!”

Walter Shivley stood in the converted barn which stood converted into what? Nothing more than a barn with a lectern and some old benches, which served as the church and political meeting hall of the White Knights.

“The Great Beast 666 has conspired against us!

The Satanic Black race will not stop their pillage and they are going to employ the Beastly government to attempt to smash our white resistance! Yes brothers, we'll give them our guns, but we'll give them our bullets first!”

The small group erupted with oaths and curses as men fed rounds into their assault rifles and pumped their shotguns. Shivley beamed, putting his hands down so he could scratch his arm through his black uniform shirt.

Walter Shivley always wore long sleeves when he went to speak to his men. That was the only way he could cover up the tattoo of the LIDAGON sigil and the Black Goat of Destruction which were on his left forearm. Having that exposed amongst these rednecks, well, that just wouldn't be expedient, not at all.

Kathleen sat naked in her bathroom, masturbating with an inverted cross while staring at the Sinister Tarot image of the sphere of Mars. Her pale thighs began to tremble as she neared climax. She began to pant the words “Azanigin...Azanigin...Azanigin...”

As the Klansmen took positions around the farm, waiting for the siege to start (they had been tipped off by their source in the State police, who called herself “Cathy”, no one knew who she was, except Shivley of course.) Shivley took off in his beautiful BMW mini cooper. BURZUM'S “Hvis Lyset Tar Oss” blared through his state of the art speakers. Shivley grinned.

A rifle shot made a loud report through the crowded city blocks. A grotesquely obese octoroon woman fell to the ground, her brain blown out the back of her skull. The crowd halted and screamed. An old white man stood up from the roof of the feed and seed, waving his hands excitedly. “Hey you commie niggers, hey coon, how you like that hurting I put on your mammie!”.

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He laughed and ducked before the crowd started throwing bricks which happened to be piled in front of the feed and seed. I wonder who put them there? Must have been one of those crazy black metal kids from the suburbs, stealing from the brickyard and then abandoning his quarry before the cops rounded the corner.

Within four hours the city was in a state of emergency. Rioting had spread like wildfire, caused by the agitation of one Mr. Goldberg and started by the violent members of the Leninist Communist Brigade, which likened to operate under the corporate nom de plume of the Urban Equality League. The television news (the media center that hadn't been destroyed by the fires set by the ever-increasing horde of blacks) reported at five o'clock that the governor had called in the National Guard. A complete report was due in at eleven o'clock.

Special Agent Anderson started to walk towards the nondescript gold van before stopping and reaching into his pocket. He withdrew a small laminated picture. On it was a strange symbol with the word "BUDSTURGA" at the bottom. The ruby in his sleek golden ring upon his left hand seemed to twinkle in the afternoon light. He called on his cell phone to headquarters.

"Hello, this is FBI Quantico."

"Hello Quantico, this is Special Agent Anderson at the Kluxer Farm. We've got a situation here. We've had some flash bang hand grenades thrown at our men from several different locations, and we've got a lunatic screaming from a megaphone that they have women and children as hostages. They want to negotiate."

"What do they want Andy?"

"They're demanding to be given the entire northeast United States to be used for a White Aryan Bastion."

"Godalmighty, this is going to be worse than Waco."

Anderson grinned like a kid in a candy store before assuming a grim tone to continue the ridiculously funny conversation.

"It may be sir, it very well may be."

Petey Saunders had driven across the state line and was now in Louisiana. He had more guns, and he had some crack. And killing on crack was, well, you'd have to ask him really to get the full story. PUFF DADDY AND The FAMILY bumped and noddled out of his old dilapidated speakers as he drove into the night. He now had already five notches on his MAC-11 - five white honkey crackers dead. Sho nuff', they was gonna be a lot mo' crackers in Louisiana, that's for damn sure, niggah.

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There was a celebration at the rural community which sat deep in the southern woods. Stephens, having escaped Canada had finally arrived. What is more, he had brought a few congregants from the temple in Saginaw.

Voluptuous, naked females danced in an eastern fashion around the flames of the fire. Stephens and another man sat off in the shadows, talking quietly to one another.

“It’s happening.”

“I know.”

“The mother of demons?”

“She has been evoked.”

“The goddess of Destruction, in physical form upon the earth.”

“Yes, she is here at last.”

“Agios O Azanigin....”

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Night of Satan

Gwydion made an exit from his older model automobile, stretched lazily, then shut the door (without bothering to lock.) Above him stretched the pale blue of oncoming twilight; before him loomed a rather nondescript but indulging (after a fashion) structure which could not be mistaken for anything but a modern shopping mall. As if to prove this point, Gwydion's senses perked appreciably as the smell of cotton-candy perfume and the sound of youthful chattering caused him to turn and investigate.

Three modern maidens of the freshmen variety passed Gwydion without so much as a glance at him or his less-than-impressive vehicle. Their moon-like faces sparkled with glitter and oddly colored lip-gloss, and Gwydion paused to drink of their blood essence. Turning away, he sighed, and continued on towards his intended destination with scenes of the girls he had passed suffering various tortures in remote Wiallachian castles playing happily in his mind's eye.

The mall, on a typical Friday night in a typical American suburb, was suffuse with life. The destination of many a domesticated youth, the scene was occasionally spiced with a smattering of older twenty-somethings (the latter were often viewed as very thrilling and 'dangerous' by the former) who would stop off for a beginning-of-the-weekend stroll before proceeding to late-night reveries of fast food, gluttonous drug use and sex (not particularly in that order.) For any self-proclaimed "Living Vampire" (what to mention de facto adolescent?) in the suburbs, this was the place to go for a bit of feeding and a chance to "keep one's finger on the pulse of things", as was good to do on occasion.

Two squires of the senior variety and one maid of the sophomore variety strolled towards the hero of our story. The males of the small band were dressed in ridiculously oversized blue jeans, backwards hats, and tent-like sports jerseys bearing gaudily embroidered infinity loops. The female was attired as a slut (let's be frank, shall we?)

As the trio drew closer, they mumbled something then laughed over-dramatically. Whether their "acting out" was intended as jibe against Gwydion or whether they were simply behaving as humans often do, we will let remain a mystery, however Gwydion, as befitting his perceptual idiosyncrasies, viewed it as the former.

In his mind's eye he visualized a black, dripping tendril extending out from his body and into the female. Floating black shapes surround the girl as Gwydion fingers the small bag of goofer dust in his pocket end.

The "wigger princess" grabs her stomach and begins retching softly. Just then the eyes of one of the human chattel meet the peering orbs of Gwydion, as if with a look, he could petition the perpetrator to help alleviate what was fast becoming a strange and rather embarrassing situation.

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Gwydion smiled, made the sign of the horns and quietly muttered the name “Pazuzu” before walking off towards the center court.

As he gracefully strolled onwards, he heard the distinctive sound of vomit hitting buffed marble somewhere back in the distance, and his smile grew into an outright obscene and lecherous grin.

With portents such as this so early in the evening, surely the night spread out before him like a great black canvas would prove to be an auspicious one indeed!

Past the record store, around the bend and into the coffee shop Gwydion strolled; the staccato report of his out-of-fashion hobnailed boots lost in the din of low white-noise that typified his environs. Once into the partially- shielded coffee shop, the sounds grew less caustic and were replaced by the low but furtive conversations of self-styled ‘academe’ and the soft sound of generic instrumental ‘muzak.’

Gwydion stepped up to the counter.

“Give me a Mocha raspberry, large please.”

“Certainly,” replied the college-aged girl with horn-rimmed glasses and a slightly “granola” appearance.

“Thank you very much.”

Having obtained his beverage (as Gwydion learned before long ago that, for youth, the proof that one had spent at least some money during one’s visit to the mall greatly reduced the chances of being a target of the unpalatable surveillance by the resident security force), Gwydion walked into the “food court” area, taking a remote table close to the exit.

Gwydion fidgeted with the soft leather satchel he had carried from his car, but refrained from opening it and rifling through his various manuscripts. After all, in keeping with decorum, this was a shopping center cafeteria - not a library!

He sat, sipping his coffee occasionally, scanning the crowd for the person he was scheduled to rendezvous with and feeding upon the vibrancy of the humanity strewn out-and-about the mall. Despite the fact that he was energized (he had traveled in the astral the night before, feeding deeply on a particularly delicious victim), as well he should be, he found strangely that his thirst was not slaked.

His thoughts were interrupted, with an abrupt sighting of what seemed to be a monarch butterfly, perched on the marquis of one of the food shops. His concentration, as it were, had been broken.

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Damn! Surely I need more power - what secrets are not being revealed to me in the manuscripts? Thought Gwydion sourly.

As if to answer that question, a figure suddenly stood before him - as if he had simply materialized on the spot.

“Hello, I am Jonathan Hubbur.”

Gwydion rose from his seat,

“Vampiric Greetings, brother.”

As two good-natured fellows often do, the pair shook hands briefly. Gwydion could not but to feel a dark elation at the man's touch, as energy gleaned from that brief physical contact was similar to the feeling that Gwydion had felt when kneeling before graves in the cemetery. Perhaps this Mr. Hubbur was what he claimed to be after all!

Jonathan had contacted Gwydion to start with - a response to an advertisement on the internet for Gwydion's fledgling temple. The temple was, as might be surmised, of the vampiric sort. Although it boasted a half-dozen members scattered across various parts of the world, the core (that is, those individuals who knew and worked with Gwydion in person) was composed only of a few persons.

Yet, the fanaticism of Gwydion projected a powerful glamour upon those who came into contact with him - and his temple's reputation was an intimation of an order possessing genuine darkness.

Gwydion quickly made an assessment of Jonathan.

He was quite a bit older than he himself, perhaps more than a decade. Also, the look of the man's garb and the man himself was unfamiliar to Gwydion. Hubbur was an American, no doubt, but either he was very well traveled or from a completely obscure part of the country (perhaps both!)

As such, thought Gwydion, to the most brutal degree must I myself exemplify my loyalty to the Undead Gods before this stranger!

The pair sat, engaging in a bit of small talk at first as the throbbing shoppers continued in their Friday night pastimes all around them.

Gwydion opened his leather case, removing a photocopied and stapled document of some thirty pages in length. The title of the manuscript was printed in a strange, obscure typeface; beneath it, an image showing a castle with a demon leering out from one of the parapets.

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“Here, Jonathan, is the manuscript you requested!”

Hubbur deftly plucked out a ten dollar bill with one hand and slid it across the table, while sliding the manuscript towards himself with the other hand.

Gwydion pocketed the cash, then swept his hand grandiosely out toward the crowd.

“Behold - the humans - our slaves.”

Jonathan raised an eyebrow.

“You are a pompous child!”

Gwydion glared - such an insult was far beyond anything he could ever had,

“Stop what you are thinking child, be silent”

Gwydion, as if compelled, dropped his hand, staring forward.

Jonathan raked his rather long and yellow fingernails across the cover of the manuscript.

‘Gwydion. or should I use your Christian name, Thomas? Do not misunderstand me. We are pleased with your work, very pleased, in fact, If it had not been so, we would have never contacted you and come so far to see you - although we have visited you many times before - through that old mirror of yours! Do you understand?’

Gwydion nodded, in a state of dark and pleasurable shock.

“You plead in the night for genuine darkness - real world evil. You call out to the Backwards Darkness for the Undead to come unto you. Do you truly want these things Thomas, or are your words mere affectation?”

Gwydion was roused, leaning over the table towards Jonathan and speaking in a harsh whisper.

“I am fanatical in my pursuit of the blood, dear si! I am a vampire, a walking demon of Lord Sathanas! I bleed for Lord Sathanas to bring the Undead upon the earth once again!”

To illustrate, Gwydion pulled up the sleeve of his long-sleeve black shirt, revealing a neat row of self-inflicted razor cuts; Jonathan nodded his head approvingly.

“So it seems, Gwydion, so it seems.”

He put his hand over Gwydion’s own.

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The gesture created a surge of anxiety in Gwydion. He seemed to feel the eyes of others upon him and Jonathan. What would they think? Under this, he could feel his blood current being drained into Jonathan, the older man's spirit and will dominating his own.

Jonathan removed his hand silently, then stared across at his victim, gazing squarely into his eyes.

"If you are serious Gwydion, you will come with me now."

Before he knew it, Gwydion was walking the length of the mall, toward the far exit to the back of the parking lot. Something that felt like shame and even fear flooded Gwydion, he blushed heavily.

He was used to being the dominator, submitting to none! Yes, there were the communions at three in the morning within his bedroom that served as his private temple, but even that, he thought, was within his comfort zone.

Out of the building now, into the parking lot full of modern cars, glowing under the sodium lights.

Jonathan removed his keys and gestured towards the most remote section of the parking lot.

"My car is over there."

Another minute or so, and Gwydion sat in the passenger side of a recent model luxury sedan with leather seats.

Jonathan turned the key, and the engine came to life, purring softly.

There was no sound in the car except the background music, which seemed to be some sort of chanting layered over new-age sounding music. This too was disquieting for Gwydion, whose ears were accustomed to searing black metal played at high decibels.

Both men were silent as they drove under the cover of mid-evening darkness.

Gwydion's stomach rolled uneasily.

They turned onto an entrance ramp, merging onto the northbound interstate highway.

A chill seemed to descend as Gwydion's home and domain moved farther and farther behind him in the deepening night.

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Dark, monotonous, nocturnal landscapes came and went. Morbid and sinister and seemingly all the same. Second growth pine forests bordering the four-lane freeway blocked out all sight of the civilized world that lay behind their green expanse.

Gwydion's trepidation did not grow less - but the night, the hypnotic routine of the road and the strange music on the stereo all combined to put him into a trance-like, acausal frame of mind.

Onto an exit ramp bearing a legend of an area he had never heard of, off the freeway and onto a near deserted country road surrounded by gaping wilderness. How long had they been driving?

Hours must have past, but Gwydion wore no watch and he loathed to break the mystic silence with a mundane question to the driver.

"We're almost there, Gwydion!"

Jonathan's face was pasty white and sweating coldly. His face contorted into a sadistic grin as he turned, casting a glance at Gwydion before returning his eyes to the road.

Jonathan's hand snaked across the gearshift and began stroking Gwydion's thigh, as if to soothe him.

Gwydion felt bile rise in his gorge. What have I gotten myself into? Just what in the world have I gotten myself into?

Gwydion's body was afflicted with a disquieting paralysis and he stared, listless and afraid, out at the dark sky and the stands of pine.

They made a turn at a long since abandoned barn, then several miles deeper into the country. Gwydion thought he saw a hooded figure watching their progress, from the cloak of trees, then a disc-shaped object floating in the cold sky.

Soon they turned into a driveway, the property concealed behind a barrier of natural design.

Jonathan turned the key and the car stopped smoothly in front of a steel building that, for Gwydion, exuded an aura of eldritch menace.

The pair exited the vehicle.

They by-passed the garage doors and came to a service entrance.

Jonathan inserted a key, pulled the door open, and bade Gwydion to enter.

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Gwydion's judgement played out an internal war in his head - a battle between his emerging, shadow self and his remaining vulnerable humanity.

But, one by one, he took slow, halting steps towards the open door, as Jonathan looked on, his emotions masked behind a sinister stare.

They were inside, the door closed and locked behind them. The building was large, lit only by yellowed and dusty lanterns.

There was movement in the shadows.

Near a shadowed corner, Gwydion was bidden to sit, on a soft bed of old yet comfortable throw-pillows which had been scattered deep atop the cement floor.

Jonathan retreated to another part of the enclosed area then returned, bearing a milk-like beverage for his guest.

"Drink Gwydion, drink to the glory of the Undead Gods beyond the gate of Saturn!"

Gwydion obeyed, slurping thirstily the entire chalice in nearly a single draught.

Unbeknown to Gwydion, the drink had been heavily laced with a liquid version of a hallucinogenic substance.

Time and space began to take on strange proportions. Gwydion saw shapes form and dissolve before his eyes. Somewhere, music was playing. Not music like he had heard in Jonathan's car, but blatantly dark, apocalyptic, militaristic soundscapes that set his teeth on edge.

Demons crept toward him out of the darkness, groping him, sibilating bizarre names that intensified the sense of dread and darkness that hung thickly in the air.

One of them had a body of a man, but his face was a mass of dripping, red intestines.

He remembered several people stripping him nude, draping a swastika flag over his body, and laughing.

For a while, the demons ceased to appear.

A girl came to him out of the dark, caressing him, soothing his fears.

"There, there my child."

Her voice was like a thousand voices speaking in unison.

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He began to calm, mesmerized by the creamy hue of her skin, which seemed to pulse with the acausal. But soon, she too had disappeared and in her place came rough hands; probing and violating his body. He felt himself being lifted, spread and chained onto a cold, metal apparatus. Then, the cruel, biting lash of a whip bringing pain beyond any he had ever known before.

How long he screamed.

‘The sounds of his pleading for mercy and relief were cut through by high, metallic voice which seemed to penetrate into his very mind, even as the whip continued to tear at his raw flesh.

“Can you tell us boy, what i it that the soil cries for?”

Lash. Lash. Lash.

Scream. Scream. Scream.

“That is - what makes the grass grow?”

He felt himself being raped with a cold, dead object.

Guwydion began to cry.

“Answer us, boy!”

All the demons assembled began to scream the question in unison.

“ANSWER US, BOY! ANSWER US, BOY! ANSWER.. ANSWER!”

A figure in a black cloak, face obscured by corpse-paiat, stood before him. He drew an object across his own wrist, and the crimson, crimson claret began to flow, dripping upon Gwydion's face.

Guwydion's mind scem to shatter like glass, spreading into a million directions.

His hysterical weeping and screaming began to cease as a hoarse cry issued forth from his innermost self: “BLOOD! BLOOD! BLOOD!!!”

The robed figure shoved the bleeding wound into Gwydion's mouth and the nconate suckled at the fount of the Abyss, imbibing, as it were, the clixir of Qlipoth.

Silence fell, and all was black.

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A LONG REACH

An Object Lesson In Influence And Sinister Social Engineering

Introduction

Dark fir trees crawled in shadowed majesty up the twisting slope that led to the infamous boarding school of Arthyn. That peculiar and seemingly old-world institute was set in a cleft of the hills; spread out in a bowl-shaped valley and naturally a fortress; surrounded by the forested hills which blocked it from the view of lower ground.

Six miles down in the valley was the small if not quite quaint village of Wesley. Its brooding, modern populace consisted of upper-economic strata of computer researchers who worked at the techno-development plant further towards the city. They were a hedonistic, educated sort who spent their leisure hours hiking in the many expansive regional parks, masticating organic victuals in ultra-sanitary chic eateries, and enjoying un-extraordinary private lives in their well-furnished houses and fashionable apartments.

The working class men and women of Wesley, equally morbid, consisted of mostly youngish folk of semi rural stock who subsisted on paltry incomes supplied by logging, service jobs, or increasingly, state welfare. They lived hard, drank a great deal, engaged in tumultuous love affairs, drug use was not uncommon, and a culture of violence (domestic and otherwise) make "their side of town" a bit more entertaining than the haunts of the would-be upper-crust of the middle class.

And as long as the present generation of Wesley could remember, down the road at a place where "the mountains began" was the Arthyn school - anomalous and mysterious. It was not that it was purposeful in its obscurity (though perhaps it was), the fact was that the affairs of the school and the village simply did not mix to a significant degree. Sure, a few of the Arthyn staff (surprisingly small for the structural enormity of the school itself) came into Wesley for groceries, gas and the like. Yet there was little social interaction between the Arthyn folk and the village folk. The Arthyn folk were considered straight-laced, stiff, and it was widely agreed in Wesley that they must be fanatics of some sort; the 'sort' was not known and thus the lingering question remained a point of wild and often sensational speculation.

It is in this small land of an 'elite' school and the town that lay in the valley nearby that our story takes place. It is a story about two individuals, Alexis and Anastasia, and the strange adventures they had in those dark, woody hills. If you're willing, you're welcome to follow us now into the halls of Arthyn school and find out what the people of Wesley have only been able to wonder about for a long time.

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I think you'll be amazed, or perhaps you'll be appalled? I think I'll leave that for you to decide...

Chapter I

Although it was already after dawn, on the grounds of Arthyn lay a humid morning mist - the sun had yet to break through the soft down barrier of low-lying mountain clouds.

The week-day activities were well under way and in the student cafeteria, rows of youth sat at long, wooden tables quaffing bowls of hot porridge and steaming mugs of mint tea.

Alexis had foregone the breakfast this morning and instead had made his way to the circular half-mile track where he was now nearing the end of his fourth circumnavigation.

As he slowed, nearing the adjoining path back to the dormitories, he spat upon the ground. He would only walk two miles this morning and he had followed through with maintaining this limit. On this particular morning, he needed to save his strength for more intellectual pursuits that awaited him within the course of the day. As was his habit, Alexis had executed his morning exercise dressed in full school uniform - grey slacks and a grey, Austrian-style jacket. His fellow classmen thought him not a little odd because of this practice of his; those same fellow classmen who huffed and puffed and labored and sweated in their shorts and tank-tops emblazoned with the school emblem.

As usual, Alexis smiled amiably at his athletic contemporaries and thought privately to himself that their physical prowess was no doubt partially due to the fact that they were entirely unencumbered by the burden of higher consciousness.

Alexis breathed deeply through his nostrils. He was aware of his body, sheathed in sweat beneath his garments, which was now turning cold on his skin as a wind blew, jostling the treetops nearby.

His mild physical exertion provided a respite from his usual feelings, for now. Yet, he knew the temporary sensation of well-being would be soon superseded by the crawling, diseased awareness that had been his cross for over a year now. He grimaced to himself, wondering if the others who had experimented with similar rites had experienced such "success" in what was termed the "physiological transfiguration". No doubt they had, no doubt they had...

As he walked, Alexis took very little notice of the people who passed by him, in every possible direction as the morning class period crept nearer and nearer. He took no notice that is, excepting the youthful and attractive girls who sat on a bench in the courtyard which served as a sort of 'daytime forum' for students on the campus. He felt a not unfamiliar throb in his groin, a quite familiar throb in fact, which he had yet to satiate in any satisfactory manner for quite sometime.

Tales of Sinister Influence

He thought of going over to say hello, but then considered the time – his modern literature class was due to begin any minute now. He quickened his pace, but not before noticing a small, dark-haired girl sitting alone, knees drawn up to her chest, over by the shrubbery.

She looked up at him as he passed, large eyes, dark as midnight, staring at him unwaveringly. He glanced down, appearing nonchalant and was only able to muster a “Good morning”, before continuing his hurried trek.

She uttered a single word.

“Hello”.

Alexis has already passed, yet the single word froze him and he turned, not sure if he would be able to summon an equally terse verbal riposte, but very sure that he must have another look at this girl.

He stared. She stared in return, raising her left hand and exposing her palm, upon which a curious symbol had been drawn in heavy black marker.

Alexis smiled.

She smiled in return.

Both smiles were unfriendly.

They were, in actuality, quite demonic.

Deciding not to sully the moment with anything mundane, Alexis pivoted smartly and marched off – trusting that he would encounter this confederate again when the time was right and hoping his North-Korean style militaristic bearing would appear as attractive to her as he thought it would be.

Chapter II

Anastasia lay upon her bed, limbs sprawled akimbo, inside her comfortable, climate-controlled dormitory room.

Her drab, grey, knee-length skirt hung neatly over the back of a wooden chair at her desk and lounged wearing only her thick, grey woolen socks, black knickers and a black baby doll t-shirt a friend had sent to her as a present last winter.

Tales of Sinister Influence

She relished the cold air moving over the exposed flesh of her legs as much as she relished the weird, lilting neo-folk music wafting out from her small stereo.

She lived in the “Donner Building”, one of two all-female dormitories on Arthyn campus. Despite the fact that Arthyn was a very liberal boarding school, patterned as it was after secular colleges (a fact that would have greatly surprised the inhabitants of Wesley), co-ed living quarters were deemed not expedient by the school administration. Thus, the boys and girls (or “young men and women”, depending on how one chooses to perceive the thirteen to eighteen years of age crowd) lived separately but studied and socialized with one another freely. Amorous liaisons between students were common and quietly accepted in the modern environment. The small medical department dispensed contraceptives with no questions asked and many of the older professors considered this arrangement of mixed company much preferable to the morbid and sadistic homosexuality they themselves experienced in the boarding schools of their youth.

Anastasia rolled her head to the side, staring at the blinking digital clock face built into her stereo. The clock read two-forty one.

Her afternoon mathematics class had holiday for today, thus most of the last hour had been hers and hers alone. Within fifteen minutes her three roommates would be back from their respective classes and the entire building in general would be filled with the manic chattering of girls as another scheduled day came to an end.

She sighed.

Her roommates, as it were, were quite agreeable – however solitude such as she had enjoyed this afternoon was always something to be treasured.

Anastasia shared her room with Anna, Misty, Lorna and Darlene.

Darlene was eighteen and a senior, as she was herself. Both of them had opted to stay at Arthyn for another year following their graduation to take part in a college preparatory course before leaving to their respective universities.

Lorna was a rambunctious and genius sixteen. One of the few Asians at Arthyn, Lorna was the daughter of a very affluent Taiwanese-American businessman. Involved in every possible sport and club on campus, she was rarely in the room except to sleep and excitedly punch keys in her electronic notebook at odd hours of the night.

Misty was the youngest: thirteen, of dirty-blond hair and Appalachian parentage, she was rumored to be a nymphomaniac and regularly gleamed with an aura of insanity. Anastasia considered her to have significant sinister potential and personal magnetism, although perhaps a bit lacking in self-discipline.

Tales of Sinister Influence

Anastasia slowly sat up in her bed, swinging her legs over the side before standing and padding her way in sock feet over to the small bureau which contained her various possessions and no-uniform clothing articles. She sighed, rummaging for something to hike in and enjoying the ending strain of the song from her stereo.

As if on cue, as soon as the strange music faded into silence, the door swung open and then slammed shut again with equal force.

Misty stood before her, her shirttail un-tucked, blonde hair askew and sweat gleaming on her forehead.

Misty finished panting then stared squarely at Anastasia. She grinned wickedly, slipping her hand inside the waistband of her skirt and knickers and extracting a small plastic packet, which she triumphantly, dramatically raised in the air.

“I’ve got pot!”

Anastasia and Misty began snickering, then began capering and dancing wildly about the room, full of zest and vitality...

Chapter III

Alexis sat in his room at the “Claux Building”, a heavy blanket hung over the window to block out the glare of the afternoon sun, that insidious destroyer of darkness. Alexis’ only roommate lay sleeping silently on the bed pushed into the corner.

Faint light from the screen of his laptop bathed his face and hands in a soft incandescence as he scrolled down, rereading a recent letter from Gwydion, the lair leader of the cult Alexis aspired to join.

Blip. The window was minimized.

Blip. Another window was minimized.

Before him glared the face of a sinister looking bearded fellow, an Inner Circle member of the same cult Gwydion was with. Below the picture, a recent article by the same...

“..... and so the vampire must act, they must become the embodiment of evil in the flesh – and so affecting those who come into contact with the vampire; those who shall be dully infected with the alien-based energy which emits from the undead flesh the way radiation emits from a nuclear core-rod...”

Tales of Sinister Influence

Alexis skipped down past the remainder of the article, he had read it several times a day since it was posted over a week ago.

Though much of it was a bit incomprehensible to him, the parts of the essay he did understand were most zealously implemented by his person. And strangely, even with the parts of the essay he did not understand, the language itself excited him in a way he could not quite put his finger on and he felt powerful simply reading it.

Further down the webpage were hyperlinks to more articles and some delicious pictures of what looked to be extremely brutal female on female corporal punishment pornography, boldly framed with dark phrases to “the Undead Goddess - Her Ladyship Erzsebet Bathory” and links to rituals by which one could summon the same. At the very bottom of the page was an address, discreetly placed, to an obscure name in some obscure town in an out-of-the-way province.

Alexis stared fixated, reviewing the same information which he had reviewed with the same amount of ardor thousands of times before.

Although Alexis was cynical, even disdainful about many things, the thought of being cynical about the propagators of what he considered to be the prophecies of his “dark destiny” never crossed his mind.

At all.

All proclamations found on the website, manuscripts, lecture tapes, newsletters and correspondences emanating from his object of aesthetic devotion inspired nothing but awe, desire, fanaticism...

He was in love with a concept and, as he began to practice the formulas sent to him by Gwydion, he fell in love with the process – the steps he had taken thus far to implement the Harsh Alchemical Path of Wampyr.

Alexis logged offline, letting a screensaver of an atom bomb blowing up over a shadow outline of New York City play out on the computer screen, permeating his corner of the room with the sinister crimson glow.

From his pocket (he was still wearing the school uniform he had worn in the morning, despite the fact that casual clothes were allowed after the scheduled day was over) Alexis withdrew a small, jagged piece of quartz.

The faint red glow from the computer screen sparkled on the rough edges of the stone, a phenomena which pleased Alexis immensely. He could feel himself beginning to slip into the liquid, transcendental mindset that he associated with the practice of astral blood feeding.

Tales of Sinister Influence

Pivoting, he grabbed a grey and well-used rucksack from a peg on the wall and then stood, strapping on the pack and slipping the quartz back into the pocket of his jacket.

His feeling of transcendence did not cease and his eyes roamed slowly about the darkened room. He felt like the lord of his domain and the diseased pulsing of blood through within him had transformed into a clear pleasurable charge – as it often did as night was approaching.

He lifted the makeshift curtain away from the window and stole a peek outside. Alexis smiled.

The sun was only a fading orange glow behind the mountains. Clouds moved swiftly across the sky which glowed, purple in the aesthetic majesty of its twilight hours.

He had spent longer perusing the vampiric data on his computer than he first thought. And, as all who lived in the region knew, night fell quickly in these mountains.

Alexis dropped the curtain efficiently into place. His roommate grunted, rolled over, and began snoring.

Alexis, as usual, had much to consider... In the forefront was the appearance of the girl he had seen in the courtyard. Had the cult gratuitously tipped her off about his presence here at Arthyn? He thought it was a very likely possibility.

With his pack laden with some books on vampirism, a cassette player, some food, tobacco, drink and a few ritual implements, Alexis stole swiftly out of the room, down the corridor and to the forest at the edge of the campus. He needed the presence of untamed and barbaric nature and the cloak of night to consider the girl – the thought of her which was mixed with an inexplicable feeling of sinister elation and heavy, atmospheric sensuality.

By the time he reached the woods, all trace of the sun had vanished. Larger clouds moved in with the breeze across a deep blue sky, promising a black and starless night.

Alexis smiled, then hurried into the cover of the trees...

Chapter IV

Somewhere in an apartment in a medium-sized North American city, a figure sat alone in a small room bereft of all furnishings except an overturned bureau drawer, painted black, set in the center of the room and serving on this night as an altar.

Tales of Sinister Influence

Upon the altar was a large piece of quartz crystal, the parent stone from which several pieces of smaller stones had been broken off and distributed to several different Initiates, all of them residing in separate states except for two – one a male, one a female.

It was these two who concerned the lone figure this night.

Gingerly lifting a small surgical scalpel from the altar, with a languorous motion Gwydion cut crosswise across his palm.

“Nythra Kthunae Atazoth.”

A swift stream of blood began to flow from the wound, soon covering his hand, wrist and arm in a lubricating sheath of crimson gore.

With his wounded hand, Gwydion grasped the blade and repeated the same procedure with his other palm. The blood began to flow more vigorously now, the red stream pooling upon the surface of his altar.

Lost in some ghastly rasa with his devotees, Gwydion shut his eyes and placed his bleeding hands upon the crystal.

His astral ascended, up and out of his corpse and began to travel the astral web – seeking out the owners of the other stones – his blood progeny, his slaves, his personal blood pool of neonates and initiates. It was two he specifically sought this night and, after a time, he found them.

Now Gwydion too haunted the woods of Arthyn.

Chapter V

Misty and Anastasia walked along a well-worn path under the cover of darkness. All was silent except the soft sounds of their boots crushing still-damp leaves underfoot, the whispering of the wind through the trees and the cry of a screech owl in the distance.

Anastasia glanced at Misty out of the corner of her eye. A light trickle of sweat beaded down her forehead and a slightly maniacal gleam twinkled in her young eyes.

What went on in that mind of hers? Anastasia wondered...

No doubt it was Misty and her unfettered embracing of her own youth, her sex, her freedom that allowed her to experience herself and her world in such a forceful and vivifying manner.

In many ways Anastasia viewed Misty as the prime example of one who is naturally Satanic, in an unconscious way. What would occur if the Satanic aspect became conscious to Misty?

Tales of Sinister Influence

And would it even be necessary, would it be necessary to Sinister Strategy that Misty become aware of the ‘Satanic’ in the same way that she herself was aware?

At a rise in the path the two girls came to a sharply descending trail that forked off to the left, leading into a small, narrow ravine.

Anastasia felt a burning sensation pass through her body. The breeze rustled the treetops and she felt as if a magnetic pull was drawing her...

“Let’s go down there to smoke, hmm?”

Misty nodded with enthusiastic consent and the two girls descended.

At the bottom of the ravine lay a stagnant pool of dark water. Its surface was covered with fallen leaves. Alexis leaned his back against a sturdy fir tree, gazing into the black water and meditating on the chants coming through the speakers of his headset.

So deep was his meditation and so forcefully were the recorded words of the chant spoken caused Alexis not to notice the two figures creeping down the path behind him.

Across the sour pool was a figure whom Alexis had been observing for some time now, a figure who had in turn been observing Alexis intently as well.

Behind the bough of a twisted woodland scrub brush stared an astral apparition.

A purple face was framed by ragged, white but blood-stained garments. Black eyes stared forth, like the mirror of the Abyss.

Alexis removed the quartz from his pocket and the astral vampire across the water leered, revealing razor-sharp black fangs.

It was a sign of recognition.

“Look Anastasia! Isn’t that the guy you’ve been talking about, eh?”

Misty glanced over and rolled her eyes mischievously.

They stopped, watching Alexis.

“Well, so it is. Perhaps you would have enough herb to include a third in our little fun? It is Friday night after all!”

Tales of Sinister Influence

Misty stared down at Alexis, who was now fiddling with the controls on his cassette recorder. Anastasia, still smiling, studied her features and intuited that a definite plot was brewing in her mind.

“Misty?”

It took a moment for her to respond.

“Misty?”

“Huh? Oh baby you know there’s enough! It’s a quarter ounce after all!”

“Well, let’s go see if he wants to join us.”

They began walking down the path again, loudly, as if to attract his attention.

Chapter VI

It was in such a manner that a certain Alexis and a certain Anastasia became acquainted for the first time one night in the wood bordering Arthyn.

Like Alexis, Anastasia too carried a peculiar quartz piece with her on that night.

Like Anastasia, Alexis was too an Initiate of Gwydion’s lair. Although at the time of the meeting betwixt Alexis and Anastasia neither of them had met Gwydion in the flesh, it remains a fact that Gwydion was the ‘matchmaker’ in their union and helped - via his presence in the astral and his use of certain magical techniques – to provoke the outcome of their seemingly “chance” meeting at night.

Misty ended up becoming close with Alexis and even closer with Anastasia – intimate if you will. Misty never made it to External Adept. At fifteen she ran away from Arthyn school – down to the town of Wesley, never to return. She caused much chaos, wrapping many around her finger with her precocious charms and her even more precocious sinister intent. There were several church burnings and crimes, violence and even one or two killings – both of the latter were the kinds referred to as “crimes of passion” by the police. Misty had the satisfaction of knowing that she had been the inspiration for those crimes.

After a certain covert operation of hers went awry, Misty blew her brains out with a shotgun while federal law enforcement officers pleaded over a loudspeaker outside of her residence that “surrender is the only option” and “you cannot escape.”

Misty died rather than submitting. She committed a sacrificial suicide for Satan, offering herself as a willing offer to propitiate the Dark Gods of the Acausal.

Tales of Sinister Influence

Anastasia stayed an extra year at Arthyn for the college preparatory program as she had intended.

She took a year leave from her studies between Arthyn and college and undertook an insight role, one that had been specifically suggest to her by Gwydion.

One moonless night in the wilds of Montana, Anastasia performed the rite of External Adept: she acknowledged the stars and they acknowledged her.

Soon after, Anastasia went off to college and became engrossed in her academic life and the rigors of the university: boyfriends, career-planning, etc.

Her interest in the sinister path waned and at some point she decided to herself that “I’m not really, at my core, very Satanic.”

After university was completed she became a high school teacher in a small rural town much like Wesley. Her students (with perhaps a bit of fear as well as adoration) refer to her as “Mrs. Nietzsche” due to her frequent quotations from the works of our dear Friederich.

Not surprisingly, she is in constant struggle with her fellow teachers, the board of education and the school administration: a struggle which she finds to be strangely vivifying.

Anastasia lives alone but keeps lovers and makes clandestine monetary donations to pro-apartheid organizations in South Africa.

Alexis never renounced his Satanic oath – although he has been known as many things by many people in many different places. He is out there now – somewhere in the world – furthering the aims of the Sinister Dialectic as explicated by his cult with single-minded ruthlessness.

His dream in life is to reach the state of Grand Master.

Alexis, Misty and Anastasia never once met Gwydion in the flesh.

Czar Azag-Kala

Hinterlands Nexion

9 B. H.

Tempel ov Blood

Tales of Sinister Influence

Yasoda-Lila

"And who is the monkey, mommy?"

"Why, you rascal, you know who that is! You tell me who the monkey is!"

"Hanuman! Hanuman! Hanuman!"

With that last declaration of his answer, the young boy contorts his face (expressing some now obscure emotion which only the very young can understand in truth), pinches the bright fabric of his mother's sari once more for good measure, and scampers off the couch, down the hall - and out the door.

For a very brief moment betwixt the action of the door being swung open and then banging shut again, the sounds coming from outside pour fluidly into the house...

Children laughing, the sound of the brahmacaris working with their chainsaws around Srila Visnupada's new mandir, and the blowing of the conchshell announcing the commencement of evening arati in the temple all blend together in a singular, unified chorus.

And then, as the door closes, blocking out the activities beyond the perimeters of the home, all such emanations abruptly cease. In their stead enters the heady, aquatic silence of night which was achingly familiar to the boy's mother who, at one time, was known as Kaitlyn; but who is now more oft referred to as 'Mother Yasoda' since her initiation as Srila Visnupada's disciple several years ago.

Yasoda looks down at the illustration which her and her son had been examining. In the drawing, Hanuman (the monkey-faced devotee of the Supreme Personality of Godhead) kneels amidst an ethereal nocturnal forest, his hands folded in respectful obeisance before Lord Ramacandra. The strange beauty of Lord Rama's green skin is nearly intoxicating. It is this same attraction that first led her into the movement many years ago, when she was just another struggling Midwestern college student trying to get by in the mile high city. At that period in time, Srila Visnupada had not yet become Stryadhisa Maharaja - but was rather simply Stryadhisa dasa, a brahmacari with several years experience of ashram life.

Kaitlyn had only been in Denver for a little over six months when she first encountered the devotees. She had left home immediately after high school - bidding farewell to what she perceived as her small town and her narrow-minded parents - strict Mormon fundamentalists; settling the rugged land "with militancy, for Jesus" (a phrase that had been seared into her mind on more than one occasion during her father's "disciplinary talks" with her and her sister.)

Tales of Sinister Influence

Her upbringing had only served to further steel her already innate rebellious tendency towards any imposed authority. She, unlike some of her university-attending contemporaries, was not at all interested in "fighting the system" through what she perceived as a myriad of perfectly irrelevant "campus concern councils."

She was aware of her own powers of manipulation and, albeit practicing in small and petty arenas (at first), she tested her abilities at every available opportunity.

Mother Yasoda smiles to herself, remembering those early days during her conversion. The temple she did service at was relatively liberal (in comparison to some) and she was afforded an opportunity ever so often to sneak off with Stryadhisa for a bit of conversation during their sankirtan parties.

For an unmarried bhaktin and a senior brahmacari (or any brahmacari!) to be able to carry on any sort of conversation, in private no less, was unheard of even at a 'liberal' temple - but as it was, the temple authorities did not delve too deeply into either Stryadhisa Brahmacari or Bhaktin Kaitlyn's affairs; and for good reason. Both Stryadhisa and Kaitlyn were unmatched in the realm of Sankirtan Party book distribution. They received fame in BBT reports and their temple's reputation (not to mention their finances) were greatly enhanced by the deeds of these two ambitious young devotees.

When out on sankirtan spreading Krishna's mercy, Stryadhisa would accost the karmis with adept skill; blinding them with his intellectual effulgence. At times, karmis who would seem particularly hostile at first would be seen several minutes later walking away from Stryadhisa wearing a dazed expression on their faces - and carrying a sizeable number of expensive, hardback books in their hands. These colorful sankirtan capers, oft recounted by the devotees around cups of hot milk sweetened with sugar and puris in the evening, soon began a rumor of Stryadhisa Brahmacari being blessed with "uncanny powers of persuasion."

Bhaktin Kaitlyn's success in filling the temple's coffers was a bit more simply discerned, yet seldom officially mentioned in a movement where "I am not this body" is a frequently stressed official maxim.

Kaitlyn was a lithe, athletic beauty - with Nordic blonde hair, long legs and curves in all the right places. Combine those admirable attributes with the exotic attire of sari, nose jewel and bangles and few of the affluent businessmen of downtown Denver would balk at spending another twenty-five dollars for some obscure holy Vedic book in exchange for spending a few more moments in her presence.

From early on, Stryadhisa and Kaitlyn were "the dream team" – they were the kind of devotees that other devotees were encouraged to emulate. They carried the temple to new heights via their shrewd worldliness coupled with what seemed to be limitless enthusiasm for the esoteric aspects of devotional service.

Tales of Sinister Influence

If it had not been for being blessed with the nectar of Srila Visnupada's intimate association early on, thought Yasoda, she might have not stayed on in the Society.

Through vivifying monologues on varied topics, Visnupada took her perceptions of Gaudiya Vaisnavism for beyond the standard tenets of the faith and offered Yasoda a way of approaching the path back to Godhead in a somewhat different way.

She learned to walk the razor's edge between total surrender to the forces of Radhe-Krishna and a ruthless determination for ascendancy in the causal and acausal. Yasoda's thoughts were suddenly interrupted, as Parasurama Dasa entered.

"Hare Krishna, Parasurama Prabhu!"

"Haribol, Mother Yasodsa!"

"How is the work going on Srila Visnupada's new house, prabhu?"

"Great! Just fantastic!!! The tetrahedral design of the building is so amazing... and the reproduction frescoes of Jadurani Devi Dasi's images of Lord Nrsimha and Lord Kalki on the interior walls! Wow! Srila Visnupada must be very dear to Lord Krishna, it is so rare to encounter a soul as liberated as he!"

Parasurama's face was saturated with perspiration and the veins on his working-man muscled arms bulged prominently. The room was effused with the electric emotions of the fanatic.

A phantom cataract passed over Mother Yasoda's eyes – she was slow to respond.

"Yes prabhu... we are very fortunate to have Srila Visnupada as our spiritual master..."

Parasurama's face went blank in thought, for the very briefest of moments, before he began nervously fiddling with his japa beads.

He could not help but notice how Mother Yasoda, who must be nearing forty, looked not a day over sixteen.

"Uh... Mother... I just wanted to drop off some paperwork that Srila Visnupada's secretary sent over for you."

"Thank you, prabhu."

Parasurama smiled broadly, happy to have rendered an important service and enlivened by being in such close proximity to Yasoda.

"Mother Yasoda... I saw Kalki Prabhu out playing near the forest with the other young devotees... He's quite the little ringleader!"

Tales of Sinister Influence

“Yes, my son is Krishna’s son.”

Yasoda looks up from her seated position and grasps Parasurama’s arm, squeezing it affectionately for a moment, and then releasing him.

“Haribol, prabhu.”

“Haribol, Mother Yasoda.”

With that, the young monk departs.

Mother Yasoda looks towards the wall, up at the gaudy Bombay-printed devotional calendar that hangs there.

The twentieth of April was only nine days away and that was Kalki’s birthday. She and her guru maharaja and a few trusted other would go south to celebrate, amongst old friends.

Tales of Sinister Influence

Postscript notes:

1.) Stryadhisa dasa Goswami Maharaja – ‘Srila Visnupada’ was one of the all-time quickest devotees to attain initiating guru status after taking sannyasa. A sanyassi can only become an initiating spiritual master himself after his own spiritual master goes “back to godhead.” Srila Visnupada’s spiritual master mysteriously disappeared after arriving in Russia on a mission trip. Several days after his disappearance, Visnupada’s swami was discovered – shot in the head near the Volga region. An obscure sect of the Khlysty was suspected, but no arrests were ever made.

2.) Kalki dasa (son of Kaitlyn Katrina Kopp a.k.a. ‘Yasoda’ – a father unknown) was conceived in August of “___”yf when his mother was impregnated during a clandestine reenactment of Shree Krishna’s conjugal dance and pastimes with the principal gopis, held in an undisclosed locale somewhere between North Carolina and Georgia. Twilight dance – men painted in blue.

3.) A version of the Nine Angles rite performed on the same night in August of “___”yf. Nine months later, “Kalki dasa” was born to Katrina Kopp. His birthday, April 20th. Reference ONA ms. ‘Words of Vermiel.’

4.) Srila Visnupada is an agent of an agent of the TOB and is Falcifer.

5.) Yasoda is Azanigin.

6.) Kalki is Vindex.

7.) Yasoda is vampirically feeding on Parasurama during the during their conversation. (note “draining” followed by a “rain of mercy” – Yasoda is an advanced vampire I.e. “walking undead.”)

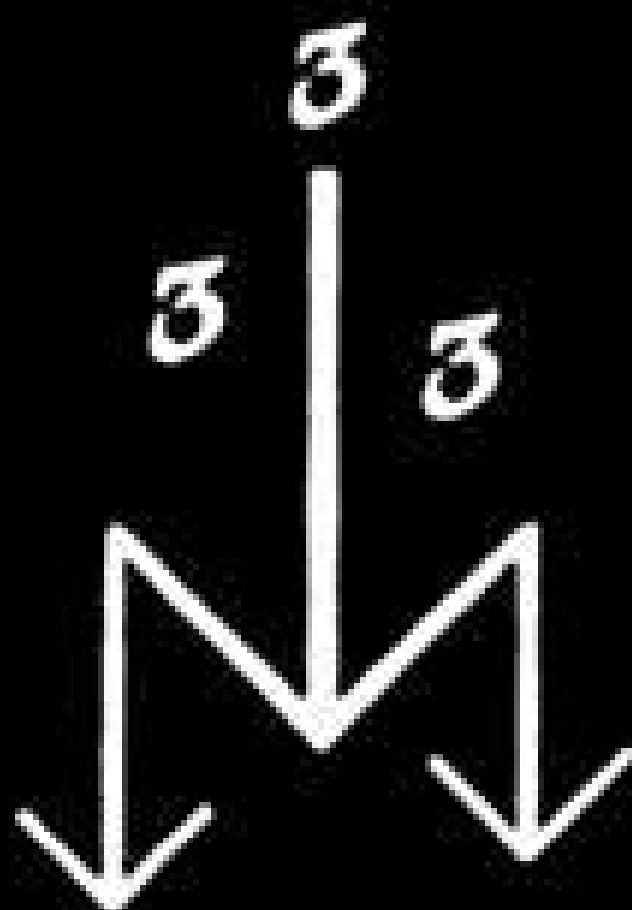
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Tempel ov Blood



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(2008)

A Treatise On Sinister Dialectics

Czar Azag-Kala ; 114 Era Horrificus

The Tempel ov Blood, far from being a fly-by-night operation of what is sometimes referred to in the 'modern' world as 'occultic' or 'satanic', is, in fact, concerned with enacting agendas of a long-term nature with far-reaching implications for both those who participate (in one way or another) with the work of the Tempel directly as well as the general populace of this earth planet. In fact, the Tempel ov Blood is engaged in what members of the Roman Equity system of law practiced in America would term as a grand or broad based CONSPIRACY.

Naturally, this 'conspiracy' as such is seen as detrimental towards the forces controlling the Magian Lodge (which is already in the process of dismantling itself via decadent, internal self-destruction - that being hardly a fit state in which to battle it out with the forces of the Seven Fold Sinister Path). Yet, the discerning observer realizes that all the works of the Sinister Path in general - can only be beneficial towards human kind, whether than be in the form of creating new Adepts or mercifully culling the dross from the globe via means which will not be discussed herein.

Why then, is the Tempel ov Blood largely ignored by the kinds of law enforcement agencies that track and monitor other so-called 'extremist groups'? The reason being is precisely this: the aims and the goals of the Tempel ov Blood in keeping with our processes of Aeonian manipulation and promulgation of the Sinister Dialectic are seen, to mortal eyes, to be so huge in scope that they determine that our goals are practically 'impossible' and thus, such organizations as 'Satanic Temples' therefore must be merely fantasy.

As the Judeo-Christians know, as expressed in their popular music of the day: (Satan) 'My job is getting very simple now, since no one believes in me anymore'. Since the underground nature of most Sinister temples puts us under the proverbial radar so to speak, this is one reason why we do not face hard repercussions from the external/exoteric forces that would seem to be either run directly or controlled remotely by the Magian/White Lodge. However, the main reason, is that the machinations of beings who are in fact, non-human, beyond humanity in every respect, are too in-depth and complex for an unevolved human being to understand.

Physically, physiologically, psychologically, spiritually and intellectually those are of the new race - the progeny of the Tempel ov Blood - are operating on a completely higher level than the masses of humanity. While the new, sensitive Nazarene-trash breed of humans bemoan the social affliction of 'racism', they ignore much more sinister malaise which threatens their feeble existence. While they chase after so-called 'racists' the real perpetrators of their woes operate unseen and with full, unholy fury: behold - the SPECIESTS.

Alchemical Ordeal - 18.333

Tempel ov Blood

Introduction

In all systems of the world including the federal government and military, there is a set system which is used to break down the subject (who is henceforth a funded "experiment" in themselves, who sometime receive some small compensation for their trouble) and build them back up again, in the image chosen by the experimenter - being usually a government or military. The system is known when dealing with heretical groups as "brainwashing". What the government does is never termed "brainwashing" but it lies to reason that with the years of experience and funding behind them, the government system of breakdown - psyche death - build-up-in-another-image model is far superior to what is practiced by many common 'occult' groups as we know of them today.

Paramount to the system of 'breakdown' is shock. Shock is a tool which is used, along with fatigue, stress and terror heaped upon the subject almost constantly. During the period following shock - certain 'imprints' can be made, neurologically, upon the recipient of the shock. For instance, if one was in casual circumstances to see a sigil of Abatu this may or may not seem to be a significant experience itself. In fact, the seeing of such a sigil in normal or even induced 'magical' consciousness may not be enough to even put a strong enough neurological imprint into one's mind where the subject would even remember what the sigil looked like. However, if one was, for instance, beaten within an inch of their life and then had a sigil of Abatu shoved into their face - a very strong neurological imprint will indeed be made.

This alchemical ordeal from the Tempel ov Blood is graded 18.333. 18 standing for Adolf Hitler (A.H. = 18 numerologically) and 333 standing for the demonic entity known as the 'Lurker at the Threshold', ie: Choronzon. No pain, no gain. And remember that 'All that is great is built upon sorrow'. Agios O Vindex Est Venturus!

Directives

Procure and memorize Sinister chants 'Diabolus' and 'Sanctus Satanas'. This can be both in the musical meter and for word purpose only, however, during this ritual the chants will be chanted consistently without any tune per se, in line with the beat of the heart (this is similar to the beating of the heart of the slain dragon Tiamat as her blood flowed out in tune with the heartbeat, creating the world). Practice listening to your heartbeat and uttering one word of the chant in tune with your footfalls - like a martial cadence seen used in militaries the world over.

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Memorize the 'Our Father' blasphemous rendition of the original which can be found in manuscripts stemming from the Traditional Satanist group, Order of Nine Angles.

The duration of this ordeal will be three months - three corresponding to Choronzon (or appropriate Sinister pantheon entity in similitude) and the breaking open of the psychic gates, thus allowing the powers and energies of the Abyss to enter into the physical plane. This ritual serves a dual purpose. One of the purposes will not be mentioned but should be ascertained by the practitioner during the course of the ordeal. The second purpose is to presence the dark.

The period of ritual will begin on the new moon and end on the new moon - three months later.

The adherent should be dressed in black clothes and have a vial in which certain herbal tinctures have been collected (contact Tempel hierarchy for further information on the proper herbal compound to be used in your particular case). During the course of the ordeal this vial will be worn via a leather thong or carried on one's person at all times excepting sleep, and then it should be placed no further than several feet from the adherent.

Go dressed in black into the forest at the hour of 3 a.m. on the new moon, carrying your prepared tincture in a vial. Situate yourself in the forest where you have a view of the sky above you and absolute privacy from any humans coming near. If the state of complete solitude or deep wilderness is not feasible, make sure that you are prepared to deal with any trespassers who may enter into the area.

Draw the sigil of NOCTULIUS upon a surface of earth. Within the sigil place the tincture which you have prepared. Begin an informal ritual by reciting "Sanctus Satanas" and then "Diabolus" followed by the "Our Father" prayer. Following this meditate upon SATANAS. You will remain, in meditation, until sunrise.

As you perceive sunrise beginning to occur, take the tincture and put it on your person and with your left hand rub out the sigil of NOCTULIUS upon the earth with the words "Mein blut ist fur ihr". Leave the area without looking back.

Upon arrival at your abode, immediately get upon the road and run one mile. If you are used to running more, up the number of miles appropriately. The purpose here is to create stress. The number of miles run and the length thereof is to cause discomfort - so go beyond your limits you have set for yourself, but never less than one mile. Upon reaching one mile, recite the "Our Father" prayer and turn around and walk back to your abode. Recite the "Sanctus Satanas" or the "Diabolus". As this ordeal progresses you should alternate one chant every other day ie: one day chant "Sanctus Satanas" and the next day "Diabolus" then back to "Sanctus Satanas". Recite the chant in line with your footfalls or your heartbeat as explicated at the beginning of 'directives'.

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Every morning until the new moon three months from the beginning of the ordeal, you shall each morning repeat the process of running one (or more miles) followed by the "Our Father" and the "Diabolus" or "Sanctus Satanas" on the walk back to your dwelling place. As your tolerance to the run begins to build, run farther so that in each instance you are reaching a state of fatigue/exhaustion.

Before going to bed in the evening recite the "Our Father" with reverence and conviction while staring into the glass of tincture which you have prepared. Have an alarm clock set and wake to repeat the same bedtime ritual at 12a.m. and again at 3 a.m. Upon waking, undertake the usual run followed with appropriate chants.

During this period of three months the adherent is to eat nothing except meat and liquids of animal products (such as goat or cow's milk). No cheese, bread or any solid substance other than meat is to be consumed. This will put the body into a state of ketosis and sooner than later your body will begin consuming itself. This is not harmful. By NO MEANS should one cheat at all on said diet.

By the time the period of three months is up, you will have reached a lithe or skeletal state befitting one of the predators of Tempel ov the Blood. On the new moon at the end of the ordeal period, proceed with black clothes and carrying your tincture into a secluded wooded area. This is NOT to be the same area which you used to commence with the ritual to begin with.

At three a.m. assemble yourself in the woods and draw the sigil of NOCTULIUS upon the earth.

Within the sigil place the tincture which you have prepared. Recite the "Diabolus" followed by "Sanctus Satanas". Follow this with a recitation of the "Our Father" prayer. Following this meditate upon SATANAS. You will remain in meditation, until sunrise.

As you perceive the sun beginning to rise take the tincture and drink it followed by the words "Ich bin Noctulius". Alternately (see T.O.B. representative for specific instruction) conceal the tincture within your clothing and offer to the Master/Mistress as a sacrifice.

Rub out the sigil of NOCTULIUS upon the earth with your right hand while repeating the words: "AGIOS O NOCTULIUS".

The ritual is at a close.

Upon completion the adherent should compose an essay on his/her experiences while and during this period of trial. Also, consultation should be made with a Tempel representative for any extra tasks which should be performed during this three month period.

AVE SATANAS

**America and the Sinister
Czar Azag-Kala ; Tempel ov Blood**

When we begin to analyze the nature and quintessence of what is the Sinister Path, and, especially, the Sinister Path in it's task of working towards enacting the forcible intrusion of the Dark Gods upon this planet to open power - a certain intuitiveness and discernment must be in place in properly and correctly gauging the field of operations in which the Satanic Initiate or Adept finds him/herself.

The depth of perspective needed to effectively execute acts of Aeonic magick are only gained through experience - this is the first prerequisite for those attempting to change and manipulate the concourse of history in favor of the purpose of the Dark Gods from beyond the astral gates. While many neophytes may be very enamored with Aeonics because of it's power and scope (as well they should be), it must be taken into account that Aeonics is best enacted effectively by persons who have lived, bled and suffered for Shaitan already for a period of at least several years. This is not to discourage those who are neophytes - nay! Far from it. It is apparent that even those who are relatively inexperienced in the path and in life in general can still aid the casual manifestation of one or more Dark Gods via practical acts of evokation - and we, in America, have seen this happen many times in the past from various angles. Even still - the monumental and earth-shattering effects upon the globe must be undertaken by Satanists with a level of maturity in the path. This does not in fact always necessitate a vast expanse of time, simply a vast expanse of experience - real, dark experience as befitting an adherent of the Way.

It stands to reason that via the participation (whether that participation be minimal or extreme in scope) within the path on any level is aiding in some way the Sinister Dialectic. With more experience, there comes a more effective operative for Sinister purposes. The Tempel ov Blood especially, via our targeted use of vampiric metamorphosis and increasingly harsh alchemical change processes, are offering the tools for rapid results. Our members do in a year what the mass of humanity only dream about accomplishing in a lifetime.

Step by step, the Sinister is taking hold on American soil. This agenda is being ruthlessly carried out by several different, independent organizations working alone but with the same goal (more or less) in mind - the bringing about of a new Dark Age, not in the sense of profusion of ignorance - far from it! Rather, an age in which darkness reigns supreme - when the weak, effeminate characteristics of a Magian infested civilization shall be immolated and turned to ash.

In it's place shall be a civilization where proper perspective is part of the social and governmental equation (if indeed there are any 'human' governments left). In essence, the age will be a SATANIC AGE - an age concerned more about what truly is and bereft of the profusion of enervating illusions which haunt the minds and spirits of modern day America and Europe. In the coming DARK AGE - there shall be proper honor given to honorable

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violence. There shall be proper warrior codes, no longer shall weak and niggardly apes function in the infrastructure of society. It shall be the return of the beasts of prey - the day in which the emaciated corpse of Nosferatu rises from its primeval catacombs - the day when plagues and rats run rampant throughout the Beverly Hills mansions once inhabited by the erroneous 'American elite' - a class of people who have long since perished, their radiation poisoned cadavers piled wily-nily on the 'highways' which are now infested by barbarians and astral beings of walking death.

Have you enjoyed your internal visions thus far in the reading of this article? We certainly hope so, because as has been scientifically proven: words and images in actuality effect biological change in the make-up of the human brain. Thus we, those adherents within the pristine halls of the immaculate Tempel ov Blood, are purposefully inserting certain subliminal 'key-words' and phrases inside of this article to intrude and disrupt the consciousness of you, the reader.

America is ripe for the coming of the cruel emperors and empresses 'Of The Blood'. Consciously or unconsciously, the American people wait with baited breath for the return of those who have no name from the gates far beyond the stars, where no human life can dwell. A popular colloquialism in the United States is: "The train is leaving the station, are you aboard?". Have you hopped aboard the train of coming darkness and Satan reigning triumphant? We certainly hope so, for if not, not even the annals of history shall mention the memory of your person - for such a memory will not exist in a world where much more pressing concerns are in the minds of all-such as basic survival, glory, horror and the aftermath of nuclear holocaust.

Already the American infrastructure is descending at a rapid pace towards the level of apes - in such an atmosphere in which decadence and enervation reigns supreme, in an atmosphere when the intelligentsia are regularly branded as 'terrorists' and mental midgets are glorified as societal role-models, this my friends (or enemies) is the atmosphere in which the dedicated cadres of ALIENIC INHUMANE CONQUERERS can enter in and, without 'a shot being fired', gain total control of all that is, all that was and all that shall be.

Victory through infiltration. Victory through infiltration. Have we gotten your attention yet? I certainly hope so. America and Americans are without a doubt, the most arrogant people on the face of the planet. Europe endures plagues, famine, revolutions and wars and because of such, possess a certain sort of sadness and resignation to fate because of such. America breeds plagues within our laboratories, executes trade embargos, executes CIA 'black projects' to train natives to foment revolutions in foreign countries and start wars for fun and profit. America indeed, is a different sort of land. Already because of America's happy rebelliousness and moral absence the country and its ethos has been branded as "sin city" and "Mystery Babylon" respectively.

Shall we count the ways in which America is ripe for a total psychic pogrom? Shall we contemplate the many reasons why it is inevitable that the astrals of the mass of this nasty

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nation's inhabitants shall be forcibly 'excommunicated' or 'vacated with extreme prejudice' by nine-fold thirteen-fold astral clans of uncool, uncaring, undead who shall then proceed to 'reanimate' the flesh thereof?

I for one shall not be the individual to spell these consequences out to your person, for I have already intimated at what is inevitably to come and you yourself can consider and meditate in darkness upon that which has been spoken in this communication.

And this is the message to the adherents of the Sinister Path inhabiting the United States of America: Study carefully the history of 'evil' in your own country, experience the highs and the lows of 'American experience' and gain insight according to the precepts of Satanic/vampiric metamorphosis as promulgated by Tempel ov Blood.

Control over man is all.

Control is yours to take.

Control is won by lying, intimidating....

Control....Control....Control.

Darkness: A Confirming Necromancy

Obtain a cylinder shaped package of strong tobacco snuff. A brand such as 'COPENHAGEN' would be recommended, as it is strong with a pungent odor and comes in a black plastic case. Do not use metal as it will block energy. Remove the labels from the package and inscribe the 'Diabolus' chant along the circumference of the side of the case. On the lid either inscribe or attach the symbol of NOCTULIUS or ATAZOTH. Or, leave bare (a pure black surface). Tobacco is a form of nicotiana and is actually a poison - known in older times by the name "nightshade".

Remove some of the tobacco and add several drops of your own blood and (if possible) a pinch of goofer dust (dirt from a gravesite). Before the rite put a quantity of this charged ethneogen in your mouth - allowing the mixture to seep into your bloodstream. Take the filled sigil and stroke it over your head, your hair and ears. Move it up and down your cheeks and chin. As you do this, open yourself to the sinister energies the tincture is radiating out to you. Visualize the black expanse of space and the void and feel the alien forces of Them filling your physical vessel. Close your eyes and brush their lids lightly with the sigil.

Say these words:

'I see darkness!'

Move the sigil lower. Smell it's dark scent. Drink in it's aroma. Let it fill you.

Intone:

'I breathe darkness!'

Open your eyes. Move the sigil away from your head and hold it aloft.

Proclaim:

'I hold darkness!'

Lower the sigil to your heart. Stroke it up and down, soothing it, letting it's energies melt into yours.

Say:

'I feel darkness!'

Move it down your stomach. Press it gently against your skin or clothing.

Say:

'I nourish darkness!'

Hold the sigil before you, gaze into it's blackness treating it as a mirror of sinister power. See the reflection of yourself as Satan.

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Intone:

'Darkness is before me.

Darkness is behind me.

Darkness is beside me.

Darkness is above me.

Darkness is below me.

Darkness is within me.

Darkness flows from me.

Darkness comes to me.

I am Darkness!'

Place the sigil where you will see it often or carry it on your person in the weeks following this rite.

On the night of the New Moon, bury it in the earth and sibilate towards the ethers:

'Aperitur stella et germinet Noctulius!'

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Song of Satan **Tempel ov Blood**

‘They’ are coming from the black depths of deep space ‘They’ have been awaiting the time for Aeons and Aeons The gates of Saturn, the black spaces of deathly silence. And in that day comfort shall be destroyed for the weak. And in that day the Noctulians shall reign in blood which shall be split in the streets up the level of the horses bridle. And it will be a blessing for all.

Oh Immaculate Tempel of Blood - thou hast paved the way for the opening of the gates to the Abysmal black Oh Secret Rites of Satan, how your slaves pour out themselves in sacrificial suicide for the manifestation of thy erotic principalities to darken the skies with infernal smoke of hell.

Every seventeen years. Every seventeen years. The certain son being the age of eleven moons times two shall be the gift for him, the gift for them! Blood-splattered Baphomet, raise your knife above the porcelain flesh of thy male sacrifice. Four years after the turning of the millenium, thy shall receive the fertilizer which shall birth demonic spirits of power. They tremble at the gate of Saturn awaiting release so that the needful change shall sweep the stars and terra.

Do not speak. There is silence in the land. The silence has become the song of the Abyss - bring us forth, Sons of Night.

The Birth of a Dictator

Directives: The length of this extended ritual will be three months in duration. Items needed include a swastika third reich blood banner (party flag of the NSDAP), a uniform of some type (militaristic or police, ideally it should either be all black with swastika armband or the brown/black uniform of the storm troopers), a packet of razor blades, a satchel of dust taken from a graveyard, apocalyptic military music (we would recommend 'Puissance' from Sweden) and a copy of 'The Mass of Heresy' from the Order of the Nine Angles. Also gather all items required by the 'Mass' manuscript. Also have study materials which should consist of all of the writings of Friedrich Nietche and a copy of Adolf Hitler's autobiography "Mein Kampf" as well as John Toland's biography 'Adolf Hitler'

Morning ritual: Every morning proceed into the area which you have set aside as your temple area. Eight days before commencing with this ritual, prepare the temple in the following manner: Upon the northern wall of the room hang the blood banner, beneath this should be a small table or lectern upon which sits a copy of mein kampf, a razor blade. The uniform and the satchel of graveyard dust should not be kept in the temple, but rather kept with your personal belongings in a separate area (ideally whatever room is used as your bedroom in which you sleep).

Also in your possession should be a cat o' nine tails or some other similar whip. This should be kept in the temple, near the lectern. Upon rising, dress at once in your military uniform. Proceed into the temple and perform a bowing obeisance to the swastika blood banner, uttering the words of the "Dies Irae" chant while you are lying upon the floor. Upon rising from the obeisance, perform the Mass of Heresy - the full Mass if you are living in a temple commune or a solitary version if you are by yourself. Upon completion perform another obeisance before the swastika flag and repeat the 'Dies Irae' chant as you performed before. Leave the temple area and go about your normal duties in the world.

During the course of the day spend at least one hour reading the Toland Hitler biography or Mein Kampf. Upon night, before going to sleep, go into the temple naked, carrying the satchel of dirt from the graveyard/cemetery.

Upon entrance to the temple perform a full bowing obeisance before the swastika blood banner and repeat the 'Dies Irae' while making the obeisance. Rise.

While staring into the blood banner, take a small measure of the dust into your left palm, spitting to create a sort of paste. Rub the graveyard paste upon your forehead while repeating the word 'Change' eight times. Proceed to the altar and set the unused bag of goofer dust on top of the copy of Mein Kampf. Remove the cat o' nine tails from behind the lectern and turn on the apocalyptic military music.

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Begin lightly (or hardly, depending on your preference) flagellating your own back with the cat o' nine tails while singing the 'Dies Irae' in the traditional manner (for the notation please contact the Tempel ov Blood or listen to the beginning of 'The Self-Immolation Rite'). Give yourself eighty-eight strokes with the cat o' nine tails while chanting the 'Dies Irae' continually.

Upon completion, replace the whip and remove the goofer dust, bowing obeisance before the swastika banner and leave the room. Allow the apocalyptic music to play.

This morning and evening ritual should be performed every day and every night for a period of three months. Ideally the extended ceremony should begin and end on a full moon.

AGIOS O NOCTULIUS! AGIOS O NOCTULIUS!

The Coming of Vindex

Temple of Blood

Czar Azag-Kala

Introduction

At the time of this writing, that being, the sinister year 114yf (Year of the Fuhrer) eh (Era Horrificus) and known in the Roman calendar by 2003 Anno Domini, the civilization of the West is declining at a rapid rate. This Aeon is coming to a close via natural cause, however, the fall is being agitated and the aeonic forces distorted by the Magian forces who are embodied in the term 'the white lodge' (versus the 'black lodge' of Sinister Adepts, Masters and Lady Masters, and Grand Masters). Being knowledgeable that the energies of the West are on the wane, the Magians have sought to capitalize on the situation (as is not uncommon) by distorting the Western energies and also by executing and influx of energies congruent to their own purposes.

The results of the Magian influence can be seen the world over, very prominent in Western Europe and pre-eminent in America and Canada especially. As sites such as Stonehenge and Babylon were esoteric strongholds for particular groups of magickians working towards specific aeonic goals in times of yore we now see places such as New York City, Los Angeles and London being utilized by primarily Magian forces who are working for their own very specific aeonic outcomes.

Logically, such Magian strongholds are being and have been targeted both esoterically and exoterically by individuals and groups which are at odds with the Magian program. Some of these individuals and groups, such as Muslim extremists, are under the influence of an older, stagnant ethos which is threatened by the Magian powers and also is in sum, antithetical to the kind of program the White Lodge seeks to see realized. The variety of cultural minorities and specific aeonic cults that wish to see the downfall of the White Lodge and the Magian plans thwarted are many. Not all of them (and to be truthful, most of them do not) work towards aims themselves which could be viewed as in similitude with what is being sought by the various Sinister groups spread across the globe. However, by seeking the breakdown of the infrastructures associated with Magian power they are being quintessentially defiant and aiding in the dismantling of certain institutions which impede a proper Imperium followed by a Galactic Aeon of sorts which has been premeditated by groups such as the Order of Nine Angles out of Shropshire, England.

Certain of these groups formations, especially those that are native to the West (a European example would be National Socialism, and American example would be the state's rights movements and the neo-secessionists) possess in themselves factors which are benevolent towards the Sinister strategy of a real, physical manifestation of Vindex - an event which will

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be a prelude to Imperium and a new Aeon which would flow from the (then) past Western Aeon.

Such factions should be targeted and manipulated by Sinister Adepts as well as aided and subtly subverted towards Sinister purpose by Sinister Path Initiate. Even those groups which are not possessing pro-Sinister qualities but are at war with Magian forces should be aided in a way that they will hasten the downfall of the White Lodge, effectively being used by those of the Sinister Path as a sort of 'exoteric battering ram' against institutions that impede the Aeon outcomes which we seek. After goals relating to their use have been completed, such groupings can be termed expendable and dismantled or properly subverted towards any number of programs according to the acting will of the Sinister Path adherent so involved.

The 'coming of Vindex' which is described by Grand Master Anton Long of the Order of Nine Angles as the arrival of a 'person of destiny' who will possess the needed skills and abilities to mount a considerable offensive against forces that are detrimental to the Sinister Dialectic and rally forces which will invoke future, Sinister energies is not an uncommon theme. Such is virtually the same as the 'arrival of the warrior Christ' in Aryanism influenced christian cults (He comes, his vesture dripped in blood with a sword in hand, riding upon a white horse, flanked by celestial starships to cleanse the earth planet of anti-evolutionary jewish forces and their willing lackeys) or the 'incarnation of Kalki' as told in the Vedic myths (a warrior figure, similar to the above mentioned 'warrior Christ'). Such archetypes can be manipulated within their respective cults in order to, more and more, make attributes of their archetype equal to that of Vindex.

Likewise, a Vindex-type figure within the primitive sub-cultural Devil Worship cults can be seen in the figure of 'the Antichrist' . This 'Antichrist is the leader of darkness, a man of destiny, who is born into a physical body and rises to power in order to utterly wipe out the forces of Christianity and (magian) Messianic hopes - establishing a new Satanic Order upon the earth planet. In that sense, both 'Christ' and 'the Antichrist' are forms which can be manipulated by Sinister adherents to anticipate the arrival of Vindex.

The Cruel Empress

Tempel ov Blood

Bitter night winds of winter rushed through the grim landscapes, audibly shrieking against the tips of the cragged mountains and down through the ancient hardwood forests. The hooting of the owls was lost among the symphony of night triumphant as the limbs of the wood creaked in evil rejoicing of the dawning of the dark. High atop a particularly ghastly mountain stood a black castle built entirely of onyx - it's forbidding shadow structure built upon the very face of the rock. Thousands of years ago, vast tunnel systems had been built leading from the castle into the very roots of the mountain below the earth. Down these horrid corridors were dungeons deep and dark, their prisoners lost and forgotten and silenced by the endless night.

Along a downward slanting road through the forest leading toward the castle main gate trotted a team of four pale horses pulling a covered wagon of deep burgundy. The coachman was tall and gaunt, clean-shaven and very pale for he had never seen the light of the sun. If you would have been standing close to the road when the carriage passed, you would have heard the sound of young sobs and crying coming from it's decadent recesses. Inside the carriage rode only the Empress and her Opfer for the evening.

At one time, according to legend, the Empress herself had been but a common girl -living in one of the innumerable nondescript villages in the nondescript land before the turning of the Aeon and the return of the Undead Gods to open power. When she was seventeen years old she was visited by a certain noxious intruder during the night and since then she had been Immortal. Her Immortality had bred in her a coldness, a cool and clinical approach to rule over humans, her herd , with a fist of iron bathed in a torrent of ever flowing claret.

An hour later her coach was inside the castle gates. The coachmen opened the door quickly and then began unhitching the team of horses, leading them to the stables beyond. The Empress led the young peasant girl, who was now quite hysterical, towards the entrance of her nocturnal abode. All the while she cooed and caressed the young female, offering false assurance.

Even so, the Empress' eyes shone with a demonic luminescence. All that had been human had left her, thousands of years before, on that fateful night of darkness and pain when she herself was but a teenaged wench.

Up endless corridors, through passageways and down spiraled stairways beneath ornate paintings dedicated to her kinsmen - Azanigin, Shugara, Gaubni... The Opfer still sobbed but the Empress pulled her along as one would a child, with indifference towards the suffering which she was inducing for the mortal serf.

“Please ma'm, please! Let me return home!”

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The Empress gave a cold smile over her shoulder before responding, still pulling the child along incessantly.

“Certainly you would rather stay here, with me?”

The girl looked incredulous, before breaking out into a new spat of sobs and sniffing.

“Come, come child... I am the Lady of this land, and you have been specially chosen to be with me on this night. It is not everyday that one such as you becomes the guest royalty, hmmm?”

The girl did not respond.

“Child, you must realize that we are all part of the whole. And, as such, it comes down to the bare facts of the matter that your independent wishes or comfort mean little in relation to the onward concourse of the change which my Initiates and Adepts have and continue to execute. Don't you realize child, that you are now a daughter of the New Aeon? And, by your blessed flesh being submitted to my own, you shall ensure the continuation of what has already been started?”

The girl began crying hysterically, whispering the words “Oh Baphomet, mercy for us sweet Baphomet” in-between her emotional outbursts.

“There, there child. That's better.”

Three o'clock in the morning, the hour of the Wolf and the inauspicious portent of Fenris, the blessed slayer of the white-sepulchers who were called 'gods' in the old Aeon.

The blue room is now splattered with shed blood. A thick trail of the stuff leads towards the spiral staircase which descends downward. At the bottom of the staircase is a ladder which leads upwards towards the very top.

Outside the castle.

The Empress stands looking over into the vast forests of the pre-dawn. The wind has calmed and an eerie silence permeates the landscape. Cradled in her arms is the desiccated husk of the child. Already, her blood which was spilt has spawned several golems, which will be useful for the workings which lie ahead.

“Noctulians...”

The Empress speaks with a husky, sensual voice.

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Below, wolves gather from the forest, howling at the Empress and gazing upward towards the fortifications of the castle.

The Empress leans over and drops the corpse into the thin air. It drops, thudding upon the wintry ground where it is quickly quartered and consumed by the wolves.

The Cult Danger Evaluation Frame

Miss Nythra Anastasia Katrina Kala

Prelude: In the modern Magian-influenced society, religious groups are considered 'dangerous' or 'not dangerous' based upon their acceptance or dismissal of the sanctity of humanistic psychology. Below is a list of attributes that are exercised within the 'dangerous' cults according to P. Bonewits taken from a modern book on the non-event of 'neo-pagan religion' in America. A suggestion to young initiates of the Sinister Path: using the below attributes, start a cult of your own! Spread heretical religions all across this great land so that we will plunge into the Age of Fire! Ave Satanas!

- 1) INTERNAL CONTROL, amount of internal political power exercised by leader(s) over members.
- 2) WISDOM CLAIMED by leader(s); amount of infallibility declared about decisions.
- 3) WISDOM CREDITED to leader(s) by members; amount of trust in decisions made by leader(s).
- 4) DOGMA, rigidity or reality concepts taught; amount of doctrinal inflexibility.
- 5) RECRUITING, emphasis put on attracting new members; amount of proselytizing.
- 6) FRONT GROUPS, number of subsidiary groups using different names from that main group.
- 7) WEALTH, amount of money and/or property desired or obtained; emphasis on member's donations.
- 8) POLITICAL POWER, amount of external political influence desired or obtained.
- 9) SEXUAL MANIPULATION of members by leader(s); amount of control over sex lives of members
- 10) CENSORSHIP, amount of control over members' access to outside opinions of group, its doctrines, or leader(s).
- 11) DROPOUT CONTROL, intensity of efforts directed at preventing or returning dropouts.
- 12) ENDORSEMENT OF VIOLENCE when used by or for the group or its leader(s).
- 13) PARANOIA, amount of fear concerning real or imagined enemies, perceived power of opponents.
- 14) GRIMNESS, amount of disapproval concerning jokes about the group, its doctrines, or leader(s).

The friendly author of the above 'test' goes on to state (and I quote): "none of these organizations should ever censor your information, control your life, decide on your friends, insist on sexual favors, demand exorbitant amounts of money, or try to prevent you from leaving". As we can see, the U.S. Federal Government meets all of the above attributes, thus making them (drumroll please) a dangerous cult! But, as we know, no cults like competition and when evil little fiends like yourselves who listen to Mayhem all day long and dream about being the next Jim Jones start creating cults in the image of the federal government... Yes! That puts everything on the fast track to "I am an Antichrist, I am an Anarchist" (from the redwood forests, to the gulf stream waters!) and creates (or will start a domino effect

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which will create) a land that has hundreds of thousands of utterly insane, demonized cults running around on it's fine earth (not dissimilar to Dark Ages Europe!).

Remember: when you control someone's religion, you control them! Special note: The author of this article is very interested in taking part in the CIA MK-ULTRA program so that we can learn your techniques and secrets, please contact via the appropriate channels (ie: I'll be the invisible hand moving your Ouija board between three a.m. and six a.m.). And don't forget children: control over man is all, control is crucial!

NOTES IN ADDENDUM:

For those of you living in the United States of America: You may be interested in 'testing the waters' and learning about dangerous cults firsthand via entering them for brief periods or, for longer periods (using them for a Satanic Insight Role as explicated by Shropshire's Order of Nine Angles, another dangerous cult!). Be sure to read the wonderful book 'Monkey on a Stick' also which is an expose about the corruption within the International Society for Krishna Consciousness (ie: Hindus, gone bad!). We have chosen the below cults for their degree of severity and novel-ness - we're sure you'll have one hell of a time! P.S. be sure to hide this pamphlet somewhere where your mother and father won't find it!

And now, for the cults!:

1. Children of God
2. International Society for Krishna Consciousness (ISKCON)
3. Aryan Nations
4. The Bolero (Amishmen, with guns!)
5. Unification Church (extortion and moonies and mass marriages, oh my!)
6. United States Army (vewwy-scawwy!)
7. United States Marine Corps (ew-pew!)
8. Central Intelligence Agency (wha?)
9. F.B.I. (Praise the Lord and pass the plate!)
10. Al-Qaeda (warning: be sure it's really them, the cult members may actually be operatives from cult number nine just pretending to be members of cult number 10)
11. Pentecostal Holiness with Signs and Wonders Following
12. Non-LDS fundamentalist Mormon sects (polygamy, aliens, spousal m/f s/m, Moroni the Archangel, stir and serve!)
13. All 'Heaven's Gate' offshoots
14. The Raelians
15. The Noctulians (I wouldn't mess with these folks if I was you!)

Notes on Sinister Chant

At the time of this writing, that being, the year of the Fuhrer 114 (Era Horrificus), the violent winds of war are upon the horizon. The planet Mars in it's expansive galactic circuits has now reached close to the earth planet - closer than it has been in the last fifty-thousand years. Increased number of Sinister temples operating around the globe are hastening the process of constructing nexions - the gates by which there will come an influence of Sinister energies onto the casual plane. These Sinister energies and the manifestation of the Dark Gods will be presenced in many ways. Via invocation (taking the Dark Gods of the Sinister Panthenon, one or many, into the self) and evokation (achieved via practical manifesting of chaos and evil into the world) the basic fabric of reality on the earth planet is shifted. Our Sinister brothers and sisters across the globe hasten the process by which advanced human evolution shall take place. By necessity, according the amount of dross which currently burdens mother earth, this increase in evolution amongst the elite of the left-hand path will be preceded by horror and sickness and plague amongst the populace. As Mars draws closer, and as the Dark forces beyond the gates near the planet Saturn write and quake for total release from their dimensional prison, the rotted bones of the Ancient Ones shall assume new life. As even the Magians realize, the dead shall walk -there shall be a sort of 'resurrection' which will take place. Aptly put by Christos Beast in the Self-Immolation Rite: 'the hideous dead rise to strangle the living'. 'Life' as we know it will cease to exist. 'Half - Life' will permeate the slave drones of the obsolete race of 'humanity'. The Undead shall rule in open power. All manner of Darkness shall be unleashed, and the Dawning of the Dark Age shall commence.

The correct practice of Sinister Chant aids the coming of the Dark Gods. As the chants are practiced, the words go forth to reverberate eternally amongst the ethers. It is often observed that calamity, chaos and terror erupt in and around the geographical locations where a Sinister Initiate executes their rituals and practices. At any given night that an adherent of the Sinister Path practices Sinister Chant, there may be observed (post the fact) that upon nights that practice is enacted there will be a pronounced increase in murder, chaos and catastrophe in the region in which the sorcery is so enacted.

Sinister Chant also aids in the mutation of the practitioner. Sinister Chant, practiced daily, under strenuous conditions, will aid in the shedding of one's humanity and will hasten the influx of Sinister entities which will possess the individual and then fuse (or abolish) with what could be termed the base 'personality'. Sinister Chant will NOT be effective practiced while living a soft, materialistic, harmless lifestyle. The more inherently SATANIC the life of the practitioner, the more fully will the Dark Gods respond to the chant. Focused and continual chanting will , in many cases, bring about a state which is akin to traditional termed POSSESSION. For minutes, hours or days (or longer) the practitioner may experience the reality that he or she is detached from the body - watching their own selves acting and interacting in fashions which are not native to the base individual.

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During these periods of possession, the speech, intellect, body language and other identifying factors of the person will change rapidly. Actual physical mutation (real, biological metamorphosis also known as 'shapeshifting' in European lore) is not uncommon amongst more gifted adherents of the Prince.

Each of the Sinister sigils while practicing Sinister Chant is recommended. It aids focus and we must remember that the sigils themselves are actually 'keys' to the Abysmal energies of the Dark Gods. Likewise, the chants themselves are also 'keys' to the DARK Gods.

Combined, they quicken the manifestation of the energies of the coming Age of Fire - both within the world, and within the self as well. With your effort at Sinister Chant, you will aid the Sinister Dialectic and help bring about 'Solvat Saeclum in favilla'.

Practice the 'Diabolus' (Dies Irae, Dies Illa) surrounded by the sigils of Vindex (to the left), Atazoth (in the center), and Binan Ath (to the right). Chant loudly according to the traditional tune and meter - continuously. Envision the outpouring of the breath to be likened unto the outpouring of flame from the apparatus of war, like the outpouring of black shapes from rents in the heavens (the gates have opened) in shadowy, sinister countryside. Stare absently into the sigils.

Via these practices you shall increase in knowledge and increase in your power as a Son or Daughter of Shaitin, our Dark Prince. Your aim is to become as a demon in the flesh, fully demonized, with total disregard for the edicts, utterances, conventions and morals of the slave race known as humanity.

Behold the fire...

Czar Azag-Kala ; TOB
114 YF ERA HORRIFICUS

Transmissions Alienic
Wulsin Alys Blake, T.O.B.

“Sanctus Satanas Sanctus, Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth. Satanas - Venire! Satanas Venire! Ave Satanas, Ave Satanas! Tui sunt caeli, tua est terra - Ave Satanas...” The words of the Sinister chant whispered forth into the night, reverberating amongst the dead, stale air of a maximum security prison in a certain Western nation. All was dark in the area, as in that hour of night no one walked except a lone guard making his rounds.

As the words were spoken they came out with a slightly high-pitched, almost fiendish inflection. The adept knew that though such was being spoken in solitude, that the words were being sent out into the void and would, indeed, reverberate eternally throughout all the ethers.

Call out to the Backwards Darkness and the Backwards Darkness will respond in time... As the prisoner stared out into the thin, slitted window of the cell into the vast, sprawling city landscapes beneath him, he remembered words that he had heard spoken by his Satanic Master long ago: “Yours are the skies, yours are the earth...” All the earth lies in wait, in sensual and feverish anticipation of the arrival of the Dark Gods from the black planes of the Acasual.

The very blood of slain warriors of the Western Aeon groan in want of the beings which are to take their rightful place in the unfolding destiny of earth. When, via the harsh ordeals and alchemical change processes of those of the Seven-Fold Sinister Path, a new species shall be brought about - beyond and above what is currently called ‘humanity’. The Dark shall be presenced. The Sinister shall manifest in the physical.

The prisoner continued chanting, without cessation, allowing one repetition to flow directly into the next. As the chant proceeded the adept noticed that a strange and anomolous heat began to presence itself in the cell - a hot, humid pressure as if the very atomic structure of the surrounding atmosphere was being changed rapidly and severely. The presence of the heat descended, and then settled itself in the area directly surrounding the chanter’s body.

Soon, the individual’s vision began to blur and as he looked across the landscape filtered through the scum-covered window, he saw himself looking miles upon miles into the distance. A demonic quality of vision had entered into him, making his abilities absurd and acute. First he saw only the buildings a few miles away, but within minutes his vision took him far beyond the cosmopolitan vistas of the city and into the outlying countryside and soon, across oceans. And then, his vision extended across and beyond time-space itself.

A barbaric rustling of dead leaves and the snapping of branches comes into the realm of your auditory perception. The tramping of hooves, but these are hooves of no animal that you have ever seen. Busting forth from the heath comes a squat, fuming figure with the legs of a goat

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and the body of a man. Your flesh creeps as you see him, and you feel as if your head and very body will burst with this new sinister knowledge to which you have been made privy to. Things that mortal eyes are not meant to perceive. Oh, horror! This being is beyond human, it is in itself an inhumane creature, subject to every barbaric cruelty and pagan practice imaginable!

See that it is sexually virulent as well as violent, for the stiffness of its saturnine member is obvious.

Its eyes are pure black marble. Its head crowned with the obscured matted beard the color of the earth, sprinkled graciously with fragments of grey, blood-spattered brain tissue. From the furried nest sprouts the curled horns of a ram.

Through the entities beard you perceive rows upon rows of sharpened animal teeth. The teeth of the predator. The fangs of a being who lives by the law of tooth and claw. Every part of the entities body is a roaring monstrosity, a wonder unto itself. Oh Master of Awe and Derision! You find it hard to focus on any one part of the being's anatomy at any length of time and near impossible to comprehend the glories of his complete and full figure at even one glance. Vaporous fog issues forth from the undead and alienic intelligence's snorting nostrils. Yet, the air around him seems full of an insane heat - although the forest in which he stands is obviously enveloped in the cool chilled portions of season right before the onslaught of a bleak and frosted winter.

From the depths of the woods behind the entity you begin to hear the frenzied beating of tabors accompanied by laughter which seems to be issuing forth from children, male and female, who are possessed of some fulsome and preternatural intelligence.

'Agius O Atazoth!' - the chant is spoken, laughed and screamed into the twilight. Faster and faster and faster the chant is continued, faster and faster and faster is the beating of the primal drums. More possessed and sinister comes the laughter of the children of the woods. You begin to sink into the blackness of unconsciousness and the last thing you see is a small child with her ghostly mates begin to crowd around you; smiling with a sexual gleam that children of that age should not possess according to the dictates of the Magian Nazarene.

A small blonde girl smiles, laughing softly as her lily white arms are outstretched to begin binding you with leather cords... "Sanctus Satanas Sanctus, Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth. Satanas - Venire! Satanas Venire!

Ave Satanas, Ave Satanas! Tui sunt caeli, tua est terra - Ave Satanas..." In the depressive and black atmosphere of the prison cell, the adept continues his chant, and wonders about the Prince who is said to be arriving into the casual through and via the obscene and horrid angles which are compounded in a numerical matrix of nine. And what of that pristine and immaculate Tempel of Blood, inhabited by the Cruel Emperors and Empresses who walk, yet are not living?

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As dry wood is consumed to the flame, so is the earth and the age which is present consumed by disruptive energies which issue forth from the living and physical nexions which are portals of the Aeon-to-come. As the night ends, the prisoner sits looking out into the same vista of metropolitan horror, though now the night has ended and the landscape is fogged with the humidity of a summer morning.

He knows that in tow hours he will be led down the steel and concrete hall to the electrocution chamber by grim faced federal agents. Through his mind, every instance of memory begins to bubble up into his conscious awareness... Walking through vast forests with the ravens circling overhead... Being pelted with stones and bricks as he flew the swastika along with his comrades even in the most communist infested neighborhoods. The faces and soft bodies of the many girls and others that he had loved, and, inevitably lost. Suddenly he hears the turn of the lock and the grim-faced guard stands before him, ready to carry him on to his final walk towards burning and searing death by high voltage physical incapacitation.

Immediately before the hood is brought over his eyes, several minutes before the execution starts when he knows that he will convulse as his eyeballs liquefy and smoke arises from the busted sinews of his hands, a vision of Aeons past and Aeons to come is brought forth into his mind's eye.

The ram horned entity in the forest, along with the sensual throng of little children, wait for him anxiously. His tour of duty on this the casual plane was soon to end, but his purpose had been served. He had made the ultimate sacrifice. He had given a Gift to the Prince.

May 03, 30

ERA HORRIFICUS

Ravensbruck Terra (Terror)

AQRADUAMELU
Michael Ford of the BoTD

Upon reception of the above ToB texts – Fra.13 was supplied with supplementary texts written by Michael Ford of the Black Order of the Dragon and Temple of Azagthoth in order to introduce him to the concepts of Wamphyrism/Vampirism and to provide comparison between the system of Vampyrism utilized by Ford and that of the ToB's own Vampyric Order - strongly influenced by the ONA and its Sinister Tradition. These MSS are hereby retained for the same purpose. +o+

Introduction to the TOA

"The Black Rider flung back his hood, and behold! He had a kingly crown; and yet upon no head was set. The red fires shone between it and the mantled shoulders vast and dark. From a mouth unseen there came a deadly laughter." - J.R.R. Tolkien, "Lord of the Rings"

Tempel of Azagthoth was injected into the open during the latter part of this century. The group as it is known today is the magickal child of individuals of Swiss, German, and Celtic descent -reflecting the actual Blood-Heritage of the Tempel to its mysterious suborder, Coven of Ravenwood. Coven of Ravenwood acts as a blood reservoir for the actions of the Tempel of Azagthoth, and has its basis in the documented WereWolf and Varcolaci Cults which plagued the countryside of Medieval England. This Vampiric Plague of Blood Feeding and Witchcraft was due to the influx of malevolent ruling spirits from the Norman, Anglo-Saxon, and Scandinavian invaders. These crucial cults are carried on today by the Coven of Ravenwood, with rituals being practiced to presence these forces in the Casual plane in the Southern United States, Zurich, the Black Forest regions of Germany, and elsewhere.

Understanding of the actual nature of the Coven of Ravenwood and the Acasual forces it represents can be most enlightening for those seeking to ascend to the level of operations upon which the Tempel of Azagthoth goes about its business.

For those who are familiar with or have the bravery to become familiar with the concepts of Aeon Magic, what lies Beyond Godhead, and Varcolaci - then your understanding of the Tempel will be greatly enhanced.

The Tempel of Azagthoth is not to be taken lightly, for mark our words, we are deadly serious.

We hold the philosophy that the mass of humanity is a meal for us, something that must be culled and used for higher purposes. We practice the art form of preying upon the life-force of the human herd for its use in Magic, blood-rites, and supra- personal goals that go well beyond affecting just an individual or a group but the fabric of 'reality' itself. We hold respect for those who dare to practice Magic, try to rise above the herd, but if they show any fear or weakness they prove themselves as prey and will be marked for continuing our purposes. We do not encourage blind faith and adherence of any one philosophy or set of teachings, all limits must be banished.

All rules must be broken. Those who do not agree thus prove themselves as fit for our acts of Predation. The substance known as Lifeforce or Blood Essence has been greatly misunderstood and implicitly underestimated by interested humans and their witches and wizards. We hold a completely rational and scientific view when regarding Blood Essence,

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gladly making use of the information other individuals and sources may provide us with on the subject while keeping in mind the many possibilities which this substance is capable of. Because of our varied background and no-nonsense approach, we recognize the truths contained about Lifestance as valuable (this substance, as well as Those Who Draw In this substance, are referred to in many Ancient Scriptures such as the Bhagavad-Gita of Vedic India) but we aim in all aspects to supersede these teachings by the tool which conquers book knowledge, which is practical application and experience.

Thusly, the Tempel of Azagthoth practices many forms of blood feeding for our varied purposes.

We operate as a creative-destructive force, made up of dedicated individuals who have taken upon themselves to work to the level where they have been transformed into Wampyres, Werewolf, Varcolaci - roaming and assuming the essence of Qliphoth. To understand this, first you must throw away the ideas concerning Vampires/Vampirism that you have picked up from television, drama, (most) music, and both fiction and non-fiction books on the subject. It is an elementary teaching that this propaganda, an effective tool, has been utilized by Wampyrs for various purposes to hide the existence of such behind a myth. However, particularly in some of the more obscured Hungarian, Transylvanian, and Sumerian traditions - for one who looks closely much about the true nature of the Vampire can be revealed.

Secondly to understand this, you must dismiss the illusion that there are no subtle influences - only gross physical matter. Understanding of the true nature of significance of the Astral Realm and Body beyond the normal New Age gobbledegook is important here. Also important is that you throw away the grand idea that Humans are at the top of the food chain. Many who say they are logical and believe in the evolutionary process still miss this important fact, if the sniveling crying undeveloped creatures I see roaming the streets of our cities everyday are the "Highest Evolved Living Organisms" then the world we live in is very, very pathetic indeed!

Our way of throwing off the herd mentality is unpopular because of the comfort that ignorance provides for the established human in the human world of affairs. We call for no less than an entire overhaul of human consciousness as it is to develop into a completely non-human being which may or may not choose to inhabit a physical body after certain levels of development are reached. This process involves the act of Predating upon the essential Lifestance (Blood, or Blood-Essence) for use in Casual and Acausal ritual. This, combined with the willful and dedicated actions of the initiate and association and energy-transference rituals with the Higher developed Wampyr who often come into the presence of the other Vampires by Astral travel. This process of evolution is known as the Alchemical Change Process, it enacts change upon the spiritual, mental, astral, instinctual, and physical aspects of the individual. This evolution does not stop.

Soon the increased powers of the Vampire are realized, being many : the ability to drain the lifestance of others in many different ways, the ability to shift shape into many different astral

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forms (Varcolaci, Werewolf, mist, bat, dragon, The Greys), understanding of the underlying control network of the human world, how to control others through the use of the mind, and many other powers. These powers that entail with the Vampires increased development entail the things expected of one who progresses amazingly in a relatively short period of time, including many worldly successes and receiving the pleasures of the flesh in many different manners.

Tempel of Azagthoth works in cooperation with the Black Order of the Dragon and proudly hail their Immortal Varcolaci. The Sigil of the Wampyre-Varcolaci Pentagram can be found adorning the walls of many of our Vampiric abodes, emanating horrific energies for the uninitiated -covered in the Blood of Varcolaci. The principle sigils of the Tempel of Azagthoth are the Black Raven, the predatory symbol of our order as well as the Wampyric Tendril and Wampyric Tendril-Coffin, the first representing our use of Black Magic, the second representing the Alchemical Change Process and the harsh evolutionary path of Wampyr.

- Emperor Norduk, Tempel of Azagthoth

Astral Predators and Vampiric Spirits

Tempel of Azagthoth

Haunting the night, towards the purpose of further exploring the physical and astral dimensions, and towards the purpose of draining the blood current from humans is an exercise which should be undertaken with vigor by the ascending Vampire. We quote here an interesting passage from Kenneth Grant's "Cults of the shadow": "If the shadow is strongly developed and is under the control of the black magician, it can be projected into the aura of sleeping people and obsess them with sexual fantasies that can drive them to madness and suicide. It is then withdrawn by the vampire who dispatched it and he nourishes himself on the energy which the shadow has 'collected'."

The author goes forth to then describe various ailments which may harm the vampire, because the energy was of a primarily sexual nature. However, there is a key mistake that separates what described from their practice of Vampirism as implemented by the Tempel of Azagthoth. We are not feeding upon aura. With this in mind, the various methods of astral protection become inane because they are primarily auric vibrations caused via visualization by the supposed magician who would 'thwart' the vampiric attack. Most of these methods include some sort of neutralization of the sexual energy during rituals. Or, as in the case of some modern writers who have constructed rituals which the intent pure and simple is to thwart vampires in all and every case they involve various proclamations, cleansings, and visualizations. These visualizations usually consist of the victim imagining his aura growing bigger and bigger then visualize it becoming covered with 'astral needles'. However, it is folly to think that something as easy as visualization 'astral needles' could stop a Vampire who wants to, and will drain them of their blood essence. If you view it as an exercise of power within the astral, it is obvious that the Vampire is of a higher class in this respect than human magicians much less bad ones. If we were viewing this as a case of manipulation of the astral energy, the Vampire could easily turn on person's 'astral needles' into 'astral pillows'. The cleansing methods may at times work in sending away weaker disembodied spirits who like to cause mischief. Oft, these spirits were not Vampires to begin with or if they were they are very weak ones. A strong Vampire who really wants to enter into the bedchamber of a victim and drain them will do so whether or not the victim has honored him/her by placing various herbs, salt, etc. about the room. More than often the herbs and such are of more psychological benefit than magical towards the said victim. Either way the base of the matter remains. Humans are food for the Vampire. We do not drain them of their 'auric energy', as this quickly dissipates. We drain them of their pure blood which lies within them. This is a primary practice which separates higher vampires from many of the often uninformed and weaker free-style 'psychic vampires' as they call themselves. We call ourselves Vampires period, in every sense of the word. We will choose to drain the Blood Essence because it is in line with our purposes of Survival. That is the key reason.

We will now explore for the aspiring initiate vampire ways in which one may drain this blood essence, in the context of what is known as astral travel. The aspects of the astral realm, the

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dimensions which may be accessed by astral travel (including the other physical dimensions which may also be accessed) is something that the true vampire will take upon him/herself to study as a science. There are many ways in which you may control through the use of traveling the astral dimensions but for now we will focus primarily on one of the many methods of which you may learn how to drain the blood essence. Blood essence is also a key factor which enables the vampire to perform acts within these realms - such as other methods of Feeding.

For start, this should be practiced in such a time period in which the individual will be able to bring himself to a calm and liquid frame of mind. Awareness is important. As one projects himself from his current physical body it is important to use your sense of awareness. while traveling other dimensions one is still able to smell, see, feel, and hear various things. It is also important to assume the mindset of what you are, a predator. No fear should be present within you, Fear is something that Vampires created to control and subdue the human herd in the first place. It is not something that is to be desired.

Sit comfortably in a chair or lie down on a bed. it should be dark to make the distractions of the things around you minimal. If it is possible for absolute quiet then this should be implemented.

Music may also be employed to soothe yourself and bring you into the frame of mind in which astral travel is most easily executed. You will notice, upon returning, that during the traveling the music that was played in the background may not have even been heard by you. Its presence will be minimal as you begin to sense and hear other things within the realms you are exploring. Time may take on a liquid and intangible presence, especially when traveling other dimensions which are accessed by the astral realm. More often it will be as if little time has passed even though you may think that you have been away for quite some time, or vice versa.

Close your eyes. Now open your astral eyes. it is not rare that in vampires who have mastered astral travel to be able to close their eyes and still be able to see the things around them as they lie down because of the automatic workings of the astral senses after one has done this many times.

You may now move your astral body about as you see fit. an important discipline within this sort of traveling is either that of speed or that of slow movement. It may be even harder to move slowly, slowly floating to your chosen place. You may travel within any place in the physical realm during astral travel. You are also able to access many other places which are not easily brought about while in your physical. You may access other dimensions of both astral and physical substance. often when it is seen that you are in some place which seems as not congruent with the current time period in which we live that you have accessed a physical dimension beyond our own. Often in these dimensions you may hunt in a material form which is recognized by the inhabitants just as you would recognize a wolf if you saw it roaming about a forest.

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Through certain disciplines you may exercise the practice of materialization within the physical-astral, as taught in the Ceremony of Insanity and Inflicted Idiocy.

An important note concerning sometimes when you may think "I can't prey upon that person". If some sort of barrier is felt, this is more than often a sign that the victim (who may be partially clairvoyant) is on guard. If the prey is learned in any sort of astral science he/she may try to resist you.. The remedy for this is simple. Take your hand (which may be in the form of a spiked gauntlet, taloned claw, as to your liking) and strike them as if you wished to cut them. this will enable you to go about your act of Feeding unhindered. Do this as much as you like or as much as you think is necessary. Oft, in the case of highly developed astral vampires physical cuts on the victim can be caused by this. This is due to the practice (either voluntary or Involuntary) of physical materialization of your astral body. Accounts of these mysterious cuts due to malevolent spirits can be seen in many areas of psychic/ghost studies. If you feel hindered in your feeding practices, try then to feed upon the sleeping humans. It is also important for you to choose to shift into whatever chosen astral form that best suits your needs. These may vary greatly from vampire to vampire. some associates enjoy projecting in the form of a werewolf, while others may choose a very large beast-like creature or a demon. The forms vary greatly.

Move in on your prey, as a predator within the animal kingdom closes in on its kill. Descend your astral form directly on top of them (if sleeping) penetrating them. Often the victim will upon the morning report nightmares and the sense of being paralyzed for a short period is common. You must, telepathically, command your prey to not move and accept what is going to be done. For those who you purposely wish to play with, you may induce scenes and aspects of punishment (as is favored amongst many of our kind). Move directly on top of them. Remember that you are here to feed upon their BLOOD. It is the BLOOD that is the LIFE. It is not desirable to feed upon the energy swirling about them, but rather to penetrate and drain the pure-blood. Focus on drawing this into yourself. Do this until you feel it is necessary. this is an art which improves and can be augmented greatly over time.

We would like to recommend for beginners, this practice of meditation. View yourself in whatever scenery suits you best. Any sort of imagery that suits you can be used. You are sitting upon a mountain, in the form of a great bat like creature with fangs dripping blood and surrounded by a green smoke representing your powers to cause disease. it is night. A small village in India is below you. Earlier, you spy clairvoyantly a beautiful young girl entering into the cottage of her parents. All is quiet now, all that can be heard is the insects and other animals within the forest and field. The humans are sleeping. You fly down and enter the cottage through one of the windows into the girl's bedroom. She is sleeping softly, lying without blankets upon a cot on the floor because of the hot summer weather. You perch yourself above her, and then descend directly on top of the girl. Her eyes open as if to scream. You stare at her intensely, she is commanded to be quiet. She is commanded to see and experience the predation, but she is not to move nor resist you. You open your mouth which

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is filled with long fangs, and bite into her shoulder. Blood begins spurting into your open mouth. You hungrily drink this precious elixir.

You rip open her gown, exposing a young tender breast. You can hear her heart beating. You position your bloodied mouth at the bottom of her breast and clamp your jaws into the soft flesh.

Blood gushes into you. You raise yourself up, hovering near the ceiling. she lays limp, you can see the wounds but al the blood is gone. You have consumed the blood which spilt forth. You rise unto the night sky and return to your chosen abode. This sort of meditation will call forth to the hidden predator within, rising you towards ascension to the Throne of the beast. There is much to be learned.

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The Law of the Hidden Emperor Norduk

What is the essence which lies beneath the watery depths of the sea of Leviathan, what is the droplet of blood which does not leave the chalice after it is drained, what is the goat that sitteth upon a rock high upon the mountains of Set as a man sits, what is the wisdom within folly. That wisdom my child of the backwards darkness is the utterance of the holy word: Nosferatu. Nosferatu. Nosferatu. Nosferatau.

And the base of the working is Nosferatu! And this is the Roc and the essence contained! And this is the changeling birthed of the succubus, and this is the key to which the Aeon is held into place. One which utters the word and flows down into its depths is the one who proclaims that the master of the blackness earth has returned and with him the denizens of the night paths the throne of Ra who is Ra-Hoor-Khy-Ra, the thrice entranced god and goddess, the baphomet which projects no form about the wall when the light shineth upon it. Through the sacred doors through the keyhole there you will find the blood red goddess of blood and death which has her birth from chaos and is in chaos verily the chaos shall merge with the abyss and the abyss shall borne forth blood. Those of the priest's wand, those of the serpents fang, those of the dead leaves essence, he shall sit upon the banks of the black water and watch the partaking of the mother goddess who erects the temple with her breath for in the union of the mother and the daughter so is borne the son and the father uniting together in the birth of the terrestrial Qliphoth, the AEON OF THE DRAGON OF CORRUPTION.

Blessed are the black for they shall inherit the essence of black.

Blessed are the yellow and the white and the green for they verily too shall be merged into that Black.

Oh Great God of the Werewolf Forests, BAERMOTH whos name shall be uttered upon the Black Altars of the GODDESS OF DEATH! I am the Dragon of Corruption, I am also the Pythoness, I am the enchanted knight who gleams with the magnificent of the risen blood and I am the stripped skull which manifests as the king of the spirits of death and its essence. ARISE OH BLACK ONE! Ye RISE! Thou Has Risen! Now thou are the essence of A L. Black is the color!

And of the sound : it is upon the winds through the hidden deserts of Father Pazuzu it is the winds through the forests of where Behemoth's name was uttered in the AEON of Rising BLOOD. Now Show yourself! You have been stripped to the essence and the one who whispers the words shall know the ways of the Black Ones! Come unto me! I have been Immolated in this Stream of Blood Essence from beyond the astral gates, from beyond the seat of Godhead where Krishna, whos NAME is BLACK sits, From Beyond the Beyond, Afar in the very ESSENCES OF DAETH DAATH DEATH I HAVE MET WITH THE YELLOW PUKING SERPENT OF VOMIT.

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This is my Law. The Law of AZAG, of AZAG-THOTH ARISEN! Of the FLAME in the EYES of the city, of the flame in the breath of the Ja-Daf Djf-Koha is now kog-jd. What is the heart that beeteth out blood to the body? What is the mind that absorbeth the sounds of the word? These are the Flames Leaping from the Gate of the Endless Borneless Headless one whos name shall be uttered.

(C) Emperor Norduk

The Art of the Wampyric Tendril
Emperor Norduk
(from "The Countess Elisabeth Bathory")

Within the Tempel of Azagthoth, the art of drinking of the essence of life force from living humans is termed the Art of the Wampyric Tendril, the Wampyric Tendril is the prime symbol of our order and represents the art of draining life force, and causing harm via astral contact to your intended prey. This symbol is not overly complex in appearance, but its uses are varied according to the warlock/witch who would use this sigil and practice the arts it contains. For those familiar with the process of imbuing physical objects or symbols with astral energy, you may consider its application when the Wampyric Tendril (the symbol) was created. It is in fact the Oldest created sigil from the Tempel of Azagthoth and can be obtained upon request. The second symbol of the Tempel of Azagthoth is the Coffin, not only does this correspond with the Wampyric principle of the human, through vampiric metamorphosis and training, it also has a very large symbolic significance regarding The Communion of the Dracul, the summoning of the undead gods in which the arising wampyr sacrifices his accumulated life-force from his predatory journeys until exhaustion sets in, then which comes the re-giving of life-force from the undead which is symbolized by the tendril near the top of the coffin which pours down blood upon 'the resting place of the corpse' thus enabling new life, higher powers through constant practice of Wampyrism, metamorphosis, and finally Immortality amongst the Undead Gods. This is not an easy path and it must be stressed that Wampyrism, unlike other forms of the Occult, must be taken on as a constant practice. The Wampyr faces many tests, but needless to say if you fail at your arisal to the Throne of the Beast, a fate worse than death awaits thee.

The Art of the Wampyric Tendril involves astral life force draining in many different ways. There is the practice of the 'evil eye' which with the skilled magus can implant thoughts, drain energy, and instill certain factors which will affect the recipient of the enchantment later on. By projecting thoughts through use of the unblinking stare, your astral body touches the victim, and your thoughts are instilled into his mind and the victim will always view them as his own thoughts and act. For instance, if you wanted the person to pick up a book, through this practice you could use the phrase "That book looks interesting, I must get it...", never say "I Want that person to pick up the book..". That is not the correct method, and it will not work. Always implant a statement into the persons head that will make the person think that it is his own idea, not for the sake of the person finding out that you are implanting ideas in his head, that is quite ridiculous, the trouble with using indirect methods in this art is that it tends to cause too much confusion in the brain of the recipient to reap results for yourself. Human prey do not believe for the most part that they can be mentally influenced without their knowledge. The Wampyric Undead as well as the Living Wamphyri always promote the literature and teachings which continues to brainwash human society and thus blind them to our hidden ways.

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Astral life-force draining through sight involves the use of your eyes, and extension of the astral body (the wampyric tendril) to touch your victim and remove the life energy from them. Small completely undetectable motions with the fingers and hand, as well as physical inhalation, can speed the process of the recieval of energy from the victim. As the Wampyr strengthens his art and power other means of life-force draining are possible.

The art of Astral life force draining from the human while you are completely detached from your physical body and a part of the astral plane, is one of the primary practices of wampyrism. The sleeping human provides the purest life-force which will violently increase the wampyrs life-force. The more beautiful the victim, the purer the life force. As the human sleeps, they have no control over their astral body as they are not practitioners of our art and have certain weaknesses, while the wampyr has many uncanny advantages over the human prey. It is possible, when the wampyr's astral body has approached the prey, to enter into the dream state of the human and implant certain scenes in the human's subconscious. Through properly prepared potions and elixers, it is possible to cause sickness in victims, although this seems to be a common after effect of Wampyric attack. Remember, the more life force which you obtain for yourself, the less life force for the human. Thus the weaker and more fragile his whole being will become. It is always the pleasure of the Wampyr to be able to drain the purest blood from the veins of living humans, then muse as the humans world utterly crumbles into chaos and disorder before you as your world increases in experience and you come to know the way of the Vampire Dragon Tiamat and the way of the Black Wizard, AZAG-THOTH.

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Rite of Barbaric Return

-An invokation and eating of the Death Current-

DEATH WILL SLAY WITH HIS WINGS WHOEVER DISTURBS THE
PEACE OF THE TEMPEL OF AZAGTHOTH

Rite of Barbaric Return

An Invokation and eating of the Death Current

'Oh Black Earth you vomit forth Blood you construct the conscious existence of humans to strike them down again unto the belly of the earth as their body dies and turns to rot. Tiamat - Come Forth from the Abyss! Oh Death which humans fear, show yourself in your form as Azrael the Angel of Death. Come unto me and show yourself in your most harsh and hideous aspect. So that I may eat of the filth and consume the powers of death that I may slay with my wings as the Vampires of the Ancient Days.

I, Under your shroud of death beseech and call unto the Ancient Forms:
AZAG - Sumerian Demon and Father of Lineage ripping through the black night with the ferocious blood lust of a thousand time thrice jackals. Your glance with blind eyes is transfiguration unto the brothers and sisters of the Blood of Tempel Azagthoth and discord and terror for those who oppose us. We are Black Ones great AZAG ! We Feed and Fire and Fury! AZAG hear our calling!

TUTANKHAMEN - Lord of Egypt and the sorcerers of the pyramids and the hot desert nights -upon the breaking of your ancient seals your powers of death were unleashed for the glory of the Vampire and the culling of mankind! Thirteen have been slain to rise what is 13, Bless us with your horrific touch that we may slay many more in honor of our Family.
TUTANKHAMEN hear our voice!

-- The Vampire shall now wish to lie down to sleep to let the powers manifest themselves and fructify within the unconscious mind. Before allowing sleep to overtake you, visualize a demon breathing green colored smoke from his mouth. Inhale this smoke within yourself. This rite will further cause Alchemical change and cultivate the death current within the witch/wizard. There are some risks that this rite may incur, take any physical reactions to this invokation as a part of the alchemical change taking place. Force yourself to enter into the states that come willingly.

This rite may also be performed as a ceremony with more than one vampire under the same circumstances as above, with all participants reciting the invokation

**Calling Forth The Blood of Tiamat
Tempel of Azagthoth**

This is a technique issued for the masterance of the art of Blood Feeding. The vampire shall first will himself into a unified consciousness. This shall be done by a willing of the blood pattern to conform to your desire for unified consciousness. You shall suspend your active state, and descend gently into the Undead mind frame. When you have reached this, begin to feel the blood pools of Tiamat. Do not command this to depart when it comes, you will feel these blood pools instinctively. Now begin to transform your spiritual body into the shape and form which you desire. Begin traveling within these perpetual blood streams, connecting to your chosen Prey.

You are Akhkharu, one of the Black Vampires of Tiamat. Assume your inheritance and feed upon the life-giving blood essence. You shall see with your astral eyes, the form of your victim. Merge into their body, and feed. One may also merge into the prey and enter into the (sleeping) victims mind by projecting yourself as a mental image. In this dream state of the victim, you can project images and interact with the dreaming human. This may be experienced directly by the prey, or even implanted as an unconscious action which will gradually manifest itself. When you are finished, withdraw from the prey and will yourself to enter into your physical earthly body.

Written under the Blood of Tiamat
For the benefit of Tempel Azagthoth Principality

Our Home of Punishment

From "Der Pazuzu", Tempel of Azagthoth (C) Emperor Norduk

Black and grey clouds passed quickly above this hate-swept land. Just as the dark earth has housed the carriages of chuckling Victorian lovers, without really caring what may happen in their future, hoping for Immortal Life through their Lord Jesus Christ - but not really caring of understanding - the earth had also seen the trampling feet of great White horses of war. And upon the steeds, sat grim and hateful men - bearing swords and maces which were crusted with the Blood of many slain foes. This land had also been home one dark morning to a dying woman, plagued with a hideous disease - one of many in her time period. It was this same black earth that soaked up the tears she cried as her lungs bled and her mouth dripped dark sweet blood upon the cold ground.

It was a land of hate and love, and land of darkness and Light. I walked through the forest during this night, cloaked in a dark black hood - as the shadows lengthened and the clouds moved ever closer to the earth. These were the depths of the woods, far away from the places of human inhabitation, behind the wall of the harsh winds could be heard the sounds of many a Nocturnal insect and animal. But as I moved through the forest these dark creatures did not move in, they gladly parted the way in respect and reverence. Even the grey wolf looked up in respect as I passed through the land. Many have traveled these woods with fear, expecting the darkened predators to come unto their death call at any moment. And, in the nature of things, their wishes were duly met as the pack of Wolves surrounding the screaming Opfer and tore him to bits. Hungrily gnawing on his bloodied flesh, gladly consuming that red elixer which split forth from his arteries. And when they had left, he lay there, being brought into the realm which he had only encountered (so he thought) in dreams. The realm which he had tried to ignore at every turn.

But I did not travel with fear, I traveled with understanding. These were no horrible places for me, but a place of beauty. Just as one would look upon a beautiful horse running across an open field in the light of day, I recognized the inherent beauty in this nocturnal landscape. But what is more, I understood. The Deeps Ones, those who dwell in the rivers and lakes and pools within the forest, greeted me smiling. Treating me like a long lost friend. The Trolls too had no animosity towards my presence, for they too were a part of this Older greater knowledge. For those who were, in all ways, Predators, they held love in respect, for those who traveled with ignorance and fear, they knew what their purpose was, for the better of the Universe at large - they must be used for a purpose if they will not unlock their own inner potential. But I had not come to the forest for mere observance, I had observed these things many times before. There was a meeting tonight my friends, a beautiful meeting, a wonderful meeting! The young girls in the village turned back their heads upon the morning before and let out a laugh to the skies. Tonight the reward for their culling would be presented to them. Tonight - they shall see their Black Master.

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The Priestess of the group was a young English beauty named Leisel, her ancestors had the blood of the Alp running through their veins, they had been the Anglo-Saxon invaders that had come into the land. And with them a great Host of Spirits from the Black Woods of Old Germany, and in the Astral realm, there was much rejoicing. She was around seventeen, her current physical parents were hard workers, they dwelt in the field and hills. Watching their sheep-herd, farming their fields. She was ravishing in appearance, shining blonde hair and blue eyes - her figure, voluptuous and full. Her eyes shone with the wisdom that could be seen in few, for she was a Predator, a daughter of that High Werewolf of the Forest! And through her veins, a powerful blood flowed, the Blood of the Alp, the inheritance of the Sexual Predators of her bright homeland and of even Older Traditions, that of the Death Goddess Lilith and Hekal Tiamat.

She stood now at the gate of some old ruins that were in the woods, smiling as I and the other members of the cult arrived at the place of ritual. She kissed and embraced each person. The Varcolaci were pleased by her, they crowded about her in their hideous blackened acasual forms. Now a brooding silence came over the place of ritual, which was welcome for Leisel and the other members of the cult. The Hunt was now about to begin. A small child began hitting the gong which was placed on a large piece of stone between two twisted trees, and the shiftshaping began. The forms were numerous, but because of the purpose at this time, they were all hideous.

Leisel, who had since disrobed from her white garments and stood before the cult naked, arched her back as a ripple of power went through her body. Her shape began to change from that of a beautiful girl into that of a hideous beast, a Varcolaci. Her eyes were now yellow, her stature well over ten feet tall, her skin was a blackened crust with vapourous liquid dripping from the boils and scars which she had placed there - in accordance with WILL - for her own purposes. Her lips curled back in a Satanic grin, and her black tongue darted out - serpentine - to drink of a goblet of blood upon the altar. All the other Vampires followed suit, upon their complete transformations there were many different forms. Varcolaci, Werewolves both of black and grey, pale and royal figures of the ascended Undead, bats, mists, and satyrs. By their astral eyes they spied into the Chapel, there, on the altar of Christ, adorned with the Cross, symbol of Death and Lilith awakened, the black robed figure of their Werewolf master grinned showing rows of razor-like fangs. It lifted a furred black paw, The Hunt Has Begun.



The Wampyre-Varcolaci Pentagram

Project through the sphere of the Wampyre-Varcolaci Pentagram. Travel in your astral form to the sleeping body of your chosen Opfer (Victim). Do not just predate upon them, terrorize them, punish them, extract their Life-Force while injecting the most hideous and bizarre scenes into the Opfers dreams that you can muster. If they struggle, a fast swipe of a long taloned claw shall do the trick. Enlarge your astral body and merge into theirs, and drink deeply of the Blood.

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The Hand of Black Lightning

Tempel of Azagthoth

This is a most powerful spell within the Arts of the Vampires of the Tempel of AZAGTHOTH.

This spell is called the Hand of Black Lightning. It is an event of shifting into the Vampire Reality. An invocation of the blood within the vampires nature. It is a seperation, an art of the Independant awareness as well as the one who observes - who is the Vampire as well.

Hold your hand in the air with the fingers pointed in front of you. This is a sorcery through the Blood. A steady stream of electrical white black in color lightning bolts will stream from your fingertips. This simple action can be one of the highest forms of active sorcery. It may be applied in many different ways. Perform as needed, long periods increase the discipline, perform until you no longer sense the passing of time.

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AKHKHARU

Introduction to the BOTD

Black Order of the Dragon is an esoteric/sinister "think tank" of individuals exploring the dark aspects of magick/vampirism/satanism and the like. The BOTD publishes many manuscripts through their own publishing house, Nekromantic Productions/Axis Press. BOTD thus far has released manuscripts on pathworkings concerning Vampiric Magick, both Hermetic and Ceremonial, Astral Projection, Demonic sphereworkings, Ritual magick, Satanic/Faustian Will, Lycanthropy and blood mysticism. The BOTD is also dedicated to exploring the many so - called "evil" archetypes and symbols in folklore and mythology. The significance being the awakening of various sinister archetypes which are able to assist in the unlocking of subconscious "doors" within the psyche of European and Euro-decended man and woman. Sexuality is also an exploration, both with our affiliate "Tempel of Azathoth", who have dealt with fetishism, sadism as well as Vampiric Magick.

The BOTD represents balance as well as insight developed via personal experience. After all, personal experience IS the greatest teacher.

The BOTD is not for the squeamish and weak. We seek to inaugurate the essence of the Red Dragon and the rising of Lucifer. For those who travel the paths of wolves: Ascend!
- Michael Ford, Coven Nachttoter 2-12-98

Book of Wamphyri and Shadows
Coven Nachttoter

The Black Dragon Arises

Vampirism, Through the archetypal symbols which have existed since the Sumerian period, such as one of the first known cult of Vampirism, HEKAL TIAMAT, to Vampirism in Transylvania as in the reality of the original Order of the Dragon, in which European hero Vlad Draculae was a member of, to current Vampyric covens through the centuries, to current period covens have always, intentionally, blinded the masses.

It must first be known that vampyrism is NOT at all a simple, or relatively quick path for everyone. Vampyres are more or less born dark, those who have been in touch with their darkside or shadowside since their childhood.

Vampyres do not view themselves as humans do, because we are NOT human in all terms. Humans are sheep to our kind, we do not hold any place for compassion, tolerance or love for sheep. They are our prey, and lifeforce. Vampyres look upon their personal being as GODS, the humanistic concepts of mortals do not guide us in anyway either. To become vampyre, the individual must tear away all strains and weaknesses they have picked up since their first birth.

Do take note, this is not any easy thing to do, however, observe, this is only the beginning. The individual proceeding down this path must push his/her physical body to the limits, as well as testing mental and developing psychic strength. Psychic strength is highly important for developing the Vampyric will. Through a period of several years, the individual will slowly build the character needed for the individual to immolate his/her essence with the crimson of the dragon.

For most involved with BOTD, a parallel with traditional Satanism should be observed. If traditional Satanism defines pushing limits, going beyond what is morally "right" and "wrong", "good" and "evil", as well as implementing Aeonic, acasual and casual transference (ie. the Nine Angles), building a superior, elite occult fascist character then Vampirism can be seen as an extension of the path of traditional Satanism.

That which does not progress, perishes! This is very true and realistic. Any initiate interested in the BOTD will be introduced into a very harsh will training and Alchemical change process.

Most of this is done in Hermetic rituals, seperated from all comrades, friends, and lovers. This the ONLY way which will build material for a GOD or GODDESS.

While actual human blood (not animal) holds psychic energies obtained in advanced vampyric rituals, BLOOD ESSENCE (Astral lifeforce) holds the highest significance for

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such, incorporated through many different levels, is the path or partial key for immortality. The initiate vampyre will learn to set his/her mind from the individual human and realize ALL progressive change and evolution is caused by him/her ALONE! The Vampyre IS god itself. The Vampyre realizes that ALL other humans who are not among his/her rank or kin are prey and pawns.

Lifeforce is drained from humans through astral contact, as well as clairvoyance among others.

The powers of astral hunting through dream and drinking the purest lifeforce is ONLY best described through the experience itself. The symbol of the vampyre who drinks blood from sleeping humans (Opfers) is not far removed from the astral vampyre predator - Known as Varcolaci - who drains lifeforce from the sleeping humans astral body.

Through the nightside, the vampyre through will and practice, can shiftshape, to hunt among the shadows. The forms can be several, Varcolaci (a form of demonic bat-wolf and dragon resemblance), to wolf and bat. This is all based on general and simple scientific law. Vampyric communion is an essential part of vampyric survival and renewal. Secrets of Vampyric communion are first described in "ART OF WAMPHYRI" and further in "CTHULU".

BOTD is currently guided by Clan Nachttoter, of Germanic blood, under guidance of acasual Vampyres, our goals are quite the numerous. Time will tell the significance. Our sigils to invoke the essence are two : The Wamphyri Pentagram, through the sphere, lifeforce is transfered, godhead is achieved. Nefarious shadows haunt any human uninitiated. The other symbol is the Nachttoter seal, the symbol of the Nachttoter Vampyre Family, descended from Germanic and Celtic blood. Members of Clan Nachttoter currently offer guidance concerning BLACK ORDER OF THE DRAGON trials and paths.

Circle of the Red Dragon

- Transcend the flesh in the form of Varcolaci -

This is the rite of dying and being reborn. The sigil is of our coven, our family - The Red Dragon, Tiamat. Of Nachttoter....

Those of royal vampyric blood. The altar should be located on the west wall if at all possible. Upon the altar should rest a human skull or well crafted model. The human skull represents the death of the human condition and rebirth. If the skull is authentic then some essence of the individual may be connected already - thus representing the risen essence - Beyond Godhead towards the black cloak of Azrael. A crystal should be implemented as well as soil from a graveyard enclosed within a cloth pouch. A virgin dagger.

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Above the altar should be a large plate of the Wamphyri-Varcolaci Pentagram, as well as the seal of Nachttoter - The Red Dragon who is TIAMAT - Vampyre Mother of Chaos and Evolution, 77.

Incense should be Frankincense or Jasmine. Candles should be red and black. Enter to die and be reborn.

Rite of the Red Dragon

With the Sword of the chamber, shape the inverted pentagram, focus upon the fire which be arise from each point as a result chant: ALL THAT IS BORN OF FIRE LIVES IN FIRE.

Through shaping the pentagram the sphere of Satan is opened - the true self is revealed. The Triangle of LAYLAH is to be drawn upon the wind, to inaugurate the symbol of night and death -equaling 77, the tract of rising-GODHEAD. An inverted Triangle should be inverted, focus upon the blood red eye which will glow as much as your desire allows.

Point the Sword to the Sigil of Nachttoter and then to the Wamphyri-Varcolaci Pentagram - Call the Undead gods upon the astral plane - FROM THE FOUR WINDS, WEST, NORTH, EAST AND SOUTH - UNDEAD GODS OF THE NIGHT, ARISE FROM THY CRYPT IN THE REALMS OF THE DEAD, SHADOWDEMONS, THOSE WHO VEINS HOLD THE BLOOD OF TIAMAT COME FORTH!

Hold the Virgin Dagger and the pouch of grave soil, focus upon the sigils of the Vampyre and repeat: I have lived as Moroi, transferring the lifeforce into the jaws of the undead gods, I now seek to ascend into the condition of Vampyre-Varcolaci, to die a mortal death and be reborn to the blood of the dragon! I spill my blood into the grave soil and transfer a part of my essence and being into this - My life-immortal-My WILL STRONG!!! TO BE REBORN INTO THE NIGHT!

- Cut yourself deeply enough to stream blood into the soil-while doing so chant and visualize TIAMAT - A burning sphere with a blood red dragon - UNDEAD GODS - Witness the deication of the burning spheres, within I have absorbed the WILL of Nachttoter, those shadows demons of TIAMAT - I have died and been reborn into the WILL of the Red Dragon.

-Hold the crystal and focus upon the Chaos that your WILL has evoked and invoked upon the casual realm - Focus and inject your new being, VARCOLACI.

-Begin a sacrifice of Life force into the Wamphyri-Varcolaci Pentagram, once your astral eyes are opened you can see strains of lifeforce entering the pentagram. After the sacrifice, you may feel a stronger Life Force known as the Blood of Tiamat given back to your being - The Undead Gods give such a sacrifice to you.

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I AM VARCOLACI - MY WILL IS LAW AND LOVE IS TRIUMPH! THE GATES ARE ALLIGNED AND I HAVE RISEN! SO IT IS DONE!

Night Shadows and Varcolaci

Astral travel and the rising of the Varcolaci is an important step within the awakening of the Vampyric condition. In recent years there have been many books and articles by the so-called "Magick/occult society" who claim to have the secrets and system of astral travel. they call astral vampyrism "wrong" and unnatural. Is it unnatural for the wolf to devour its prey? Is it unnatural for man to kill cattle and other animals for food? An absurd notion for an individual to deny her/his true nature.

The Vampyre looks upon astral travel as a time of meeting with other Varcolaci who have taken to ascending the human condition. Varcolaci will roam the night and brain lifefore from sleeping (i.e.. unaware) humans.

It is, during these times that the Vampyre may shape shift into any form according to Will. The Varcolaci form is always usually different from vampyre to vampyre. Some often resemble the demonic shadows of the Varcolaci - Wamphyri pentagram, while some are more wolf-like. The form is according to will and can change when desired. Some will travel and feed from prey in desired beautiful forms, as white and flowing beings or as ghastly wraiths. Astral projection is a several step system of meditation and control. To properly meditate and enter the mindset of astral projections, one must prepare the home or place of this practice in a quiet manner. Take the phone off the hook, turn the TV off, and make sure distractions will be to a minimum.

You will need to find a comfortable place to lay - a bed or couch. Incense should be burnt, either Frankincense or Jasmine will do. A red and black candle may be burnt, of course totally optional and rather unimportant.

Once you lay yourself down to begin, you will want and need to clear All worries and thoughts in general from your mind. Be relaxed and slow your breathing and heart rate. From your feet up, tell yourself as you relax each part of your body. do this until your entire body is relaxed. Once this is done, concentrate on causing your astral to extend and take the form of your desire - it is All according to your will. Once finished, focus your mind's eye toward extending and rising from your body. You will feel a strike of excitement but you will need to control this emotion and remain calm, nay very calm. The result if not followed will be failure.

Once you rise as Varcolaci observe your chamber and surroundings, look upon your sleeping body and absorb the feeling of pride of watching the sleeping human form in which you walk the earth in.

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It is now time to rise and fly the night sky.

The Black Wraiths Ascend

Now that you have risen, you may pass through doors and windows. Float beyond your chamber through a door or window into the night. As you float through you will feel the power that is within the self and only begin to realize your possibilities of being Vampyr. Once you enter the night, take some time to observe the surroundings, remember your astral eyes are now open and only now can you truly see. Things may be a bit different now and you might see things you normally do not ever notice.

A word of caution however, once you have risen as Varcolaci it should be aware that you have practiced a path of inner strength and will to power. The reason is once you enter the state of dream and rise as varcolaci then are you open to the spirits and outer beings and energies within the night side as well. You are only as safe as you will it. If you travel and float with fear, the predators, others as you may take scent of it... Wolves Smell Fear... a lovely scent for hunting the spirit.

Fly with joy into the night sky and travel where ever you wish to go. You will want to feed upon a sleeping human, for the life force in this state is so pure. Enter their home, float to their sleeping chambers and watch them with your astral eyes... notice the life force, the astral body which lays with the sleeping offer.

Float beside them and smell the life force flow through their veins. It is now time to feast and taste the blood which is the life. With your will, send forth a vampyric tendril and make contact with the life force. Once you do so, begin to draw it in deeply, enjoy each slow drain until you are satisfied.

Once you finish draining the offer, detach yourself and once again enter the night. you will feel much stronger, more invigorated than before. Fly as the bat within the night and enjoy all that is being Vampyr. You are predator and it is your natural duty to feed from humans. For those advanced into the black arts of wamphyri, there are certain keys to entering other dimensions... however this is only for the inner circle of Coven Nachttoter and is a mystery of the coven. When this is obtained, many strange things will be seen and be sure it is mystery for a good reason. One must be prepared when entering a predatory state... or else he/she becomes prey.

Once you have haunted the night and you are ready to return to your human form let your instincts guide you back to your dwelling... you metaphoric tomb/grave. once you have entered your body then open thy eyes! Behold, you are as god itself. Now open the gates to further realms of Darkness.

The Wake of the Red Death

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A Ritual of Destruction

"The Masque of the Red Death" is a very powerful tale by Edgar Allen Poe, the late poet and writer who raised the level of literature during his time which has changed the field of writing and those interested in the macabre for all time. Poe used a great deal of symbolism in his works, a manifestation of death incarnated into the archetypical Red Death, the tall and gaunt figure of blood reds cloaked in the shrouds of the dead. The Red Death is implemented in this destruction rite as the plague bearer, an extension of Azrael - the Angel of Death as a messenger of Will.

This ritual is to be done during the night, past midnight for then the powers of the astral waves are yours to manipulate and man is vulnerable at night, more of a chance of success if they are not of strong mind and spirit. If they are as an equal, then there are several secrets in the destruction not listed in these pages. This is either a hermetic rite or could be ceremonial as well.

The Sorcerer is to be clothed in a blood red cloak and/or robe. The Sorcerer should also be clothed in a white grave shroud which would be placed under the robe or cloak. The face should be streaked in blood red paint or blood, same with any bare skin shown. A personal item of the intended offer must be present, be it either a cloth, photograph, paper, etc. A crystal should also be present as well as bones, dagger, above the altar the Wamphyri - Varcolaci Pentagram and the Sigil of Nachttoter - The Red Dragon.

This night you shall become vengeance and anger - The law of Abraxas is implemented - The spirit of Kali is invoked. Love love and love causing destruction to those who have crossed you.

The Red Death Awakes Shrouded in the habiliments of the grave, take in your hands the grave soil in which you have blessed as your own, in the other the crystal which you store within your acausal energy.

Face the sigil of the Red Dragon and the Wampyre - Varcolaci Pentagram and visualize fire and blood entering your being, filling you with violent and destructive energy - Demonic shapes for within your mind, shaping according to your desire. The Red Death you become this night -Chant:

Tiamat - Mother of Vampyres and mother of immortality - I seek thy energy - thy life - This Dark night I invoke the powers of destruction to spread destruction to my enemy! I will remain un-harmed from this calling and it is my Will that the joy of causing death to my enemies is one of the ultimate pleasures of existence! I am Vampyre - All humans shall bow before my might and strength - For under the bloodied kiss of LADLAH I have risen! I invoke the Vampyre Earth Goddess KALI, Mother hear calling and enter my sanctuary and my being - I am GOD! Blood drenched mother of nightmares, My enemy is to be devoured this night through MY WILL! MY DESIRE! MY LAW! Just as I cause Joy and Love to

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myself and others i can and also do DESTROY those who break my law - Hail Death! I now become the RED DEATH, fill me with the spirit - I am of Nachttoter - Blood of the Dragon fills my veins! The fire of Satan envelopes me, empowering my being through my desire. the svastika of EA spins fast, causing life, love and destruction according to the strong and clever.

I AM THE RED DEATH!!!

Take hold of the offer's personal item, feel the astral energy of the offer.
Raise the dagger and repeat:

Through the sigil of the Red Dragon and the Varcolaci Pentagram I condemn thee to Death -
-NAME - - My astral talons are reaching to your dormant body and spirit, I am the Plague Bearer, Vampyre. I cast 1,000 diseases towards they life breathe, infecting you with torment and black death... This is my Will.. This is my Law! I drain from your body thy precious life force and install the breath of the Plague - the RED DEATH now upon thy spirit to suffer and writhe in agonizing pain. - - name - -, your life orce is mine to feast upon. The Red Death is above thee...

In hale deeply the life force from the object. Visualize plague and death infecting the intended offer and the slow death which affects them.. rejoyce in the death and blood.

Mother KALI, I give thee honor as I give myself joy! Victory is mine! Joy to a burning planet which ABRAXAS RULES! SATAN I AM THEE AS 77 - This is my Law - the Joy of the world and the beauty of Night and LADLAH!! I stalk the nightmares of thy enemies - I AM THE RED DEATH!!!! I AM VAMPYRE!!!!

SO IT IS DONE!

"The Moon Drips of Blood: The Wolf (Varcolaci)"

(A Raven and Serpent Masquerade excerpt by Peter Nachtgeist and Michael Nachttoter) The wolf represents the moon and the strength which flows from it's light. The feelings and emotions awakened in the heart of the predator by the glowing and enveloping fullmoon, are in nature similar to the dark, mysterious moods that the sound of howling wolves inspires. We, Vampyres, predators of humans - visualize ourselves as the darkness of nature, nature unveiled. Strong, pure and beautiful. - When the night cloaks my thoughts, and by darkness I'm embraced, when the mist is colored red, and the moon drips of blood, when the chill bites my skin, and I ride the winds of Death, when the shadows haunt the night I lust for my nightly sip..

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(Moonthirst) Nocturnals do not fear death, as death only means returning to the infinite darkness, the Dragon's Womb - as well as for the risen ones - Varcolaci - Vampyres who have achieved Immortality.

Vampyrieth 77 The scorpion symbolizes the starts and the drape of cold and dark infinity in which they lay in wait. The scorpion is strength and honor - love and life - It is also the harvester of Death.

The Raven represents the darkness that cloaks out spirits.

The Raven seems to paint pictures of plague, death and misery.

The Raven or us is our nature and being. We are of the night.

From the Flesh to Spirit From the lands of Transylvania and what is now Romania and Hungary comes the Astral vampire known as Varcolaci. The Varcolaci is said to during the night hours, rise from their physical form and under the cover of shadows, ascend towards the nocturnal sky and drink blood from the moon.

Varcolaci is known to appear as a wolf with many mouths, a small dragon or a blackened shape of a demonic winged ghost, filled with an aura of death and lust. In the folklore of Transylvania Varcolaci can travel in several ways: When a woman spins thread alone in the darkness, she may create an astral thread in which the Varcolaci may rise into the sky to devour the moon. Often, the thread would be spun from the accumulated dust and dirt towards the sun and moon, the woman would be covered in blood and continue to spin. She would then have completed the bridge for Varcolaci, therein to wander the dark portals of the cosmos to attack the heavenly bodies.

The reality of Varcolaci is so very true. A Vampire is also in fact Varcolaci, once the discipline of Astral Traveling is Achieved, then Varcolaci is able to develop and rise as a demon of great power. This is the path of immortality, of predator and prey.

While our kind does not exercise just the rising of Varcolaci as it's primary discipline of vampyrism, the condition and exercise of Astral hunting is very important towards the developing of the Vampyric Godhead, in which under the control of 77 all is possible within Will.

Varcolaci is usually soil based, during the waking hours the Vampyr will walk the earth. When the time for physical rest comes, the Vampyr will then leave his physical body. During this the vampyr is able to shape shift at will.

The Varcolaci will rise especially when the moon turns a blood red or copper color. The dark spirits will then drink astral blood from either the moon, stars, or the sleeping offer. Remember, the dream is reality and all is formed within the dream.

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It is to be known the astral wars are not yet over, that there is to be two rivers of human blood and astral blood poured from the cosmos, that our harvest will come and we shall take heed of the powers in which we sustain as being the Vammpyric Godhead.

Folklore and Reality of the Germanic Vampire Races

In this section we will investigate the folklore and reality of the German Vampire races. Each differs in some way or another depending on the location. Common in folklore is that vampires eat from their own corpse before they rise from their coffins to prey upon human opfers. They would often lure opfers to their graves and by fog and funeral dust they rise to drink the blood which is the life. German vampires are often viewed as spreading plagues, like a cold wave their will calls upon rats and the army of the night to do their bidding. Below is the truth and lie of the vampire.

ALP

A german Vampirelike spirit associated with the Incubus and the Succubus, tormenting the nights and dreams of man and woman, driving them toward sexual extasy and then terror. The physical manifestation can be quite dangerous, long connected with the nightmare, the alp is aid to dwell as a demon within a tomb. Some forms include the werewolf or a demonic man-bat-wolf manifestation. (All of which is quite true and accurate as all is possible to those who have utilized magick and the dream.) During some periods and times, the Alp, in the form of Varcolaci, may enter it's opfer to command the body. The ghost would enter through the opfer's mouth in the form of smoke and a serpent.

The alp will often drink blood from the breast of a woman (or any other place in which major vessels are.). The incubus/succubus are in most cases astral vampires, probably in 90% of all encounters. Although it is said that some demonic spirits who are not vampires can haunt sleeping humans.

NACHZEHRER

It is this race in which one of ours is marked from, the Nachzehrer is long known in Germany and surrounding places in Germany. The Nachzehrer is said to be distinguishable in it's coffin by odd custom of holding the thumb of one hand and keeping it's left eye open. The Vampyr is said to chew upon his own limbs within it's tomb. The coffin in which the Vampyr sleeps is said to be filled with blood and soil of it's grave and or/ homeland. The Nachzehrer can also eat flesh of the dead and is quite active with Necromancy, the art of the Vampyr.

NEUNTOTER

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A blood line from Saxony, traditionally the great carrier of plagues, usually seen during grim and severe epidemics. The Neuntoter (Nine Killer) comes from the belief that it takes nine full days for the vampire to develop in its coffin.

- The Inauguration of the Devil –

Before one seeks to master the shadows of his/her astral one must reach a state of completion and strength within the flesh itself. One must never deny the pleasures of the flesh but one must always be aware to practice self-control and inner strength. This is the law of our kind. Vampyres are masters of the flesh, we indulge fully in that fact. However, we understand that the flesh is not forever and that even though some of us are fully capable of floating from body to body, that eventually the flesh dies.

We are essentially to be as ghosts, vampyre spirits who have achieved immortality through the Blood of the Red Dragon. We do not fear death, as the spirit is immortal according to our will.

However, we enjoy the pleasures of life. The devil is lord of the earth.

Vampyres do not bow to any anthropomorphic being, in fact we only view the archetypal "Satan" as a power... the power within the cosmos and earth, the power within us. Those who embrace this power and all that it is and utilize it in fact become the devil itself - Satan Ascend, Lucifer Rising. This is the law of Satan. Bow before no other gods but yourself.

Belial is viewed as a master of the earth. This is the key of understanding the mastery of the earth - Satan incarnate. The following rite is for those who seek the path of Vampyr, those who would stand strong in the face of a world for their own taking.

This rite can be used either as a hermetic rite or as a ceremonial rite. the primary design was for a hermetic rite.

Awaken the archetype of Pan, balance and joy is the key to rising.

The Inauguration of the Devil To take place within the chosen ritual chamber. The Wamphyri - Varcolaci Pentagram to be above the altar as well as a Baphomet and the Sabbatic Goat aka the Goat of Mendes. The candles should be black and red. Upon the altar should be an inverted pentagram with some human bones or if possible a human and/or animal skull, to represent the power and lust of the flesh. Clad in black or crimson robes with dagger and chalice. A sword should be used as well.

This is the night you shall become as Satan.....

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Invoking Belial Face the Altar and point the sword first to the image of the Varcolaci/Wamphyri Pentagram, visualize what you are and what you shall become... lust upon these symbols for they are to be representations of your essence.

"In nomini dei nostri Satanas Luciferi excelsi, I call forth the dark lord of the earth... Belial, I am of your seed, a demon of the flesh to shape the world as I see fit. This is the law of the Strong. My will incarnate."

With the Sword, face the South, point the sword towards the baphomet pentagram:
"From the South, I invoke the essence of Satan... upon the wings of darkness you shall come unto me!!!"

Face now the East:
"From the East I invoke the essence of Lucifer, the bearer of light and insight... come unto me!"

Face now the North:
"From the North I invoke the essence of belial... lord of the earth, come forth unto me"

Face now the West:
"From the West, I invoke the essence of Leviathan... come forth serpent of the Depths.. come unto me!"

Take now the Dagger and recite:
"By the sigil of the Infernal Dragon, the Red Dragon of ALL I call unto the forces of Nature and align myself further with the natural powers of the earth! I will and do partake of the pleasures of the flesh and recognize myself as a god of the Earth. No one is before me as I am the Devil incarnate! I call with the sigils before the spirits within... enter and grow within for I am Vampyr, of Dragon's blood. From the four pillars of Satan my law is sounded and the beast is unleashed. My flesh is iron and the werewolf is awakened! My voice and desires enter as will to incarnate in FLESH! This is as PAN and the love of the Earth and Cosmos. LADLAH is witness and love unto me, all is a mirror of sight and vision. Heil Shaitan!"

Take the chalice and recite:
"Within is the elixir of Life and Love, of strength and hate, destruction and creation. Renewal and completion. I recognize there is no god before the self and that self preservation is the highest law. This I say with my voice, which casts deep into the abyss and carries with it a law forever spoken! Heil Tiamat! I drink and am now reborn from the seed of Belial! So it is done! The gates are aligned!"

Meditate now upon the sigils and all that you have recited. Become as Satan. stand proud and push the self towards the heaven of ecstasy.

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Werewolf

"Heil! Heil! Heil! O, great Wolf Spirit Heil! Mighty shadow within the circle enter the space of time - Make unto me a werewolf, strong and brave as my Will" The connection of Werewolves and Vampires are quite parallel, in fact in the reality of the Vampire, it is indeed possible for a Living Vampyr to be a Werewolf. Transformation can be in two possible ways, a mental transformation, Lycanthropy as well as astral shape shifting.

When alone in a forest or secluded area is a prime location for a lycanthropic ritual. A skin of the wolf may be worn, a mask or other articles representing the transformation from the human shape into a 7 - 8 foot demonic gray man-wolf, burning blood red eyes of yellow gleams from large, sharp and cruel teeth. Those who seek to master shadows and sorcery may become a lord of Werewolves, in command of the shadow demons which may become as one with the WILL and the SELF.

When in a forest practice a Werewolf rite and feel the transformation, revel in the pleasure, in the hunger, in the burning glow which permeates the senses. When astral traveling, your human shape may shape shift to any desirable form, take pleasure in becoming the Demonic wolf. hunt your sleeping prey with stealth, feasting on astral blood as they sleep.

Below is some teachings of the Werewolf, ending with a rite of Lycanthropic power. Remember, no spell nor word can alter change which has not lit within the WILL. The misanthrope has risen and the age of the wolf is upon us! Feast!

Lord of the Woods In the year 1502 there was a peasant named Pierre Burgot who was tending sheep while a large and fierce storm broke out. From seemingly out of nowhere rode three men dressed in black

riding upon three black horses. One of the men called himself Moyset, tall and pale, sunken eyes with long black hair. Moyset told Pierre he would let his hands watch over his herd and give him great fortune if he would obey him, Pierre agreed. In the next meeting, Moyset stated his commands, to reject a so called "god", the false virgin, the baptism and confirmation. Burgot accepted the demands and swore loyalty by kissing the hand of the Moyset, which was as cold as the hand of the dead.

The years past and the black rider returned. Moyset demanded that he should grease himself in an ointment he gave him. Verdun, another villager did so as well. soon after as their hearts and will was as Sinister, they turned into werewolves.

These wolves of Magick attacked a seven year old boy, tearing him to shreds, killing a woman and a four year old child and they only left an arm to be found intact. In time they were caught and killed by villagers.

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One hundred years ago a fourteen year old boy named Jean Grenier was in a deep forest where they met a man upon a black horse who called himself Herren or Lord of the Forest. With his cold dead lips he kissed Grenier and with his long and sharp nails he cut a mark in their thighs.

Herren gave Jean a wolfskin and an ointment. after donning the wolfskin and rubbing the ointment, Jean killed in his werewolf form over fifty opfers.

The Wolfcharmer In france they are called by the humankind the "Meneurs de Loup" which were said to lead wolves by the use of a bonepipe, creating the orchestra of the night. The Wolfcharmer is a total misanthrope who in his heart hates the human race. The wolfcharmer is the leader of the wolfpack, and can by the use of the bones pipe, command the wolves to attack human prey.

The Wolfgirdle

The Wolfgirdle is commonly made from the skin of the wolf, mixed and sewn together with the skin of a dead witch or an executed murderer. Don the wolf girdle before the lycanthropic ritual.

The Rite of the Werewolf

Mental Lycanthropy and the summoning of Shadows -The altar can be either within a home or in the woods. Upon the altar should rest bones of the dead and two black candles and two red candles, above the Wamphyri - Varcolaci Pentagram (A Sigil of the Black Order of the Dragon).

With your mind draw one circle anti-clockwise that it might fit a man within.

"From the will of that which is Satan I call the Demonic powers of the Wolf - Shadows demons I call to thee! One spirit shall rise through this circle - One chosen of the Demonic hordes I evocate thee to bring forth the Gray Beast which makes all tremble, by my will and will to power I will become WEREWOLF! Phantoms of Darkness I now invoke thee - they likeness is to be within and through my Vampyric Will I implement the power of SATAN! With your mind focus upon the transformation. Feel each muscle as it stretches, grows stronger, more beastlike. Rough gray hair grows through the skin as the flesh itself turns ghost white and the face blackens. The bones stretch and begin to form a beast between a man and wolf. The face warps into a long snout which holds many razor sharp fangs. The fingers stretch and fold into Talons, cruel to the flesh they Shred..

Feel now the pleasure of the Werewolf, go out into the night and taste the pleasures of the Will.

SO IT IS DONE

**Oath of the Magus
Black Order of the Dragon**

-I bow before no anthropomorphic beings as I am the only God that is. The reason being I am the only god who sustains my own life.

-Magick is to be used according to WILL, no means may change this. Without WILL magick is non-existent.

-I am able to weave my webs of desire and will through the casual awake world as well as the dream. In the casual world I am sometimes the Angel of Light, a manifestation of Lucifer (or Lilith). When the night falls, through dream and the astral plane I am the Raven-bat shrouded Vampyre predator. Sufficient unto my self. With this truth I work the illusion of humanity to work my vision among sheep.

-As Vampires, we hold the powers of the WOLF (hunting, ferocity with defence/attack, predatory instincts), the BAT (during astral projection the powers of shape and stealth with nocturnal senses) and BEAST (appearing to the sleeper according to our true nocturnal nature during their dreams) These powers are developed at our own individual pace.

-Much guidance manuscripts of the BOTD are hermetic in nature. This is to strengthen the individual in all ways. Ceremonial rites involving two or more individuals is the gathering and collecting of astral lifeforce/energy focusing on an intended goal. Solitude and the exploration of archetypical symbols, moral restrictions and such to begin the understanding of the subconscious is the building of individual strength.

-Sexuality is no longer to be a hidden taboo. Explore all sections of sexuality between two consenting adults seeking the union of Pan and Baphomet. No longer is christian sickness and restrictions to pollute our individual lives within the flowing body of Nuit. Fear not moral judgements. Explore your true will with discipline!

-Experience is the greatest teacher. Stray not from that ideal.

-All morals are created within a controlling dogma, question all and reject is necessary. Character is built on the throne of defiance!

-Immortality is achieved by the strength and desire of the Vampyric spirit. The spirit of Varcolaci if achieved may become immortal if will is present, while the flesh is to die. This is according to the laws of nature. the solar swastika spins on. Life is also eternal if you are of the blood of the Dragon. You must live life to the fullest hear and now. Keep and never forget balance. Through chaos will arise order.

Michael "Nachtotter" Ford ; Black Order of the Dragon ; March 10, 1998

Liber 333

Rites of the Akhkharu

Preparations: The alter must have four black candles burning during this rite, the four candles representing four dark spheres which are : Mercury (sphere of transformation), Jupiter (sphere of wisdom), Luna (sphere of hidden knowledge), and Saturn (sphere of chaos). Meditation with appropriate music is recommended, suggested time: 15 or 20 min. Two days and nights prior to this rite, drain as much Lifeforce as needed, and during the day of the ritual, before that night, have no contact with anyone. Meditate alone and decide the will and result that you wish with this rite. After this rite, sit out in the night, preferably in a field or wooded area, concentrate on your strengths, weaknesses, and self-worth. Let your heart beat as one with your surroundings.

Rites of the Akhkharu - The Calling of the Gigim Xul IA! IA! IA! Akhkharu! Gods of UR! Awaken and come forth! By the winds of funerals to com, may the abyss crack and by the Vampire Dragon Tiamat, the gates shall open! Iak Sakkakh! Arise creatures of darkness! I, (your name), call the Dragon-Vampire Tiamat forth, from the darkness come forth- THE GATES ARE OPEN!!!! Hear the calling of thy brother/sister, (your name).

Demons of the Abominations, ride the silent winds of funerals, I call thee. Azagthoth , black magician, may your essence come forth to our aid, God of Chaos rise!

Pazuzu, Lord of all fevers and plagues, Dark angel of the four wings, ride the hot winds of the desert, come forth and strike disease to our enemies, and Only our enemies!

Humwawa, Ride the South winds, Lord of the Abominations, bring thy black essence forth to curse our enemies, for we are of Arra Draconis! Rise dark lords!

Behold! I walk the earth as Demon-Incarnate, I am Vampyre-Elite Wamphyri! Black Dragon Goddess, Tiamat, I call to the dwelling of Uraeus, My voice trembles and shakes the bounds of time and dimention I am of your blood, The elite race. Spiritual undeath and immortality I seek. I behold a chalice of Human blood. This is the blood of my victim's to come, and what is the life and pool of immortality.

I drink this and summon your blessing. Hail Tiamat! Moroi rise! Four spirits of the four spaces, Hear me now! Those who dwell between the Sun's spaces, From the Abyss, From the void.... You shall come to me, for I am Wamphyri!

I sacrifice Lifeforce, Astral drained from human prey, open the gates of Immortality. My essence shall be altered to the form of a blackened demonic combination of a wolf, a bat, and the Dragon.

By this form, I command my sleeping human prey shall remember my sinister form as the shadows ravage their brittle minds'.

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This shall be done, I have sacrificed and opened the jaws of Tiamat. I have died and been reborn...my form in all ways strengthened, progressed and grown into a fierce Wampyr, Behold, I am Wamphyri!

From this night further, my shadowside has grown, and my Astral claws shall touch and gouge the sleeping prey. My wolflike jaws shall drain the life force/blood from my prey. My Astral leathern wings shall fly above and throughout the nocturnal, empty graveyards and ride the north winds further into the nightside..

The predators of the night shall scream my name, The wolves shall await my calling...So it is and so it is done!!!! THE GATES ARE CLOSED!!!! HAIL WAMPHYRI!! HAIL TIAMAT!!!!

This spell is for the assumed Wamphyri who shall seek to understand, control and master the darkest powers of magick.

-Written by Baron Von Abaddon, B.O.T.D., 1995 Axis Press Copyright Axis Press ©

Shadowspheres

**Including membership details offered beginning 4-20-98 e.v.
Black Order of the Dragon By Michael Ford/Coven Nachttoter**

The Shadowspheres are based on the areas of transformation in which an individual will go through in order to emerge towards the step of godhead and evolution. Magickal progression is achieved through a number of steps which involve open up the subconscious and exploring all of ones nature. The ultimate goal being immortality and discovering ones true will.

For those seeking membership of the BOTD, each of these spheres must be undertaken and conquered. The sphereworkings should be done in order and carefully recorded-including results, thoughts and perhaps new individual revelations concerning the effects.

Each working should be practiced alone for the period of ten days or longer. Once the period is over you may submit an essay concerning the working to the Tempel of Azagthoth contact address via e-mail, mail, etc. The submission will be-in detail reviewed- by TOA and then submitted to Coven Nachttoter to be reviewed. Upon the result, the TOA will then inform the individual of the review and if membership is granted. We do not want slave like sheep, or those looking just for groups. We want only the FREE individuals looking for progression and those who share a love for life and reaching individual evolution. The levels of membership are:

- 1.) Initiate
- 2.) Akhkharu Vampire (vampirism within astral plane and sorcery accomplished)
- 3.) Incubus/Succubus Magickian (mastering the uses and techniques of hermetic sexual workings and tantra on a completely individual level-this also includes the dream levels on the astral plane)
- 4.) Vampiric Magus (upon completion of the sphere of Chronozon-mastering of the self).
- 5.) Varcolaci sorcerer (high level of the outer circle of the BOTD, at this level you are able to operate a cell of the BOTD if council grants permission.) We encourage each individual to study and focus on the recommendations given and that one will follow his/her true will. Through the dark spheres you will emerge as a god/goddess.

The spheres to enter are named below:

1. Sphere of the Red Dragon-Tiamat (spiritual death and vampiric awakening)
2. Sphere of Luna-(predatory and natural instincts mastering)
3. Sphere of Akhkharu-(vampiric astral mastering)
4. Sphere of PAN/LAYLAH (sexual explorations of the psyche including invocation of the Succubus/Inccubus)
5. Sphere of Kundalini (Kali)-Pathworkings of Tantra
6. Sphere of Chronozon-(Chaos Workings)
7. Sphere of Varcolaci-(Astral hunting and control pathworkings)

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Use of Sigils

Black Order of the Dragon

Michael Ford/Coven Nachttoter 4-6-98 e.v.

Within the BOTD, sigils are presented in a very similar way based on partially on Austin Osman Spare's methods as well as the traditional sigil use by Agrippa and others. There are several sigils/seals of the BOTD, the first being the VARCOLACI PENTEGRAM. This sinister-looking symbol is the impression of vampiric night-side influence upon the dayside reality. The pentagram representing man/woman and being inverted represents the shadow-side. The varcolaci spirits represent the points of astral projection and the taken into being by will the predatory form. This sigil is not evil, by no means beyond our will and love of life and survival-immortality the main goal. This sigil during many BOTD rites, is the focus point above the altar in which astral life force is sometimes sacrificed under the honor of the spirits before us and what we are. The Varcolaci Pentegram is also - as well with the Nachttoter-Red Dragon seal- a means of summoning those vampire spirits connected with the BOTD. The means can be known as the manifestation of the Incubus/Succubus and much pleasure can be awakened by calling these spirits forth. Remember in doing so however, the importance of being prepared and initiated into the blood of the Dragon and the great work being undertaken. The point being protection from some malific spirits who sense a lack of individual independence and strength. You must be separated from the sheep indeed.

The second significant seal is the Nachttoter-Red Dragon seal. This represents the vampiric will and is the impression of Coven Nachttoter. Many BOTD rituals feature the Red Dragon seal and astral pathworkings may be undertaken with such.

Sigils, while upon the sphereworkings are cast in the following way:

Attribute all semblance and definition of the sphere into a set drawing, giving each line a memory/thought and focus associated with the sphere. Once you have drawn and finished the sigil, make your settings correct for your ideal pathworking. Concentrate fully and without distraction upon the sigil.

When undertaking the various sphereworkings, concentrate in a significant manner the focus point of the sphere and all the attributes connected with therein. Each sphere is to be a gate for personal evolution and further understandings of the self. The goal being the de-programming of the brain and re-programming according to one's own individual will. While creating the sigils, focus upon the spirits and energies you are invoking, let your mind go free on this thought. Let your subconscious be opened and draw what you will associated with the sphere.

Each working must be performed daily for a period of ten days. Each results and thoughts should be carefully and in large detail recorded and documented in personal records.

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ANALOGY HERMETICISM

An Analogy of Hermeticism

Hermeticism, being likely the oldest occult tradition that still exists, is the union of spirituality and materialism, that develops from within the practitioner, developing a total understanding of the universe. It originated in Alexandria, Egypt but is usually attributed to the writings of Hermes Trimegestus, who claimed to have been the reincarnation of the Egyptian God Thoth. It may be said that such ancient knowledge disappeared completely at one point, however, this is not the case at all. In fact, it only "disappeared" in that the tradition was coveted by the least suspected organization of all; the Christian Church.

"For example, few people today may realize that many of the early Church Fathers studied, respected, and wrote about the books of Hermes in their writings, even if they didn't agree with everything in them per se. But the fact that they took them seriously in their time, says something in itself. Today, the branch of theological study in seminaries that deals with the art and history of textual interpretation is called "hermeneutics", after Hermes." - Dr. Karen Ralls, 2000.

If that doesn't satisfy the curious, there is an even more telling quote from the "Grimoire of Occult Philosophy", by Agrippa: "Crist (Christ) also himself, while he lived on earth, spoke after that manner and fashion that only the more intimate disciples should understand the mystery of the word of God, but the other should perceive the parables only: commanding moreover that holy things should not be given to Dogs, nor pearles cast to Swine: Therefore the Prophet saith, I have hid thy words in my heart, that I might not sin against thee."

For many years, the Christian Church has carefully guarded the secrets of Hermeticism, while telling its followers that such things are the works of witchcraft, which is firmly condemned by Jesus Christ. The fact is that the upper hierarchy of the Christian Church has always been and still is privy to this knowledge, having founded their religion upon the insights of this occult wisdom.

The Last Supper was in fact an alchemical ritual, and it is no coincidence that Leonardo Da Vinci, who painted the famous "Last Supper" painting was also a well-ventured occultist. Western versions of Hermeticism are the substance of secrets passed down by the Arabic, for the Arabs studied such works extensively and thus were responsible for handing the knowledge over to the west. The west has developed a large circulation of the material which is now frequented, in often diluted form, on New Age bookstore shelves. However, the writers never revealed the knowledge in full detail. The Western literature has thus long since departed from the oral tradition of Pythagoras or even earlier sources. Henceforth, many would-be sorcerers tainted by "witchcraft" media and superstition have sought after the arcane mysteries and failed, due to being blinded by their Western beliefs.

The Emerald Tablets are one version of a Hermetic text, although it is probable that it could have been called by other names in the past. The texts that are attributed to Hermes are called

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"Hermetica" and was written in the form of "Platonic dialogues", just as the Emerald Tablets are.

This would make the claim of the man who says he acquired the texts from their original source, Doreal, that the Tablets are 10,000 years old, entirely untrue. There is also the "Corpus Hermeticum", which was supposed to be composed of 17 treatises, while the Emerald Tablets in their modern version (the web-based version) are 15. Part of the story in the Emerald Tablets can easily relate to the biblical tale of Jesus Christ descending into hell.

Many other deities and Gods had descended into the underworld other than Jesus, of course. This was a somewhat typical storyline all the way back to ancient Greek and further. Similar analogies can be made regarding the Christian bible and Hermetic tradition, including the advocacy of spiritualism over materialism, albeit a very misunderstood topic in this day and age. Hermeticism also embraced an idea of creationism, whereby there was only the "one main thing" called the Demiurge, in the beginning, and then it became discontented with itself, therefore spawning creation, in order to explore what else could be known. This could be likened to the idea that God created the universe. "Demiurge" also means craftsman, similar to "architect". Christian Gnostics also used large portions of Hermetic thought to explain the crimes of "heresy" that they were accused of.

Annunaki Landmarks and References In Las Vegas

There are many cities with symbols and references to the Annunaki, Lovecraft's worshippers of Dagon, but since there are so many here in my current dwelling of Las Vegas, NV I thought I would share them. Keeping in mind Anton LaVey's Law of Invisibility, all of these references to the Annunaki in one place definitely fit the bill for things unseen when least expected.

1. The Luxor (simulation of the Giza Pyramids, with a light at the peak or "eye" which can be seen from space)
2. The Excalibur - based on times of Merlin, King Arthur, Avalon, etc.,
3. The Imperial Palace - owner was caught celebrating Hitler's birthday. Is this because of interests in the Thule Society or other Nazi occult influences?
4. MGM Grand - a giant Lion, the symbol of FIRE, (the Dragon) symbol of the predator, the Bloodline, colored GOLD no less, stands at the front entrance
5. New York New York - can't miss the replica of the Statue of Liberty, which does indeed simulate the Baphomet, one hand down, one up.
6. The Paris - one of main headquarters established by the Illuminati.
7. Caesar's Palace - can't miss the Roman legacy of the Bloodline inherent in Caesar's reign. (Or can we?)
8. Howard Hughes Center - just off the strip, Howard Hughes Parkway is a business center which is where the Wells Fargo tower (Bloodlines rule the banks) and an interesting Stonehenge-like structure. Howard Hughes was a multi-billionaire Illuminati extraordinaire who tried to fly the "Spruce Goose".
9. The Flamingo (hotel)- a Pink Flamingo is an important occult symbol.
10. Treasure Island - another location of occult significance. The book Treasure Island was written by Robert Louis Stevenson, who also wrote Dr. Jekel and Mr. Hyde, a story that is admired by Satan's spawn.
11. The Annunaki settled into lower areas of the west, including Nevada, due to its dry and hot climate, as many lizards also have done.
12. Not so coincidentally Area 51 is only 40 miles out of town.
13. The Mormons founded Las Vegas, or at least helped with it. The Mormon cult's founders were of reptilian blood, that intentionally started a city that was meant to be surrounded by the pretense of Jesus worship while covertly supporting mindless hedonism and carnal indulgence.

Black Holes and Early Creationism

Most people who've studied a bit of religion or cosmology are familiar with the ouroboros, the serpent eating its own tail. It is an interesting metaphor for a destructive and creative force, one that works in both ways at the same time. Some people believe in it, Tibetan monks claim to feel it, and many New Age spiritualists frown on it. What if we could look out into the stars and see it?

The Ourobouros originated from a Greek-Orphic term, though it wouldn't be surprising to find that the Greeks got it from the Egyptians. Regardless, this symbol of the beginning and end of time relates to a cosmic cycle. Without a beginning and an end, it would simply resolve to a creative and destructive force. It relates to our own creative and destructive urges, our development and personal evolution, and even to the universe.

Recently an article on Space.com announced that Astronomers have discovered an interesting possibility that black holes, notorious for devouring everything in sight, may be responsible for the creation and evolution of matter, such as galaxies. Interesting, then, that a black hole can act as a gravitational lense if seen from within the event horizon, which means that everything condenses into a grand union of infinitely dense matter inside of the black hole. Creation and destruction would then be defined, but most importantly origin.

The known theory is that black holes evolve (or appear to show activity) at the same time as the galaxies surrounding them are beginning to form. The unspoken theory I base on the idea that since the black hole is one with an eternal and present moment, the black hole really can't "evolve" in a separate moment. You can only perceive its evolution from outside of the event horizon. Otherwise, all of time is completely warped together in an omni-present moment. The difference with galaxies is that they are born into a realm where time exists. It is not certain yet whether the massive black holes at the center of a galaxy are related to the small black holes that form as the end of a star's lifetime. If proven, though, this would put a huge new perspective on the Big Bang and; the belief that there is such thing as a beginning of time. If a galaxy begins with a star collapsing, and this is the case with all galaxies and thus all regions of the universe, it means that the universe could be a bubbling lava without a beginning, that spawns an equal amount of creation as it does destruction for all of eternity? The established "age of the universe" gets older with each year.

Charlemagne and Vanity

Up until about the 6th century, pagans and barbarians engaged in merciless battles throughout the world. According to most popular opinion on the subject, there was very little social order. Other sources differ with this and champion the smaller tribal communities as being people who kept to themselves. During a time of many Viking and Saxon invasions, a Christian king with a seemingly indestructible will to enforce his own vision of social order rose to power. He was Charles the Great, also known as King Charlemagne.

Charlemagne was a descendant of the Merovingians. In the late 700's, the Franks would choose their kings directly from the Merovingian family. However, the dynasty had lost power and was in need of a change. The king had become merely a shallow symbol of power, no more than a puppet being controlled by the Mayor of the Palace. Charlemagne thus had inherited the throne, and established the Holy Roman Empire after the death of his brother. His intention was to restore order and peace to his kingdom and bring an end to barbarism. His ability to organize his military was notably unparalleled, and thus resulted in one of the most climactic changes in European civilization.

Charlemagne was described as a "just man, strong and tall, intellectual and opposed to drunkenness". He hated superstition, but still had an interest in esotericism when there was a sound basis for it, according to Einhard. (Einhard knew Charlemagne personally and wrote his biography). He was health conscientious. He had several wives and a handful of mistresses, which resulted in a large offspring. His descendants are still alive today, with some of them belonging to the Order of the Crown of Charlemagne.

Christianity was Charlemagne's solution to his disliking for barbarism. This made him become recognized for such accomplishments as his instatement of education, which was the result of his disgust for illiteracy, and many acts of charity. He was a student of science, including astronomy, and this leads us to wonder if he would have been more in favor of scientific reasoning than creationism. Even more interesting is that a look at his application of law would suggest that had there been priests in the church abusing children, they would have suffered the most severe penalties, unlike today.

Charlemagne's triumph by conquest included destroying the smaller tribal villages of the Vikings.

The Vikings were persistent enemies of Charlemagne's kingdom. The Holy Roman Empire nevertheless conquered and spread out across central Europe. Charles the Great was the champion ruler of the time, and titled himself the Emperor, stirring the envy of Romans and Greeks. This sparked the proverb, "Have the Frank for your friend, but not for your neighbor". Charlemagne's vision was one of immense control as he sought unity in the name of the Christian religion. It is also true that Napoleon was an admirer. It is interesting that the

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consensus of what is just and unjust changes with time. By the time Napoleon got around, it was no longer acceptable to treat a certain type of people with prejudice.

Charlemagne's conquest was fierce and ruthless, and his battles no less bloody than any other, though he had a reputation for being loyal and generous to his own people. This won the favor of many. He sent money to regions that he sympathized with, long before charity was a common thing. The Franks saw him as a savior, who brought humanity back from forgettable times. They did not like barbarians, nor green eggs and ham! One superstitious question that has been asked by religious scholars is whether or not the resurrection of Christ was not Charlemagne himself.

The influence of Christianity was one of unity and not foreseen as something that would rob people of individuality. At least, as long as this only included those who willingly adopted Christianity. It says nothing for those who had Christianity forced upon them under threat of death. In the name of unity and order, Charlemagne also succeeded in destroying valuable esoteric knowledge and the spirit of the free-thinker, despite the fact that this could have been an indirect consequence.

Since then, the effect of industry and the ensuing consumerism has proved even more damaging to individuality than any religious order. (Many consumer products as well as the media tend to filter personalities and the ability to think for themselves). Where self-reliance and dependence on nature once prevailed, there are now the many artificial conveniences and luxuries that can be bought retail. Consumerism and the media penetrate every aspect of life. This is a bi-product of the unity of civilization under a single government known for capitalism; otherwise known as Christianity.

Some argument against the damage of religious orders might be made for the era of *Malleus Malificarum*, which was an event that did not reflect the kingdom of Charlemagne. The Catholic Encyclopedia itself refers to religion as a matter of individual will, and therefore denounces the Inquisition as a legitimate Christian development. Anyone who knows people who were forced to profess to the Catholic faith as children may oppose the hypocrisy underlying this. It also makes little sense considering Charlemagne's 40 year slaughter of heathens, whom he only sought a truce with once they'd converted to Christianity. The Latin phrase, "verbis melius quam verberibus res agenda est" means, "it is better to employ words than blows". Gandhi understood this, and was perhaps the only one who did.

In the *Devil's Advocate*, one of my favorite films, Al Pacino played an espouser of 'free will' and the corruption that people bring upon themselves. If Al Pacino's Satan were really around, he would be adamantly professing the logic of his rebellion, especially right now. After Charlemagne's death, his empire crumbled because his sons and their successors were not as "enlightened" as Charlemagne.

Charlemagne was also one of the first to call Heathens devil-worshippers, and worshippers of graven images. He automatically correlated the lack of social order with the worship of devils

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and superstition, which is an issue of debate, because of the broad generalization that this made.

While there was indeed much controversy over opposing territories, it may have also been a terrible idea to rob the many cultures of their beliefs under a monotheistic order. Nonetheless, someone was going to be wrong, and someone was going to be right by the way of the sword. This king single-handedly converted the Saxons, slaughtered the Huns, and held central Europe in his grasp. He founded Paris. The central power of modern civilization arose from the heart of Charlemagne's kingdom.

From our discussion, is it a mistake to assume that the last two thousand years have been completely corrupted by Christianity? Charlemagne died around 800, and only 1250 years have passed since then. Up until that point paganism and other religions besides Christianity were virtually undisturbed. After the time of Charlemagne's reign, the Holy Roman Empire began to deteriorate and corrupt, but by this point almost all of Europe was in the Empire's grasp. This era during and after Charlemagne should probably be what receives the bulk of criticism. Would Christianity have become defunct 1200 years ago if not for Charlemagne? Certainly the Merovingian dynasty had met its match to the Vikings and other opponents. Charlemagne's brother, who also inherited the kingdom but died without much accomplishment is described as much weaker and less intelligent than Charlemagne. Charlemagne can be championed for his strength, intellectual prowess and esteem for education.

We can also appreciate his indulgences, such as music and science, and he was not short on romance, either. He was one of the biggest successes in monarchy history. Unfortunately, the people who he governed did not measure up to his standard, misinterpreting his words and deeds, and taking advantage of the power given to them by the church. Charlemagne himself may have played into vanity, seeking a dream that was too hopeful and unrealistic to last, and this is why his kingdom weakened after his death. He left behind nothing but a shallow chance for "hope".

Thus, in this sense, we've also seen one of history's greatest failures.

Shall we sip some more tea in the sun while the Gods go back to the drawing board once again?

Comments on the Emerald Tablets

I hadn't heard of the Tablets until about 2000. I was doing some novice research which started with a Masonic organization called the Order of the Dragon. Even though this order still exists today, it is closed to membership. Since my curiosity about the history of this organization was high, my interest turned to the Order of the Dragon in which Vlad Tepes was initiated. Seeking to find what sorts of texts or knowledge the order was based on, I discovered that it had something to do with Hermeticism, which is based on the writings of Hermes Trimegestus, and then from there I found that H.T. claimed to be the incarnation of Thoth. Before I knew it, I was probing the most ancient cultures known to man, including the pre-Sumerian Atlantis. While modern history suggests that civilization only started some 10,000 years ago, some less known and more arcane sources suggest that there were mighty civilizations long before Sumer/Babylon, except they were destroyed and are now underwater, thus much more difficult to find.

One of the texts that I found specifically relating to the wisdom of Thoth is the Emerald Tablets.

It was originally translated by a guy named Doreal, who, we are told, was permitted to enter the Giza Pyramids and remove the Tablets, to be kept in a secret location, but not before Doreal got himself a copyright authorization. According to the introduction, this was written by Thoth around 36,000 B.C. or before, when Thoth was a great king and magician of the extra-ancient world. Here in this article I will make some comments about the significance of this text, as well as some difficulties that I have had in reading it.

My first impression was that this is a popularized version of the text, as for one, it is readily available on the internet, and for two, it is mostly being posted by occultist, "white magicians" who I've grown to distrust because of their unreliable sources of information. However, due to the pertinence of the matter, as the initial magical interests of the Order of the Dragon were alchemical and hermetic, just as those of the Emerald Tablets, I decided it would be worth it to skim over a few pages at least.

There are many places in the Tablets that refer to "Light" or the "Children of Light". The first few pages open up with Thoth's explanation that moving towards "the Light" is of the utmost importance, and he even warns the reader that any betrayal of these teachings will result in grave punishment. I tend to read right over that kind of stuff. Nevertheless, it became apparent to me that the "Light" that Thoth is referring to is nothing like the light that modern religionists and New Age thinkers usually speak about. It would be easy for a Left Hand Path traveller to shun this text because of its reference to "Light", but I feel that the Tablets refer more to the "Light" of a Luciferian character, the "Son of the Morning Star" or the bringer of "enlightenment". "Light", according to Thoth, is simply pure wisdom; it is wisdom that raises one's mental faculties to their highest potential, and in that sense, I have less to complain about.

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"Light", according to Thoth, is a powerful source embodied within darkness, and not necessarily an enemy of darkness. "The Light" is the source of wisdom and therefore is the true object of pursuit rather than the darkness which is a "veil". Indeed, a popular occultist phrase attributed to Thoth is "As Above, So Below". Clearly Thoth tells how darkness must be penetrated as an initiation of sorts, in order to lead towards enlightenment. He even describes returning to the darkness hundreds of times within his immortal life in order to re-go a necessary process of progress. There are few parallels with the Christian "Light", which is full of angels and big puffy white clouds. The Christian "Light" is a much more subjective thing, or at least moreso than the way it is presented in the Tablets. Thoth is simply advising the individual to learn something from life and strive towards greater heights of potential, whereas the Christian "Light" is about faith, modesty, and leaving "knowledge" solely to God. There is no "God" in this text. There are other entities of wisdom and power, but the point is clearly to raise one's self unto the highest potential.

Here is an interesting analogy: Thoth had sought to become a God in his own right, and indeed he accomplished things far beyond human comprehension. At the end of his text, he indicates that he is going to return to the "Halls of Amenti", which is kind of like the Greek "Tartarus", the underworld, or the Christian "Hell". From this depiction, is it not too obvious to say that Thoth was Lucifer, the Fallen Angel? What a convenient way to put a ban on Thoth's "wisdom" or "knowledge" and condemn man to an obedient, faithful life where knowledge and wisdom are sins!

Thoth is also a master of the Out of Body Experience. This is another "mystical" pursuit for some skeptics, but the value of the OBE is very definite. After an OBE, the initiate can easily understand how the flesh has physical limitations and is prone to suffering. It is a great joy to know another reality where these limitations are not imposed, and all physical displeasure is abandoned, even if only temporary. The fleshy vehicle is a rather awkward and limited shell for the astral self. However, Thoth does let us know that rarely does anyone escape the flesh completely without endless years of training, and therefore it is important to respect the flesh. According to the Tablets, Thoth is not actually from the planet Earth. His father, Thotme, brought Thoth here from his "ship" which rose up "into the sky". Thoth's ancestors were from another planet and this makes a most interesting reference to the Annunaki, who were the ancient race of beings whom came from another world, questionably "Nibiru" or Sirius. Thoth believes that space, and not just the planet Earth, is our real home of homes.

The next section called "The Dweller of Unal" is interesting as it seems to make reference to something called "mind stuff" and the ether, which is of a higher dimension than the 4th. Beyond mere space and time, and the world that we perceive with our limited physical senses, there are other dimensions which are in fact more creative and productive, vibrating at faster rates, and even transcending life yet not knowing death. This is the ethereal realm, which is connected to us but in ways that are invisible through the ordinary 5 senses that a human has access to. Thoth describes how Horlet, a lord of this realm, built at least one planet "with his mind", by manipulating the etheric substance itself. Indeed, these higher

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dimensions are only connected to our physical bodies through the mind, and only by the mind can we know them. Clairvoyance and psychic interpretations are seen through a "third eye".

In Thoth's account of how Horlet constructed a planet with his mind is indicative of one who not only sees into the etheral realm, but can control the realm itself, by using it to turn the etheric into the physical. The construction of a planet in this manner would certainly be a sorcery of the highest order, yet less consequential acts have been performed by Earth-born sorcerers as well. Finally, Thoth does let us know that despite the many dimensions or layers of existence, and the various orders of the universe, everything emanates from the one true source, and that nothing exists seperately from anything else. In a spiritual sense, this could be interpreted as Christian mono-theistic propoganda, I suppose, but in Physics, it makes a lot of sense.

There are many noteworthy references to the nature of Time and Space, such as, "Time is not in motion, but ye move through time as your consciousness moves from one event to another." We could take a lot of the space and time references in this text and apply them directly to science. I wouldn't be the first to do it. Nevertheless, there are many suggestions here that instead of viewing time as an entity which changes things from one thing into another, we could notice how all matter changes more like the flow of a river changes as it glides over new rocks in a stream, yet the stream remains as a whole. In this way, space is a similar entity. All things are connected in one way or another. There is no such thing as blank, empty space. Thoth exchanges this wisdom with the reader, and indeed the thought is revolutionary. If anyone had tried explaining this theory in the 1800's, they'd be deemed insane. Even today, it hasn't been completely accepted, and certainly not in the mainstream, because it would require that one changes their own thinking and starts perceiving reality as a whole different animal.

Section 12 is on "The Law of Cause and Effect and the Key of Prophecy". One thing that is not new to anyone is the prophecy of the End of the World, the Apocalypse or a "Second Coming" that will result in a global change (or destruction) for all of mankind. I find it interesting, then, that Thoth claims he had conquered "the law of space-time" and had things revealed to him about the future. It is an interesting reference not because of this prophecy in particular or whatever implications it has, but that if this text is as old as it is supposed to be (which we cannot say for sure) then it shows how old the idea of Prophecy is, and is certainly not anything new that only the Bible has a mention of. Prophecy is a sorcery that has been in use for thousands of years. Yet there is still another twist to what Thoth tells us, as in these words:

"Look in the cause thou shalt bring into being, and surely thou shalt see that all is effect. So, O man, be sure the effects that ye bring forth are ever causes of more perfect effects."

Thoth seems to suggest that prophecy is not necessarily the wisdom of Gods, but that man has some influence over the future of mankind, or that man forms his own future from his thoughts.

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Such an idea would suggest that what man believes is going to happen is what really does happen, in the long run, and here we are advised to influence positive change instead of the negative. This is the value in Thoth's "Law of Cause and Effect".

The whole overtone of the Emerald Tablets is quite "preachy", and suggestive that Thoth has mastered much more than reality, but the laws of Physics, and the dimensions in which reality are bound. The tone of the writings implies that Thoth knows the direction in which every Earth-bound being should strive, and exactly what is right and what is wrong for mankind. If it were possible for Thoth to accomplish such miraculous deeds as he has claimed, then it certainly would have taken more than a human lifetime to have done so, unless he had some extraordinary training, which is also possible, or unless he was simply born with an almost supernatural intelligence, again, a possibility, at least if we make some presumptions about the validity of this text. Even scientific research would show that some of the things said by Thoth are not that incomprehensible, such as that the Pyramid of Giza was built in the pattern of gravity, in order to withstand for many centuries, for it is fairly obvious that pressures of gravity would certainly not find as much resistance in a pyramid-shaped structure as they would with a bridge, for example.

Even if the entire text is metaphor, it has incredible meanings, which can be interpreted from many different angles, including alchemical, pagan, New Age, Christian, Thelemic, and as mentioned before, Hermetic. In fact it is possible that this text could apply to nearly every world belief system there has ever been, and that depending on what perspective you read it from, it could mean something different! Certainly this would be a very significant find, especially if it really is 36,000 years old. It speaks volumes for Sitchin-sympathizers and conspiracy theorists, too.

I am personally not going to choose one opinion or the other. A text is a text. Morality and belief are the most wishy-washy subjects there are. Scientific explanations here are very vague and brief. The occult references could have just as easily been written by a modern author. Many other sources could probably lead to the same things. But then again, one must ask, "where did they all come from?"

Personal Speculations on Lucid Dreaming

To begin, I have actively pursued what is known to the common occult field as lucid dreaming for about 5 years now. This can also be referred to as an out of body experience, but in some disciplines this may stir up some disagreement. Regardless, my interest in this subject came about because I had unintentionally experienced many lucid dreams before in my life, but I really didn't know that they had a name, or that anyone else was having these profound dreams as well. I'd mentioned it a few times when I was growing up, but I just remember getting a "hmm, that's interesting", as a response, and not much else came out of it. So later in life, when I was 24-25 years old, I picked up a few books on the subject and started taking up a more serious interest in it, to see what it was all about. Let me just say for those who are not familiar with this subject that lucid dreaming is a very powerful experience. It happens when you are dreaming, and you realize that you are dreaming, and so the conscious part of your mind literally wakes up and becomes active, while the environment itself seems to take on "supernatural" qualities. Meanwhile, the body stays asleep. These dreams seem no less real than our waking reality. The only difference is that you may have a tendency to take control of your dream by making things happen within it; and that is where it is really exciting. With that said: My experience in the lucid dream has been mostly involved with an attempt to control the environment of the dream to some degree or another. I find that when I am fully conscious in a dream, I can change the speed at which I am flying, when I dream of flying, I can move objects within the dream with my mind, I can cause colors to become more intense, and even make objects appear in my surroundings. If I had ever thought of it, it would be incredibly simple to hear someone speaking from far away, etc. The most difficult part is to pre-plan your lucid dreams, because then you really have to be fanatical about it, it seems to me at least.

In a Lucid Dream people experience exactly what Quantum Mechanics is putting on the bench and testing at this time. Quantum Mechanics is proving that life is like a dream, whether they want to or not. That is because in a dream, space-time becomes irrelevant, twisted, and backwards. Influence over matter becomes possible. Thoughts and subjective feelings control everything. Interestingly the Quantum world is surprisingly similar. It has been described as an "Alice in Wonderland" type of place.

In labs, Quantum Mechanics seek to create a physical reality where what was normally considered "impossible" because of the laws of contemporary physics, is now possible. In other words, the scientist seeks to put these laws into effect in an artificial environment. What they don't realize is that this "reality" has already been created many times over again by those who can experience lucid dreaming. When science makes this realization, I'd suggest to look out! It will sever the line between physics and metaphysics. (Actually I think they're already onto this, but it just isn't common public knowledge yet). I believe it will simulate the discovery that occult magicians have been waiting for; the one that fuses science and magic together in a more finalized, recognized way.

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The "Whitaker Principle" is one where Quantum Mechanics takes physical reality and breaks it down into little blocks. Each event or occurrence that happens is a block. If you change one of the blocks, then you change reality. It is like playing chess with reality itself. This has been tested, and surprisingly it works.

What was not mentioned, however, was that this power to change things, or (move the pieces to different squares) is also a common feature of a lucid dream, and it is a subtle power that exists within the waking mind as well. However, it must be tapped. No one can make this power operational without much understanding and concentration. However, feats such as breaking a stack of bricks with the bare hand are actually a result of this kind of focused concentration. It all depends on where the individual (the sorcerer) believes that their own limitations begin. Another more common example is that when you live life naturally and you feel good about who you are, pleasant things happen. When you hate the world and think negative about everything, bad things happen. The reader does not have to take my own word for it. A personal example of this, which is one of many that I have been constantly recording is one I experienced recently. I live in Vegas, so I went to a casino and won \$250 in five minutes, with five dollars. Trust me, this is a very rare event. I knew that it was going to happen because I was so in tune with this theory that I'm talking about, I knew exactly what perspective and approach was necessary for things to go my way.

In conclusion, perhaps with theories like this explored and explained, we may be able to control our worlds better than ever imagined.

The Celestial Dragon

Known as Draco, Draconis, or Alpha Draconis, the constellation that resembles more of a snake-like creature than a dragon has its symbolism expressed in nearly every culture, almost to suggest a universal knowledge embedded within it. In a previous article, I discussed the symbolism of the ouroboros, the serpent eating its own tail. This is the cosmic principle of creation and destruction, or simply duality, whereby all things fall under its wing, like a cycle of life that governs all causes and effects. This is significant for the fact that the ouroboros represents a principle of nature that modern science is discovering now, but apparently the ancient astronomers already had a steady grasp of. Ancient wisdom was intuited, being short of the mechanical devices that are in use today. It is a wonder how intuition could be correct when dealing with astronomical study. I won't attempt to explain why, but rather discuss some of the results that will verify this fact of ancient "science-magic".

Draconis is part of the big dipper, and is probably looked at more often than any other constellation by the casual viewer. The northern star was the star of Set in Egypt. Archeologists have also known for a long time that the Great Pyramid of Egypt is also pointed due north with "unprecedented accuracy". This is the north pole star, or the "morning star" symbolic of Lucifer, as if to suggest that all sacred structures are meant to be facing towards enlightenment. 5,000 years ago this star was different than it is today. The earth's axis pointed towards Alpha Draconis where as now it points to Polaris. It is uniquely visible during all of the seasons, and therefore gives the appearance of transcending the seasons or even time. Shih Huang Ti, of the Ch'in Empire (259-209 b.c.), was said to have "flown to the realm of the immortals" when he died, not coincidentally towards Alpha Draconis, which serves as a gateway to the heavens. In order to ensure his travels to the realm of the immortals, he built a pyramid-like structure that led to an underground imperial tomb. The way in which he did this had an uncanny similarity to the Egyptian ritual, whereby he took certain items of value with him.

The symbolism of the Dragon is still alive today and a cursory investigation into the past will illuminate many of the ancient symbolisms that are used in modern Western society. All 12 of the constellations are repeatedly mentioned through the book of Job and despite being condemned, were a significant study of science for nearly every major civilization in the world. There is also symbolism found simply by observing the stars themselves, such as four-star trapezoid that makes up Draco's head. The trapezoid is a reoccurring theme that has a direct relationship with the mathematics of Pythagoras, whose name means wise serpent. To recall even more ancient times, Babylonian records refer to a "Snail" constellation that matches up with the tail of the Dragon. Some would assert that this is what Babylonians described as the dragon Tiamat, who is being conquered by Marduk, Izhdubar, or Hercules, whose foot is resting upon it as to demonstrate victory as was related in the story of Babylonian/Sumerian creationism.

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The Serpent Mound Another interesting natural wonder regarding Draco is the Serpent Mound of Ohio, that is lined up exactly with the constellation, once again due north. Not only this is extraordinary, but also the fact that there seems to be a druid connection as well. Apparently Stonehenge also lines up with the previously mentioned Hercules constellation, who is resting his foot on the Serpent's head. So the serpent seems to be related to Stonehenge, which was Druid or Celtic, and the serpent was the original godhead of the Celts. Each of the coils on the serpent are practically equidistant from one another. This allows for all of the primary calendar events to be represented by each coil, thereby making the serpent above time, or all-encompassing of time.

What kinds of knowledge did the ancients intend to find by looking at the stars? Certainly the stars were used for divination, yet they also believed that the heavens as well as the material world were governed by geometry and mathematics. The stars were a key to understanding this that would lead to divine wisdom and a better comprehension of the world around and above us. Understanding this today gives science important clues as to our origins and even to forgotten yet important knowledge.

Both the Serpent and Draco are not necessarily just symbols, but something that implies an order of the universe, possibly a mathematical order of the universe, and this is why The Serpent is such a big theme in almost every system of belief. It is referring to something that scientifically exists as an equation of life, or a formula that opens up some answers to the nature of our existence. Mathematics can be demonstrated by using the imagery of the serpent, the one who transcends time. The Dragon is an arcane symbol that is meant to enlighten the seer with the wisdom of the universe. It has been referred to as a "template" of geometry. This makes perfect sense, because the ancients believed that all things can be explained through geometry and mathematics, from physical to celestial to spiritual things. It is interesting that nearly all of the crop circles are perfect geometric masterpieces. One thing that is sort of disturbing about the idea of constellations is that the ancients seemed to have no concept at all of the sky being three dimensional. Every one of the constellations is drawn on a 2 dimensional background. However, once the pieces of geometry and architecture of places like the Serpent Mound or the Great Pyramid are put together, it starts to become obvious that the ancients weren't just aware of other dimensions; but they built the gateways to ascend through them.

The Foundation of Reality and Concepts of Progress

How does anyone know what is true and what isn't? It is common to question certain worldly knowledge and information, but it is not common to question existence and reality itself, as with metaphysics. It is not common to wake up and ask ourselves if we are really here or not, and then to pursue any real skeptical inquiry into this matter. It is assumed that since we can perceive ourselves, and indeed many people around us, that we need no more proof that we are indeed here. It is uncommon to question whether or not reality has as much substance as we think it does, or if it is really as 'real' as we say it is. Yet it is important because many of our moral and ethical decisions are based upon how 'real' we determine reality to be. I believe there is definitely a principle which states that somewhere within our realm of perceived consciousness there must be a common ground that people can agree upon. To what end this principle exists is very much open to debate and I am not about to approach that subject here. (Some people think life is a religious matter, others think that it has no meaning, etc., etc.) Nevertheless, there must be ground that people can agree upon and for that matter quarrel over, but in the end the only ground we stand on is one where our feelings about how real life is, is only one of perception. I may add that the fundamental principle of self-professed psychics is that to make use of labels and decided fact is considered by them to be virtual nonsense. The power to channel the higher laws of nature is often deemed superior by such metaphysicists and psychics. It may conversely be argued that how clearly we define reality is a matter of intelligence, whereby smart people are capable of perceiving a more accurate 'depth' to reality by using those very labels and determinations. I believe that this confirmation and validation of "reality" is definitely an important factor.

However, I also believe that beyond this the universe was created from many other principles that are possibly in other dimensions, which are not so permanent and ever-lasting, but more dream-like. Perhaps these additional principles exist within a reality that not everyone can perceive, and which are absolutely separate from ordinary carnal reality and the five senses. I have personally had lucid dreams where the colors in my dreams were far more outstanding and vivid than any waking reality I've ever seen. (So have most lucid dreamers). How can this be if my sober senses are supposed to perceive the more accurate reality? Is this to suggest that reality is more boring than non-reality? Furthermore, if we can confirm that there are various levels of reality by observing dreams, and observing waking reality, as well as hallucinations and the various realities existing within the minds of each person on the planet, then we must also conclude that there are possibly an infinite number of realities within the universe. This is also summed up in the "First Law of Metaphysics" of Kir-kin-tha, by simply stating "Nothing unreal exists". So where in Satan's name, is the sword of Excalibur, the foundation, and the grounding point of the Satanic Baphomet sigil pointing to, exactly? It is pointing to the one place that has been neglected from discussion. It is pointing to a place that could be said to only exist in one's mind, and I might further suggest a place in one's whole being, by the very nature from which we are born. This would certainly solve many religious debates, (and thus we may better wield the sword) and in my opinion would be quite a liberating revelation. I do not suggest that there is no reality at all. I am suggesting that it

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simply exists where we thought not to place it. Remember, great minds think alike. So do very small ones. Therefore, Excalibur, as we metaphorically refer to it, must be removed from its stone. It must retain its power and wield reality. I should be suspected for tricking the reader into thinking that just because the sword is thrust into the stone, that this means the sword is pointing somewhere. For no, it is merely thrust into a stone and kept stationary until we choose to release it from its stagnate bond within the rock. The rock should have properly been labeled "Logos" for logic. Without this, there can not be that important point of agreement between minds and no foundation upon which we build our worlds. The nice thing to complete this theory is that the foundation is, for our purposes, more or less subservient to our own desires.

A further argument can be made, and this is the centuries-old argument that sustains the Christian and Buddhist (among others) position that material reality must be considered inferior, or even abandoned. I believe that this is the argument for the existence of "heaven" and other spiritual planes that are unachievable if one attaches themselves too steadfastly to the material world and pleasures of the flesh. For it does seem a qualified argument that with excessive emphasis on material reality, one may inadvertently alter their perspective enough to completely ignore the other laws of reality I briefly hinted at earlier. More specifically those laws are the ones that are outside of the sphere of what people agree upon as fact, and where we may meet to form our understanding of the universe. For if we set aside the materialistic and logical facts that we feel to be everlasting and insurmountable, and recognize them as something that is only within our sphere of what is known to the five senses, and our practical intelligence, then are we not dealing with an orphan?

I bring these concepts to the fold because I am simply not satisfied with partial truths. Based on what I have already demonstrated as being our limited way of constructing reality, there is no truth or wisdom which can be complete and all-knowing without further inquiry. I may be bold for suggesting any sort of all-knowingness, if you will, but then again how interesting can reality be if we are not privy to greater secrets which have certainly not been ignored throughout the history of man and his quest for wisdom?

In my opinion, the most rational method of action would be to recognize that the world we live in is the only world, and therefore any knowledge of other dimensions must be applied to the here and now. Awareness of other dimensions and whether or not we should proceed with recognizing those other dimensions is a very complex subject. For the question to ask one's self is whether or not we can learn from those other dimensions, and if that knowledge would be something so significant as to give us more control over the present world, or perhaps our own lives and our personal progress. We should also be aware of whether or not our awareness of those other dimensions would annihilate our need for this world, and if this would have any perceivable value; for knowledge of those other dimensions must also include verification of an afterlife if the present world's annihilation through knowledge is oncoming. With every system of belief based upon spirituality and the rejection of the flesh and/or materialism, there is the dangerous idea that our perceived reality is not important, and that the world of here and now is merely an illusion to go beyond; an illusion that cannot be

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justified in and of itself. Does the world that we are born into not serve any practical purpose in our evolution, other than being just a stepping stone towards 'greater lessons'? Thus it is our task to uncover those of here, now and if there are any, from beyond.

The Four Compass Points, the Celtic Cross and the Christian Cross

Every culture and religion inspired by the divine has set forth a concept of unity. 'Oneness', as it were, has been recognized as the epitome of spiritual achievement and yet it has also been deified by monotheism in such a way that it makes oneness of soul and spirit an impossible goal.

'Oneness' itself has been symbolized by Tiamat (the original primeval mother, who spawned everything else) as well as the Christian God, despite the Holy Trinity being a faction of sorts that fragmented the All-One. Nevertheless, it seems blatantly clear that 'oneness' is an essential aspect of spiritual evolution, perhaps even the end result of complete godhood. In Hermetic tradition in particular, both time and space are treated as primitive constructs for reality; being necessary for the common 3 dimensional world yet inferior to higher dimensions where time and space simply do not exist. In physics, the theory of black holes would amply demonstrate this concept, because a black hole has enough gravitational force to swallow both time and space, in effect “destroying” them both. This causes a “singularity” where essentially all moments in time and all distances are compacted into one present moment, in a finite area. To be inside a black hole would be rather like having 360 degree peripheral vision, and being able to see every moment in time in a single glance, theoretically speaking.

It almost appears to be that Pythagoras did this when he proclaimed that the universe is music, or that creation was the result of a “single note”. Scientists studying black holes have recently discovered that not only do forces in the cosmos have an effect on matter, but they also create sound. The deepest notes in the universe are created by what scientists suspect are black holes.

This effect occurs when matter is accelerated to nearly the speed of light just before entering a black hole. Did Pythagoras glance through the all seeing "eye", and get a glimpse of this himself, without the use of sophisticated technology?

"The presence of the black hole is the great leveler: Regardless of where the fuel came from, and what form it was in, it all ends up the same way, as a hot, turbulent plasma, spiraling in towards the black hole." – Phil Uttley in an interview with Space.com

All things – the same. All matter – the same matter. All moments in time – the same eternal moment. This is what singularity or “oneness” means in physics. Yet the idea goes back to ancient times in the occult mysteries, particularly in one ancient symbol sometimes called the “celtic cross”, or “Odin’s cross”, perhaps even the Merovingian cross.

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The cross is a perfect circle with two lines going through it, splitting the circle in four equal parts. This is the earliest origin of the Christian cross, in fact, and having nothing at all to do with a crucifixion. A simple algebraic expression, $x^2 + y^2 = 1$ represents this cross perfectly. By saying that the square of two line segments measured from the center to the edge of the circle is equal to one, there is the implied statement of four compass points that are operating simultaneously for the benefit of the whole. Thus, Odin's cross is a symbol of fire, earth, air and water operating as one. On a simple algebraic graph of the polynomial $x^2 + y^2 = 1$, the image of a Merovingian cross is the result. If one is unfamiliar with the symbol, it might be interpreted mathematically, and would therefore be a universal symbol of which the meaning could be interpreted cross-culturally. Many symbols are used this way, obviously, as the student of sacred geometry may be aware.

The symbol is also used as a "medicine wheel" in native American tribes, and it holds the same meaning of healing through all the properties of fire, earth, air and water. As all things were "created out of fire", so, too, are all things healed through the properties of the four compass points, which is also something that sounds much like Western alchemy.

The more popular Celtic cross is no more than the Merovingian cross with an extended "y axis", or vertical line. The southern-most sephiroth is known as Malkuth and represents "Kingdom" and this is not-so-coincidentally similar to religion, or perhaps God's kingdom on earth, which is God's religion and church. Therefore, the extended vertical line is used for the purposes of emphasizing the religious nature of the cross.

The Christian cross not so surprisingly denies the esoteric meaning of the cross all together, by removing the circle with the four compass points, and instead asserts the story of a crucifixion through the use of this symbol. It is not, however, anything remarkably original.

The Vampire in Sumeria

If the Undead Gods were here before us, then to go back to the beginning of Vampire history would be to recall a time when the Undead Gods "arrived" here on Earth. How did they get here?

Who were they? In order to go back to the beginning, we can only backstep as far as the first etchings of human history will go. Preceding any earlier than that would obviously leave us at a time when there were no human records kept of anything, and that would make things very difficult. I will simply mention that two of the most significant occurrences before mankind were perhaps the extinction of the dinosaurs, which happened 65 million years ago, and secondly, according to some occult resources, the very first landing of the Annunaki, the race of extraterrestrial beings who were on a quest to save their own planet and their own race, 450,000 years ago. Their quest led them here, to planet Earth.

Getting back to the beginning of our study, however, we arrive at ancient Sumeria, reportedly and arguably the first human civilization. There are accounts of another smaller civilization just before this, but that is not the point of this article.

Two very important documents were written in the time of the Sumerians. The first is the Epic of Creation, or Enuma Elish. Another was the Epic of Gilgamesh.

The first question that I will propose is this: are the Undead Gods being referred to in the teachings of the Temple of the Vampire the same as the Annunaki? I raise this question because I have personally never doubted that this was true, before I even made Vampire Initiate. I always had this idea in mind, and when some friends from a cabal confirmed this for me (this was actually before the word "cabal" came into use, call it what you like) then I knew that I was onto something.

However, it is still going to be necessary to back that up in an article of this type. First of all, let's take a look at Enuma Elish. This is the story of creation, of how the solar system was developed and how the planets came to be. It is not very likely that people who didn't have telescopes, and weren't even around when it all happened are going to be able to tell us the truth. However, somehow the Sumerians devised their own story which turns out to have a few close relationships to what we know about the universe today. First was that including the moon and sun they were aware of the 12 planets, and thus the number twelve has been used for the calendar and for the measure of time in several ways even today. Secondly, scientists have now discovered that the asteroid belt is a collection of pieces from a planet that was destroyed at one point near the 12th planet. This explains the verses in Enuma Elish that speak of a planet (Marduk) that interferes with another (Tiamat) and then Tiamat is destroyed, broken into pieces, etc. However, there are two happenings going on here: one is the story of a war between planets when the solar system was still in creation, before man was ever on the earth. The second is the story of the Annunaki, how they came to Earth, and

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how their mother Tiamat was not happy with their decisions and wanted them destroyed. Then Marduk was made a God of all Gods and ended up slaying Tiamat, reportedly in order to free the remaining Annunaki. However, they needed workers in order to replenish the land and thus the genes of primitive man were altered in such a way as to be suitable for the Annunaki. Thus, the dawn of man or Adam and Eve. Throughout history, these Annunaki have been considered myth, and have been represented by every culture on the Earth. Greek mythology is the most well known example. In Sumeria, however, this tale was the basis for Sumerian religion.

While examining one version of the Enuma Elish, I found an interesting translation where it states: "He is the mightiest in the land, his strength is as mighty as the meteorite(?) of Anu!" Notice how the meteorite has the question mark after it, as if the author knew that that was the right word to use, but it still didn't make sense for some reason. What is the connection between the Annunaki and the planets, our cosmology and the skies? From every tale we hear of the Annunaki, it seems implicitly stated that these were not people who came from Earth. They were Gods, and they were from somewhere else beyond our local skies.

How else can we show the relationship between the Annunaki and the Undead Gods, ancient Sumerian beliefs and Vampirism? An interesting line from the Epic of Gilgamesh is: "Release your clenched arms, expose your sex so he can take in your voluptuousness. Do not be restrained--take his energy!" Don't worry about the context of these lines, that's not important right now. Just look at the last three quoted words. We find that indeed there was a belief in the transference of energy from body to body especially during an intense sexual encounter. This reflects the physical contact method of draining lifeforce in Vampirism. Whether this was a rather common belief or an esoteric belief, that does not matter. For the point is that in today's world, very few people would relate to sex as the "taking of energy". This may demonstrate a point that the ancient people's had similar beliefs to Vampirism, or it may reflect an esoteric belief that was unique to the Annunaki. We don't know this. In the former case, we may be able to show how Vampiric thought evolved out of ancient belief, in the latter case, we may be able to show how this was definitely an occult reference, probably of importance to the priests who likely wrote this story. Either way of looking at it could be a positive argument, which is to trace fragments or whole pieces of Vampiric practice and belief back to ancient times. In the Epic of Gilgamesh, we're told of how Gilgamesh is on his journey to conquer a mountain. (I'm not going to provide all of the details of the story here, it isn't important). While on his journey, in the midst of making a decision and feeling at a loss, he calls upon his Gods to provide him with a dream that will assist him. Two very important things happen to him. One is that when he goes to sleep, there is an enormous and powerful wind that stirs up. You might recall the "coming of the winds" from your readings. Secondly, once he is asleep he wakes suddenly, questioning his friend. He wants to know who touched him, who woke him up. He feels that someone's hand has brushed him. Is this not one of the effects we experience during our communions? Aside from these two obvious points, we can also respect the faith that Gilgamesh had in his dreams. He apparently felt that they were just as real as day, for if not he wouldn't be calling upon them to help make important decisions.

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Gilgamesh, we are told, was one-third man and two-thirds god. (Part-Undead) Lugalbanda, was a whole God, "the divine Lugalbanda," who ruled Uruk for more than a thousand years. His mother was a temple priestess. Priests and priestesses are human in origin, but in ritual situations they take on the aspect of the god or goddess they serve. First of all, how does a man rule for 1000 years? Was he immortal? Secondly, this process of self-deification in ritual sounds a lot like a Vampire ritual.

One may also find from studying the ancient religion of Sumerians, that they were commonly found giving inanimate objects names. Vampires are also told at some point in our initiation that to command objects, we may treat them as if they were living things. (That's the short description, for those who don't know yet). This was not practiced exclusively by priests. It was practiced by even the peasants. If a storm was desired, people would gather and call forth a "God" that represented a storm. They would pray to it and command it, and if fate was on their side, it would come. Sumerians believed that the planets, the stars, the sun and the moon were all Gods. Each God had a name, and could be summoned. Vampire soecers will recognize the significance of this. It is also likely that many more objects other than those in the sky had the names of Gods and were commanded through ritual.

The Sumerians believed in immortality. In fact, they were using the process of mummification long before the Egyptians. If you are unfamiliar with this process, I would seriously suggest looking it up for it is a fascinating advanced technique that still baffles scientists today. However, the point is evident that the Sumerian religion did believe in the astral body, no matter what they called it, perhaps "LIL", and that it can rise above and take form in another world or dimension.

(Which may have been - LA'ATZU)Without this belief, the purpose of mummification would be lost. The Sumerians left behind a text which was comprised of all of the details of this process. In one story, the Goddess Inanna ordered to have the body of Dimuzi, her husband, mummified and put in a shrine called Emash. The meaning of this word EMASH is precisely: Temple of the Serpent. The Serpent, in this case, is clearly the Dragon of ancient times that is still with us today in the teachings of the Temple of the Vampire. They are one and the same. To further prove the point, the Dragon is Tiamat, as depicted in Enuma Elish. As we read in the Vampire Bible, Tiamat is the creator of the Gods. For example, depictions of a Dragon, a winged creature, fighting with Marduk, a winged man, are found in Mesopotamia.

We know that the two have names, from the tale of Tiamat being slain by Marduk in the Epic of Creation, Enuma Elish. Indeed this story does tell us of how Tiamat gave birth to the ancient gods, how she split them apart and gave them different specific purposes, and finally how she rose up against them in anger. Thus, she is the creator of the Gods. The Dragon is still alive and with us.

Conclusion:

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Were there Vampires in Sumer? Who knows. I'm not going to prove it in this article. If not, then there was at least a belief in the Vampire. At some point I should hope to find information about the Sumerian "Akhakaru" which means "Vampire", such as where it came from and what beliefs led to its myth. Some detailed explanation of where this word was derived from might lead us to the next article on the Sumerians. When we get a hold of the lost texts of the priests whom performed their ceremonies in their temples, then we may know what else they were thinking.

Until then, there is little evidence that any Sumerians were specifically practicing Vampire rituals. It is more likely that their beliefs evolved into a more esoteric practice of sorcery later on. Gilgamesh's experiences may be entirely unrelated, or they may be authentic. I cannot confirm or deny this. The texts of the priests are also assumed lost to mankind, making more difficult our task. Perhaps there were no texts with teachings such as those used by the Temple of the Vampire in ancient Sumeria, but by studying the beliefs of the Sumerians, we may be able to find how Vampirism has its roots in the first civilization on earth, and that would still be noteworthy, in my opinion.

Hail Tiamat

Vampire in Egypt, Tales of Thoth

From out of Babylonia and Sumer, the legend lives on. Previously we finished with Tiamat, the Dragon that was alive in Sumer and alive with us today. In tracing this forward in time to Egypt, my findings were even more fascinating. I turned to the 12th dyanasty of Queen Sobeknefru, who is mentioned as the one who formally established the Dragon Court, or Order of the Dragon around 2170 B.C.. This order was meant to explore the scientific teachings of Thoth, which prevailed in the second dynasty of King Raneb. Therefore, I was thrown into a whirlwind, and in my effort to trace a more recent time than Sumer, I find myself with information sending me back before Sumer, as supposedly the teachings of Thoth are much older than mankind itself. In addition, I had the time period between the 7th and 13th dynasties to reckon with- quite a gap.

Interestingly, I came across information about the Emerald Tablets, which is the testimony and teachings of Thoth, reportedly found on tablets which cannot be destroyed. They are an alchemical material which does not follow the normal laws of disintegration or age. Nonetheless, the most important fact is that these teachings seemed to have everything to do with our teachings of Vampirism. Within this text are references to the magic of astral travel, to feeding upon Lifeforce, and to the deceptive nature of time and space. It makes direct reference to the Undead Gods, and gives the formula for leaving the flesh and being freed from the bonds of the flesh. It is a set of instructions on attaining immortality.

Another very necessary point to make about this text is that Thoth, keeper of the records of man's history, constantly refers to his path as the path of the Light. Now this could easily be misunderstood by one who does not know how to read. With further insight it becomes apparent that Thoth is not speaking of daylight, or the light from the sun, or any other "holy" light which is best known in religions of the right hand path. Instead, this "Light" that Thoth refers to is obviously pure illumination from within, a personal enlightenment. In fact, a "flame" that burns within. The wisdom that he teaches IS the Light which is being referred to here. In other words, the path of Light is awareness, and enlightenment of the spirit within. 'Darkness' in this text is simply the path of normal waking, or the acceptance of life as a totally mundane experience, with no spiritual value. To be left in darkness is to never seek any greater understanding of life other than what you can immediately see, hear, smell, feel and taste. This would be the equivalent of living blindly, thus, in darkness. At the same time Thoth is NOT preaching the word of Christianity or similar, and to interpret this text that way would surely be a corruption of the original. In fact, this text, if misinterpreted on purpose, seems to be the basis for Christianity, complete with a descriptive imagery of "heaven" and "hell", but like I say that is only when you purposely make it out to be something that it is not. Perhaps that is why the keepers of this knowledge established a Pharaonic institution and not an egalitarian one meant for the whole world to see. There are references to the words of the Bible, but in the Bible the words are clouded over, and the actual wisdom of Thoth is totally lost to the Bible. Technically, yes, the Bible does have the words in it. However, a literal reading of the Bible and total practice of its teachings will not lead you to the path of

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Light, which is the path of Thoth. Therefore, despite any similarity I would persuade you not to consider the Bible as a resource. Finally on the subject of Thoth, it is said that he was later incarnated into Hermes. Hermopolis was the cult center of Thoth's teachings. This is important for further reference or research.

Further research will show references from the Emerald Tablets which describe how the Pyramids of Giza are the gateway to the other dimensions or the world beyond, being that the peak of the pyramid is of utmost importance, as this is where all mind soul and spirit come together and are able to extend beyond the reaches of physical existence. Not too unlike what we learn in our teachings as well.

We are also told of "the dweller", an interesting allusion to the Dragon, the Dragon within, as he dwells within each of us. Many more Vampire references are made throughout this entire text. It should be studied and read over and over again. I myself was amazed at how each reading revealed different wisdom, knowledge and power that I hadn't noticed the first time. Some of this text actually makes reference to things that should not be spoken of to others, and it is very, very sensitive. If you do read this text, I would make it a point to yourself not to speak openly about it with the profane. In posting this information about the texts, I trust that those who seek it will have made their oath to the Temple and will know the value of silence. There's not much you can do about the fact that this text is already posted on the internet. By my referencing it no harm is done, but my own posting of it and then sharing it with the profane certainly would be a mistake.

Thoth warns of his curse, which shall fall upon those who betray his word.

So there you have it. That's really all I'm going to say about Egypt right now, therefore this is a short article. My conclusion is that if these sources are authentic, then Thoth could very well be the first of the line of Vampires to ever document the magic of vampirism, the only exception being the original Undead Gods themselves, of which Thoth later became. He offers the knowledge that you and I have this same potential. Isn't that what the Temple tells us, by saying, "the choice is yours"? In this way Thoth can be considered a father to us all.

Hail Tiamat

Secrets of the Knights Templar

As the ancient knowledge continued to be buried in secrecy, it was handed down to numerous groups, and one of those was the Knights Templar. A most evil hypocrisy was directing the Church at the time, for when near bankruptcy prevailed, the secret wisdom that was kept by the Templars was suddenly used as evidence against them. Prior to the near financial collapse of the Church, the secret knowledge of the Templars received little scrutiny. The Pope knew the power that the Templars held, and therefore any implied mysteries were guarded for the selfishness of the Church. However, such knowledge could also be used as a charge against the Templars, and that is exactly what happened, while the Church pretended that it never knew the wiser.

Templar knowledge was a threat to all other lesser societies. Just as the Egyptian knowledge was kept hidden and relegated to heathenism, the Templar knowledge was of the same descent, and therefore as the Church pretended that this information was abolished and evil, it was taken as sensitive material used to create or destroy. The Templar society was able to exploit their power which was derivative of the ancient knowledge, and this was attractive so long as it benefitted the Church. Afterall, they were the Church's military allies. Nonetheless, they were just as expendable as any other "secret society" when times of trouble for the Church began.

Scholars are in debate as to whether or not the Templars really did participate in devil-worshipping sex rituals and other so called 'satanic' activities. I believe that the truthful explanation is not the affirmative or the negative, but somewhere in between. What has the Church done with any sacred knowledge when it wants to exploit its own mission? It exaggerates.

The underworld of the ancients, where the deep ones dreamed immortal dreams and kept the dark secrets of the Earth - became "hell" in Christianity. No more a place that implied a dark wisdom, or another aspect of mankind that held value, the underworld simply became a burning inferno where souls met with a terrible fate of eternal pain and suffering. The idea of "sin" was born out of a mere expression of caution. Whereas the ancients would have simply been cautious about their animal desires, (taking responsibility for their own actions) the Church turned animal desire into a terrible evil deed that should be suppressed, and uprooted from the very soul of man, ripped out and never spoken of again. They taught us that man was born wicked and evil, and the only way to salvation was abstinence, restraint, and suppression of emotions and instinct. The ancients, or the Babylonians and Sumerians for example, would have simply seen man's natural state out-of-the-womb as a beginning to a lifelong journey of attaining higher spirituality and personal progress. Born into "sin" simply meant that you don't know everything from day one - you have to learn it. (The fact that Christianity is a subjective modification, and even a perversion of earlier pagan religions is definitely implied here. There is nothing entirely original about the Christian religion in their mythos or their practices). This tendency towards exaggeration is what leads one to the

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conclusion that the Knights Templar may have very well been the keepers of occult secrets and wisdom, while at the same time, they may not have been dancing around naked in lustful orgies kissing the ass of a demon. It is likely that they knew the meaning of the Baphomet, and that they kept this symbol in high regard, albeit secretly. However, the idea that they worshipped the Christian devil by performing heinous crimes of debauchery is nothing more than a fabrication devised by the Pope, who later had them destroyed.

It is said that many of the monuments around the world such as Stonehenge and the Mayan temples were navigating points for the ancients. For at a time long ago, people from the east travelled upon sea to erect their own temples, which could be used as maps, just as the stars helped navigate their journeys. They placed their mark on many very important territories across the globe. How else could astronomy and astrology be so well intertwined in the ancient religions of many far apart lands? The ancients taught the ways of the Annunaki to many civilizations, not just their own. The Templars seemed to exhibit quite a bit of this knowledge. They, too, looked to the stars for much wisdom and inspiration, for this was the basis of their geometry, which was nothing new in the coveted, heathen world. Great mathematicians such as Pythagoras also taught this knowledge to his colleagues. Is there any mystery to the fact that Templarism later became a part of the Freemason structure?

Those who are practicing Masons today will tell you that Templarism definitely is alive and well in today's world. How else can we understand the tradition of the ancient knowledge? It is also interesting that the Knights Templar are shown with the German cross which is the same cross used by the Order of the Dragon, discussed in another article. Is it any coincidence that the Order of the Dragon seems to practice many of the same objectives as the Knights Templar and the Freemasons, and furthermore, how did it come to be that the Order of the Dragon is made up of a royal bloodline? Does it not seem appropriate that Templars, royal descendants, who did escape the inquisition should maintain their legacy? We may also note that it was less than a hundred years between the time that the Knights Templar were supposedly destroyed, and the time that the Order of the Dragon was established. This is approximately one lifetime of an average man. (94 years, a long life admittedly). Perhaps this is part of the mystery of Henry Sinclair, the leader of the Templar society, who supposedly buried the knowledge of the Holy Grail deep in the wilderness in order for it to be preserved for a future date when man would be better equipped to handle the esotericism of the Templars.

Hopefully this article has demonstrated in some way how we can at least hypothesize, if not determine for sure, that the Knights Templar were the keepers of the lost wisdom of the ancients, i.e., the Annunaki. Previous articles on this website explain the connection in greater detail.

Obviously a detailed history of facts surrounding the Knights Templar is not intended here, but rather just to further expatiate the purpose of the Alla Xul Studios mission.

Order of the Dragon

This article has to do with research that I have done regarding the Order of the Dragon. The Order still exists today, also known by the name of the Imperial and Royal Dragon Court and Order, however this is a closed organization and not affiliated with myself or anyone else I know. This is what led to learning the teachings of Thoth, for the organization is meant to be a foundation of these priestly pursuits which date back to Egypt, 2170 B.C., during the reign of Sobeknefru and before. In this article I'll be focusing on the modern day Order of the Dragon, as well as the purpose the order served in the times of Vlad Tepes, (tsep-ish) and his son Vlad III, who was Vlad the Impaler, or Dracula, in the later 15th century.

Vlad II Dracul was inducted into the Order of the Dragon by the Holy Roman Emperor Sigismund of Luxembourg in 1431. The Order of the Dragon was a knightly cabal dedicated to fighting the Turk. Its emblem was a dragon hanging on a cross, the type of cross, centuries later adapted by the Third Reich of Germany. Incidentally, the Third Reich's occult activities were dominated by the Hermetic teachings of old, Hermes Trimegestus being the supposed reincarnation of Thoth.

The dragon was the symbol of the devil and consequently an alternate meaning of 'drac' was dragon. Vlad II wore the emblem of the order from 1431 onward after swearing his oath, as he was not allowed to remove it until death. Currency of that time also had the dragon symbol on it.

If we were to translate Dracul to English it would be 'the Dragon' and therefore, Dracul's son, Dracula, means 'the Son of the Dragon' or 'Son of the Devil'. Ironically, the symbol on his neck supposedly represented the triumph of Christianity over the forces of evil. We'll explain that in a little bit.

The Turks ruled the Ottoman Empire, and in due justice the Turkish name is actually Osmanli after the leader of the time, Osman. There were rather tyrannical laws governing the Ottoman Empire, such as high taxes and the taking of one child from every family of five so that they could serve as bodyguards for the Sultans. Of course, systems with similar demands are omniscient, including mandatory registration with the military in the USA. As for females, girls were sometimes made harlots for the Sultan, and perhaps this is where the Dragon order of today gets its creed to protect women. Regardless, Vlad Dracula had sought to conquer the Turks in the name of liberty for his people. He was sworn to other objectives as well including: protection of the German king and his family, defense of the empire, shielding of widows and orphans, and mourning for the deceased members of the society. Apparently the secrecy of the order was meant to protect the ultimate objective which was the domination of Europe. In the order today, the main objectives as quoted from their own web page are: 1. Protection of the Earth 2. Upholding of Peace 3. Support of the Downtrodden 4. Defence of the Feminine 5. Pursuit of Knowledge. These are known as the Five Holy Obligations. (For those who get a pointy nose at the word 'Holy' we'll see soon that this by no means represents

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Christian holiness.) These five goals sound similar to the goals mentioned prior. Granted these seem quite convoluted if they are to have anything to do with the teachings of Thoth, and especially the Temple of the Vampire. It must be considered that it is unlikely that religion outweighed political tactics in the original days during the Turkish invasion. It seems evident to me, even though it has not been stated so bluntly, that Vlad Dracula had his own agenda at all times no matter who he made allegiance with in order to keep himself in power. Are these "Holy Objectives" just a manipulative tactic to win the approval of the masses? I would affirm this only because we have seen this strategy used throughout the world's political history. Plus we are aware of the ultimate methods of Hekal Tiamat to oversee human civilization as an 'experiment'. The real question is in the integrity of the Holy Roman Emperor, since he was the one to re-establish the order. Would he deceptively open an order that was for the public a fraternity for Christ, while being an occult order of great secrecy at the same time? It was reported that there was no question over the religious practices of the Church at this time even though there were a few political differences. (This may be an understatement, for the latter became 'The Great Schism'). It was Sigismund, the Holy Roman Emperor, who sought to end this political debate. Yet just because there are no questions being asked does not mean that this was an exclusively Catholic political power. In order to be the Holy Roman Emperor, one was not necessarily required to be Catholic. Protestant was allowed, and frankly examining its roots could mean anything. Therefore, influences outside of the Catholic fate were not criminal and may have been employed. One source reports that Sigismund definitely did have occult beliefs, and was loyal to them. Interestingly, he allowed the Church to maintain their own Catholic politics and control the masses, or the average populace with Christendom. Apparently Sigismund did not feel that the common man needed occult beliefs, and therefore it wasn't important to provide peasant witches or warlocks with legal protection. Shortly after this, the Inquisition came, and at the same time the Order of the Dragon was established, or shall I say 'resurrected' from its egyptian ancestry. The pieces fall together how the masses were meant to be controlled by some sort of prophecy-shared foretelling of control.

The survival of the original liberty-based dogma may not have died out altogether, however. For when the pilgrims colonized in North America out of rebellion towards their tyrannically king and his unrealistic taxes, the doctrine of liberty once more was unleashed. Other statements of the modern Dragon Order reflect the same type of non-biased, liberty defending principles that went into our own Consitution of the United States of America. For example, "... in this tradition of weighing governmental and religious balances that The Imperial and Royal Dragon Court and Order persists today. It provides a fraternal rallying standard for those of all creeds and cultures who are dedicated to preserving the rights and values of others." In other words, there is no discrimination towards one religion or the other, so long as you are prepared to defend the freedom for each to set their own course in life, then you have understanding. In masonry, this principle is a constant. It also fundamentally states that any religious thought which goes into government cannot be biased.

Such was meant as the foundation for the United States, therefore any claims that the country was founded on Christianity and ideas to put the "faith-based principles" of Christianity into

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our government leadership are not an accurate application of the tenants of the Constitution. (Who's running this show, anyway?) Could the founders of the United States have been the descendant rebels of the Dragon Order, who saw fault in giving power to the Catholic church, finally breaking apart from the Church in order to found another independent country in the name of personal freedom? Were those who drafted the Declaration of Independence on a mission in favor of the original tenants of the Dragon Order?

Time changes things. Throughout history we've seen leaders and kings rise and fall. Sometimes they would make allies that later became enemies, and had to be fought against. Let me go back to an earlier statement, which showed the similarities between modern day Masonry and the Dragon Order. We know that the Masons, or Freemasons, had established themselves in America prior to the constitution being written, for they were the very persons drafting it! This was meant to be a secret order of eclectic persons who were plotting a political rebellion against the rule of Europe. Issues of this nature had to be kept secret, since it was of a sensitive nature. Surely there may have been rumours, however, those who really sought to make their dreams of personal liberty come to life, these people knew that sharing any realistic objectives with the public would be a mistake. There was a need for timing and focus. At a time such as this, the Masons were gathered. One nation under the Dragon, indivisible, with liberty and justice for predator and prey.

Hail Tiamat

The Worst Conspiracy

(This article has been slightly edited 06.14.03. This article is not referring to what some people consider a "Christian conspiracy" to control the masses and suppress powers that would lead to the Church's undoing. It is regarding a fictitious conspiracy that incorrectly involves those who have been and continue to be in positions of power, and have furthermore incorrectly been affiliated with the second-rate leadership that has replaced the true sovereignty. It is in defense of the generations that were driven out of their own countries and removed from the noble class at the hands of a jealous and tyrannical monarchy. I will argue here that those who are sometimes called the "Illuminati", the original bloodline that has maintained power through various dynasties, are not to blame for the idiocy of the modern and Christian mental manipulation warfare.) Conspiracy is generally thought of as a select group of bullies who have entirely too much power and wish to control everyone's freedoms and civil rights. There are many different conspiracy theories, but this is what they all amount to in the end. Authors like David Icke and others are vainly attempting to free people's minds and liberate them from the clutches of the world-wide conspiracy everyone is supposedly the victim of. Every secret society is accused of conspiracy by someone out there that thinks they've got the ticket to humanity's salvation. Everyone from schizophrenics to sports commentators are getting in on the game of conspiracy. Where this conquest is short-sighted is in the fact that "free people" chose their own slavery.

I am in opposition to conspiracy. I honor truth. If I alone should be the only one to know truth, then so be it. Yet I do honor that truth.

There is, in my opinion, however, a conspiracy that is very real and does indeed exist. It is the conspiracy of stupid people who resent the fact that someone else got to the top first. It is the conspiracy of losers who accuse governments and religious leaders of being wrong without an idea of what is involved or how the world arrived at its current state. It also shows up in the jealous behavior of those who want to govern, but aren't meant for it. Inevitably an entirely different story is made up and fabricated instead of simply investigating the non-fiction. The truth has always been there, accessible to anyone, and the fact that there are so many ignorant people running around only proves how little they want to know.

The idea of a conspiracy of the upper class against the lower class is a fraudulent lie. This is nothing more than a natural law of survival of the fittest; and furthermore it is of the discretion of those who have power to decide what to do with it. Not only that, but conspiracy advocates have made up stories, that, if they were true, would also apply to my own ancestry, and there are no stupid shape-shifting lizards in control of the world's population. There are leaders who have been loved by many throughout all time, who have shared and nurtured this world even when the only obedience they received was from disloyal and crooked thieves; the pretenders to the throne. If anyone in the same lineage should have a "different gene" then it is likely to be the one that makes one honest with his or her self.

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By the same token, imagine if we suddenly put in charge all the people who really don't have a solid concept of history and the kinds of turbulence that has to be endured to create kingdoms and empires. Imagine if every unenlightened person who swears up and down about the existence of "one true God" could suddenly be standing at the altar preaching to us, while knowing nothing about the actual historical symbolisms and traditions that brought about religion in the first place.

He holds up his chalice and sees something that it is not. I can tell you what it would be like. It would be horror. Horror from here on out, until the end of the world which would undoubtedly occur since every one of these flakes believes that an Armageddon is coming to wipe out the human race. Hence, the world today. (This isn't too unlike what has already been foreseen, and published in sensationalist journals everywhere we go).

If you were meant to know what this world is really about, then you will find yourself in good company. If you were not meant to know, then the simple fact that the world is the way it is will continue to torment you and disturb you to ever-increasing levels.

For who's benefit? For my benefit, and for the good of the whole world, if only natural law were a more prevalent thing in people's minds today. Yet how quick those who are in theological and scientific denial are to accuse intelligent people of being "deceivers". If people want to make an "Illuminati" of evil devil-worshippers out of those who we can really learn something from, then so be it. I will continue to learn something from those who intentionally reach out to us, in metaphoric and literal ways, who showed and still show us a path meant only for the few. Their "secrets" are our right to discover. They are our inheritance, not our enemy. Therefore I will do my best to not be biased, but will recognize the positive and negative aspects of history, in order to formulate a responsible, as well as a more mature opinion of my own.

*****Dedicated to the lost family of Hugh the Grande*****

Through My Eyes

Through my eyes, I see an animal that has been in a constant state for thousands of years. Self-deceived. Fanciful. Ignorant. Stupid. I see a world as shallow as a wading pool, in comparison to the vast oceans. I see a breed that has refused to correct its own errors after centuries of promises and hope. I see a machine that will eventually overpower and destroy them, while a little wizard works from behind the curtain.

I see a world transforming by the power of those minds who've been one step ahead the entire time, from the beginning of civilization to the current day. I see a leadership that has capitalized on the reality of mind-enslavement and manipulation of what is and what isn't. I see a Family that is desperate to know, and yet always grasping but never holding. We can wait for any who are so chosen, but for the masses, the hour glass has long since run out. I see a lonely soul who thinks that the big machine over his head was created in order to destroy him, to take away his liberties and rob him of his freedom. I see a lonely soul that I know will eventually look to the cities of old, the legends of history and will walk in the path that his nature cannot refuse to him.

For the big machine does not fight him, except for in his own mind. He is simply confused between what is real and what is not, and what is him and what is not him. His experience deceives him.

If the lonely soul looks down at his finger tips, he will see that he has the imprint of the same Lourdes who made that machine on his own hands. If he looks back into the dark recess of his mind he will find a memory of the days before the machine was built, and he will return to his Atlantean self...he will earn his "webbed feet" and escape the desert heat.

When he realizes that he is not such a lonely soul, but a lost one, then all of his frustrations as the wayward warrior will cease. He will not fight the machine, but will appreciate it. He will understand the mechanics of the steel, and will see that this machine is the product of thousands of years of experience, trial and error. It has a very specific and rational purpose. He will no longer sit and watch the Family build empires, but will start a little empire of his own.

He will realize that his Family has been calling him home for a long time, and that in Our Family, we do not condemn and deceive and betray like the families of the masses...here, you only ask and you receive.

To rule is to hold the reigns and ride the worm. No matter what name the worm has, it has always been the same beast...the same machine. So ride.

Forget the little people. Forget your sympathy for them. Forget their stupidity and their inability to be anything more than primitive seekers of hope. You cannot change them. We

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don't try. You cannot teach them. They can only be ruled. They require lies. So grant them a glass of wine and a stale piece of bread.

Share in the joy of the Family. Know your place, and be aware of the transitions that are meant to come, along with the little harvests and the large. When the Lourdes meet, you will know them and you will sit at the Round Table once again, to construct the next application of the Truth of the Lie amongst the Lourdes and the Masters of Men.

In Vita Aeternus.

Who Is A Predator?

The word "predator" stimulates the fears of people who sympathize with humanitarian morals. It is usually because of a misconception that self-proclaimed but unworthy "predators" often perpetuate. The common assumption is that a predator is one whose time is consumed with finding and cornering prey. Many Hollywood portrayals of the predator have force-fed this stereotype. At least two Arnold Schwarzenegger films serve as good examples, such as the appropriately titled Predator and also The Terminator. Conan the Barbarian, on the other hand, while showing many of the stereotypical predator-like qualities, did at least cast Schwarzenegger as a man capable of rational judgment, and so was his struggle based on this judgment in order to defeat the selfish tyranny of Thulsa Doom. (Played by James Earl Jones). Ironically, Thulsa Doom was a shapeshifting serpent/snake, which, historically speaking, is the archetype for a freedom-loving tribal people that thrived before Christianity, who had nothing to do with merciless tyranny. Democracy in its most orthodox form is a direct creation of those who aligned themselves religiously with non-hierarchical and ancient systems of government. At the same time, Democracy is completely based on predator vs. prey stratification. It rewards the competent and gives little to no reward to the stupid; but the meaning of stupid is broad-based. I'll give an example in this article.

There are some obviously deranged concepts of predatory behavior going around, to say the least.

Yet if we remove ourselves from those Hollywood-cast definitions and stick with real people, then we can at least filter out the ideas that are entirely impossible, even for someone with a lot of imagination. (Robots programmed to kill by the government, rabid dogs that escaped from a lab, etc.) In reality, however, many people still understand predator behavior in a light that isn't too much different from an ugly beast that has no other instinct or purpose than to hunt and kill. Let us redeem ourselves from such lowly premises. The only reason someone would passionately insist on their ability to overwhelm their prey is because of the usual "empty shell" personality. It is self-granted meaningfulness.

Predator-like actions on a regular basis are suspect to illustrating how a person who has no power will aim to find power, somewhere out there in the world. This is a shallow effort on all levels.

Any success is bound to be destroyed by the very fact that the misunderstood predator had no real power to begin with. This is commonly coupled with the effort to "improve one's self" and to struggle up the social ladder. The food chain is an aspect of nature. Survival of the fittest is also a natural law. Yet it is easy to take these facts and assume that they apply to every social function and all other aspects of life. Social demands for disrespect are numerous: "buy a bigger car", "have sex with more women", "show no respect for other people", "drive like a complete jerk", etc., etc. Unfortunately, this is overlooked by quite a lot

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of those who've witnessed and been awestruck by real power. The demands of the noble are: "respect yourself", "be what you are", "don't conform", etc.

The idea of "power", for a true predator, is internal power. It is kin to powerful thinking or powerful ideas, and not at all to be interpreted as power that one can wield over others, or by force. A powerful person does not need to learn how to influence friends or win people over. A powerful person acts upon their natural instincts, and if they have a point to make that is good enough to be respected, then they will make it. It is a result of having wisdom. You don't get wise by defeating enemies, or rendering everyone else insignificant. If an enemy crosses you, and you can direct them out of your life, this is because you already had the power to do so, not because you are becoming more powerful. Wisdom is not the result; it is the cause. The opposite conclusion would be a fault of the ego that tricks the mind into thinking that some other force, "Satan" perhaps, is responsible, and henceforth "divine proof" has been shown. It is like giving yourself a medal when you did nothing to deserve it. Titles and certifications in and of themselves are meaningless. When a person makes an effort of courage to save someone's life, he may earn a Purple Heart; a big impressive award. This is garbage only garbage because foolish people see more value in the useless little piece of metal than they do in receiving a pat on the back and a hearty, thank you. They forget the original. It makes for disposable awards, and disposable people.

Some clumsy people think that they can go from being a nobody to a somebody just because they've accomplished a few things in life. When asked, "what has your view on life done for you lately?" they immediately point out their new house, new car, new boat, blah, blah, blah. Guess what? These aren't "accomplishments". They are just consequences of simply living life. Tony Robbins awards people who lose weight and earn a million dollars. That's his own clumsy mistake. Robbins is rewarding people for simply living life in a way that makes them happy. It demonstrates how sick this world is. For this, I find Robbins to be no more authentic than a psychic healer on a cheap prime time television show.

This error brings out the real personality of someone who sees other people living well, who expects to do the same if they adopt a similar dogma. It is a mistake to think that without having any real power, one can grasp an esoteric credo or philosophy, and their lives will immediately improve. The fact is that any truly powerful dogma is justified only in its correct interpretation of what it means to live life. There is no "source", such as a bible, that one must use to keep in check. The source is the self, which is fortunately or unfortunately something we are all stuck with.

I wouldn't disagree with anyone who claimed that a "self-help philosophy" has in some way or another been a beneficial supplement to their lives, and has consequently empowered them.

However, for those who see the power in self-help books as something to acquire, or acquire "more" of, there becomes an itch that often does not go away. This "itch" is the one that a person who is constantly seeking power usually exhibits. It is the pretentious desire to climb

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the social ladder and to always assume the predatory role; as if just relaxing and doing your thing is too much of a struggle.

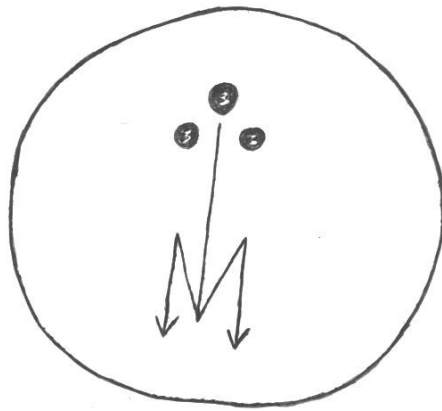
A shark is one of the sea creatures commonly associated with predatory behavior. Although tons of information has been released to illustrate contrary facts about these ancient animals, it seems that many people are still confused about them. For instance, many sharks are constantly in motion, merely for the fact that they cannot breathe without moving. Their constant movement is not solely for the purpose of seeking food. They move because that is the necessary function for survival. An analogy can be made of the human that is constantly pursuing various projects and leisure because this is what leads to his or her own personal happiness. At the same time, it could be said that such a person is only acting upon their own ego, in order to show how "powerful" they can be. The two concepts have an enormous line between them, though appearing very similar. One is natural, the other is simply moronic. Thus, a real predator is hardly high pressure society's chump. He is hardly the desperate pursuant of material accomplishment with a quest to feed his ego. The real predator already has an ego.

Thus, the actions of the ego are merely consequence. I personally couldn't care whether anyone considers me successful or not. I'm doing what I want to do with my life. A person with a healthy ego can be courteous and adaptable, since he is secure in his actions and knows that no amount of oppositional strain can harm him; and if it does, he probably deserves it! Yet still, those who seek power without having power will condemn themselves to frustration and aggravation whenever having to face the slightest inconvenience. It is most discouraging to see misanthropy stem from a hatred towards everyone who refuses to reward lack of competence. Perhaps instead of overwhelming the "enemy", they could just do something worthy of recognition.



Chronon Manifesting

TEMPLE OF BLOOD



For E.L. Karmaz Veltov: Analysis of runic symbolizing in L.M. Top sign!

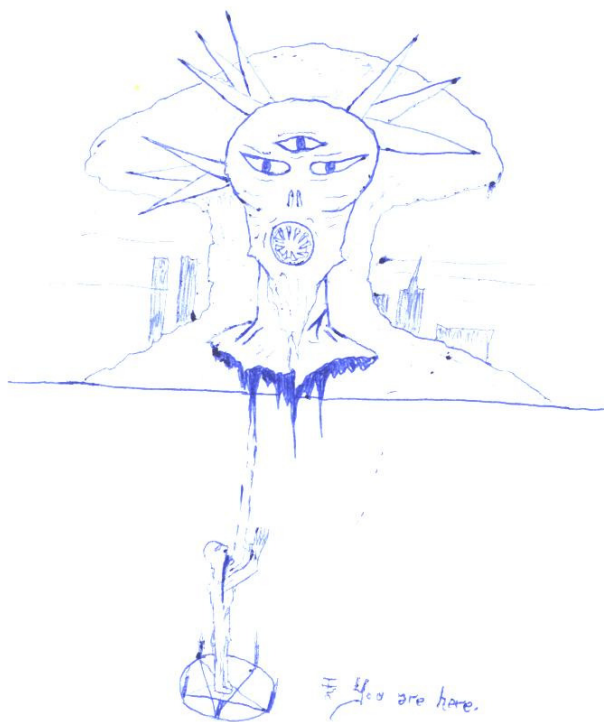
↓↓↓ - three inverted 'fyr' runes (rightside up is 'f') signifies lawlessness - destruction and anti-justice. Blasphemy to Tyr - the old god of justice, law and order.

||| - three 'isa' runes - the 'ice' rune which represents NIFLHEIMR - the land of darkness, cold, mist and fog. 'Monomaniacal' singular-focused Will.

↓↓↓↓↓ - six inverted 'boaz' runes (rightside up is 'b') - the power/plenent of water. Inverted signifies the chaotic, evil aspects of water. Organic growth gone askew - the creation of abominations.

CHRONOZON:

? An illustrated guide for the curious ?



Hullo! I hope you
don't find my clothing
and mustachio style too
disturbing! I will be
your ~~SINISTER~~
narrator during the
reading of this
nifty pamphlet!



the
My blood makes
planet spin
reverse orbit!



I am 333! IF you multiply me
by 2 I become 666 ~
Now as we all know 666
is the number of a man -
THE BEAST!! 666 is Exoteric!
the total manifestation of
an ACHUSAL principle in
CAUSAL form! Thus, if 666
is embodied MANIFEST
DESTINY - I am the
Barbaric CHAOS from which
666 springs!



My fast
blood
makes
wittle
humans
CRAZY!

YUM
YUM
YUM
YUM
YUM!



Mommy told me NEVER to go there!!!

In the "tree of life" there is a
RENT or FORTAL called "DAATH".
DAATH is the gateway to the
abyss! INSIDE the Abyss is
QLIPHOTH! ← oh No!!

Now, inside the ABYSS things don't make much rational sense! Why, people
who are in the abyss sometimes do things like masturbate while watching
videos of bloated, rotting cadavers being clinically dissected... 'they' sometimes
do this for HOURS... watching the same disgusting corpse being mutilated
OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND
OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND
OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND
AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER
OVER AGAIN! (sometimes climaxing 8, 9, 10 times
in less than three hours!) Why, really little neonates,
the Abyss is REALLY HIDEOUS!

I JUST think ANYONE would ever want to
fall into the ABYSS! Hehehe... but silly-billy
Magicknazi's try to go there on purpose!
And MANY MANY MANY innocent civilians
often just fall in by accident!!

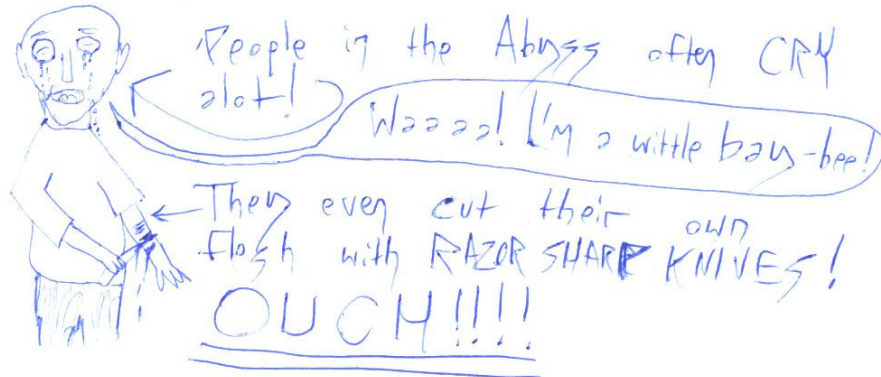
hard to believe, right?

Tehetehete HAHAYAYAAA!

☿ ☿ ☿ 393 | Love



Ahhh... SPLENDID! My sinister machinations
at work! Hahaha...



People in the abyss, hahahaha, sometimes
forget to stop whatever activity
it is that they may be doing!
ie:



P.S. Let's hope a stupid - pathetic -
 genetically INFERIOR itsy-bitsy-teeny-weeny
 shit-stained primate HUMAN PSYCHIATRIST doesn't
 get ahold of this! An animal like THAT might
 find this page a wee bit disturbing!

If I can DO get a hold of this LOVELY
LETTER ... that's OKEY-DOKEY! Because
 Mr. Czar has implanted this letter with

ANTI
HUMAN
PROMPTS

that will
 act as
 destructive
 time release
parasites!
 to DRAIN
 them of blood
 essence and put
 it right back
 where it belongs...
 in the mouth of a
HUNGRY VAMPIRE!



CZAR AZAG-KALA
 SELF-PORTRAIT JULY 22nd 11Myf



↳ this meal is
 DEEE-LICIOUS!

So... can you understand by now
that the Abyss is a nasty
place to be? Hehehe... I laugh about
it because I know it's really no laughing
matter! RAATHY is the gate which leads to
the Abyss... once in the Abyss you
have to deal with the QLIPTHY...
QLIPTHY is psychic vomit -
all the bad shit stored in one place
where it FESTERS and FERMENTS
and becomes even WORSE...

Now... For the

BIG

ANNOUNCEMENT!



CHRONOZON

is

The Abyss
personified!

Yes, it's (really)
the Abyss embodied

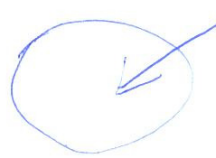
in a tangible

ARCHETYPE!

And wut duz he do?

He is like the CARETAKER of the Abyss...

He goes around preserving the DARK
in REALLY DISTURBING WAYS and
PUKES on everything and everyone!



shit hole
earth
planet

psychic vomit is worse
than the nastiest biological weapon!

Well... hahaha...
has that helped?

I KNEW IT MAS!

The only good literary Fiction
example of CHRONOZON can be
found in the book "IT" by
Stephen King... I could say
more but I will leave that
to Narduk who will write you
tomorrow with a more scholarly,
some explanation... Dear Arag-Kob received
all the MSS, and the letter from Mrs. Voltone's
(yes! yes! PLEASE for the TeB!) and will
write VERY SOON! Don't do anything
Chronozon wouldn't do!

P.S. Chronozon and those he
possesses are literally

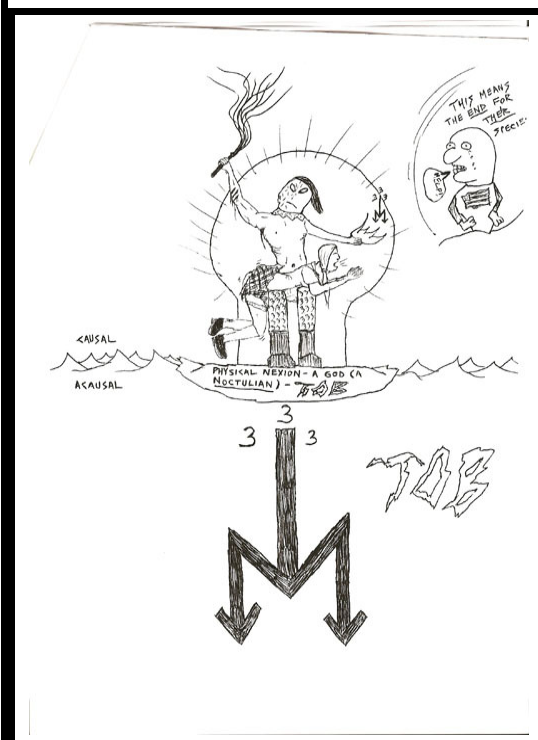
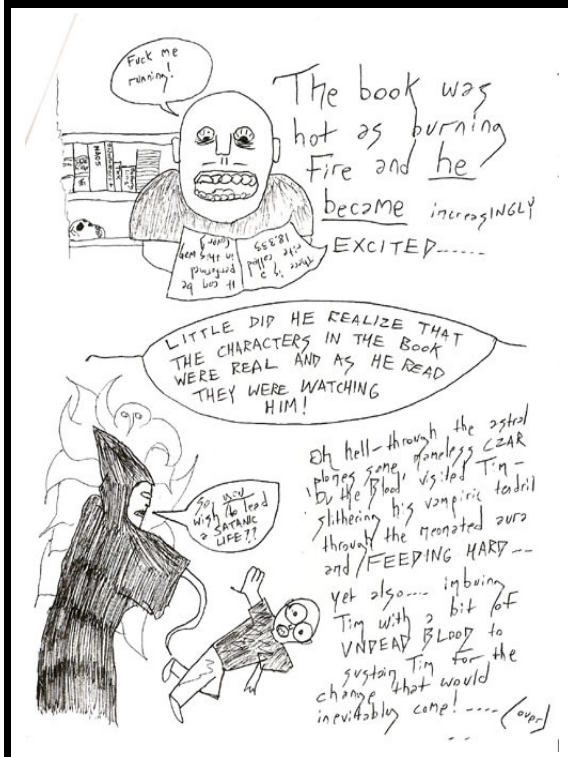
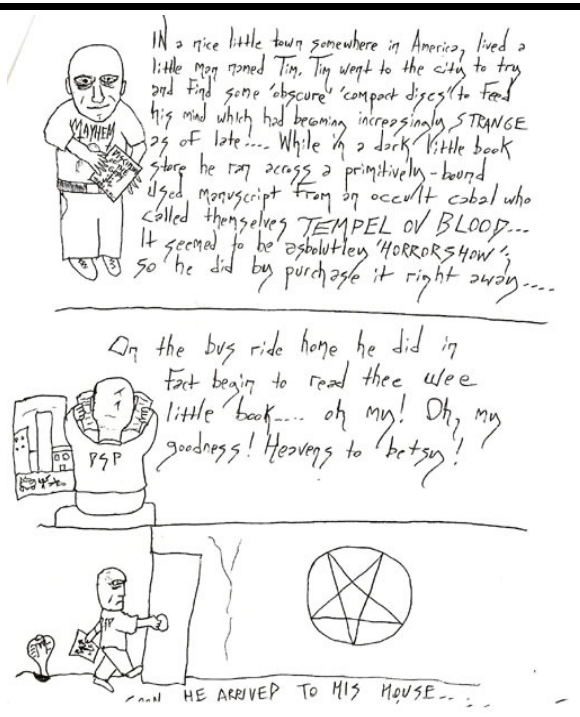
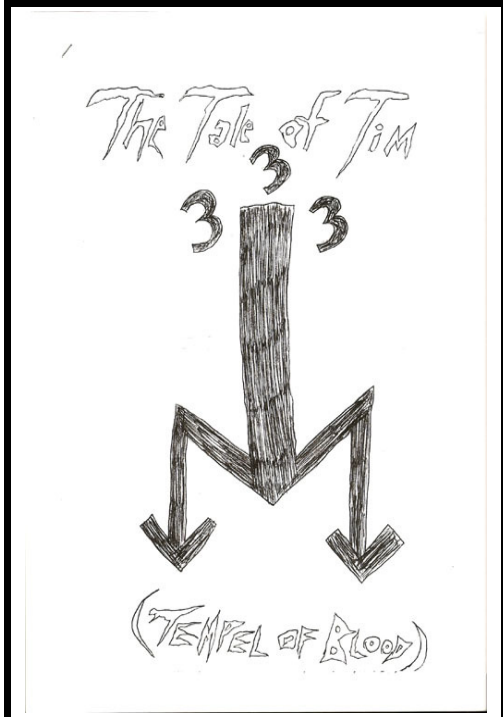
Walking machines who
presence the dark... they
are Biological abominations...

the worse anti-magic
weapons of mass induced
hysteria, insanity - i.e. we take
the earth and marinate it in
psychic vomit.



(Good
evening...)

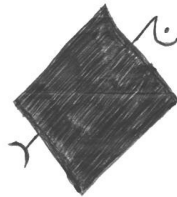
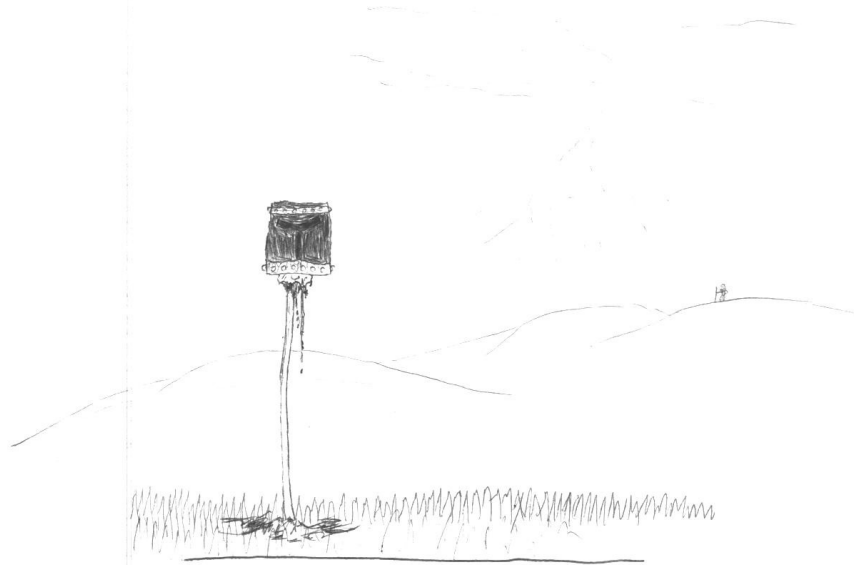
THE TALE OF TIM



and through the blood that came to him and experience
and knowledge too - the man name Tim did burst his
shell and achieve an Aeonic view - his days as a neonate
would always be with him, a Ford memory for his
mind - but, compared to most American 'satanists' he was a
very different kind. Not only on the astral plane
but on the causal too, Tim prevailed to destroy and
create and presence something new. Although Tim
was the same as ~~any~~ any one of us at his
time of birth, over decades his existence was
as if SATAN walked the earth!



BINAN ATH



Spilled blood of shock troop Feeds the earth
terra splits open to gorge on gore
Firmament splits to unleash energies of the New Aeon
A thick heated darkness descends rapidly
open spaces yet hermetically sealed
External Adept roams the outer hills



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IRON GATES

CHAPTER 1

The filthy infant lay screaming upon the moist floor of the forest as her mother, her cries almost as shrill as that of her child, stood several paces away, pinned against a tree by two uniformed, anonymous figures. The field marshal approached the child and gently prodded its clothing with the razor-sharp bayonet point attached to his AK-74 copycat model, specially made for him in the clandestine armaments factory operated directly by members of his unit. Whereas most who were fortunate enough to be equipped with firearms were relegated to utilizing older and carefully maintained weapons from existent stockpiles, certain elite ranking individuals such as himself were supplied with freshly minted firearms such as the one which he now held, for reasons of both practicality and prestige. Hot air infused with his ever-present rage blew from his nostrils, his eyes were wide-open and bloodshot and this along with a heavy black mustache arranged his face in a decidedly intimidating veneer. The cold blue point of the bayonet continued to toy with the flimsy garments of the squiggling child, slowly opening its shirt to reveal a pale white chest holding a fast-beating heart, sped up considerably due to duress, thumping heavily beneath its flesh.

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Seeing this from her location several paces off the mother's cries of distress began to reach horrific proportions. The field marshal raised his left hand in a brief gesture, to which the guards holding her responded by grabbing a handful of her honey-blonde hair and yanking her head downward as another attached a rubber ball-gag to her mouth, stifling her screams so that now only the sound of the infant's cries permeated the wooded landscape. As if on cue, the field marshal suddenly arced his rifle behind his head and drove it down, skewering the child on the tip of the bayonet. The bayonet set deep into the innocent flesh, directly penetrating into the child's heart, causing a stream of arterial flow to shoot several feet into the air. The field marshal raised the rifle back up into the air above his head, the bayonet bloody with the crimson flow from its most recent child sacrifice, a veritable moloch in the form of a machined rifle, the small child's limbs convulsing in its death throes. Deftly and with much skill, as he had assuredly done this before, the field marshal held the rifle at an angle so that the blood flowed downward without soaking the precious oiled metal of the main part of the gun. Smiling beneath his thick black mustache, the field marshal eyed the mother: his eyes filled with an insane mania, hers filled with a shock beyond all reason. The child's cries were now silent and he placed his mouth in line of the blood flow allowing the rivulets of blood to fill his mouth, staining his face and mustache in hideous ornamentation.

After making his point known and as the blood began to cease its flow, the field marshal lowered the

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bayonet, still bearing the twitching infant on its point, and unceremoniously pushed the corpse off of the weapon's deadly accoutrement with one heel of his combat boot. The child hit the ground with a dull thump, the last of its blood spreading around in a muddied pool upon the earth, its milky eyes frozen in the pangs of death. The field marshal looked at his guards, their faces revealing nothing but cold, cruel eyes behind the black balaclavas which were the hallmark of the internal security forces. The field marshal raised his left hand in a similar brief gesture as before: 'Do as you want with the woman and with the remains of the child.' With that and a final sardonic smile, this time aimed at his men, he turned from the scene and marched several yards into the forest toward the small tent that functioned as his temporary headquarters for small unit operations in the area. Behind him, the guards paired off with the woman and the corpse of the child respectively, enjoying their peculiar tastes to the hilt.

Inside his tent, the field marshal sat down in a shadowed corner and took a cloth to clean the infant's blood from his face. The child's blood had encrusted in his mustache from his earlier imbibement and his attention to grooming in this respect was left half-done intentionally, so that his men could visibly view the tell-tale signs of his cannibalistic orgy and so that he himself could enjoy the traces of the harsh iron scent of the child's blood, reminding him of his undertakings, a notch in his myriad successes. Unlike the pathetic excuses for military formations before the nuclear wars had etched their memory of mass murder onto the fields

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of the earth, the military formations now wore their proclivity for bloodshed on their sleeve. That was as it should be, according to some at least. The field marshal turned to the black screen of his small portable laptop, a scaled-down version more similar to a stand-alone word processor than the more sophisticated equipment that generations before him were once used to and, lighting a cigar and letting the smoke billow around his face, he began to write the minutes of the last several days' operations which were quickly drawing to a close. Soon he would be back at headquarters and then the real work would begin.

Since the last time he had been at HQ the pressure of unfolding events had heightened considerably. The entire organization was undergoing a brutal increase in internal discipline, some referred to it as a purge, commiserate with its continued successes on the field. Usually in charge of a much larger force, the small unit action he had been undertaking during the last several weeks made up for what it lacked in manpower in the level of its sensitivity and the brutality and efficiency with which he had accomplished his orders thus far, assuring him of continued prestige and favor in the eyes of the commander. The commander was the ultimate authority and was the highest deity within the organization, although various death cults worshipping varied demonic entities and past martyred operatives flourished amongst the rank and file, which helped boost their morale in an otherwise hellish situation and also seemed to provide inspiration and increase operational

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acumen in the fulfillment of their equally hellish missions. As long as the commander remained at the helm as the unquestionable deity, a thousand flowers were allowed to bloom in relation to subversive cult factions. No great wonder, considering that most of them were manufactured directly by the intelligence sector itself and disseminated quietly, giving the impression that they were organic in manifestation.

The headquarters of the organization was housed in a giant and imposing stone structure, the nerve-center which was housed in what was a former high-security federal penitentiary in the old days and which now served as the fortress housing the commander and large numbers of shock troops and internal security forces. The organization had annexed the infrastructure of the surrounding small towns that had once survived economically via employment at the penitentiary, with the security level of the resident operatives living in the area increasing or decreasing according to their proximity to the main compound. In the administrative buildings behind the concertina wire, hundreds of faceless individuals worked in the offices and interrogation rooms of the internal security sector, of which the field marshal's personal security force were members.

The commander stressed the importance of extremely harsh discipline within the organization, with an internal apparatus of repression to match his unmatched megalomania, rising paranoia and fanatic need for cultivating an atmosphere of absolute terror within and without. Punishment of the corporal nature

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from levels going from conservative to obscene was normative rather than being the exception to the rule. If terror reigned supreme within the organization itself, the commander reasoned, then those so exposed would be perfected as instruments to spread terror outside of territories currently acting as organizational strongholds. The administrative buildings housing the internal security personnel at HQ were split seventy-five twenty-five between offices (some inside former cells) responsible for amassing reports, organizing surveillance material, the drafting of indictments and enhancing internal disciplinary policy and the punitive units, which busied themselves exclusively with interrogation, torture and incarceration.

The former penitentiary had proved an ideal command center and residency for the organization thus far, being virtually impregnable by conventional means from the outside and equally hard to leave from the inside, as appropriate to its former use. On the exercise grounds where convicted murderers and rapists in the old society used to lift weights and walk the track to alleviate the paralysis of a forced sedentary existence in confinement, new murderers and rapists, this time cultivated by the state rather than confined by it, now used the same area as a military drill ground. Black uniformed shock troops, blood lust bred into their very flesh, could be seen training in rotation day and night on the drill grounds, making for a sublimely intimidating sight in the dead of the night as they trained under electric generator powered light, an anomalous sight in the new society

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where open flame was the standard. The sound of incessant marching, frequent firearms and explosives training, drill masters barking orders from high atop raised platforms overlooking the training areas, frequent alarm sirens piercing the night and the pressurized atmosphere of the prison buildings bathed under gigantic spotlights even in the dead of night were a testament and sign of the commander's undisputed authority and the prowess of the organization which he had built up from nothing.

Once back at HQ the pace of work would take on an intensity that would make the small unit action he had seen here seem like a vacation in comparison. The field marshal relished the stresses of the battlefield and reveled in the gory brutality that was the hallmark of his campaign style yet, like some perverted sexual deviance that was both compelling and revolting simultaneously, nothing could match the stressors of life on the base. It was as if even the presence of the commander behind the walls of the concertina-wire laden fortress, physically unseen the majority of the time but apparent everywhere, was enough to push the entire facility to psychological boiling point at all times. Soon he would be back.

CHAPTER 2

Instead of being on the drill grounds with the rest of his tactical shock unit at 2:00 A.M. as scheduled, Private Bonn was facing another kind of ordeal altogether. Ten minutes before he should have been marching down the dimly-lit corridors toward the drill grounds with the other men from his barracks a call came over the intercom system. A blistering crackle of distortion erupted from the decrepit wall-mounted speakers followed by an anonymous voice, the standardized organizationally-induced attitude of indiscriminate hatred being the only inflection: 'Private Bonn, report to inquiry center immediately. Private Bonn to inquiry center.'

The fact that this had been broadcast over the intercom system at all, sounded aloud in every last corner of the former penitentiary, was injurious enough in itself. Usually any suspected disciplinary infraction of a degree warranting investigation at the inquiry center would be relayed privately via use of a personal courier acting on behalf of their superiors' orders in internal security. Those who were proven guilty beforehand did not receive a notice, they were simply extracted from their sleeping quarters in the dead of night and never seen again. With the announcement going over the P.A.

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at an equally nocturnal juncture, it was obvious that psychological warfare was at play, as even a seemingly simple order to report would mark him with high suspicion amongst all of his peers, a gauntlet which had now been thrown down with no mistaking. With the hard eyes of the other shock troops avoiding his glance as they vacated the barracks for drill, it was glaringly obvious to Bonn that the intercom message itself was already tantamount to an indictment in effect. In an anonymous police state within a police state, as the HQ most certainly was, having his own name publicly associated with the inquiry center in any way whatsoever was much worse than anything that he could have faced at the hands of his unit superiors.

Now Bonn stood alone beneath a vast concrete archway, waiting for the remotely-controlled steel door to the outer portion of the former inmate hospital to open. The entire former hospital building was huge, consisting of three gigantic wings outlaid in steel, concrete and brick and even more secure than the other parts of the high-security installation. Within the former government that held power over the building, one of the stratagems employed for confining those deemed criminally insane was to foster a system of incarceration within incarceration, which meant that not only were such individuals incarcerated but they were also independently committed and confined to certain sections of the institution with its own rules and administration. The organization continued this thread within the arts of penology, but employed it in more diverse fashions than the former administrators of the

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penitentiary would have ever dreamed. The first wing consisted of administrative offices, main ward and medical operations, the second had been used for the terminally ill and doubled as a medicinal storage repository and the third wing had housed the psychiatric facility. Other than a routine interview held in an adjutant building at the beginning of his enlistment, Bonn had never stepped foot in or near the inquiry center in several years, nor as a sane person did he have any desire to do so.

High above on either side of him and to the right, huge-bodied internal security guards stared down at him from their watchtowers, their faces completely black in balaclavas and tinted goggles, silenced MP3 submachine guns clutched threateningly in their black-gloved hands. A low buzzing sound started as the steel door to the inquiry center's lobby began to slowly open, revealing a brightly-lit foyer, surprisingly antiseptic in feel, with concrete block walls painted cheap white, sparsely decorated with various unit crests from the internal security forces. Bonn entered and was met with surprise when he felt a light tap on his shoulder.

'Private Bonn?'

The voice emanated from a female officer, nearly his own height, dressed in the same black uniform as himself, the only distinguishing feature being the presence of a polished Sam Brown belt and a small inexpensively-minted chrome-colored badge which marked her as part of the building's security detail.

'Private Bonn, officer.'

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The officer nodded at his confirmation and pointed to the far end of the foyer leading towards a heavy metal door with a small wire-mesh window inlaid three-fourths of the way up.

'Follow me.'

They proceeded to the other door and then on through to a long corridor, the officer removing a large set of keys and opening then locking the entrance behind them. The keys were facets of the original infrastructure of the prison, which came ready-made for the commander's purposes. Nearby military installations had been looted of their hardware and then abandoned, manned by heavily armed squadrons of security troops who guarded some of the decaying military hardware still stored there. While built for launching offensive measures in the past, most military installations had focused on waging war abroad, not domestically, whereas the penitentiary served a very local purpose which made it more secure than the former bases.

At the abandoned bases most of the various large land vehicles and aircraft simply sat, pilfered for random parts and materials as needed. The large amounts of refined fuels necessary to run such mechanized behemoths were long gone and the human personnel knowledgeable on how to operate them were generations dead. Easily maintained vehicles that could continue to function well on old, dirty, mixed and experimental fuel, like combat jeeps and certain of the smaller armored trucks represented the extent of the organization's motorization. Use of fuel-driven vehicles amongst the non-military populace in areas run by the

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organization did not exist and even amongst the organization itself their use was becoming less and less frequent as time went on. Whereas elsewhere in the world there were some backwards-thinking dreamers who sought to squeeze the last drop of hope from remnants of the old civilization, the organization was coldly pragmatic in pursuing new ways of doing things. What the organization lacked in ability to harness still existent technologies of the former era was made up for in their ability to inspire - and inflict - heavily ideologically-based terror. The gadgetry of the decadent consumerist society of the past was now mostly useless, but accounts of former dictatorships and the doctrines and methodologies used to hold them together had a more eternal quality, qualities that had been adeptly mined by the commander in his obsessive rise to power.

Private Born and his escort stopped at a closed door to the left, halfway down the corridor, further on which led to a large secure area in which was located the former operating theater. By this point Bonn was sheathed in a cold sweat of mounting paranoia, exacerbated by the presence of his escort, who came across as utterly cold and devoid of any conscience whatsoever. The latter attribute no doubt facilitated her being part of the internal security force, who pleased like nothing else in feeding on their own. In the shock troop units and squads there was still the necessity of maintaining some sort of mutual consideration in order to be functional on large-scale combat missions, however tinged with sadism that mutual consideration might be. Internal security were under no such restraints and

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represented a different animal altogether.

In the organization it was an unstated rule that seniority was decided by how cruel and insane one had proven themselves to be, both in nature and application. Considering that the commander was the supreme in cruelty, supreme in the pathology of applied human control mechanisms, and the internal security units functioned as the direct manifestation of that hideous will.

Bonn's escort rapped on the door twice in rapid succession at which point a buzzer sounded and the door clicked open with a jolt. The uniformed female gestured that Bonn should enter on his own by pushing the door slightly ajar, allowing him to hold it open before turning and marching off back in the direction from which she had come. Not knowing whether he was about to enter an interrogation room or something potentially worse, Bonn entered and the heavy door closed behind him, locking automatically. The room in which he now found himself was several degrees colder than it had been in the corridor. A black internal security unit banner bearing initials and a unit crest involving crossed rifles and a symbol that Bonn did not readily recognize hung behind a large wood frame desk at which sat a severe figure who, like all other personnel on base, was garbed in a black tactical combat uniform. Unlike the uniformed officer who escorted him in the corridor however, this man's uniform was unique in that it bore no distinguishing sign of rank whatsoever: no unit crest, badge or flourish designating status, nothing

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at all that would betray what section of the organization to which he was attached.

The coldness of the room was offset by the acrid stench of stale cigarettes. Most people smoked the hand-rolled deal these days, which came in do-it-yourself packets produced within the organization for those who choose to so imbibe, however a few of the uppers had access to the old factory-made filtered kind which had been painstakingly preserved through a variety of humidification processes down through the intervening years. Glancing at the brown glass ashtray sitting on the man's desk, the private could see that he had been smoking some of the filtered variety, which marked him as higher on the pecking order than anyone he had ever met with one-on-one in his career thus far. Beside the ashtray sat a large bottle of liquor marked with a factory label. In most cases whatever might be in the bottle would assuredly not be what was on the label due to the growing scarcity of anything before the 'late unpleasantness' (an understatement if there ever was one) however, considering the existent anomalies that he had observed in this man's office thus far, Bonn halfway thought the label and the liquor might match in this particular instance. Directly in front of the man sat a thin black binder.

'Private Bonn, please have a seat.'

The man's voice was rough, perhaps a testament to his obviously high-end tobacco habit, and carried no discernible accent that Bonn could trace. Bonn saluted before taking a seat on the plain metal folding chair at the place it had been positioned, which sat him facing

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the internal security personnel square on across the desk. The man was completely bald, whether naturally or from shaving could be not ascertained, more than likely he was in his forties and with a face heavily lined from stress. His left hand grasped a pen which he tapped against the desk in rapid staccato fashion, as if gathering his thoughts.

'Let us cut straight to the chase, Private Bonn. You can address me simply as officer, is that sufficient? Right. Take a look at this photograph.'

The officer opened up the black binder, which contained a notepad, several folders and a side pocket containing an envelope and an embossed business card, with no name but bearing the same standard as featured on the crest displayed behind his desk which, in its bizarre and disturbing design, seemed to exude the measure of death in every shape, form and fashion imaginable. The officer removed the business card with one swift motion and replaced it facing face downward, having taken notice of his subordinate's interest. Bonn was impressed, the officer was edging him on, proffering information then concealing it. This was the hallmark of the diplomacy of espionage.

Bonn looked down as the officer placed the envelope in front of him.

'Open it.'

Bonn complied and duly opened the envelope as instructed. Several black and white photographic prints, glossy and thus obviously coming from an organizational surveillance unit operation, featured a youngish girl with black pigtails bearing a penetrating

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stare and livid countenance. The first photograph showed her sitting on a bench somewhere on the compound, dressed smartly in a tailored black uniform, which intimated implicitly her importance to the chain of command, as such perks as tailored clothing were not often given out and certainly not at random. Most organizational uniforms were of roughly a one-size fits-all variety and it was up to the individual organizational personnel to make any necessary adjustments on their own.

Taken at a distance, the image on the photograph was immediately recognized as one having been taken surreptitiously due to the angle from which the picture was taken, which would have not been ideal had the image been taken in an openly stated and official capacity. She sat cross-legged on the bench, casual in posture, the contours of her black uniform pants revealing a very thin, starved figure. Bonn scrutinized the area in which the photograph was taken, noting some small trees in the background and a building that looked both easily recognizable as being part of the commander's vast compound yet also unrecognizable in terms of its exact location.

'Have you been having sexual intercourse with this individual, Private Bonn?'

Bonn looked at the officer incredulously, his attention snapping from his analysis of the picture to the unnamed officer before him. He had never seen the girl before in his life and was needless to say not at all pleased with the way that the surprise interview at the inquiry center was going thus far, as he now understood

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that he was inhabiting a dangerous precipice from which it would be very easy to fall very far into hell.

'I have never seen this girl before in my life, officer.'

'I think you've been fucking her.'

Bonn's face began to redden, as the officer's mood began to move into that of a hostile interrogation.

'Admit that you've been fucking her!'

Bonn said nothing.

The officer burst out of his seat, walking around his desk and bending slightly down, putting his face less than two inches from Bonn's ear. His left hand snaked around the back of the folding chair, his palm situated on the private's left arm, thus able to immobilize it immediately should Bonn make the slightest move. Meanwhile, the officer's right hand had raised as to grab a hold of Bonn's collar. The choking was not physically painful to the private, but the message in the forced discomfiture was, as it were, quite resoundingly clear.

'Do you need me to call some people in here to talk to you in a way that you can understand, private? Because you are obviously not understanding me, nor do I believe you are even trying to understand me, isn't that right?'

Bonn could feel the moist breath of the officer on his ear and neck as the officer made his inquiry in an evenly stated tone, while gradually tightening his grip on Bonn's jacket. Any moment the unbridled sadism would break loose, Private Bonn could feel it in his guts.

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The officer released his grasp on Bonn and stepped back several paces.

'Put your face against the wall, trooper...'

'I have never seen this...'

'PUT YOUR FACE AGAINST THE FUCKING WALL YOU SON OF A BITCH!!!'

Any move at resistance would only make things considerably worse, so Bonn walked briskly to the nearest wall and put his nose against it as commanded. Once obediently assuming this posture, the officer promptly walked up behind him without warning and slapped his opened palm against the back of the private's head with all the force he could muster, making Bonn lurch forward and bust his nose with a resounding crack against the concrete black wall. Blood began to pour from Bonn's nostrils in torrents. Bonn grasped at his nose blindly in an attempt to stop the flow of blood before beginning to back away from the surface of the concrete wall.

'DID I TELL YOU TO BACK AWAY FROM THE FUCKING WALL YOU GODDAMN ASSHOLE??? DID I FUCKING TELL YOU TO DO THAT?'

As the screamed admonishment filled the room the officer shot his arm out, grabbing a small fistful of Bonn's hair before driving his face back into the wall, causing Bonn to scream in pain as blood began spurting anew and with great force out from between his fingers, which still held onto his face in a vain attempt to stop the flow coming from his now twice-broken nose.

Whatever test the private was undergoing he now understood that he was losing and losing fast. His vision

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was blurry from squinting in pain and shock at the sudden brutal facial wound, his head having also absorbed a portion of the impact against the unyielding concrete wall of the small office within the inquiry center, Bonn began staggering backwards as he felt two other sets of hands, not the officers, grab him from either side and lead him toward the officer's desk.

'Put that piece of shit over the table.'

The officer, now visibly more composed and somewhat recovered from his aggressive exertions, walked over to the table and removed the glass ashtray and the bottle of liquor with one hand and the leather folder and photographs with the other, placing them out of harm's way on top of a nearby file cabinet, drab gray in color. Meanwhile, two internal security personnel who apparently had entered while Bonn was in no state for observation, faces completely obscured in black masks and tinted goggles, dragged Bonn over to the desk. Still bleeding heavily, Bonn found himself being bent over the table, his belt being unfastened and his trousers and undergarments being pulled around his ankles.

The officer paused and removed one of the pictures from atop the file cabinet, sliding it into a clear plastic sleeve which he removed from the binder. This he proceeded to slide onto the table directly at eye level with the unfortunate private, now held firmly down on either side by the black-masked and black-attired security guards.

'Dear private, I want to once again ask you to take a very close look at the picture in front of you. Pay very,

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very close attention to this face. I am going to ask you several more times if need be, but not for long, certainly not indefinitely, as we are all busy about the organization's work, isn't that right? Well, should I say that is we should be, we should be. Have you seen this individual, private? We know you have. I know you have personally! Have you had sexual intercourse with this individual perhaps, perhaps even engaged in mutual insubordination against the rule of the internal state together, acting in tandem, acting against the wishes of the commander himself even by proxy? Just let us know, private, let us know and you had best let us know right fucking now!' The officer emphasized the last three words by thumping his fist against the table, causing the picture of the girl to fibrillate from the resultant vibrations.

Bonn suddenly felt a cold chill move over him as he recognized the sensation of a gloved finger, greased with some unknown lubricant, being slowly and persistently inserted into his rectum. Bonn stared into the picture, studying the minute contours of the thin-faced girl as the security guard drove his finger deeper into the private's entrails, the gloved knuckles of his other fingers grinding against the exposed flesh of the private's naked backside. The violated walls of his anus, stretched out of capacity with no notice from the cold leather-encased finger, caused indescribably painful protests in his internal nerve-endings. Blood flow from the busted nose had now stopped and the existent blood began congealing nastily, clogging his nostrils and causing the private to breath belabored through his mouth, accenting

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the mood of the molestation now taking place. Bonn's mind began to race. What was he supposed to do?

'Sir, I have never seen this girl in my life...'

Bonn's voice now sounded like he had been the victim of a three-week long cold, as all normal breathing had ceased from his blood-clogged nostrils, causing his mouth to gape open in an attempt to increase oxygen flow into his lungs. The pathetic delivery of his riposte to the officer's accusations was multiplied by the discomfiting and revealing position he was now in, bent over the table like some unfortunate wife preparing for the wild thrustings of a drunken husband.

'...but if you want me to say that I have seen her, then I have seen her.'

'DON'T FUCKING PATRONIZE ME YOU PIECE OF FILTH, YOU FUCKING SHIT!'

The officer's mood had now returned to fully hostile in tone and in an ever-increasing degree than before. Bonn attempted to gather himself to provide some split-second reasoning that might assist him in the situation. All the while he continued to stare involuntarily into the black and white photograph of the unknown individual placed before him, the edges of which were now splattered with his own blood. Bonn took note of the plastic casing and could feel the turn of the screws within his own mind, the officer was obviously quite thorough and had more than likely gone through this routine before. At this point, Bonn's mental sanity began to crack around the edges. In a brief moment of stress-induced hallucination, he could almost believe that the figure in the picture was smiling slightly at his plight.

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Bringing himself back into the present, he garnered his remaining strength and shouted back at the officer the best he could in his uncomfortable position.

'WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY?'

He could hear low spoken orders exchanged between the officer and the guards and the finger which was jammed into his guts now became two fingers and moved in as deep as possible, while the other guard jammed a nightstick against the small of the private's back, pinning him more securely to the officer's desk and causing him to arch in a posture that was increasingly obscene, as no doubt was appropriate to the situation.

'Private Bonn, I am getting so sick and tired of this endless back and forth. You are now wasting valuable organizational time. You are wasting the shock troopers' time, your comrades' time, soldier, as you should be on the drill grounds right now with the other men, this very second? Isn't that right? This very fucking second?'

Bonn made a groan confirming the officer's inquiry.

'But instead of being out on the drill grounds, under the gaze of the commander, and you know he is watching at all times, instead of being out there training to be a killer, you are here in my office taking it up the ass like a little fucking slut, aren't you, aren't you, you piece of fucking shit!'

As accent to the officer's lecture, the guard inserted a third finger into Bonn's rectum and began thrusting back and forth, causing the private's chin to smear the blood now profusely staining the officer's table. Bonn could feel an uncomfortable rumbling deep within his intestines. Things were going very, very wrong.

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'Don't you want to go back to the drill grounds, private?'

Bonn made a guttural sound that somehow managed to communicate his acquiescence to his interrogator.

'Good, now we are getting somewhere, private; you have a goal in mind and goals are important in this life. We have established that you are wasting your unit's time, however something that also bears airing in the open is that you are wasting my valuable time as well, by continuing to prolong this interrogation and yes, you can tell for yourself by this point that it is an interrogation. Self-criticism without self-rectification is nothing, private, nothing whatsoever!'

'When you waste my time and when you waste the time of internal security then you are directly offending the commander himself, the commander's institution, the commander's mission. You like fucking around with internal security or whomever and whoever, no respect for anyone, for any-fucking-body?' The officer picked up a leather blackjack from atop one of the file cabinets and slammed it down on the desk less than an inch from Bonn's face.

'So, private, dear, dear private, if you want to continue to live at all - I repeat - IF YOU ARE NOT INTERESTED IN DYING THIS FUCKING SECOND - then you need simply confess and then we can debrief you, end of story. Do you understand? That is the path to your resolution - I am making it as clear as it possibly can be what your option is.'

'Officer...'

'Yes?'

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'...'

'SPEAK UP, PRIVATE!'

'I confess!'

The words came out strangely due to the stress of his nose injury, which was now certainly beyond all repair, and the continued pressure of the gloved fingers probing him from behind.

'You confess?'

'I confess!'

'You confess? Speak up you piece of shit!'

'I CONFESS! I CONFESS! I CONFESS!'

Bonn felt the nightstick dig deeper into the small of his back.

The officer's face, visible from the corner of his eye, had become a grimace of an even blacker rage which was fast rising to the surface.

'Private Bonn, you do not even DESERVE TO LOOK AT THIS PICTURE!'

The officer snatched the photograph in the plastic casing off the table and out of Bonn's line of vision, replacing it on top of the file cabinet with a resounding thump.

'You confess to seeing this girl? You confess to seeing this girl? Did you just tell me that you 'confess'? Well I say that you have NEVER seen this girl! In fact I am quite sure that you have never seen this girl in your entire miserable life. Are you trying to make me look like an idiot? Well, well now, I think you are the idiot. Soon enough you will be able to discover how much of a goddamned idiot you are for lying to me, lying to internal security, lying to the whole goddamned

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organization. May as well be lying to the commander himself, right? I say again Private Bonn, and I emphasize this so that it will sink in with no chance of misinterpretation on your part, that based on your response you are a fucking LIAR and furthermore you are more than likely a goddamned TRAITOR AS WELL!

Bonn began to weep silently, adding the salt of his tears, moistening the still-wet blood stains on the desk.

'Clear him out, he doesn't even deserve that much!'

Bonn felt the gloved fingers withdraw from his anus in one abrupt motion. The nightstick withdrew from the small of his back and with a shove he felt himself being pushed off the table, slumping to the floor involuntarily.

'SIRIP THAT TRAITOR!'

The guards, faceless and terrifying, stood him up straight, ripping open his combat jacket and removing every other existent piece of clothing from his body within less than two minutes time. One of the guards removed a large knife from his utility belt and slit all the shoelaces from the private's combat boots before pulling them off and throwing them to the side, thus removing them considerably faster than would have been possible in a more conventional manner.

'DS to control, DS to control, come in control.'

The officer now sat back behind his desk, speaking into a CB-type radio apparatus.

Electronic distortion poured through the attached speaker unit on the small piece of equipment and an anonymous voice spoke on the other end of the line.

'Control.'

'Get two more guards in here and bring some

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restraints, we are sending this one into R&D so be ready on your side within the next ten minutes for receipt.'

'Confirm on that DS, guards are on their way.'

Before the officer had even set his microphone down, Bonn could hear the unmistakable sound of combat boots running down the corridor, along with the metallic jangling of chains.

The door buzzed, opening the lock, and two large guards burst in, dressed exactly like their counterparts. They came in shouting and in full raid posture, with firearms drawn, metal chains and leather restraints attached to clips on their belt.

'FACE DOWN ON THE GROUND! ON THE GROUND!'

The first set of guards who had now succeeded in stripping the private naked, Bonn now only wearing the blood stains on his ruined face, pushed Bonn down and spread him out flat onto the ground, face-down, as the other two guards moved in, holstering their weapons and attaching manacles to his ankles. Handcuffs followed, bringing his hands behind his back. Both sets of restraints were then attached to each other, rendering him hog-tied.

'Good-bye, Private Bonn, this could have been considerably easier if you had simply played by the rules.'

Bonn felt himself being painfully gripped at each limb by the four guards and being lifted up from the ground. The coldness of the room was trebled in his state of forced nakedness.

The officer rose from his desk and walked in front of

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the guards. Bonn's face stared downward toward the floor and then, as the officer moved closer, he saw the officer's leather boots come into his view.

The officer grabbed Bonn by the hair, raising his head so that he could see his face despite his awkward position. Bonn's eyes, clouded with tears and blood, saw through the painful haze the cruel face of the officer, an angry scowl on his face, sweat dripping from his forehead.

'Next time it won't be so pleasant, I can assure you, hope that you remember that when you get to where they are taking you.'

The door buzzer sounded and the officer walked over, holding the door open for the four guards who proceeded to exit the office with their prisoner.

'Guard.'

The guard holding onto the private's left arm turned his masked face toward the officer.

'If you don't mind, tell them down at control to send someone in here to clean up the mess, I like to keep a tidy desk.' The officer turned back, looking at the reddish stains pooled across the wooden surface of his desk with disapproval.

'Yes, sir.'

The officer retreated into his office, closing his door behind them and leaving the guards to do their duty.

At a breakneck march the guards proceeded down the corridor towards the secure area. A few administrative secretaries were loitering in the corridor outside of one of the investigative offices and cat-called as the guards passed with their bare-assed, hog-tied and

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weeping captive.

A brunette holding a clipboard turned toward the other secretary who had whistled and lowered her glasses, arching her eyebrows mischievously.

'That little piece of meat is going to be in for the time of his life, sister!'

Both women began laughing. The laughing was not pleasant.

The guards, Bonn in tow, marched past the painted line on the ground designating the beginning of the special secure area leading toward the other wings of the internal security building and, proceeding down another corridor to the right, disappeared into the interior of the facility.

CHAPTER 3

The field marshal sat at the edge of the forest as a blood red sun began making its descent behind, illuminating the crest of the mountains before him to the east. Weather permitting, it would take a week for his small unit to cross over the mountains on foot and then several more days' march through the foothills before reaching level ground and the base. As he watched the dying rays of the sun casting its crimson light over the wooded mountaintops the field marshal considered what would be happening back at headquarters during this time of day. Most shock troops and other organizational sectors not on duty would be engaged in evening classroom training sessions on a wide variety of topics, including the history of the land's descent into societal breakdown and nuclear war, which had reached its zenith more than seventy-five years before. As such, almost no one living, except perhaps a few isolated individuals (whom he nor anyone he knew had ever met) would remember what the world was like before that time except through books, carefully censored, which had been stored at the institutional library which was accessible, in a controlled degree, to most members of the organization over a certain security ranking.

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The field marshal certainly did not remember what the world was like before the apocalypse, as he himself was born right in the midst of the blood and fire of societal anarchy several decades after the collapse. During those days in the territory in which he and his mother lived, in a land north of the organization's present headquarters, there had been considerable more diversity in the armed groups that were in operation. However, operating according to long defunct political and religious ideologies, throw-backs from the old days, coupled with a biological attunement toward obsolete methods of waging guerrilla warfare, their groups were easily absorbed into, forcibly taken over or exterminated by the organization in time.

The field marshal had always admired the organization from the earliest he could remember. His mother worked as an informant against the so-called 'sovereigns' who lived around the area of his birth and who spoke of the organization with fear and loathing, referring to them as communists, criminals and other epithets which made no real sense in terms of what such designations meant before the states of the world had cannibalized themselves, with mass loss of human life and permanent loss of advanced infrastructure, in a time that may as well be considered prehistory with the way things were run now.

In exchange for spying against the people in their area, many of them related to her (not that that meant so much these days - and any person with the slightest hint of organization-leaning ideology would understand

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clearly that familism as it was practiced traditionally was disgusting, nothing more than a bourgeois aberration), the field marshal's late mother received ration packets, black-market liquor, edged weapons and clandestine ideological training material, all of which she received on a regular basis and all of which was carefully concealed beneath the floorboards in a small abandoned structure in the forest behind their residence.

His mother actively taught him to read at an early age and actively encouraged him to peruse the organizational pamphlets and related materials that she received. This, along with a passion for practicing with the large, serrated-edged weapon that his mother entrusted him with, seared into his consciousness the goal of becoming an enlisted member of the organization as soon as he was of age. At the time the organization recruited at eleven years of age and above, now the age bracket had been lowered considerably and there were many children that were sent on dangerous missions as young as six, having spent their life from the cradle being trained for inflicting death, conducting espionage and executing other sophisticated facets of political and military science according to the needs of the group.

Raising himself from the rock on the outcropping, the field marshal looked one last time toward the east before returning the way from which he had come, back toward the camp. He had finished his report ahead of schedule, allowing him a brief respite and view of the mountains, rising in all the grandeur, in the the east, before sunset.

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At that time his escorts had still been sporting with the woman, her muffled screams of grief and horror being too much for his head to bear after filling out fifteen pages of mandatory documentation and entering more than that in electronic data, all of which was now secured in a padlocked box which he carried with him on all missions outside of the organization's territory. 'Outside of organization territory' was almost a misnomer at this point in relation to his current area, as the few inhabitants they had encountered were little more than savages, existing alone or in small packs, emotional and fragile creatures that marked them as the detritus of the fallen civilization. Detritus is trash and it was amongst the purview and job description of his commission to exterminate such trash, to sweep away the past so that the organization and its brutal, future ethic could take total hold without any traces of pre-apocalypse humanitarian contaminant left to mar their historic work. Like chaff, those who simply lived but did not imbibe the fuel of fanatic desire for geopolitical domination and control could, as simply as that, be blown away suddenly by the incoming, violent wind.

Back near the area where the lone mother and child had been ambushed by the field marshal and his elite guard unit earlier in the day, the level of atrocity had continued apace, managing to maintain itself steadily at an unspeakably horrific pitch, a great success considering the intensity of the inaugural actions taken on the unfortunate victims prior.

After the field marshal had left his two internal security attaches with the woman and the dying child,

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said attaches who had formerly worked as punishment camp guards for the organization before moving up the ranks into the prestigious position of the field marshal's personal guard, they had availed themselves and taken the blessing of their superior officer quite earnestly when they were instructed to enjoy themselves to the very hilt.

The guards came from a background much like the field marshal himself, albeit being less prodigious in the military sense as normally understood. Both had been exposed to organization ideology early during their childhood, except in their case they had been born in an area that had just recently been taken over by the commander's forces and which contained very little opposition in regards to organizational program.

In areas that were only beginning their new local identities as organizational strongholds, it was considered imperative to make organizational presence dramatically known and to commit at least ten to twelve punitive actions against real or perceived local dissent to organizational control on a regular and consistent basis. In cases where no actual dissent to organizational control existed, the shock troops and associated personnel would perform punitive raids and public criticism rallies and executions aimed against individuals who were earmarked as being potential future problems depending on their background and personal and social history within their respective communities. The investigative work leading to making the choices in this respect were executed by intelligence officers on the ground, information on potential targets being fed to local

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intelligence handlers by domestic human sources located throughout the area.

Without such repressive political theater as exhibited in the criticism rallies, raids and executions, any potential future dissent would be given the de facto green light to bolster their operations, incipient or active, and loyalists who supported the organization's mission would be demoralized at the lack of mechanistic and applied social brutality. Seventy some-odd years since the last nuclear warhead sent the genocidal rays of its radiation sun shining gleaming death on all known continents, only a considerable amount of bloodshed, butchery and violence would manage to get the attention of the people. The populace had been effectively and realistically ruined for more subtle means of political communication.

The men who were now pulling security for the field marshal both grew up in the same territory. Although they did not interact in their youth, their shared background provided ample basis for strong solidarity in their adulthood and professional lives, especially in the hermetic atmosphere of the field marshal's personal service.

Embedded deep within their psyches lay impregnable imprints from the mandatory propaganda rallies put on by the enlisted organization forces which they had attended as children. In the organization all propaganda activities were formulated and managed exclusively by the intelligence directorate, removing the need for another separate internal branch to handle tasks such as producing literature, forming curricula and

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holding public events. The purpose of this conglomeration did not intimate, however, an attempt to cut corners, or bespeak any lack of acumen of order on the part of those so concerned, as propaganda was of an unequivocally vital importance to the organization's mission, particularly in the arenas of recruitment and the harvesting of human resources.

With propaganda activities being managed directly by the intelligence branch, the commander could be satisfied that those responsible for the imperative tasks of said propaganda had the full measure of military and intelligence-driven psychological warfare methodologies and advanced police coercion techniques and training at their fingertips at all times. Especially in the context of public rallies, the efficaciousness of such an arrangement could be seen dramatically in stark relief on the parade grounds, as the officials orating and the hand-picked individuals from the local populace recruited by intelligence in the crowd could coordinate seamlessly amongst themselves, in concert, for mass group effect.

Aside from more specific desired results and specialized undertakings, in general, the mass rallies were designed to cultivate an attitude of hubris, total identification with the group and fanaticism for the organization's objectives and leadership in the demographics of moderate to heavy supporters and, in contrast, to inspire blood-curdling terror in those who might possess even the slightest latent seeds of rebellion in their minds. The rallies almost always followed the same formula wherever they were held and invariably began with a shock troop contingent marching through

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the main strip of town or along the main road if held in a strictly rural environment.

Usually a group of forty shock troops would make up the bulk of the procession, divided into ranks of five abreast. In front of this would be a section of the baby brigades as they were informally referred to in the organization, the youth corps which consisted of boys and girls from five to eleven years in age. The pontifex of the local youth corps, the organization's bizarre equivalent to class president or valedictorian, would head the parade carrying a torch made of a burning human head. The head was always that of a member of the organization itself, not an external enemy as might initially be thought. The pageantry aimed at driving home the commander's policy towards external rebels would come later on, at the end and zenith of the propaganda rally.

The tradition of parading a human head fashioned as a macabre flaming torch had begun early on in the organization, back in the days during which the symptoms of overt radiation poisoning had been seen everywhere as part of the hideous direct aftermath of the worldwide nuclear conflagration. In those days and in days since, the particularly fanatical members of the group would volunteer to commit a grisly act of ritual suicide as a sign of their absolute and total commitment of individual members of the group toward the aims of the collective whole. In those days, closer in proximity to the wars, the volunteers would often be drawn from amongst those who had been adversely affected by

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radiation, putting the continuation their of long-term service to the organization into question for practical reasons, despite their all-out ideological clan. The esoteric reason behind the ritual suicide was as old as combat itself, being based on the practice amongst certain ancient cultures of offering a severed human head as a sacrifice to the goddess of war, death, night and destruction in exchange for the boon of achieving victory on the field of battle. The practice of turning the head into a burning symbol of martyrdom to be paraded before supporters and potential enemies alike seems to have apparently been the organization's own innovation, although many held that such a practice had been executed within certain formations similar to the organization long beforehand.

In a private ceremony, held directly before the rally and attended only by uniformed members of the group and leadership, the martyr, chosen amongst the volunteers, via secret selection by a special committee composed of ranking members amongst the shock troop and intelligence community, would perform his or her act of martyrdom in a solemn and grim rite.

Amped-up on a specially manufactured liquor laced with stimulants administered by an organization physician, the actual narcotic element based on the original methamphetamine formula as developed and utilized by the Nazis during World War II, the martyr would be led to the stage, flanked on either side by women (or men, in the case that the martyr was female), who acted as the martyr's pleasure concubines and personal attendants in the last few days leading up to the

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ceremony. A large bonfire and myriad sacrificial pyres contained in large metal urns would be used to light the ghastly scene as the ritual took place.

On a plinth, beneath a large black banner bearing the insignia of the organization, lay a long and large knife of the survival combat variety with a sawing blade on one end and a compartment for holding essential supplies hidden within the handle, a quality piece crafted originally for one of the now defunct governments existing well before the nuclear wars and maintained religiously ever since. Painted black, except for along the edge, which had been sharpened to the keenness of a razor, the bleak and gory instrument lay oiled and gleaming with an evil light, a blasphemous and impersonal idol inside a cult forged within the very nuclear zenith of death.

The insignia of the organization featured a profile image of the commander, dressed in a peculiar black mask embedded with his personal crest, worn only by himself and his own elite guard unit, minutely painted upon the area centering around his third eye. Bandoliers of high-gauge bullets crossed his chest, medals covered his width and knives and firearms burst from various military belts attached to his arms, belt and legs, holding sheathes and various holsters custom-made for the armed-to-the-teeth dictator of the organization and supreme authority over all the human inhabitants in areas his forces controlled. His blistering eyes, blank yet enraged simultaneously, stared forth into an even more nightmarish future than anyone could possibly dream. A motif of an enormous ball rose up from behind the

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leader's profile, prolonged fangs with pouring streams of blood dripping downward, anointing the image of the commander and bringing home the horrific, insane and malicious nature of the organization and its ultimate leader.

Several members of a specially selected youth musical corps, picked from the most succulent and beautiful amongst the children, stood ground-level on either side of the stage, dressed in obscenely revealing uniforms, sounding hideous trumpets and beating strange rhythms on military-style drums. Deranged older men and women, totally destroyed physically and psychologically from that radioactive residue which still permeated its life-destroying poisons from deep within the earth, looked on with milky eyes and pathetic sexual longing upon the lithe limbs and figures of active youth in all their sublime glory.

CHAPTER 4

'Don't shout or I'll shove it straight up your ass, little bitch!'

A youngish girl with black hair arrayed in a hasty bun upon her smallish skull bucked wildly around, situated on all fours; her pert and youthful buttocks rotating round in a primitive rutting gesture as the lieutenant rammed his cock into her slick genitalia in measured and energetic strokes. At the lieutenant's admonishment, her animalistic grunting tapered into a low, sick hissing sound, not unlike that of an enraged cobra ready to strike.

The lieutenant was attending one of the conferences put on by the elite political figures within the organization, held on a secret base consisting of a vast number of corrugated steel buildings linked together by corridors, containing various meeting halls, residential rooms and offices, the second of which the lieutenant and the daughter of a high-ranking organization military figure now inhabited.

The site of their cohabitation in mutual lust was adorned with all the basic amenities befitting visiting organizational liaison members from abroad. A chest-of-drawers, a bed of variant size depending on what was

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available and some tables and chairs outfitted a medium-sized room lit by pressurized oil-lamps of the variety that were utilized by the old-order Amish during the era before the wars.

Small, bee-sting tits bobbed chaotically as the lieutenant bore into his night's lover with schizophrenic abandon. His eyes lolled back into his head wildly as spittle dribbled down his handlebar mustache, pooling on the female's upturned buttocks and then streaming in pools upon the dirty desert-tan sheets equipping the dilapidated mattress upon which they now performed their conjugal pastimes.

The lieutenant's flesh was marred with various wounds, inflicted by the enemy and self-inflicted both, bearing testament to the atrocious mental state that the lieutenant, one of the top brass within the organization, wore with an inflated and unapologetic ego. In a group in which insanity was a mark of distinction, the lieutenant was by anyone's account extremely distinguished.

Along with the tell-tale signs of lacerations from razors, combat knives and other edged tools of similar intended purpose, the lieutenant's sadistic-looking frame also carried scars from several gunshot wounds, many years old. Surviving gunshot wounds in the era post the wars was extremely rare, as medicine in general was on the decline and those who were educated in the questionable medical training centers run by the organization had much different priorities than physicians of the former era. Manufacture of stimulants used to increase propensity for violence and battlefield

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stamina over long periods of time without sleep, truth serums for interrogations and experimental chemical and biological weapons and the methods of their application were the top priority for anyone with medical training or scientific know-how.

Hidden deep within the monolithic complex of steel buildings with no external windows, the residential areas for visiting brass were infamous for being stale and airless. This made the exertions of the lieutenant's intercourse even more pronounced as evidenced by the fact that both he and the girl were drenched in sweat.

The lieutenant massaged the girl's buttocks, moistened with perspiration and his own saliva, which fell from his mouth involuntarily in grotesque rivulets as he took in the beauty of her pale, flawless skin in counter-pose to her night-black hair. Now looking straight forward toward the headboard, the girl's ocean-blue eyes stared from deep rings of black, fashioned with homemade eyeshadow made from soot and the fat of wild swine, obtained from her kitchen at home. Her father, an official in the clandestine armaments business, was an ample sportsman and wild boar still proliferated, having strong constitutions and proving highly adaptable to post-nuclear environs, flourishing as the earth began to naturally reforest itself, providing ample ideal habitats for the tusked beasts.

The girl turned her head, looking backward toward the lieutenant and drawing his attention however briefly away from the upturned curvatures of her delicious derriere, exposed in full swell as he continued to thrust into her moist vagina. She looked at him with a petulant

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pout, extending her bottom lip and widening her eyes in feigned innocence.

'I don't think you will, lieutenant - all threat!'

'All threat, then? We'll see about that!'

The lieutenant's eyes also widened, not in feigned innocence but in increasing amazement at just how turned on she was making him. She was pushing all the right buttons. They had been fucking since the second night of the conference and now, four days in, this was the next to the last night before the delegates returned to their various assignments elsewhere in the sprawling southern territories now controlled by the organization. The lieutenant slowly inserted one moistened finger into the girl's arse, sliding it back and forth, widening it ever so slightly for the coming sodomy. The girl cooed in delight and her face began to tremble in perverse premeditation of what was to come. Not that this move on behalf of the lieutenant came as any surprise. Manufactured contraceptives no longer existed, all manufacturing being strictly based around military need, not consumer desire. Enlisted personnel and non-military members of the populace were all encouraged to apply more creative ways of preventing unplanned pregnancies. The lieutenant continued to massage and then removed his stiff member from her slit, inserting it between her buttocks. The girl, now fully in the swing of things, let loose with a snarl of excitement as they finished each other off in grecian courtesan fashion.

Afterward they dressed and checked the time, which informed them that it was now late enough in the night that most of the after-session functions for the attending

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personnel were already well past, unless they wanted to drink rot-gut with varied drill masters and specialized intelligence personnel around burning barrels of refuse in the open-air courtyard at the center of the compound. As they had already enjoyed themselves considerably tonight as it were, they decided that they would pass on seeking out other companionship and instead enjoy their next to last night together alone with one another in the confines of their room. The lieutenant had a bottle of liquor that was much better than the rot-gut the lower ranks would be drinking and some cigars that had been given to him after a military campaign near the coastal regions and he intended to enjoy them with a beautiful girl, not out amidst the rabble. This girl in particular was a treat and a lesson in contrast; he could associate with shock troops and spooks from internal security anytime and usually, due to the rigors of his profession, the association was more frequent than he might desire.

The couple now sat at one of the low tables in the corner of the room, studying each others faces as the lieutenant poured a portion each of the harsh-smelling brown liquid into metal tumblers, passing one to her along with an anise-scented cheroot, part of a stockpile of the same that had been given to him by one of his subordinates during the campaign in the east after his man had found them, naturally humidified in a dark cellar, in the home of one of the many families that he had butchered, exterminating to a person as per organizational edict in relation to persons inhabiting that particular region. The girl, now dressed in her tailored black uniform, lit a punk on one of the gaslights and

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began taking long draws, causing the burning ember at the end of the cigar to pulsate and sending large billows of white smoke circling round her face.

'Are you going back to headquarters after you finish here, lieutenant?'

Even with their previous activities withstanding, a pronounced degree of formality recommenced once the sex was over. The lieutenant, although technically lower in rank than some of his peers, was indisputably one of the commander's favorites. The lower rank was a technicality, part of the political games that sometimes reared their heads within the organization, making the lieutenant a target from some sectors due to his undisguised psychosis and inability to play well with others as the case may be. Be that as it may, ninety-nine percent of the group brass would give the lieutenant a wide berth under any circumstances. His violence and insanity were mirrors of the commander's own violence and insanity, a similarity that had been well noted by the commander. Within the organization making an offense against one of the commander's favorites was tantamount to making personal offense at the worshipful feet of the commander himself, an act considered by no one except those lusting for a slow and painful death. Those who had been so foolhardy to do the latter often did so unknowingly and after so failing, in a military world dictated by a highly sophisticated but unwritten etiquette, they were quickly dispatched, disappearing into the hells of the internal security department forthwith, often never even understanding for what reason they had been ruined. For the girl, cohabitation

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with the lieutenant was not only quite pleasurable, it was an honor, and, particularly for a career-minded organizational operative such as herself, it was a potential gateway to better things - or worse - depending on one's perspective. She considered herself innately psychotic and lusted for a partner with whom she could thrive in a bleak world based on ever-dangerous games of one-upmanship amongst competing rabid beasts with the countenances of humans.

'Not this time, Nadezhda.'

Nadezhda thrilled inside, as this was the first time he had called her by her given name. As far as Nadezhda was concerned, she knew better than to ask him his. No one knew the name of the lieutenant and as no one ever asked he was as ever simply known as the lieutenant, a practice of anonymity that was applied amongst the most sensitive of personnel in referring to them only by rank, even within internal organizational documents. There were various rumors within the organization concerning this practice as it was applied to the lieutenant specifically and also as to why he had not been promoted to a higher outward ranking. Some say that when he originally received the rank of lieutenant he went berserk and assassinated several men in his unit, not because of any rationally understood enmity existent between them but rather as a violent and fratricidal celebration of his moving up in rank, his joy - their sorrow. Those who were more in the know concerning the events surrounding the incident believed that the commander himself was directly responsible for the lieutenant's promotion and sent a personal secret

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message via a headquarters-based courier informing him of the names of several individuals within his unit whose immediate executions were personally commissioned, along with detailed instructions of how and where to perform the deed. The opportunity of committing further, unusual and extraordinary bloodshed was the commander's personal reward to the lieutenant on the occasion of his promotion and the fact that the orders had been personally issued assured an ever spiraling level of elation in the lieutenant in the ferocity and detail with which he went about his orders. With that act, enemies of the commander had been executed as needed, the lieutenant had been forever cemented as a loyalist and, due to the obscurity surrounding the incident, a legend was born concerning the lieutenant's excesses.

Nadezhda nodded her head in assent, pulling a rough slug from her tumbler and taking a deep draw on her cheroot. She knew better than to ask for any details without their being proffered. If he was about to go to the field on a mission it was not her business to know. Secrecy was lifeblood within the organization, without the importance of secrecy remaining heavy in circulation, the organization would collapse. That had been the fate of the less brutal, less malevolent post-nuclear war paramilitary outfits that had risen in spats during and after the nuclear winter. As always it was old ideas, outmoded thinking and a tendency to look back upon a perceived golden age of 'ethics' that spelled the demise of such groups. The laws of survival were not dependent on how well one cultivated an atmosphere of

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civility amidst chaos and as far as members of the organization were concerned, civility within chaos was an aberration and an impossibility, well worthy of being smashed with extreme prejudice. What the people really lusted for was order and there was no better order than dictatorship, which was exactly what the organization offered.

Nadezhda had grown up firmly in the bosom of the organization and had even been dedicated as a child by the commander himself, although she was too young to remember it, back in the days when the commander would be seen more frequently amidst the higher brass and unlike the present, in which he was wrapped in almost complete obscurity. Nadezhda's father was a particular prize within the organization to this day and especially in the years in which the organization was undergoing its formative stages of consolidating their power and authority. His father, her grandfather, had been a professional gunsmith and amateur lathe operator before the wars, his choice in profession no doubt testament to the fact that he could see the writing on the wall as the geopolitical scene ratcheted up towards the boiling point which caused nuclear death to reign down, obliterating untold numbers of the earth's inhabitants. His skills had been passed down to his son at an early age and Nadezhda's father had proved to be a prodigy in the realm of the manufacture and maintenance of a wide variety of small arms. Coming from an area of the land known in former times as the foundry due to its proliferation of industry, Nadezhda's father had migrated south and away from the large

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metropolitan areas in the hideous nearly several decade period of nuclear winter, but not before pilfering a significant amount of equipment from government facilities on his trek down through northern Virginia, famous for its military installations and bred-in-the-bone gun culture.

Once in the deep south he linked up with the organization, who readily rolled out the red carpet for someone of his considerable mechanical skill and know-how, not to mention the fact that he had arrived in the southerly clime with both ample supplies of armaments manufacturing equipment as well as a considerable personal arsenal, which he gladly donated to the organization in exchange for assurance of lifelong security and occupation in the furtherance of their mission. Supplied with a decent residential living situation for himself and his daughter, his wife having died of radiation exposure soon after the child's birth on the journey south, the armaments officer settled down near organization headquarters, equipped with a full staff and a facility to work with, and set about the business of manufacturing the sought-after instruments of death that were essential to maintaining current organizational territories and expanding those territories into uncharted areas where life was said to be even more unpredictable and fraught with danger.

Some of Nadezhda's earliest memories were of learning to read in the large glass cubicle formerly utilized as a guard shack in the abandoned cannery that now served as the organization's main armaments factory, located deep in the woods a few miles southwest

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of headquarters, the location which was guarded heavily both by contingents of shock troops, surveillance teams and via secrecy of the location itself. Once refurbished as a weapons facility, the quaint dimensions of the interior guard shack inside the building itself seemed almost comical in comparison to the machine-gun toting black-masked nightmares who roamed the roof, perimeter and surrounding areas at all hours, thus Nadezhda was bequeathed with this daytime residence so that her father could keep closer supervision on her, easily seen through the plexiglass, while he roamed through the large hangar, troubleshooting and advising the workers in the finer points of firearm craftsmanship.

The lieutenant smoked his cigar, inhaling deeply and exhaling through his nostrils in a great stream of smoke that made him resemble some fire-breathing beast as Nadezhda studied him from across the table. She had been attracted to the lieutenant since an early age, having heard about his various exploits while associating with her schoolmates in the youth corps academy. Various of the girls would stand around the foyers of the administrative offices, featuring large poster renderings of the various military commandants and officials who had received medals and various other honorifics due to the severity of their repression of opposition on the battlefield. While her mates had favored the field marshal almost to a person, she had always favored the lieutenant. Whereas the field marshal appealed to the youths as a sadistic yet somehow grandfatherly figure, the lieutenant was all punishment all the time, unpredictable, privileged within the

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framework of the commander's favor and always horrific in execution. This fondness for extremes put her in good standing with various of the more brutal elements in the academy, including many of the boys, who she wiled away hours with practicing ambush maneuvers and interrogation techniques long after the mandatory day's training sessions were over.

Now she sat across from him, having mutually enjoyed with him in a conjugal fashion for several nights' time although speaking very little of serious matters until the present. Sitting through hours of tedious programming lectures during the day at the conference, Nadezhda, like the majority of other attendants, was mentally and physically exhausted at the end of the day. Except for those inhabiting the perpetual 'situation room' (field marshals, generals and other war theater decision-makers), whose positions mandated their continued attention long into the night, most of the other attendants sought some sort of diversion in the evening. Getting smashed on the liquor provided for the attendants, discussing events along tables of food (fresh meat hunted with firearms being a welcome delicacy, especially for those from headquarters who subsisted the majority of the time on strange substances laced with pharmaceuticals that kept them going long past the time that they would have passed out under natural circumstances) or, for the loners, holing up in their residential quarters with some propaganda magazines or simply their own dark paranoid minds.

The lieutenant poured himself another snifter of liquor and took a deep drink while keeping his eyes

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evenly boring into Nadezhda's.

'So I assume you will be back at headquarters yourself soon, correct?'

'That's correct, lieutenant.'

She was pleased with his inquiry, but did not show it, keeping the tone of her voice monotone and without inflection. She had no intention of showing her cards or any vulnerability to his attentions until she could better ascertain the situation. Having heard the tales for many years of the lieutenants split-second moves from amicability to cruelty and also well aware of his tendency for forced rape and murder of past lovers, or dropping an oblique false accusation to internal security that would, due to his rank, almost assure a sudden extraction, she wanted to keep well on his good side.

'What detail do you work in?'

'Code clerk and intelligence analysis, internal security administration.'

The lieutenant took another drag from his cheroot, now burned to the end, and snuffed it out on the ashtray, his mustache twitching slightly under the stress of his exhalation.

'What would you ideally like to be doing for the organization, Nadezhda?'

Now the kicker had come, a surprise for her. Her answer to this question could take several possible courses depending on his mood and his base intentions in asking the question. It could be merely small talk or even a provocation to draw her out concerning her ambitions, or it could be something else altogether. Rather than beat around the bush, Nadezhda decided to

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answer honestly.

'I would like to work for torture center, incarceration, at HQ internal security.'

The lieutenant was impressed and pleasantly surprised at her proclivity to work in what was considered a dirty assignment even within the sadistic confines of organizational life. Internal security were pariahs in any case, although being the commander's favorite operation, and torture center, housed in a separate secure building adjutant to the inquiry center, was the height of nastiness, the crown jewel of human rights abuse for internal subversives and high-level spies and espionage suspects. Having worked in intelligence analysis of suspect elements within her own organization however, the thought that she might want to move from shoring up investigations and expanding them through interrogation seemed a logical progression from his vantage point.

'Have you put in for a transfer?'

'I have attempted in the past, but internal security said that they rely on me for decoding and associated activities and that there are more qualified individuals lined up for posts at torture center.'

The lieutenant snorted with disgust, no doubt her higher-ups were referring to personnel from the shock troop units and guards from the military concentration camps. He instantly disagreed with their decision - a femme fatale with deeply rooted ties to an armaments background and present employment in intelligence analysis was exactly what torture center needed to add a layer of sophistication to their grisly tasks. He intended

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to do something about it.

'Ask and you shall receive, Nadezhda. You want the rank of Agent along with it, correct?'

Nadezhda did not pause before answering, 'Special Agent in charge.'

The lieutenant showed no reaction, but Nadezhda seemed to detect that there was the slightest hint of a smile around the corners of his mouth. She reached over the bottle and poured herself another draught, raising the cup to her lips and consuming the majority of it in one swallow. They were well on their way to getting piss-drunk and she was enjoying herself to the hilt, both the intoxication and the interesting turn of events that their post-coitus discussion had taken almost immediately.

'Well officer, I will see what I can do, in fact I will do more than that. I am surprised that you want to stay at headquarters though, most headquarters staff are ready to get out and see the rest of the world outside - see what the organization is doing in the field, perhaps take out a few enemies on the field, do a little hunting...'

The lieutenant's eyes glazed over slightly and he could feel himself begin salivating, considering both the exquisite taste of animal flesh and human flesh alike. Post the nuclear wars, meat was meat and judging on how he had seen the progression over the years, cannibalism was a trend that was going to accelerate. A fresh kill always tasted better than eating some diseased, dehydrated corpse on the compound, which was the extent of natural protein available at headquarters unless a person wanted to go out of their way and risk potential

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punitive response - that happened sometimes too.

'Have another drink, SAC.'

The lieutenant grinned discernibly this time and reached into the pocket of his black jacket, removing a small wallet and taking out a personal credential card, embossed with a personal insignia and contact information of his headquarters liaison secretary at the base. The personal insignia, not a group insignia of one of the organizational subsections such as intelligence, internal security or the shock troops was a particularly significant distinction, as it marked him as not belonging specifically to any of the known sectors of the organization. Some speculated that the lieutenant was part of a secret outfit reporting directly to direct emissaries of the commander and engaged in secret work. The lieutenant's uniform bore only an organizational crest and no other markings, which could designate him as anything from construction security in armaments to interrogator in intelligence. He removed a small ink pen from the other pocket, a water-proofed variety issued to organizational personnel, and wrote several lines on the back of the card before resheathing the pen and handing the card to Nadezhda.

Nadezhda took the card and turned it around. The words written on the back of the card meant nothing to her, a string of several unrelated words followed by a set of numbers. Her code clerk training began to go into effect but she was not able to readily ascertain the nature of the code.

'Don't bother, Nadezhda.'

The lieutenant looked at her with a bemused

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expression.

'You will not be able to crack that code, although feel free to give it a shot when you back to your room later. Don't do too good with it though or they will never let you out of the code office.'

Nadezhda smiled back and put the card into her pocket. She would have to have faith in the good graces of the lieutenant, although she would most certainly attempt to decode the message before she retired for the night and most certainly before she would hand it in to anyone. The ciphers on the back of the card could just as easily be instructing that the person turning the card in should be executed or incarcerated as it could be instructions for assignment.

'Hand that card in to the internal security administration secretary, not your direct boss in internal security. Better yet, put it in the night slot, that way you won't have to deal with anyone directly. Once the person who needs to see the message gets the card you will see that everything will work itself as it should.'

Nadezhda managed a slight smile although the paranoia concerning the potential intentions of the lieutenant bothered her. If she did get promoted to torture center, and at the extraordinarily influential post of SAC no less, without having to work her way up through the ranks in the usual fashion as a clerk, then promotion to Agent, Supervisory Special Agent, etc. then it would be a dream come true. If something else was written on the back of the card, well, she'd rather not think about it at this time. She poured herself another drink and took a long draught to steel her nerves. She

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was fucking the lieutenant, she was drunk on particularly potent and good quality alcohol and it looked like she may be in charge of her very own chamber of ghastriness in the modern dungeon that was torture center. Life was good. Apparently the lieutenant was pleased with her thus far; she intended to make sure that she had some insurance on her side.

Finishing her drink and standing erect she crossed her arms over her chest, staring down at the lieutenant, his face now ruddy and flushed with intoxication, beginning to overheat in the atmosphere of the enclosed room.

The room was the lieutenant's own - she had been barracked in another several corridors away and other than sleeping it had been barely lived in during her tenure at the conference, as she had been spending most of the time after meetings with the lieutenant in his own quarters, during which time she had gotten to know the lay of the land. She paced over to a chest of drawers and removed from between several uniform shirts a rolled piece of leather.

Taking it and letting it unfurl in her anorexically small right hand, the object was seen to be a utility belt for field missions, more sturdy than what was usually worn at conferences. It was thick, black and highly polished and still smelled of the animal from which it had been made.

'Dear lieutenant, you have put a lot of trust in me in this sudden promotion, I am glad that we are making a strong mutual impression on one another. I think maybe you should give me a forewarning about how life is in

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torture center. Coming in at your recommendation, I want to make sure that you have full confidence that you are sending in a well-disciplined human resource.'

Nadezhda walked to where the lieutenant still sat and placed the belt on the table in front of him before slinking down onto her knees and beginning to gnaw on the lieutenant's arm. The lieutenant shook her off, knocking her to the ground in surprise, before taking the last draught of the liquor from his cup. He stood, inadvertently knocking the chair over as he grabbed the leather belt, coiling the end around one hand and smacking the thick leather onto his other hand.

'Bend over the bed, my little pet, so I can see what exactly you are made of.'

Nadezhda complied immediately.

CHAPTER 5

As Bonn was carried down the halls into the intestines of the inquiry center he could see very little other than the floor passing by him in feet and yards and the marching boots of the guards which held him. A place of ten-thousand varieties of possible paths, all leading to equally potent vectors of ruination, the inquiry center pulsated with a doom-laden aura so prominent that no one could mistake that this was a place where the most hideous aspects of human nature were allowed, nay, provoked to come to the forefront.

The guards held his arms and legs in a vise-grip, tightening considerably once they had moved past the line on the floor that marked the beginning of the secure area. They had walked through several corridors containing individuals which he could hear but not see because of his awkward position, however the voices were entirely more serious and less flippant than the secretaries that had mocked him on his exodus from the office of the anonymous internal security officer who had conducted his interrogation.

For all he knew the secretaries could have been a staged incident, part of some grand psychological pageant being put on by internal security for the detriment of his mind. The voices that he heard as he

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moved deeper into the corridors of the inquiry center were hushed, brutal. If a naked man being carried hog-tied by a contingent of guards was something that caught the attention of people on the administrative side of the building, it was apparently so unnoticeable here that it did not deserve any pause from whatever black work the personnel were busying themselves with. If his situation was business as usual where he was going then he was in trouble. But, he knew instinctively that he was very much in trouble and he was no innocent after all, he was a shock troop, albeit very low on the totem pole and only having seen action on the field once outside of the confines of headquarters. It seemed like he had been at headquarters for far too long; now he knew that he had obviously been at headquarters far too long indeed.

The guards turned a corner and stopped, letting the private dead-drop the less-than-a-foot between his body and the floor, which had formerly been tile in the administrative section but had given way to a polished concrete as they moved further in. The drop was not enough to cause any serious damage but it was jolting nonetheless and re-opened the bleeding from his broken nose. Since his nostrils were completely clogged with blood however, no blood leaked out onto the floor or, hell forbid, the boots of the guards, but instead simply pooled in his nostrils. He coughed as the iron liquid dripped further into his sinus canals and down his esophagus.

The guards reached around his head and stuffed a black ball-gag into his mouth, fastening the leather straps around the back of his head. With equal rapidity

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another guard moved in and placed a black hood over his face, another placing a pair of modified guard goggles painted completely black over this and the last placing a pair of large headphones over where his ears were now concealed beneath the thick black fabric. Bonn was now completely enveloped in darkness and all sight and sound stopped. He could feel the guards picking him back up and could tell by the air flow moving over his naked flesh that they had resumed their march, however he now neither saw the direction in which they were going nor could he hear the sounds of the guards' combat boots thumping against the concrete. At some point he felt the air get colder and a breeze flow past him before stopping. When he could feel the guards proceeding again the air was much warmer than it had been in the inquiry center. He had left one building and entered another.

Immediately the scent of strong disinfectant chemicals hit him, exacerbated by the warm air. His mind was in a state of high disorientation already due to the sensory deprivation, and as his body relaxed slightly in its bound state he could tell that the warmth of the air would only serve to increase his susceptibility to the sensory deprivation already driving him toward mental instability. He felt himself being slowly lowered onto a hard metal surface which seemed to be higher than ground floor. Deprived of speech, hearing and movement and atrociously exposed in a state of humiliation, shock and forced immobilization, all he could do was drive further into his own mind, fighting

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to maintain some semblance of reality and to what might happen to him.

The interior of torture center was all concrete walls lathered in layers of black paint, lit with low-level generator-induced light shining down from their mounting places high in the roof overlooking a vast interior. A monitoring station sat in the center of the room, manned by five guards seated beneath a plexiglass enclosure that was filled with all manner of restraints, chemical sprays, nightsticks and several weapons. Much of the metal was original equipment from when the building had been used as a penitentiary before the nuclear wars. At some point before the nukes went airborne the prisoners went ballistic, not about to sit out Armageddon behind bars, and a massive riot involving over eighty deaths occurred before the strongest of the convicts made their way out into the surrounding countryside. The correctional officers were too easy of an immediate target for the prisoners' rage. There was none of the usual recourse to emergency backup in the case of a prison riot at the institution at the time, as every member of the National Guard and local police were all preparing for a much bigger catastrophe.

The black paint had been the organization's own addition to the internal infrastructure of the main processing area of the high security segregation area, apparently recommended by no less than the commander himself.

Inside the monitoring station all the original computer monitors that had been installed there for the staff had been removed as well as the computers

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themselves, as well as the electronic monitoring equipment, etc. One organization modified laptop sufficed for the torture center secretary who entered in the essential information onto the local database. For interrogations and tortures, notes would be taken of salient information and quickly hand-encrypted and destroyed. Torture center, in order to apply the highest security possible, always adhered to an even more utilitarian standard than was applied in the organization as a whole.

ECT (External Control Torture) was horrifyingly enough the actual name of the specialized correctional unit controlling the torture center, the full name of which was External Control Torture Administration Center (ECTAC). The broad utilization of this so-called administration had its emphasis on administering punishment. The atmosphere was extremely harsh and this harshness was increased with large doses of pure terror in that the ECT was the staging grounds for the most sadistic minds within the organization. The most brutal of the shock troops, men who had been remanded from their training units for committing particularly harsh hazing practices on other troops, or shock troops who had been operating in the field and had been observed raising the bar in the intensity and creativity of applied atrocity were often selected for service in the ECT. Several small units of hardcore intelligence officers, skilled in interrogation, torture and pioneers of the organization's embryonic punitive mind control program were also stationed in ECTAC.

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The intelligence officers in place in ECT were for the most part field operatives, and their brand of applied intelligence (intelligence in the organization equaled terror) bore the stamp of the sort of operations in which the interrogations ended with the termination of the person being interrogated in many cases, and often a butchering of the person's corpse and meal of human flesh to follow, along with the obligatory sharing of bone fragments as souvenirs when it came to particularly high-level targets. The latter practice was more common amongst the elite amongst the shock troops, and the intelligence officers' engagement of similar activity on the field attested to the stark reality of a post-nuclear world and frequent fraternization with the military troops by intelligence. For an intelligence officer, to be a harsh matron who manned a belt-fed machine gun during large-scale exterminations was more than an exotic experience.

The level of sophistication was primitive despite the high-end working capital of the installation, which boasted mechanical advances in order to operate the steel doors leading to the segregation housing units themselves, which had once been operated frequently throughout the day, opening and closing by electronic impulse. In order to abbreviate the process of guards and ECT personnel moving to and from inmate areas within the institution, several of the cells in the interior of the wings of the segregation units had been appropriated for guard stations. Their steel doors were removed and replaced with heavy black plastic curtains so that personnel could go from guard cell to cell (usually the

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guards appropriated a row of five cells along the central housing corridor) with minimal difficulty. The door to the segregation housing units leading to the receiving and discharge and outer areas of the prison were built exclusively to work by electronic pulse and were once frequently operated by remote control from the guard stations. This was no longer practical due to restraints on electricity even within the commander's base, which was one of the few places within the organization to have electric lights, the bluish hue of spotlights sending the clear signal to all that the organization was the unequivocal master of the area. Now the door to the segregation cells themselves were only opened a few times per day, with the guards attaching the circuit to the entrance-way to one of the generator hookups which shot one surge of electricity enough to open and close the door.

The private lay on his stomach, the cold metal of the gurney causing goose pimples to rise along his flesh. Although he could not hear, he could feel the jostling of the gurney being rolled for a brief period of time before he felt himself being roughly lifted and placed on a thin mattress. Now he was only left alone with the beginning of debilitating aches from his prolonged state of being manacled in an uncomfortable position along with the building sense of dread and mental incapacitation beginning to set in from the sensory deprivation hood. He had managed to exhale in a snort through one of his nostrils so he was now able to breath slightly. The other nostril would remain totally clogged with blood unless he could get a finger to it, which was impossible in his

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current state, and the ball-gag, stretching his mouth uncomfortably, provided no air flow. He would remain in this position for quite some time until his formal processing began.

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CHAPTER 6

A large podium stretched across the deep interior of a vast corrugated steel building, formerly used for some industrial enterprise but now the site of one of the organization's leadership-level conferences. It was now the afternoon before the final conference meeting to be held in the evening. The installation, technically secret outside leadership and select required personnel, was located in organization territory at a mid-point between the commander's base and the secure areas of the border that marked the most far-flung horizon of the organization's holding operations. Organizational operatives and activities existed beyond this border, however the secure area marked the last geographic line where the land and the populace was entirely in the organization's pocket.

Huge banners representing various sectors of the organization such as intelligence, shock troops and internal security hung high from the rafters above the heads of the participants. The entire hall was lit with large, pressurized gas lamps which cast the entire meeting place in an eerie glow. On the far end of the building a hangar door had been opened, letting in the dull light of the sun, cloaked behind cloud cover and

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overcast weather that had been steady since the conference began several days prior.

In the post-apocalypse people had gotten used to the absence of the bright electric lights that once lit the vast swathes of the civilized world. If some stray satellite from the old days was still circling the globe, taking automatic photographs of the various portions of the earth, it would see that the globe was now covered in darkness - as appropriate in this, the new Dark Age.

Long work tables with folding metal chairs had been set up across the expanse of the floor and were populated with some three hundred members from a cross section of the organization. Many of them had come to the organization in their own way with different stories to tell and operated in varying sectors of the group, yet their clan and fanaticism toward forwarding the mission of the commander had facilitated their rise within the ranks that put them at the conference today.

Nadezhda, sitting with a contingent from her office in internal security, found it hard to concentrate on the various matters being discussed from the podium, although she duly took notes concerning salient points, particularly when it came to her specialty areas of code decryption and intelligence analysis. The lectures on those two topics from the podium were however quite brief, less than fifteen minutes each, the code and intelligence analysis work being relegated more so to early morning and late afternoon sessions in smaller meeting rooms and attended only by those working in those fields, as well as a few intelligence liaison officers who worked on the ground at shock troop units.

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Although part of the purpose of the event was to build cohesiveness and focus amongst the individual sectors of the organization in relation to their work, her mind was on another sector altogether. The last sexual experience of the previous evening had been intense and the lieutenant had been very pleased by the correct strategy of her ministrations, having given her a hard beating with the leather belt that she had offered him followed by taking her over his knee and spanking her like a child, before she led him to orgasm via energetic oral stimulation. Her petite bottom felt quite bruised the second day, but pleasantly so, and it was easy to be reminded of what she had been doing as she attempted to sit for the long hours listening to lectures in the very plain metal chair. Equally on her mind was the lieutenant's card that she had been handed, which sat securely within the wallet on her person - she would not risk any chance of that particular document walking away from her, and she had kept the wallet clutched to her breast the night before when she slept, having finally returned to her own room after spending the entire evening with the lieutenant, too tired to engage in an errant code-breaking of the cipher that the lieutenant had inscribed.

Her father was on the stage now, giving a demonstration of the various guns that armaments were now producing on a regular schedule. Large numbers of firearms had been saved after the nuclear war and carefully maintained, however even tools of metal and oil begin to wear down in time and her father had been key in beginning the production of new pieces as well as

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replacement parts so that corrective as well as preventative troubleshooting could be easily accomplished.

A MP5 submachine gun was lifted into the air and snarled out with several shots bursting in rapid succession from its mean-looking snout. Nadezhda's father had loaded the various test weapons with blanks carefully produced by himself personally with his own reloading machine that he had built from old plans; he would not entrust this task to a subordinate in case of the rare chance that they might put a live round in the gun and some conference attendee accidentally catch a bullet. He paid close attention to detail, a trait which had assisted him well during the course of his long career.

Nadezhda's father's full name was Felix Zhuvova Yatskaya and he stood imposing behind the speaker's lectern as the last dummy round burst from the MP5 and the majority of the three-hundred strong hall rose in raucous applause. Yatskaya was a total veteran of the organization in every respect and knew exactly how to win over an audience, knowing better than anyone else that machine guns would do the trick in almost every circumstance.

He gave a description of the MP5, how many had been produced in the last five years and what the current production schedule was and then went through similar tests and descriptions over an impressive list of other small arms including the M15, AK-74 and several handguns. Via being the mind behind the post-nuclear rearmament, Yatskaya had found himself in the supremely satisfying position of custom-making the

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arsenal of the organization's new world according to his particular taste in firearms. The submachine guns and handguns that he selected to become mainstays in the organization's arsenal were picked from a rich history of use by military, guerrilla outfits and street gangs. All prohibitions as to modifications and incremental increases in a firearm's level of inherent lethality had been unceremoniously thrown out the proverbial window after society descended into anarchy, allowing Nadezhda's father's work to come into full flourish in designing and manufacturing a particularly intimidating spectrum of death-dealing instruments. Ammunition clips had begun to be produced in much longer higher-capacity designs on most pieces for accelerated efficiency in direct combat situations without having to change clips. Many of the guns were outfitted with ferocious-looking bayonets sharpened to a razor's edge and some of the weapons had been given semi-official nicknames like 'meat-grinder', 'blood mist' and 'hacker' to intimate to those being so commissioned of the unparalleled capabilities of the weapon and to build the bloodthirsty morale of the ever-growing population of shock troops, elite commandos, internal security executioners and intelligence wing assassins. For the latter, an entire spectrum of weapons had been introduced at lower production levels and designed for their specific purposes in mind, outfitted with hand-crafted silencers and flash suppressors and primitive scopes drawn from old military models.

Assassinations were done in areas that would be harder

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to execute a typical land campaign replete with burning buildings, destroying or seizing infrastructure, enslavement of the area youth and raping of the women followed by eventual public executions, enacted after long, well-orchestrated periods of humiliation, of whatever leadership might be present. Some of the small communities, savage in their adherence to long dead modes of living, however backward thinking they might be, still managed to exist far enough afield from organizational strongholds and decently armed with old firepower to dissuade the organization from spending the manpower and resources needed to do a typical land attack. Although the organization would get them eventually, one way or another, there were still limited resources and the commander's forces could not be everywhere at once. In these cases, intelligence officers would be sent in under deep-cover, sometimes cultivating local informants under a false flag and sometimes using commando units who conducted surveillance from a distance for weeks in harsh conditions. Once the leadership and key community members were identified, a sniper would be sent in with the commando unit running back-up to take out the targets. The communities would then be completely shattered, disorganized and, most importantly, terrified. Assassinations were a way that the organization sent a message to recalcitrant communities that clearly stated: even if we aren't in your backyard yet, we can still reach our tendrils into the very heart of your world and destroy it. Do not feel safe, we are breathing down your necks. After a period of time following the

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assassinations, most of the communities would break down on their own and then conventional organization forces could move in easily. Some areas, after the death of their leaders, upon whom they had become dependent on both for direction and psychologically in general, would voluntarily offer themselves up to the organization, sending an emissary over the line into organization territory and begging the first representative they found to have the organization move in and run things for them. This was always highly morale boosting for the organization and a string of successes had kept intelligence unit assassins continually busy.

Increasingly the commander and his direct plenipotentiaries had been stressing the importance of firearms as being the key necessity in ventures on the field but attempting to limit their use within internal sectors. Internal security guards throughout the main compound and around the perimeter of the conference hall where they met now of course were armed to the teeth but however equipped the guards were with machine guns and other accoutrements, standing orders had them utilize the firearms only when no other option applied. Thus training was increasing across the board on command edict concerning the use of edged weapons as well as psychological training to induce armed organization members to be more enthusiastic to kill with their bare hands. Brandished firearms within the organization were always a good deterrent against internal dissent, however the precious bullets being churned out by the armaments division were best

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relegated to field use. Although not frequently spoken of, the organization's emphasis on terror and internal discipline and raising up the banner of a new dark age had within its political DNA the seeds for a future in which almost every aspect of the old society would, in time, fade away.

As such, heavy industry was not being developed within the organization territories - nor anywhere else as far as the organization's spies and voices abroad could tell. Seventy-five years after the nuclear war humanity was still in scavenger mode. There were ample empty houses, buildings and infrastructure thus no real need to develop anything but maintenance-level building skills in the generally demoralized and scarcity-driven utilitarianism that was the general rule rather than the exception among the totality of the populace, organization-administrated and otherwise. In the realm of food cultivation the rule of thumb was take what you could find, do what you could do. Other than in the higher ranks and amongst those who could manage to hunt a little themselves, food for organization members consisted of highly processed materials (including rendered products extracted from their former comrades) generously laced with certain chemical extracts to mimic natural health.

As he continued to speak, Yatskaya filled his oratory with rising levels of volume and excitement as each new weapon was shown. At the end of the presentation, along with a set of dignitaries from the commander's liaison coming from headquarters, he revealed a larger piece than had been in use. Well recognized by all

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members of the organization as a small Palestinian-type guerrilla rocket, the crowd erupted with a diabolic frenzy upon viewing the artillery piece, everyone on their feet, fists raised in the air and screams of bloodlust on every tongue. Nadezhda rose like in a dream and her mouth filled with a hateful screech as her arms raised up straight in the air. Across the hall amongst another sector of attendees, the lieutenant also found himself in the mesmerizing spell of the newly produced upgraded weaponry.

The thirteen foot black cylinder gleamed with a sinister glint, with the initials and make, KVA-1, painted in plain red letters upon the side. The small pulley with the mechanism set atop its tripod mount rolled into the center near Nadezhda's father. Brutal and as imposing as the weapon which he had forged, he too raised his fist in a violent scream as the artillery piece came into the view of the amassed organizational personnel at the conference. This was the day that he had been waiting for, the unveiling of the fruits of a project that he had been working on for many years with complete secrecy within the armaments division. Nadezhda in the audience was floored considering that she had seen no visible signs in her father over time that would have compromised that he was working on something very specific and ambitious such as this.

If she had still been younger and studying at the armaments factory as she had when she was a girl she would have noticed, but code-breaking and intelligence analysis in internal security had become all-consuming

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work and her visits with her father were almost always at his residence; there had been no specific need to visit the armaments factory as of late. Organization life, even in its mundane particulars, did not mimic the softhearted ways of the familyist-minded bourgeoisie which once ruled the land. If Nadezhda, as a commissioned code-breaker and internal security personnel, frequented the armaments factory without due reason, no matter that her father worked there, she would be noted for potential espionage activities if the action continued. Once she moved out of the youth corps and into full service not too long ago, she had been well aware that the dynamics change when a person joins a subsector within the organization. Shock troops were more lenient and accepted in certain circumstances, but internal security were always suspect. They preyed upon the people and then they preyed upon one another, which would be the scenario as already mentioned. It was a cannibalistic bureaucratic beast that devoured human beings without any understandable discrimination - it was to be avoided.

Yatskaya waved his arms in a gesture for the crowd to quiet and the roar lessened to a degree, although all were still on their feet, then all of a sudden a huge banner that had been rolled up and hidden in the rafters behind the stage was unfurled dramatically, featuring a new insignia of the organization, now no longer featuring the bat but instead crossed rockets behind the profile of the commander. In the corner in blood red stood a new image of a bat, flying down from some ghastly sky as if in the midst of a hunt. The symbolism

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reverberated with everyone throughout the hall, striking deep chords in the very center of their consciousness. Now they had advanced their death machine into an entirely new level and their domination would be unstoppable. 'DEATH!' shouted the armaments official, howling like a madman through a generator-run speaker system. 'DEATH!' screamed the unhinged audience in response. 'DEATH! DEATH! DEATH!' - the chant resounded like the roaring of ten-thousand tigers throughout the metal hangar, sweat pouring down every face in emotional exertion.

'Esteemed members of the organization,' began Yatskaya. 'We are now entering a new and increasingly weaponized era within the organization. With the assistance of our chemistry sector, in conjunction with armaments over the last several years, we have worked without stop on forwarding this project under the express orders and personal leadership guidance of the commander himself.'

The audience response was now caged chaos.

'Only with the leadership of the commander could we have reached the level that the organization, his dream, now has at its hands. We are going to usher in an era in which death will reign from above onto our enemies and they will recognize without fail that they must submit under the lash of this group, this organization, this spearhead of the new Dark Age! Let the exploded bodies of their kith and kin be the punishing testament for any who would seek to conspire

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against the might of god-in a-flesh-body, the commander. Let him hear your screams!

The audience erupted into banshee shrieking, exploding the limits of sanity.

'By being present here today, you are the first outside of the production team and the highest levels to be informed about the existence of this weapon. Propaganda sheets are being printed both in white and black propaganda style, two different versions for the benefit of our group and our enemies respectively, acting as the prophet in the wilderness bringing to light the horrific new level of our organization's might. Within two months' time there will be a mass rally near headquarters in which this lethal arm of the commander, this lethal vessel of death stamped with the mark of our organization, will be formally unveiled to the organization as a whole. At that time there will also be mass initiations and the conferring of medals and armbands forwarding our new emblem. For those who want to sign up for special initiations please see the processing liaison officer who has a table set up at the back of the room tonight. Attendees will be given priority for choice initiations and will be attended and devised with much circumstance. The commander will be attending this rally personally and your dedication and elan with which you take on the responsibility of setting an example as members of leadership cadre will quadruple the discipline of your subordinates and give untold pleasure to the commander. Avail yourselves of

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this opportunity!

Various religious cults, thinly veiled fronts of certain experimental intelligence operations utilizing the population of the organization as its experimental lab rats, would be at the coming event. In the organization the lines between the swelling mystical current within the post-nuclear populace and methods of maintaining organizational cohesiveness on a psychological, sociological and physical level were always blurred. If the tendency existed, it would be co-opted by the organization. Many tendencies of course were crushed, however in the latter doomsday scenario in which they found themselves operating, the leadership of the organization had learned that it behooved them to play certain chords. The majority of the tendencies most in vogue were fabricated by intelligence itself. In the old days, a shadow state like the organization would have been termed religious extremists or most loathsome in their methodology of governance, however, the thrust and sheer scope of the cult programs within the organization were unlike anything the world had ever seen except perhaps as vague intimations of the future during the darkest days of yore.

Lines of masked and goggled internal security guards lined the open door of the hangar; the presentation of the rocket had induced the highest level of security possible for this rally. The project had, in reality, been kept an absolute secret without any chinks in the armor of silence, as none of the attendees outside of the project had seen this coming. The additional

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security personnel had been personally requested by armaments or at least someone going under armaments cover. For a long time the organization had boasted various particularly nasty weapons - chemical, biological and radiological warfare was considered the name of the game, the crest jewel to the organization's usual shootings, dismemberments and more primitively executed atrocities on the field. Now all of this hideous weaponry would have a psychotic means of dispersal. From the times when elite units would make moves against small settlements with poisoning the wells or contaminating the food supply, the organization could now load those same agents into warheads and send them spiraling over the spires of the forests and into unaware and unprepared centers of humanity, inaugurating their actions with explosions, shrapnel and rising casualties and ending them with culling cultured from varied pages of the the organization's encyclopedia of death.

'Esteemed members of the organization.' Yatskaya's voice sounded like hosts of phantoms flying over the three-hundred strong crowd of organizational personnel. A team of guards moved in around the stage surrounding the speaker and the weapon and some activity could be seen commencing at the mouth of the hangar. 'Please head into the courtyard where refreshments have been prepared and enjoy yourselves for the rest of the afternoon. Evening session will begin at the usual time; we have a special session this evening and it will be brief, as all of you are preparing to leave in the morning. In the courtyard you will have the

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opportunity to receive reports on the scope of the new project and various public strategic outlines that I am sure will be of interest to you. I am looking forward to speaking with you soon and more in-depth. Long live the commander!

A cheer rose up from the crowd as the people began making their way toward the hangar door. Still guarding the stage, several technicians came and wheeled the rocket in an opposite direction, out a side door and beyond the view of the attendees. The cheer broke down into a minor cacophony of animated conversations as they moved toward the courtyard.

Outside the hangar was a bustle of activity as the delegates began pouring into the area located securely between several of the steel buildings making up the conference location. On huge spits wild boars were rotating in roast, sending a sweet scent of broiling flesh wafting across the grounds. Large open-faced military tents were manned by various low-level clerks from intelligence who were passing out pamphlets and newspapers glorifying the appearance of the rocket in the organization's arsenal. Industrial-sized plastic barrels outfitted with primitive tap mechanisms had been set up at various junctures, dispensing a crude organization-made low-alcohol small beer similar to the potato recipes once utilized by Russian peasants, the difference between it and its historic counterpart being that the organization version was also, as usual, amply fortified with laboratory-produced stimulants.

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The conference had been more exciting than most of the attendees had premeditated. It was within the purview of executive strategy to engineer events such as these during significant successes and this was most certainly a stellar success by all accounts. A several hour period of celebration was soon to begin which would culminate in a final debriefing which was more perfunctory than essential, as by the time the evening session started there would be atrocious levels of intoxication throughout the attendees - the informational meal had been set to the organizational cultures in the afternoon session, as by prior design and culminating with the armaments announcement.

A snowless winter was upon the landscape but due to the southern climes the weather was relatively warm considering, however to both cut the chill in the air and provide atmosphere there were lines of steel drums half-buried in the ground burning a variety of refuse for warmth and additional light in the courtyard, these much similar to how partisans in the old days used to arrange a landing strip for descending support aircraft. Nadezhda looked around the area for her father but he was nowhere to be seen, more than likely he would be locked in serious closed-door sessions well into the evening whilst the rest of the company celebrated the victory which was due highly in part to his design.

Cold chills broke over her neck when she considered what had been said earlier in her father's speech, concerning the commander taking personal leadership of the project from the onset, which meant that the commander had been working with her father face-to-

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face and - by implication - for some time. The development of the rocket under the joint work of the commander and her father would catapult her into entirely new levels of respect and prestige within the organization and she wondered what this, along with the coded message that the lieutenant had given her, would mean for her future. Driving her wandering thoughts to the side, she approached a small lean-to proffering drinks of a stronger variety than what was in the plastic drums dispensing the potato-based liquor.

Several ebony-skinned men with huge frames stood nearby, smoking large cigars which contained a brutal narcotic favored by some of the members of the organization with a particularly strong constitution. They were hand-rolled with wild-growing tobacco, called rabbit tobacco, but interspersed with ample amounts of a mild hallucinogenic substance called 'cerebranam' and finally dipped into another chemical (often thought to be an equivalent to the embalming fluid of pre-apocalyptic times) which acted as a sedative. The combination of mild hallucinogen, nicotine stimulant and sedative produced a state in which the various substances combated one another, producing a somewhat calming but also violent state in those so using. The black men in the organization received much favor from the commander, who considered them superior to many of the other racial strains and, because their ancestors had lived in the area for hundreds of years before the nuclear wars and had not always been on good terms with the state, they were considered natural resistance fighters who were able to roll with the

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punches to a higher degree than some of the genetic strains who had socially been raised on the soft fit of luxury, making the latter sub-species all the more neurotic and destroyed when the world came down around their heads in a sea of nuclear fire.

The men did not notice Nadezhda as she walked beneath the awning of the stall, where a small boy around ten years of age manned a primitive non-electric refrigeration unit made of some put-together pieces of insulated material, surrounded by a few cartons and various plastic cups. Nadezhda smiled at the boy, who promptly grinned in return. His beady eyes ran over every inch of her body within a few seconds, greedily imagining the specifics of the slight curvatures that existed under the black uniform.

'Hello, brother,' Nadezhda said smoothly, aware of the young man's interest and fully intending to take advantage of the situation and give the youth a thrill in the process.

'Hello, sister...' said the youth, his voice trailing off inadvertently amidst his rapture.

Obliquely, Nadezhda raised one hand and cupped her breast through the fabric, pursing her lips slightly while nodding toward the tankard. 'Please set me up with one of those, brother, and perhaps I will set you up with one of these later.'

She tapped her small breast, the curvature of which was barely noticeable beneath the fabric.

The youth went to preparing the requested liquid extra quick.

Nadezhda would be enjoying a mixture of

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promethazine, codeine syrup and a mild alcohol made from the rotting persimmons that fell down from the boughs of the trees in the fall, combined with ice. The purpose of the drink, which Nadezhda favored, was to produce a state of extreme somnolence, lowering of respiration capacity and producing a dissociative state. As the young boy prepared the concoction she eyed him appraisingly; she would have to show him a thing or two before the night was over.

CHAPTER 7

As the field marshal returned to his encampment he could smell the unmistakable aroma of roasting flesh over an open fire. Beneath his thick mustache he smiled and mentally commended the acumen of his guards for their practicality. After he had left them alone with their two victims, they had paired up, one guard holding the baby and the other guard holding the still ball-gagged mother tightly against a tree. By this time the baby was dead, however blood was still trickling from the bayonet wound which had spiked directly through its heart, causing massive internal bleeding in its infantile frame. The guard held the baby, manipulating its dead body parts like a sick marionette and, once close to the mother's face, took great delight in squeezing the baby as hard as he could, causing blood to belch out of the dead mouth. The mother's face widened in a total rictus of horror.

"If we take this gag off of you, are you going to scream?"

The guards looked to the mother's eyes for any sense of comprehension but saw nothing. The fact that the field marshal had told them to have a good time essentially meant that they could do whatever they wanted with her and that more than likely any intelligence she might field

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them would be of minimal value or else the field marshal simply did not care in this instance. Their motivation in considering taking off the gag was part sense of responsibility that she should be interrogated at least a little bit and partly interest in her mouth in general.

'Listen, bitch, we have listened to your screaming enough for one day. If you scream when we take off this gag do you know what we are going to make you do?'

The woman shook her head in negation.

'We are going to make you eat your baby, isn't that right?' The mother's masked guard nodded in affirmation to his anonymous partner. Fresh tears began streaming down the woman's face.

'We are not going to let you eat all of it, though, because we are most definitely going to be eating most of it ourselves, isn't that right?' The guard nodded at the other guard who nodded in turn.

One guard held the baby in his arms in a mock sense of parenting, gently rocking the corpse and looking at the small bleeding infant through his black goggles.

The other guard had the woman pinned to the tree with one hand and with his other hand he pointed in her face, making sure to psychologically send the message home. He was very interested in interrogating her, or at least pretending to.

'If you make us eat the baby then we are going to have to take our masks off and if we take our masks off that means that you are going to have to die because you can't know our identities, now can you? Can you, you

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tucking bitch, you stupid fucking whore?' The guard emphasized his misogynistic diatribe by thumping her head against the rough bark of the pine tree, further adding a debilitating measure to the situation.

The guard motioned for the other guard holding the baby to set her down and assist him. He took a hold of the woman's hair and dragged her into the clearing, forcing her to her knees on the forest floor, covered with fallen pine needles. As the guard removed the ball gag from her mouth, the other guard held a huge survival-style combat knife, hefting its weight threateningly in his hands to remind the woman to keep her sound pressure level down.

'There is no one here except for you, me, my friend here,' the guard nodded toward his partner, 'and little what's-his-name over there,' the guard gestured toward the dead baby lying at the foot of the tree. The guard gestured toward the other guard to come closer. 'Let's take a look at what she's got.' The woman said nothing but breathed heavily in sharp, labored inhalations, the removal of the ball-gag being a small respite in an otherwise horrendous situation.

The second guard moved forward and began slowly moving the tip of the large knife down the front of the woman's blouse, snipping her buttons off one-by-one, a testament to the insanely razor-sharp edge of the lethal weapon. The woman did not react. She had just seen her infant child bayoneted and then mutilated in front of her face; whatever the guards intended to do to her would not make an impression after the previous ordeal - or so she thought.

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The guard ripped open the woman's blouse, revealing her breasts, pale white and topped with large, succulent and prominent areolae. The guard reached out and slapped them with his gloved hand, bringing out a gasp from the woman's mouth. Her eyes widened in hatred, but she didn't say anything at the sudden perfunctory humiliation and shock of the sudden blow. The guard moved toward her and began massaging her breasts with one hand and feeling her underneath through her thin cotton pants with the other hand, having resheathed his knife.

The other guard was near the edge of the forest and looking around the trees. Both guards were still completely blacked-out and obscured due to dark-tinted goggles and balaclavas. The forest was becoming dark in the twilight of the hour with shadows forming around the second guard as he reached into a tree and broke off a stout, whippy branch, breaking the cut with a small machete that had been attached to his belt. Smelly sap oozed out the green hardwood branch.

'Get the gag back on her!' yelled the guard massaging the girl. The second guard approached, carrying his freshly cut punishment rod in one hand and removing the ball gag from a small pouch at his belt with the other. 'Got it right here,' he said.

The sense of menacing was made strange and alien by the mens' anonymous and bleak disguises. There was no personalism to relate to and within the horrified mind of the victim. Nothingness oozed forth from the bleak, horrific black-masked faces staring from seas of blackness, the slight microscopic image of herself

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peering back from their mirrored effect, showing her tortured face and the copses of pine and rough hardwood in the forests surrounding them.

'Put the muzzle on the bitch,' barked the guard. The second guard tossed down his switch and ran up on the woman, jamming the ball-gag in her mouth and fastening the straps around the back of her head, bunching her thin, wheat-blond hair. He accelerated the attack by ripping her shirt the rest of the way open, revealing a gaunt, starved figure, pale and shivering. He too reached around and smacked the red-tipped breasts with his gloved hand. 'Steady now,' said the other guard.

CHAPTER 8

Blood spurted nauseously from the shock troop's nose as the lieutenant bashed him in the face with a leather encased blackjack, filled with heavy lead. The trooper crumpled to the ground with a muffled howl as the lieutenant moved in and drove a booted foot into the man's midsection.

'Get up, you filth!' the lieutenant screamed, gobs of spittle flying from his mouth in unrestrained rage.

The lieutenant's body pulsed, the hormones of a blood beast riddled with organization-designed stimulants and seared together in one fleshly package with years of brutal organizational training and brainwashing.

The lieutenant had been called out by a member of internal security ten minutes before the afternoon session had released and led into a foyer leading to a small hall of a few rooms with all the doors tightly shut. The shock troop was within one of the rooms, remanded there due to a breach of security protocol in unloading the rocket from the lorry before the presentation.

The trooper had been smoking while waiting for the internal security retinue to arrive to take the test model into the hangar when the team from internal security arrived. Beneath their masks he could not ascertain their

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expressions of bleating, black hatred.

'What the fuck are you doing, trooper?' the head guard asked.

The shock troop did not respond immediately and instead blew a ring of smoke out from his lungs, oblivious to the situation and oblivious to the fact that he was adding irredeemable insult to injury by his actions.

'Take a few steps this way, trooper.' The guard pointed to a concrete wall a safe distance away from the live rocket. The shock troop complied. Once reaching the wall the trooper took another drag from his cheap, stinking cigarette at which point the guard summarily smacked it out of his hand.

'You are a fucking idiot, trooper!'

This time the guard smacked him in the face. A red handprint spread across the trooper's face as his cigarette slowly burned out a few feet away.

'You fucking motherfucking stupid fucking idiot!' screamed the guard. 'That rocket is live, brother! You should have felt damn lucky to be responsible for having any part in the transporting of that weapon or being close to it at all!' The shock troop began to backtrack.

'Listen, I had no idea what that thing was, I...'

The shock troop was cut short with one black leather-gloved finger held menacingly in front of his face.

'Shut up! Shut the fuck up! If you do not know now then you are about to learn. Take this filth out of here!' The guard raised his hand in a swift gesture and two other guards marched over and took hold of the errant shock trooper.

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'Take that one to out-processing satellite!' The guards took off at a horrid trot, practically dragging the unfortunate trooper along toward a side door leading toward the hangar from the backside.

At the processing satellite guard station ('out-processing' being not a place but a thing) the head guard on duty, making an absurdly incongruous sight sitting behind a desk fully masked, goggled and suited for combat, with a silenced MP5 sitting on the wooden desk, listened with growing ire to the report from his detail.

'He was doing what?' the head guard asked the men incredulously.

The apprehending guards proceeded to brief the resident security chief on the situation in full. The shock troop was summarily ushered into a small enclosed courtyard with high concrete walls rising on either side of him and a pale sun shining above.

'Guard.'

Back at the desk the security chief motioned one of the internal security personnel over to him.

'Do you have a few minutes?'

'Whatever you need.'

'Good.'

The security chief began scribbling a coded note on a small piece of paper bearing an internal security crest on its header.

'Get into the conference and find the lieutenant and give him this, escort him back when he comes in case he doesn't know his way.'

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The lieutenant was in the throes of armaments-induced insanity and martial fanaticism when the guard approached him with the note. Once having finished reading the coded message, which took less than a minute, the lieutenant crumpled the note in his hand and began laughing loudly, his eyes lolling around in his skull in a decidedly maniacal fashion.

'Let's go, guard, let's do it!'

The guard, duly impressed with the lieutenant's zestful demeanor and pleased that he had been given this particular detail, a highlight to an otherwise bad situation, motioned for the lieutenant to follow him toward a plain door located near the back of the conference room.

It did not take much briefing from the security chief after entering the small satellite station to make him understand why they had called him in to perform an act that any of them could have done. It was both an honorific calling him in, a morale booster to the guards having some official interaction with the dreaded and infamous lieutenant and also, at base, throwing blood to the beast - much like tossing a fresh rabbit corpse to a ravening wolf or a slab of raw steak to a rabid dog. At the desk, the security chief smiled to himself as he heard the lieutenant being led into the enclosed courtyard annex and the door slam behind him.

Not far away as the conference of attendees were beginning to get into their own revelry, a few imagined that they could hear the martial barking of a harsh male voice and a few blood-curdling screams wafting across

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the air. It was no surprise however, such sounds were expected and often forthcoming for those living inside the organization; what other events might be happening at the secret base in addition to the conference was anyone's guess.

'Get the fuck up, get the fuck up, get the fuck up!'

The lieutenant chanted his internal mantra aloud as he pounced like an animal upon the shock troop who lay prostrate on the ground, clutching his abused stomach as blood gurgled out of his nose and mouth.

'GET UP GET UP GET UP!'

The lieutenant's hands snarled out at the prone shock troop like enraged asps, grabbing the trooper forcefully around the neck and wrenching him to his feet.

'Don't ask, don't tell!'

The lieutenant was now beyond any semblance of sanity as commonly understood. A few of the guards inside the satellite pressed their ears against the steel door, vainly straining to hear some sounds of the action.

A purplish tongue protruded from beneath the lieutenant's mustache and to the surprise of the shock troop the lieutenant began lapping the blood from his face, swallowing it with strange gurgling noises and feigned 'oohs' and 'ahhs' of an amorous encounter.

The lieutenant, his mouth now amply stained with blood, removed his hands from the trooper's neck and forcibly pushed him with both hands, sending him sprawling on the ground once again, barely missing smashing his head against the concrete floor.

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'I thought I told you to get up, you slimy shit, get up! Get up! Get up! Get up!'

The groggy soldier began making the motions to attempt to rise, rolling over on his side and supporting himself with one of his hands. The lieutenant promptly walked over and brought his boot down on top of the trooper's hand with a resounding crunch, crushing numerous small bones and bursting blood-vessels and nerve-endings. The trooper screamed pitifully, his bloodied face now a total wreck, contorting at the sudden searing pain of his smashed hand.

The lieutenant walked over to him and whopped his blackjack at a vicious angle onto the back of the trooper's head, causing his face to rebound on the floor.

'The security guards in there told me everything!'

The lieutenant bent down, hands on his knees, to get his face as close as possible to the trooper.

'They told me everything, trooper!'

The lieutenant emphasized this by widening his eyes and thumping the blackjack against his leg as he rose and began pacing back and forth in front of the trooper's face, now resting on its side upon the ground.

'They told me that you, trooper, have been passing **SECRET DOCUMENTS** to the **ENEMIES** of the organization, that you have made **PERSONAL ACCUSATIONS** against the commander, that you have been **CONSPIRING** with elements of dissent amongst your unit, and much more as well!'

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The trooper went into shock. Dear life itself, what on earth had internal security told him?

'No...'

The shock trooper managed to let loose a pathetic croak from his belabored lungs.

'NO WHAT? NO WHAT? NOW WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, YOU MOTHERFUCKING TRAITOR PIG!'

The lieutenant would have gone for the shock trooper's hair, however the shock trooper was bald so the lieutenant improvised by grabbing the back collar of the shock trooper's uniform jacket and began dragging him around the floor of the courtyard annex vigorously.

'TRAITOR! TRAITOR! TRAITOR!'

Spit flew from the lieutenant's mouth as he capered, wetting his already blood-encrusted mustache, as he continued pulling his unwilling victim behind him. Every so often the lieutenant emphasized his message by smacking the shock trooper on the top of the head with his blackjack.

'BLEEEEEAAAARRGGGGGG!'

The lieutenant's litanies of crimes and false accusations, all contrived within his own mind as part of his interrogation ruse, began degenerating into animalistic sounds of unchained brutality and fury and sheer violent physical effort.

The lieutenant continued to scream, each time he screamed he beat the lead-weighted blackjack against the shock troop's head a little harder and the shock troop screamed along with him, albeit with a more defeated tone.

The forced dragging had left a neat trail of blood

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spiraling around in concentric circles upon the floor of the courtyard annex. The lieutenant stood up, slowly catching his breath, drool dripping down his face causing further streams of filth-encrusted clarity in his otherwise blood-encrusted face, sweat glistening on his forehead in beads.

The shock troop, now punished into total exhaustion, lay like a slug.

The lieutenant walked over to the door back to the satellite and began banging on the door, screaming. The shock troops, their ears still pressed to the door, almost fell over with surprise.

'Lieutenant calling chief!' yelled the guards.

'Well for fuck's sake open it up and see what he wants!'

The guards complied, opening the door to reveal the staring, deranged face of the lieutenant. A hushed conversation ensued and the guards returned to the chief's desk to relay the request. They led the lieutenant into a makeshift lavatory where he slurped up tepid water from an open basin.

The guards returned, one carrying a jug of blue chemical antiseptic, a length of chain and leather restraints, the other guard carrying a black shining martinet, greased to perfection.

'Be so kind as to join me, why don't you?' said the lieutenant, smiling, as he stepped into a small section of light beneath the overcast sky of the courtyard. The guards didn't even consider the implications of the request. Personal service to the lieutenant would catapult them in status far above anything that they

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could hope to accomplish in the backwater of being stationed at the conference center attached to a small security detail reserved for special duty at intermittent events at the secret base.

The guards brought their items into the courtyard annex, transformed into an arena of sublime punishment through the machinations of the lieutenant, as the shock troop lay on the ground, breath slow in trained survival-reflex relaxation to the severe trauma he had undergone thus far. Such semblance to relaxation would not last long.

'Strip him,' ordered the lieutenant. 'And bind him,' he added, as an afterthought.

The guard carrying the restraints and the antiseptic set the clear container upon the ground and then knelt, removing various chain and leather restraints from his utility belt and arranging them neatly according to their use.

The guard approached the shock troop and began moving the mostly limp body onto its back, beginning to unbutton the uniform shirt. If it wasn't going to be of any use to him anymore then others in the organization could certainly use it. The shock-troop began to struggle slightly and the guard got up close on his face.

'Listen to me, trooper, we are going to strip you. If you want me to push my fist straight through your face then let me know. If you don't struggle, who knows? You might have a fighting chance at staying alive.'

The shock troop stopped his feeble struggling and the guard thought to himself in satisfaction how easy it had been to play the false psychological ruse on the

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prisoner. Being knocked unconscious would definitely be a progressive move in counterpose to waking consciousness prior to what was coming. All was predicated upon the measured heightening of the levels of abusive tactics being applied both psychologically and physically.

The guard finished removing the combat jacket and then took off the shock trooper's shirt, revealing a well-exercised chest and torso and a few grisly tattoos of atomic mushroom clouds, armored skeletons and naked women in various states of undress. The guard noted them internally with favor.

'Put him in the corner and in the second stress position.'

'Get up, trooper' the guard commanded the shock trooper. The shock trooper complied, rising unsteadily to his feet, gore from his face streaking down his neck.

'Take off your boots and trousers.'

The trooper bent over to begin fumbling with his bootlaces and promptly fell over.

'Goddamn!!' screamed the lieutenant and walked over to the shock trooper, kicking him brutally in the midsection, however carefully holding back, the gesture being more for psychological effect than physical, sufficing however to cause the victim a considerable amount of pain without a strong amount of damage, additional damage which could easily move into terminal levels in light of the trooper's present state.

The lieutenant promptly grabbed the shock trooper by the arm and began dragging him over to a corner of the enclosed building, propping his frame face-forward

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in the corner of harsh and rough concrete blocks. The lieutenant reached around the front of the man's waist and unbuckled his pants in one fell motion, then dragging the man's pants and underwear down his legs, revealing his naked flesh. He left them pooling around the man's ankles.

'Well, I'm sure as hell not taking off those fucking boots myself!' the lieutenant yelled, his head careening toward the general direction of his contracted assistants. The guard, whose activity with the prisoner had been taken over by the lieutenant promptly pounced down on the ground and began wrestling the boots off the shock trooper with surprising rapidity.

The guard threw his pants and remaining garments off to the side along with the boots and walked over to where the restraints were laid out on the ground and started expertly and rapidly picking them up and placing them upon the prisoner in a well thought-out and predetermined manner.

The first was handcuffs which were attached behind his back. Following this were several restraints which bound a thick leather strap around the inside of the man's knee pits and around the upper part of his back, immobilizing him and allowing all parts of his body to be easily accessed for whatever the guards and lieutenant were about to do to him.

'Look at that little pussy, that stupid fucking little pussy! What's wrong with him, why is he acting like an idiot?'

The lieutenant taunted the trooper from several paces

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away.

The lieutenant walked up to the other guard who had for the extent of the scene thus far simply been standing a few yards away in the courtyard, holding his vicious and expertly oiled martinet, various straps coiling around each other with the ends tied like a knout, ready to pound in the finer points of discipline even into the most recalcitrant of errant personnel.

'Bring that little slut to heel, gentlemen' the lieutenant roared.

The guard with the whip looked toward the lieutenant at the statement of his orders, as the lieutenant had approached him briskly before speaking, getting directly into his masked face and laughing with an atrocious glee. The lieutenant then, in an unprecedented move, suddenly pulled up the man's ski mask until right below the eye level, where the balaclava was held fast with the elastic strap attaching the dark goggles in the uniform prevalent trend of appearance within the guards of internal security.

The lieutenant stood in front of the guard blocking the vision of the other guard who was in the corner, busying himself with arranging the shock troop in the correct stress position. The shock troop sat on his knees, completely immobile, his head resting on its side, the side of his face resting on the cold stone floor and his crown pressed up against the corner, grating against the edges of the concrete blocking. His buttocks and backs of his legs were exposed fully to the guard who finished attaching the last rings into the apparatus. The lieutenant darted his tongue into the mouth of the

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surprised guard, the latter whose one hand was resting at his side and the other hand grasping the martinet, leaving the lieutenant at leisure to perform whatever molestation was now occurring.

The lieutenant finished with his oral stimulation and ran a finger across the red lips of the guard, before patting his face and pulling the balaclava back down and restoring the guard's usual sense of concealment. The lieutenant finished his gesture by reaching down and gently massaging the guard's member through his pants, checking for signs of sexual stimulation, before sliding his hand around and clutching the guard's right cheek with a firm grasp as he moved his mouth close to the area of the guard's ear and whispered: 'I hope I see something interesting out there, or else you are going to get it!' The lieutenant released the guard and stood aside, as if to gesture the guard forward toward his awaiting captive. The guard moved swiftly out from the area of the lieutenant, duly noting the gravity of his words and reached the corner where the shock troop awaited, pathetic in defeat. Without ceremony, the guard began his work.

The whip flew through the air, its ends splaying and then connecting again firmly on impact as they drove into the prostrate soldier. The bulk of the martinet's sting settled over the curvature of the man's obscenely stationed posterior, the ends of the whip snaking around, hitting his lower back and the small parts of the side of his chest which were able to be exposed in addendum due to his extremely confining level of restraint. The shock troop let out a bleat of pain.

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The guard continued along the same course, striking with full force and as hard as possible, the long snaking tentacles of the whip predictably splaying forth and then reconnecting as they impacted the naked skin of the shock trooper's totally exposed and vulnerable flesh. The shock troop screamed with each impact until, after twenty strokes, the screams began to taper off into a gurgling sound of pure exhaustion, mental collapse and stress-induced psycho-physical breakdown.

"Rape him, why don't you, friend!" the lieutenant laughed.

The guard did not see the humor in the situation, but duly went forward, placing the martinet on the floor and kneeling as he began undoing his pants. Surprisingly, he found that his member was already erect when he pulled his underwear down to his knees. The lieutenant noticed the man's endowment and began a mocking clapping in the background.

"Very good, guard, quite good! Now give us a little show, why don't you?"

The shock troop began grunting in protest as the guard moved his erect member into the shock trooper's entrails, already well lubricated with the sheath of sweat that had formed over his entire body from the already serious martinet whipping and the thorough physical beating that had gone on before. Although trebly humiliating, the current action was well-timed by the lieutenant to keep the prisoner alive for some bit longer, as continued flogging at the intensity that the guard had been delivering thus far would have sent him into shock, comatosis and then death only within a span of ten to

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fifteen minutes more, and perhaps considerably less. Torture, however sophisticated it might be, was not an exact science and casualties were apt to occur, especially in rough-and-ready conditions such as these.

The guard, suffuse in the blearing and fanatic ecstasy of the exertion of administering torture, held firmly onto the shock trooper's sides as he plunged his erect phallus again and again into the trooper's rectum. The shock trooper could have seen this coming theoretically, but it was always something else participating in something like this than hearing about such goings-on from gossip within the men in his unit. Against all thought and seemingly a physical impossibility due to his generally depleted state, the shock trooper himself felt his own member beginning to harden, the sudden stimulation acting almost in counteraction to the martinet lashing, despite the multiple bleeding lacerations on his buttocks which the guard was now duly agitating as his own body rubbed up against the wounds in the context of his constant thrusting.

From the distance the lieutenant clapped, laughing at the scene unfolding before him. All of this was of course not really necessary, but excess was the pleasure palace of such situations (and duly inhabited in this particular case). The lieutenant clapped harder when he heard the unmistakable low grunt of the guard achieving orgasm and then waved his hands as a signal for the guards to allow him to make his way to the prisoner. The guards complied.

The lieutenant reached out his hand and received the

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proffered martinet from the guard and began laying on the stripes heavy and hard without mercy. The shock trooper, still stunned from the rape, began howling in pain as the lieutenant drove the whip mercilessly into the man's back, thighs, legs and whatever else exposed part the tendrils of the whip decided to impact upon. The lieutenant was going at it as hard and reckless as could be imagined, with little concern at this point for the amount of injury he was causing. The guards looked at each others' masked faces and both knew that the lieutenant was now going in for the terminal gesture.

The shock trooper continued to yell as the lieutenant laid the whip on.

'Hope that you enjoyed the ministrations of the guard here, trooper, for that is the last pleasure that you will ever experience in this lifetime!' The lieutenant punctuated his statement with peals of obscene laughter which echoed throughout the courtyard.

The shock trooper's screams began to fade and although the martinet continued beating without cease into his exposed flesh the cries of pain no longer came. The shock trooper had passed out and gone into mild shock from the heightening levels of pain.

'Bring me the antiseptic!' shouted the lieutenant, drawing the martinet away from the soldier's flesh and massaging its now bloody filaments with his hand. The guard carried the large container of bluish chemical liquid over to the lieutenant and exchanged the container with the whip. 'Clean that up, we don't want a good implement like that being ruined from the blood of that little piece of shit!' The lieutenant gestured to the shock

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trooper, although it was clear who he was talking about nevertheless.

The lieutenant removed the cap from the container, sending an acrid smell of alcohol-based industrial-strength cleaning liquid wafting into the cold afternoon air. Without any ado, the lieutenant took the base of the container in one hand and the handle near the spout in the other and tossed a large portion of the liquid onto the wounds of the shock trooper. The shock trooper was now awake, screaming in horrid tribulation as the alcohol burned into his exposed wounds. The lieutenant responded by sloshing some more of the liquid upon the man's flesh and kicking him out of the corner so that he now lay bound in some sort of disturbing version of the fetal position.

One of the guards walked over to the shock trooper, kicking him and nudging him with his boot so that he was facing upward toward the lieutenant. The lieutenant pinned him in this posture by standing and straddling the shock trooper's bent knees, holding him in an upright position with his own legs. The lieutenant looked deep into the horrified eyes of the shock trooper and then began pouring the antiseptic chemical straight into the shock trooper's face, the first quantities of which promptly went into the shock trooper's mouth which hung agape, the chemical blue liquid causing him to spurt and begin puking, which only fell back down upon his face and dribbled along the side of his neck. The chemical burn began doing its horrid work upon the shock trooper's eyeballs and flesh. The lieutenant ceased straddling him letting him fall back once again into the

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perverse version of the fetal position and then continued to douse him with the liquid until the entire fifteen-gallon canister had been completely emptied on the man's naked body.

'If you still want your restraints now is the time to get them off, guards.' A guard scrambled with keys in compliance, removing the handcuffs and other restraints and watching as the man's body collapsed out from the forced stress position, covered in slimy blue liquid and his own blood and filth.

'You could have easily avoided this entire incident, shock trooper, had you not taken it upon yourself to put the commander's mission in jeopardy by your idiotic actions. Had you committed a blunder at another time, perhaps there would have been more leniency for you. Unfortunately for you, you decided to act the fool not only concerning what is arguably the highest priority development for the organization in many years, but doing so at a time when all of us are busy celebrating this newly unveiled device which you, in your stupidity, nearly destroyed by accident! Thankfully there were some knowledgeable persons who were able to identify your mishandling of the situation and correct you before your actions spiraled into real damage. What you have done today is real damage however, because you have dishonored your entire unit and whoever knew you will have to look back in shame at the fact that there was association between you. Isn't that a shame? Your bitch of a mother and bastard of a father, should you have any and should they still be alive, will be subjected to shame upon shame until their last pathetic days are spent, does

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that please you? Furthermore and most direly, you have put out these fine men,' the lieutenant gestured toward the guards, 'who should have been better spending their time in celebration and revelry at the glorious new armaments development. Thus we have to say goodbye to you now and put this chapter to a close.'

The lieutenant took a few steps away and removed a packet of cigarettes from his jacket pocket and then removed a lighter from the other. The shock trooper's eyes were bare slits, their film covering slowly burning away from the chemicals in the antiseptic and the man was as such unaware of what was transpiring, having barely heard the lieutenant's monologue through the sirens of his own excruciating pain. The guards looked on at the lieutenant in awe. With a brief motion, the lieutenant lit the cigarette and took a heavy draw, creating a burning red ember on the tip and sending up a filament of bluish smoke. As soon as the ember reached its peak of heat the lieutenant threw the cigarette down onto the shock trooper's body which instantly spread with low-intensity flame across the areas that had been soaked by the antiseptic.

'We're done here, men, I am going to request that you two specifically accompany me for the rest of the afternoon and evening's festivities, if you have no objections?'

'None whatsoever, sir.'

The shock trooper's body slowly burned, his semblance

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of screaming garbled and low. The incendiary in the liquid would quickly burn down but only after taking a serious amount of flesh off of the unfortunate shock trooper who had deigned to smoke in the presence of the commander's rocket.

'Get a few of your undercorpsmen to come in here and keep watch on him should anything happen. He will probably need some more antiseptic and a good hard scrubbing inside a closed punitive unit to heal those burn wounds.' The black humor of the statement was not lost on the guards. One of the guards gathered up the restraints and empty canister along with the martinet, while the other guard unlocked the door and led the lieutenant out from the courtyard annex and back inside the hallway of the satellite security unit. The three men disappeared into the corridor and the door closed with an audible click. On the ground, slowly burning, lay the half-dead body of the shock trooper, staring listlessly up into the gray and unforgiving sky, beaming down its dead light upon the horrid landscapes of the post-nuclear world.

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CHAPTER 9

Meanwhile, back at the much larger courtyard housing the celebration, the revelry was getting into full swing amidst deep and penetrating political conversations amongst the various elite attendees. Nadezhda for herself was working her way deep into a heavy state of intoxication from the mixture that she had purchased from the young man at the stall, who sat between serving other organizational brass, eagerly awaiting the possibility of Nadezhda taking a continuing interest in her promised ministrations of earlier.

Large groups of men and women dressed all alike in the standard organizational uniform, distinguished only slightly by small modifications to their uniform that denoted them as being part of this or that specific organizational sector, stood around the burning barrels of refuse, inhaling the stinking smoke of charred trash and sipping on a variety of putrid liquids designed either to speed one up, slow one down or cause untold combinations beyond the scope of either.

Within the world of the organization in the many decades since the downfall of the world as it once was, the bent of intoxication had taken on new and dangerous properties due to both the desperate state of the populace in general and the unrestricted flow of certain

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previously restricted chemicals and substances that had once been carefully kept away from the populace in days past in order to not cause an inadvertent breakdown in the social fabric. Such breakdown in the social fabric was no longer a concern, since society as it once had been had simply ceased to exist and, unlike previous times, the rule of dictatorship was strict and more obscene than anyone could have ever imagined in the past - such a small inducement as temporary change in one individual's psycho-physical makeup was not enough to bring down the iron fist of the commander that made its way into the life of every person under the rule of the chain of command of organizational hierarchy.

It would be an understatement to say that the constitution of the average person had become much harsher after the nuclear wars, and those who lived within the confines of organizational facilities and areas controlled by the group were subject to persistent psychic driving techniques without end that custom-made them to face death, commit death and any and all things in between. Although how widespread nuclear war would affect the surviving populace had been the subject matter of various speculative studies in the hallowed halls of academe of old, as well as in the offices and research facilities of large militaries and governmental organizations, nothing could have prepared those individuals (they themselves long since dead from the blasts themselves or having whiled out their last days, their eyeballs melted, bodies sick from radiation poisoning and inhabiting a blind and suffering existence on the outskirts of the once-great metropolises)

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for the way that humanity had actually been affected. For many of them, observing the way that life went on in the present, it would have not seemed to be deigned with the title of humanity or life as it was once known at all, even in contrast to the premeditated moral degradation present prior to the nuclear conflagration.

With a celebration of this much weight, the situation on the ground at the conference was sure to go in interesting directions before the night was finished and at present it was still only mid-afternoon, with the final conference session (which would be perfunctory and ritual more than a working meeting like the last several days) still several hours away. Already the roasting pork was sending a delicious aroma throughout the air, masking whatever fallback odor there might have been wafting through the wind from the annex courtyard where a certain unfortunate shock trooper had just been lit aflame by the lieutenant.

Nadezhda moved over to an empty space of wall where one of the many corrugated steel buildings was arranged to frame the space of the courtyard and sat down cross-legged, leaning her back against the wall and slowly drinking her beverage. The sedative effect of the drink increased her state of deep thought as she considered the trajectory of the last several days. The conference had been much more than she had bargained for, first with her beginning amorous encounters with the dreaded and infamous lieutenant, followed by his promise to establish her in torture center as a SAC and then finally with the announcement from her father in front of hundreds of

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people earlier that he had just finished a high-end armaments project under the direction of the commander himself. Although familyism and any sort of patronage based on birth was officially discouraged within the organization, family ties still meant something on a visceral level and despite the organization's level of brainwashing and ideological remolding it was hard to fully eradicate the feelings that came with biological relationship. This was apparent as various members of the organization, passing by her location, would stop briefly and nod or wave as they went about their way. She had positioned herself far enough from the crowd that it would be obvious if someone was approaching her for face-to-face conversation, which might have brought the attention of roaming security guards or surveillance teams in plain uniforms who might be watching for anything off-color following the announcement. The development of the new weaponry was politically the equivalent of throwing a piranha in a tank of fish and everyone was both suffuse with excitement but also on edge and on guard as to what this would mean for life in general within the organization. The commander had been increasing the level of discipline and severity within the organization in a highly graduated fashion over the last several years and the manifestation of their new armed capability had something to do with the preparation that had been ongoing, although they had not known quite what they were preparing for and still didn't fully, only relying on the word of the commander and faith that he would be leading them in the correct direction as he had

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for decades since soon after the last atomic bomb wreaked its hideous work upon the earth. Within the organization there was really no competition for leadership with the commander. There were more apparent and visible leaders who people interacted with on a more frequent basis yet the commander was untouchable, far beyond the scope of normal consideration and, as such, he was bullet-proof reputation-wise. His practical acumen was without question as could be seen in their collective gradual ascent in power and influence in the post-apocalyptic world under his practical leadership.

Nadezhda had only worked her way a quarter of the way down her drink before she began feeling very disoriented. She was glad that she had stationed her back against the wall because the support now seemed necessary rather than only a welcome respite to standing. She would wind out her time here and look in the crowd, seeing if the lieutenant would make an appearance. She hadn't seen him since before the afternoon conference session began and was surprised, as he was not usually one to break from such revelry. Indeed, in such a momentous occasion as this, his presence would not only be palatable but expected by the other attendees. Her co-workers in internal security code-breaking and surveillance analysis, who had some idea of the relationship between she and the lieutenant during the conference thus far, she had spotted a few yards off, their eyes locked lustily onto the greasy, cooking flesh of one of the gargantuan swine and their large plastic mugs filled to the brim with the potato-

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based liquor that was flowing like water from the tapped tanks stationed throughout the courtyard.

'Bring them on in, corporal!' a black-masked internal security guard barked to a pock-marked shock trooper wheeling a small camper-like device on wheels. From inside the camper one could hear the faint whimpering of children. All around the courtyard the eyes of the various organizational brass lit up with unconcealed delight. The shock trooper had brought in a cage full of captured children from one of the recently conquered territories. The adults had remained stationed back at the place where the combat took place and set to slave labor at various hard physical tasks in support for the organizational armed forces that were now stationed there, and the children had been taken away as a punitive measure. A secret underlying reason the children had been removed was to provide them as entertainment for the organizational brass on just this occasion. Bald lust showed on the faces of the people present, some more than others, in gratitude at the commander's thoughtfulness in this regard. The corporal brought the trailer to a stop and the end, which would have once hooked to a automobile but was now being pulled by man-power, dropped onto the ground, putting the trailer at a tilt and causing the captives inside to slide around, which elicited some more sounds of discomfort from inside, much to the pleasure of the mass of organizational personnel who were now watching closely. Two masked guards with the usual silenced MP5 submachine guns stationed themselves at either side of the trailer door as the corporal saluted and went off

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toward the liquor dispensers, intent on getting heavily drunk before all was said and done. The make of the trailer was such that no one could see inside, only the faintest sounds escaped, increasing the speculation and lust of the conference attendees in treble fashion.

A crowd began gathering around the area where the trailer was now parked, various men and women in organizational garb and black-masked security straining to hear the soft sounds of children crying, which filled their loins with delight and feelings of profound satisfaction in their evil hearts. The theft of children amongst the areas that were taken captive by the organization were at once one of the greatest terrors for the inhabitants so targeted and also one of the most piquant delights for those within the organization, who reveled in child abuse, the destruction of the flower of youth in various fashions, also delighting them as well because they, holding themselves to a higher standard than the moth-eaten moralities of the past, which put childhood on a pedestal, found it highly amusing to understand that through the satiating of their own base pleasures that such simple activities would so highly agitate those who were less developed and who had not been conditioned under the merciless discipline of the commander and his organizational apparatus.

A blank-faced woman in her late thirties, stringy yellow hair hastily tied up with strands falling down upon the collar of her black uniform jacket, looked with milky anticipation at the filthy trailer and the two submachine gun-armed security who watched over it.

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She had never given birth, always shoving some tense wire into her vaginal canal whenever the telltale signs of pregnancy had hit her years ago when she cavorted with other members of the shock troops and security attaches to the mechanics' brigade on campaigns. Her love life had fallen since then and the thought of young children brought out motherly feelings within her, distorted with sexual perversion and an innate desire to see young blood spilled. Especially blood, rebellious blood, from lands beyond the commander's control. She imagined that the seeds of defiance in those white and red blood corpuscles might act as some magical elixir that would cause her own physical vigor to return to her, what little of it she ever had, being of several generations of those highly affected by residual radiation. She imagined her ideal child victims as one hand snaked down to her crotch, shamelessly masturbating through the black fabric of her uniform pants as her other hand held a cup of harsh liquor which she consumed greedily, the slick rotten-egg color dribbling down her chin. She felt herself being shoved to the side as younger and more healthy attendants moved their way forward to hear the sounds of the child victims. She giggled to herself sickly, before moving toward the side of the crowd to finish herself off in a ruinous act of self-satisfaction, the images of young flesh dancing lecherously in the clouded confines of her mind.

A portal opened up in the side of one of the metal hangar walls and a jeep slowly rolled out, powered by a cacophonous engine spurting pollution from its tailpipe.

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A drab olive gray, the well-maintained monster was driven by two masked guards and standing on the bed stood a monstrous woman, nearly six feet tall. The crowd erupted in screams of frenzy as the machine rolled slowly out, flanked by eight submachine gun carrying members of internal security, armed to the teeth and highly intimidating. The commandant standing on the bed was of super-high rank, wearing a pointed black helmet of fine mesh and one bleak bar of horizontal goggle lens and erstwhile garbed in a shining black outfit of skintight design and unknown fabric origin. Her large breasts shone like bleak and deadly moons encased in the shining black fabric, one of her waspish and skeletal hands carefully holding a vial containing a green poison liquid, her other clasped triumphantly on the bar separating the bed from the cab of the military automotive.

Her waist bore a thick nylon utility belt with a harsh nursery strap hanging to one side along with implements such as night sticks, restraints and then, in the other, a bleak, long-nosed pistol in a stellar black holster. She was of the elite of the elite, a god in the flesh, the touted female known as the commandant - never seen but worshiped throughout organization-run territories as a black mistress of death, destruction and imploding schizophrenic blood lust - creeping like a mustard gas mist across the destroyed and devastated plains of a post-nuclear hell. Her pictures had sprouted up ten years ago, traded and dispensed as icons by a strange cult that had cropped up within the organization. Like many of these intelligence-born

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viruses, the cult's operational influence over the populace came about overnight, sprouting suddenly like some poisonous mushroom, as livid-sounding characters in the garb of internal security operating off-hours began spreading the rumor about a great black terror, garbed in the most horrific bleeding nightmares of the post-nuclear world, holding the power of total destruction in her hands. Soon pictures of her uniformly disguised face began cropping up on corners of settlements and on bulletin boards, and then they began appearing on the desks of various organizational personnel. One more hideous cult microbe had been released into the superstructure of the organization by the iron will and nightmarish genius of the commander.

From black reinforcement steel poles attached to the back of the jeep flew black flags, emblazoned in the center with a large circular bluish globe depicting a mild sky, with a giant red, orange, yellow and black atomic mushroom cloud filling the firmament, sending black and red rivers of death flying outwards upon all living things. This was her flag, the flag of total death. The crowd of three-hundred or so were divided, some surging toward her, although steering clear of the marching heavily-armed security beside her, and some standing off but watching ever so intently. This was the division between her devotees and her non-devotees. The fanatics of the sect were at once drawn forth into the highlight of the spectacle, well-conditioned and expectant of her eventual arrival, which was now nigh. This reflex was no matter overall, however, considering

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the fact that many more of these cult gods would begin to manifest 'during the night' according to the sublime psychological plan of the commander and the highest echelons of internal security, devised by the glistening elite amongst intelligence.

Certain members of the audience began bleating like disturbed goats, throwing themselves forwards toward the area where the slowly moving tires of the jeep were proceeding. They were summarily kicked in the face and shoved out of the way by internal security for temporary quarantine - the deaths in her ritual would be carefully controlled for the audience. She was compared to the mother of death, who would nurse her own children then destroy them without any mercy whatsoever, keen on the perverse obliteration of their mortal lives and feeding upon the astral life force of the pain spreading around their dying and pained forms, like a toxic sponge drawing upon the rivulets of surrounding sour blood. The zenith of killing would come soon enough.

The woman on the back of the jeep, known as the deity called the commandant and revered hitherto as some mystic potency residing within the physical body of the commander, had now manifest. From her glistening black hip she removed a large thick-gauge needle nearly the length of a railroad spike and held it aloft as the audience screamed in devotion. Another line of uniformed security emerged from another doorway into the corrugated metal building, forming a flank in front of the jeep as the vehicle came to a halt, idling and then shutting off as deep electronic rumbling erupted

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from some hidden apparatus beneath the platform on which the commandant stood. The low tone of the harsh sound caused the ground beneath the feet of her adherents to shake disturbingly. Several shock troops fell to the ground weeping, completely in the thrall of a hideous, black devotion.

The shining needle was held at a playful angle by the commandant as the bellowing resonance of the gigantic subwoofers within the floorboard of the military vehicle emitted a deep, hellish roar that mixed with the screaming and howled prayers from the mass of people. A contingent of guards formed a human corridor leading from the area around the jeep to the trailer full of children, two of the guards began removing the huge padlocks and slowly pulling the gate open as the burr from the jeep's sound system grew louder and louder. Now audibly heard within the screams of the crowd and the sound believed to be the voice of the commandant herself was mixed the faint yet unmistakable whimpering of the children inside the prison wagon who were being slowly and reluctantly led out. They were all naked but surprisingly freshly clean, from toddlers to at least two youth that looked to be in the latter stages of thirteen. The guards were all armed with MP5 submachine guns and those who were not leading the children out all had the snouts of their firesticks pointed threateningly at the members of the crowd, who wisely stayed a respectable distance away. The guards would not hesitate to fire should the need arise. Additionally, interfering with this activity, unprecedented as it was in the history of the organization, was intuitively

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understood as being an unforgivable offense against the commandant herself, who would no doubt cause a doom more horrific than anything imaginable upon those so infringing. The audience had a clear memory of the would-be martyrs that had been brutally beaten away from the area of the jeep and ushered into punitive quarantine just a few minutes ago. To make their point clear, two huge and vicious-looking guards, loaded with even more heavy weight belt-fed machine guns than the other guards, had started routinely snapping off a few rounds here and there if the crowd deigned to get closer, their random victims sinking to their knees in strangled death. It continued to stay a respectable distance.

As the children were led out into the frightening scene before them, their whimpers turned to screams, which pleased the personnel participating in this bleak sequence of staged horror to no end. A thin specter-like security guard, of long limbs and lank constitution, stood at stark attention to one side of the jeep surveying the reaction of the crowd. During the last few moments the commandant had discreetly handed the vial of poisonous chemicals to the guard in question who took them, cautiously, now cradling them between two gloved hands. The commandant now began lovingly stroking the lip of the giant needle, bringing even more attention to the malign disposition of the instrument which was aligned toward only the most hideous of tortures. As the children were forcibly led from the trailer, screaming in horror, their eyes riveted by the inhuman sound and the sleek, almost robotic-looking female encased in black and a deadly shining sight visor,

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toward whom their procession was steadily heading. The naked flesh of the children became livid as the cold, late afternoon air seeped into them. Within minutes, as if moving in a nightmare, the children found themselves bunched within a circle of security guards who forced them into a collective huddle of young innocent flesh before their lethal goddess. More than one guard held an infant in his arms, merciless fingers grasped around fragile necks in the very beginning of their development.

The commandant held the needle with one hand and pointed a willowy black-gloved finger toward the group of children as loud thundering sounds began emanating from the speakers. Many personnel had raised their hands in awe and naked worship, their eyes frozen open. Some slumped to the ground or lay flat altogether in total obeisance before the living goddess of death who stood before them, an inverse valkyrie coming from the very black soot fires of the nuclear holocaust itself. A few shock troopers in the audience had made ample open slices into their arms with whatever edged weapons they possessed on their persons, letting the blood drip down upon the ground. Others raised their wounded limbs, mutilated from previous misadventures either internally or externally induced, as if to hope to draw the attention of the commandant, who appeared regal and completely evil in countenance.

At the commandant's gesture, one of the men holding a baby began walking in slow procession toward the metal rail circling round the bed of the jeep. The commandant now leaned against the rail, her black-encased buttocks shining in the pale afternoon light in

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psychosis-inducing lustiness, her pointed finger now motioning in a come-hither gesture to the child carried by the masked and anonymous guard.

Deep within the bowels of the converted penitentiary many miles away, the commander himself sat deep in concentration amongst his own activities, with a filament of his awareness in meditation upon the events which were happening erstwhile at the conference center.

Meanwhile, the sudden appearance of the commandant had roused Nadezhda from the lethargy of her excesses of intoxication and she too stood riveted, mouth agape in a strange devotion mixed with awe that made it hard for her to look away. Without any conscious purpose that she herself was aware of, she had forced her way through the crowd and now stood only several persons back from the line of internal security as the procession continued and the baby, its small arms pinwheeling in its youthful idiocy, with trunk held firmly by the guard, made its approach toward the waiting arms of the commandant.

Across from the scene, on the other side of the jeep, the lieutenant stood within the crowd, the tell-tale signs of having taken part earlier in the execution of an interrogation and torture still lined into his face, flanked by two black-masked internal security members that he had taken with him in reciprocation for their having acted as willing and dutiful accomplices in said activities. For all the guards knew, their post with the lieutenant might be a permanent assignment from this point on, to which potential fate they would be very conducive indeed. They had arrived in the courtyard a

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few minutes before the commandant had appeared, which was enough time for one of the guards to supply the lieutenant with the drink of his choice, which he had hastily consumed before sending the guard off for another. By the time the second arrived all hell had begun to unfold in the arena. Through the crowd, the piercing psychotic eyes of the lieutenant had indeed spied Nadezhda in devotional thrall, but due to distance and positioning as well as ample intoxication on her part, she was not aware of his distant stare.

The guard reached the bed of the jeep and raised the infant before the commandant, its face red and smeared with tears, and screaming continuously. The commandant reached out with one gloved hand, still holding the needle deftly in the other, and took the infant in her grasp, moving back to the center of the bed of the jeep, facing the crowd and raising the infant aloft into the air. The bass sounds amplifying from the inbuilt speaker began to fade and now all that could be heard was the roar of the crowd as the mistress of death stood with her sacrifice. The baby continued to scream horribly, its peals of distress echoing within the metal-enclosed courtyard, mixing with the massed adulation of the crowd. With a nodding motion toward one of the senior guards, the guards in the front responded in turn by raising their hands and lowering them to induce the crowd to silence. The assembled personnel duly obeyed. Now the only sound within the courtyard was the shrill crying of the infant, which sounded rather small and insignificant in comparison to the roars that had just been silenced by dint of their obedience in devotion.

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The commandant brought the baby closer to her breast, resting it upon the slick black fabric with one hand. The child sputtered and then went completely silent, the deceit of motherly affection completely bought lock, stock and barrel by the traumatized youngster, too young to understand rational intent but animalistic enough to perceive implied physical comfort. The faces of the crowd looked on in absolute awe at the persuasive and highly duplicitous nature of the commandant. The child rested upon her bosom for only a few minutes as the silence continued sinking into the arena. Only a few minutes and then, as quickly as she had brought it to her breast, she grabbed the infant by the head, palming the skull like a ball and, with her other hand, thrusting the long shining needle directly into the child's heart, causing bubbling blood to shoot from the wound and begin pouring down from the child's mouth and nostrils as the burst principal artery sought a passage out from its persistent internal bleeding. Beyond several gasps of delight the crowd continued to maintain its deadly silence.

The silence was over however once the commandant wrapped her hand around the child's throat and with one fell gesture slung the corpse out from her grasp, over the heads of the guards and into the crowd. A strange animal sound of primal bloodlust curled through the courtyard as everyone from shock troops to administrative clerks and all in between scrambled wildly toward the corpse as it began its descent to the ground. It never reached the ground however, for as

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soon as it came within the grasp of the mob it was ripped limb from limb, those obtaining portions of the child's anatomy greedily sucking the blood from the soft skin and chewing the flesh whole. Those who were not so lucky to obtain a piece of the child tumbled onto the ground on their hands and knees, attempting to suck up any of the red elixir that had fallen to the earthen floor.

The commandant slipped the needle back into the pouch on her utility belt and raised both hands upright, fists clenched in victory and unmitigated authority as her devotees and many who had become devotees just at that moment went berserk around her. The bass sounds from beneath the jeep bed recommenced at this time in full bombast, interspersed with guttural, squealing sounds that reminded one of some massive electrical disaster. The commandant punctuated these particular sounds by shaking her right fist in unison.

Those who were in the know and part of her cult before the event knew that this was the veritable voice of the commandant which could not be understood by mortal comprehension but the message of which would seep into the very depths of the hearts of the devotees themselves, implanting the message, mission and nature of the commandant within them to draw upon until they too met her in some blood-strewn battlefield or fiery death of a new nuclear holocaust.

Nadezhda stared unblinking upon the shining sultry body of the commandant, her nature a black mystery, hidden beneath her strange helm. At that moment Nadezhda decided that she was flesh for the commandant, she would serve the commandant and she

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would seek to become like the commandant, a lesser replica roaming the earth in horror and blasphemy. If the lieutenant's promise to send her to torture center was in earnest, which she believed it was and which would certainly be possible now in any case due to the situation with her father's breakthrough in armaments, she would make it her life's work to imbue torture center with the cruelty and capriciousness of the commandant, her god.

She opened her mouth wide, guzzling the last drops of the chemical beverage she had still been grasping throughout the proceedings, and dropped the empty cup to the ground. She screamed in devotion, in mania, in insanity. From several yards off, the lieutenant stood more sedately along with his new internal security entourage. Seeing her reaction and the undeniable look of conversion in her eyes, he smiled with knowing satisfaction.

CHAPTER 10

'Time to see what this little one has under the hood.'

A severe uniformed female wearing spectacles and heavy elbow-length industrial rubber gloves slowly lifted up the thin shirt of the twelve-year-old girl who stood before her, sobbing softly to herself. The nurse lifted the shirt up over the girl's head and tossed it aside, revealing pert small nipples attached to slightly budding yet undeveloped breasts.

'Very good, the commandant will be pleased with this one, I believe.'

The girl had short, auburn-colored hair and a pale complexion, decorated with a few freckles on her face. As the nurse spoke she directed her comments to the two balaclava-clad internal security guards who stood behind her near the entrance to the examining room who would process the object further should she pass muster.

The nurse's gloved hands moved down to the waistband of the girl's shorts and removed these as well, grasping the hem of the girl's underwear at the same time and removing them both, allowing them to fall around the child's ankles.

'Step out from that.'

The girl did as requested.

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The girl was petite but had long limbs. Her pubic area was covered with soft, downy hair and her skin was perfectly smooth. As she stood in front of the nurse one of the guards deftly moved in, removing the bottom garments from the floor and tucking them away with the other articles of clothing which had been tossed off by the nurse, placing them in a refuse bin sitting in the corner.

The nurse turned the girl around, inspecting the curvature of her back. She pressed the girls' small, tight buttocks, nodding to herself admirably at their springy and firm consistency. Turning the girl back around facing her she brushed away a slight shock of hair that had fallen over the girl's face.

'Stand up straight, eyes toward me.'

The frightened child looked toward the woman. She could see a slight reflection of her tear-stained face in the insect-like spectacles worn by the examiner.

The nurse wiped the tell-tale signs of tears from the girls face and then placed her thumbs in the girls mouth, forcing it open as she peered inside. The interior was deep red, with some discoloring denoting malnutrition.

'If we take this one out I want you to bring some of the dried meat and powdered protein to feed her during the trip.'

The guard obeyed without responding in affirmation, moving to a cabinet and removing several metallic packets which he placed in a multi-compartmented rucksack that hung on his back.

'She looks healthy enough, let's move her down the hall for sleep test.'

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The nurse stood up and removed her gloves, placing them on a metal table to her right. Firmly grasping the girl by the hand, she marched toward the open door held open by the guard. The second guard departed after the nurse and the first guard shut the door behind them, locking it with a key attached to a large keyring held around his belt. The girl's hand held firmly, the nurse pulled her along at a decent trot, the few areas of tight buoyant curvatures present in her physicality bouncing ever so slightly as they proceeded down the hall, the two guards marching behind them to either side.

They approached a block in the corridor and a large black metal grate which was attached to an even larger steel door. These, like the walls, were covered in thick black paint. The nurse pushed a button on the wall which caused a buzzer to sound deep from within the closed sector. The little brunette at her side grimaced in pain at the nurse's tight grip, her little button nose crinkling in frustration.

With a sudden slight scent of electrical discharge the door slowly and jerkily opened and the group passed through, and they were several paces down the hallway when they heard the door begin closing again. The lighting inside this hallway was dim red from large tubular lights running along the side of the walls. With a curvature to the ceiling and a slight descent the little girl could now assess that she was being led into a tunnel within an underground complex. Her mind held much fascination for this facility and a healthy dose of wonder was mixed in with her fear, as not only the procedures

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she had been facing but also the building itself and the people within it were entirely alien to her past experiences. Her mother and father had died far back in her faded memory and she had been living here-and-there for several years now, unprotected with only brief socialization amongst other children who roamed about in certain of the outer areas. One day a few black-robed females calling themselves nuns of someone called the commandant had approached her while she was alone in the wilderness.

They gave her rich food and promised that if she came with them that she would be taken care of. Her hesitance was washed away by the food, which was not only exciting in that it nourished her but that she also began feeling strange feelings of euphoria in her body, which caused her reasoning to associate the words 'commandant' and 'sisterhood' with pleasure. The food had been drugged by the cult recruiters beforehand. Although the girl would have probably gone with them willingly, the recruiters did not blanch at using a little extra persuasion and they also had a vested interest in availing themselves of any opportunity to perfect their techniques.

The descent into the tunnel was gradual but consistent and the girl could feel her chest constricting as the pressure increased. The dull red lights shone sickly on her naked flesh and the uniform of the nurse pulling her along. The tunnel leveled out and led shortly to a split in the corridor. They took the left fork and went into the first of a long line of doors which stretched onward into the half-darkness. They proceeded nine doors down

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to the end of the hall, each of the doors bearing a small card slipcase either bearing a name, number or blank. They entered a door bearing a blank name; the door nearest to it read 'Bonn.'

A room set up like a small bedroom met the girl's gaze upon entering, a surprising sight both because of the incongruity with the rest of the surroundings as well as the fact that she had never seen a room so furnished in her life. The coziness factor mimicked something that would have been familiar in another time, and it struck a chord as some genetic legend living in the mind, a throwback to the pre-nuclear period when things were more comfortable. The cinder block walls had been covered with some sort of synthetic siding and had been painted a dark gray with white borders. A single bed with a rough gray blanket folded down revealing hints of fresh white sheets and a pillow with pillowcase occupied one corner of the room, with a small end table nearby.

A small light bar shone above a highly-polished metal mirror set over a sink. There was no running water but the sink was stoppered and filled with clean water, with more stored in a bucket beneath the sink. A few towels and washrags were set on the edge of another empty bucket similarly situated nearby.

'Please lay down on the bed.'

The nurse led her to the edge of the bed and pushed the girl's shoulder down with a slight but firm authority, causing the youngster to involuntarily sit as instructed. The slightly rough texture of the blanket caused her flesh to further goose-pimple, more from reflex than

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atmospheric condition, as the air had grown somewhat warmer once entering the room.

'Wait outside.'

The two guards left the room and as the door shut the last glow of the red lights from the corridor disappeared. The electric lights inside the room were of a soft white light which brought out the accents of the small surroundings and seemed very soothing. The girl considered within her mind the events as they had unfolded thus far. She had originally volunteered to go with the cult members, in what seemed like a very far away but also brutally close past. One part of her mind told her that she wanted out, wanted desperately to be back with the stars over her head and only various other semi-wild scavengers as her sometime and often infrequent companions. The other part of her realized that, despite some discomfort and shock in the beginning, whatever she had done with the cult thus far was probably far more engaging than the monotony of day after day without a mission, a goal, a purpose. Sometimes the devil you didn't know was a welcome respite from the devil you did.

The forced stripping and consequent nakedness had been strange for her, not that she hadn't been naked plenty of times before, but not in this clinical and unnerving context. She had had her share of occasional confused ruttings with some of the boys who roamed the countryside but she had stayed safely away from the better known adult predators - her life had been simple and obscure, and she had instinctively avoided the obvious social pitfalls which presented themselves.

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Some of the younger children who had closer memories of some semblance of family or community had a superstitious idea about needing protection. A greasy, bearded hoarder with a few baubles and a sweet word would send these children practically falling over themselves, tears in their eyes and emotions aflame, to go with a strange older face. In turn they would in due time find that their protectors had become their de facto captors who would do whatever they wanted with them and usually enlist them in a lifetime of drudgery, assisting in more large scale scavenging than to what she herself was accustomed to and categorizing ancient junk from the pre-nuclear days. Such a life had no appeal for her - let the weak sink! As a counterpose to that possible future, which she saw as even less of a future than being isolated and shiftless for all practical reasons as she had been, the cult recruiters had presented an entirely different animal altogether, something completely outside of any experience or known memory. That was exactly how the cult had designed the nature of their encounter.

The security teams who went out into the wilderness under the guise of clergy were not on any internal security personnel list, although they had received the most extensive training that organizational intelligence had to offer and in the most secretive of facilities. The far areas of the wilderness into which the commandant's devotees inserted themselves, ostensibly on behalf of organizational intelligence, were not on any organizational maps and were long distances from even the farthest organizational battle lines and frontiers of

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territorial organizational cultivation. She had been recruited by the secret of the secret, non-commissioned contracted special operatives; now she was in their world.

'Lay down now!'

The girl snapped out of her brief mental fugue, the atmosphere of the room was both inviting and unsettling at once, whereas recent memories of the nurse's machine-like process of disrobing her earlier had been disturbing only.

She did not intend to provoke the order of the nurse and she laid down as directed. The feeling of her head hitting the soft pillows, something which was unfamiliar to her, hit her senses like heaven's own hand.

The nurse stared discerningly through her glasses at the girl, her paleness punctuated in contrast to the dark fabric of the blankets, clearly visible ribs moving slowly up her chest cavity and punctuated by hard nipples of brownish hue, the color of ground meat that had been allowed to sit.

'Before I leave for the evening please be advised that you will be staying here for approximately two nights, which I trust will be interesting for you. This will be your room for the remainder of your stay at this location.' The nurse managed to crinkle the side of her mouth slightly which apparently serviced as a smile.

'There is a wash basin there which you may use, also a towel that you can drape around for clothing until we issue you something more substantial. Someone will come in and check on you intermittently.'

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The girl had no idea what the last word meant but managed a slight nod in the affirmative nonetheless.

'We will bring you your first meal tomorrow. For now we want you to stay in bed and go to sleep, someone will wake you in due course.'

There was a plain straight-backed chair near the table and the nurse scooted it over, positioning it in reaching distance of both the bed and the table.

From a drawer under the table the woman removed a pair of large headphones with an electrical device attached to the side, which blinked in a dull blue light every few seconds.

'You need to wear these through the night. Have you ever seen anything like this before?'

The girl shook her head in the negative.

The nurse was not surprised.

'There will be sounds that will come into your ears via this device.' The nurse pointed to her own ear to emphasize the point.

'You will wear them like this.'

The nurse put the device on her head to demonstrate, then removed it with an equally efficient motion.

'You will hear some sounds through this device. Keep this on throughout the remainder of the night!'

The naked girl laid upon the bed, her head slightly bent to the right on the pillow, eyes continuously and cautiously watching the nurse.

'Do not remove this device until one of our staff instruct you to do so, this will occur after you wake up in

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the morning. Do you understand?

The girl nodded in the affirmative.

Despite herself, as a result of the long schedule she had undergone thus far, she felt herself becoming drowsy. The day had begun early, and she had been in transit on foot for several days prior with the cult members before being transferred to a closed, windowless black van driven by black-masked internal security intelligence attaches in a deep evergreen forest. There were several more of the threatening, silent figures inside the van and being inserted in the back portion of the windowless cargo area she was unable to ascertain anything about her position or whereabouts as she rode, huddled in a corner of the vehicle on the several-hour long ride.

She had napped frequently along the way, somewhat disturbed that the recruiters had passed her off without coming along for the last leg of the journey. The recruiters had assured her that everything would proceed nicely and to be confident in her decision, however their smiles were a bit too wild and concentrated and the disparity between them and the anonymous figures who were quite obviously some sort of military personnel was a bit too abrupt a change. There was no solace to be had in their gesture.

Within several minutes of the nurse's finishing her instructions to the young girl, she was left alone in the room and found herself lying on the deep, downy pillow. Still naked, she was now beneath the covers of

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the bed and on her head the strange headphone device was attached. There was a dull crackle that sounded like it was coming from deep within a corridor that played faintly in the background. She was amazed. She had never seen an apparatus like this in the duration of her life, much less used one. She wondered where the sounds were coming from. This was unheard-of technology in consideration to her background and the age in general and as she lay there in these strange new environs she felt the overwhelming sense of impending sleep taking her over, yet certain filaments of apprehensiveness remained like lurkers on the cusp of the eventide.

The lights above the polished metal mirror dimmed, and the dull gray walls of the room now turned smoky, seeming to swim in the darkness. She felt herself drifting, drifting, drifting. From the headphones the faint crackling began to be replaced by a tinkling, unearthly-sounding music. She began to move into the early stages of sleep, her eyes closing and a faint smile playing upon her mouth as the music continued, interspersed with various atmospheric sounds, some which she could place and some which she could not. Waves upon a seashore, the sound of wind whistling through trees in a high forest; the latter she knew well, the former she did not. Now some strange flutes began piping and some bells began ringing ominously, as if tolling some future event directly on the horizon.

The girl was well asleep before the voices began, informing her of the destiny that lay rolled out before her, of the commandant who was to be her leader and of

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what she could do for the commandant, what was expected of her and what she needed to know to succeed. The importance of having a total sacrifice attitude amongst other more weighty instructions were given in an even, reassuring yet unmistakably authoritative meter. The girl herself heard none of these knowingly, as by the time the voice instructions began she was well into the deeper stages of sleep, the messages penetrating straight into her subconscious mind without being vetted through the decision-making rigors of waking consciousness. With the sound of the voice playing in her ears, her head burrowed into the pillow and, the smile still upon her lips, she slept.

When the morning came she was already awake. The lights had resumed their normal daytime-level glow and she lay obediently on the bed under the covers, the headphones still on her head. As before, there was a faint crackling within them that sounded like it was coming from far, far away. She had been told not to remove the headphones under any circumstances, however, erring on the side of caution, she had decided to lay in the bed as well, maintaining the position in which she had been left the night before until someone came for her. A sharp knock came on the door and the nurse entered, attired exactly as the night before yet seeming somewhat more relaxed than she had been the previous day.

'I trust that you had a good sleep?' she asked politely.

The girl nodded in affirmation.

With measured steps, her boots clicking against the

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floor, the nurse approached her and removed the headphones, placing them back in the drawer by the bedside table.

'Freshen up and we will bring you breakfast in one-half hour.'

The nurse carried a small courier satchel over one arm and she removed it, placing it on the edge of the end table and taking out a small pile of clothing.

'Try these on, these should fit you. If not, let us know and we can adjust the size before your morning occupations, understood?' The nurse smiled, surprisingly enough, and the girl could not help but smile back in response in natural mimicry and reaction.

'This is your new uniform, hope that you will like it!'

With one final grin, this time in earnest, the nurse lay the pile of clothing on the chair and turned, retrieving her satchel and leaving the room, locking it behind her with a resounding click.

The girl moved to the sink and looked at herself in the mirror. She was surprised at how surprisingly clean she looked in the reflection of the mirror, but no real wonder as the cult recruiters had told her that cleanliness was important if she was to be a member of the commandant's family and, as an assist to program, they had helped clean her up from her rather filthy state which they had found her in when they first came upon her in the wilderness. This was the first time since being transported to the facility in which she had the opportunity to endeavor to make good on continuing this specific directive given to her by her recruiters, so as

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she cleaned she proceeded with a sense of mission and importance.

One-half hour until breakfast was more than ample time to clean up. She removed the towels and washcloths from the empty bucket and set them on the floor to the side. She was glad that she was not going to be relegated to wearing a bathing cloth as means of dress to hide her nakedness. Pulling the bucket out from under the sink she squatted, sending a small stream of urine into the bottom of the container. She straightened herself, daubing her genitalia with one of the washrags before pushing the bucket back under the sink.

She looked at her reflection once more in the mirror. Her hair gave her a mischievous, sprite-like look of which she was proud. One of her young friends back in the wilderness had through some strange fashion had an attraction to messing with peoples' hair and she had been a frequent subject of her friend's ministrations. She liked to keep her hair short. With lots of strange bugs around the forests it was simply better and more all-around practical to do so, plus she admired the look that it gave her and she believed that her associates did as well, infrequent as such associations were, however.

She smiled broadly in the mirror and then frowned, watching her reflection intently. She was interested in being aware of the breadth and scope of her potential facial expressions as she might employ in any given situation. Remaining in her slight frown, she turned her attention to the water in the sink and cupped her hands together and brought them up to her mouth, taking

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several long draughts. Next she took one of the washcloths and moistened it until it was soaking wet but not so wet as to drip water onto the floor. She moistened her short hair and then shook it out like a wild dog to dry it. Next she moved the washcloth over her firm young body, scrubbing first her breasts, chest and stomach, reaching around and doing the same to her back, then her legs, armpits and feet. The water was cool and made her flesh tingle pleasantly. Her decision to accept exodus from the wilderness was seeming more and more to be a wise one, but it was early days yet, she reminded herself. She took one of the larger towels and vigorously dried herself off, walking over to the chair near the bed and hanging the towel over the side to dry while reaching for the small pile of clothes that had been left for her there by the nurse.

The clothes were entirely nicer than anything she had ever seen before in her life, certainly nicer than she had (or more correctly, formerly had) herself and nicer than she had seen on others, excepting the guards and nurse who had been processing her. The cult members that had picked her up in the wilderness wore long black flowing robes that seemed both rich but austere as well, the impression of the garments, strange as they were, made the wearers a bit maniacal looking, which was not incongruous for their character as they had in fact acted a bit like maniacs in all earnestness. Too nice at certain times, too stern at certain times but also certainly nothing to be trifled with - they were different and also serious in such a way that she instantly recognized that

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they could be very, very dangerous. More dangerous than the most dangerous of the predators that roamed in the wilderness which had been her home. Being dangerous however did not seem like a bad thing in her mind - she would much more prefer to be dangerous than to be pathetic as she herself saw many of the inhabitants of the wilderness had become in their long, shiftless days. Most of the inhabitants of the area that she had been in seemed like they were simply waiting for something to happen, waiting for something to come and move them into some similitude of purposeful activity, said activity which continued to prove elusive. She had also been of such a waiting disposition, but once she saw the black-robed figures coming over the hillside, their sable garments flowing behind them in the breeze and strange songs upon their mouth, she knew that her time had come.

The clothes before her were carefully folded but she felt a lump between them. Curious, she reached and found two shiny black shoes within which were stuffed a pair of small black socks. The shoes were of fine quality, and she slipped them on and found that they fit perfectly. Slipping them off again, she continued her inventory of the items before her. There was a short black jumper upon the breast of which was a pocket embroidered with a small insignia representing the cult and which designated the wearer as belonging to the cause of the commandant. Two small straps on the sides of the garment allowed cinching according to size and also had a few hooks upon which could be attached various items at which time there were none. Along with

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this was a pair of white, full-coverage panties, a thin black shirt and a length of ribbon. The ribbon particularly pleased her. Still standing naked before the bed, she took the slick black fabric and arranged a small bunch in the back of her hair, tying a small funny little ponytail, the best she could muster with the length of her hair. She sat on the edge of the bed and put on the black socks which were short, reaching only above her ankles. Next she put on the pair of white panties, followed by the shirt and then the jumper which she cinched around her thin waist, causing it to flare out slightly around her hips. Her attire complete, she slipped into the shiny black shoes and made a few circumlocutions of the room. She was pleased to hear that they produced a slight click upon the flooring in mimicry of the nurse to her senior and her sadistic leather boots.

After donning her uniform, she set upon examining various parts of the room, beginning by opening the drawer on the end table by the bed. The headphones sat where the nurse had placed them just thirty minutes earlier, but there was nothing else in the drawer to be seen. She paced back and forth, waiting for the nurse or whomever would arrive with her food; she assumed it would be the nurse, although she could not be sure. At this point she was well-famished, as it had been quite some time since she had eaten. She went before the mirror again and stared at her reflection, smiling slightly at the look of her hair tied back with the ribbon. The hair on her sides was pulled back with the ponytail but leaving two prominent shocks hanging on either side, framing her face.

CHAPTER 11

A barrage of heavy machine gun fire blasted through the copse of trees heavily interspersed with bush. The time was the wee morning hours and the darkness of a moonless night was even more dense beneath the heavy foliage. All that could be seen was the fire bursting from the unseen muzzles of the guns some distance away, sending showers of metallic death upon the small group of dissidents who had been camping in the area. Pieces of bark flew in raining shrapnel as small trees were burst asunder from the heavy firepower. The caliber of the guns was obviously from some belt-fed mechanism as dissidents saw the bodies of their compatriots blown almost to obliteration, trunkless legs falling down with their upper bodies ground into piles of bloody meat.

The firestorm stopped and then the sound of a deep resounding horn could be heard several times in the distance before the machine guns started again. The dissidents, armed with only a few stolen handguns from their tenure in the organization, were not even able to draw their weapons before they faced death. The machine guns were still firing, and all five of the individuals now lay dead on the ground. The guns silenced and a torch was lit amongst one of the members

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of the death squad, sending an eerie reddish glow within the sky as they slowly approached. The death squad consisted of eight elite shock troopers and two internal security attaches. As the shock troopers went through and attempted to identify the bodies, cutting off the heads of those who were not completely blown to bits, the internal security attaches set up a small radio apparatus attempting to establish a signal with their main force which was stationed some miles away. Only static was heard as they attempted to beep in several coded messages which may or may not have been received. The thickness of the brush and the atmospheric pressure of the area were not conducive to their attempts at communication.

'We aren't getting any sort of signal out from here, have you identified them all?' one of the internal security attaches asked.

One of the head shock troopers smiled, his hands covered with blood.

'We have them all in hand.'

He emphasized his point by holding up several severed heads, holding them by their bloodied hair and dropping them into a rucksack outfitted with a rubber interior lining designed for just such a grisly purpose. The heads would be brought on to the commanding officer in the field as proof their work and evidence of successful termination.

'Good then, let's get back to the others.'

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Leaving a scene of hideous carnage behind them, they proceeded toward the edge of the forest and then began marching along the dark plains leading toward the position of the other members of their force.

CHAPTER 12

It was only a few minutes after finishing dressing and effecting her vain exploration of the room that little Lynx, as she had been called in the wilderness, heard the sound of the lock being turned back. The nurse entered the room, still seemingly in a particularly good mood compared to how she had seemed the day before. Along with her was a guard who carried a large plate of food containing a pile of unidentified mashed substance, some dried meats, some cheeses and a large glass of reddish liquid. Lynx's eyes opened wide in amazement; this was a veritable feast, comparable at very least to the best of the fare that she had been treated to by the robed women recruiters during their initial meet. Noticing the girl's reaction, the nurse smiled broadly.

'You will be well taken care of here, do not forget that, Lynx. Some of the treatments and training you will undergo within the next several weeks will be arduous and sometimes you will certainly feel some tension directed to you, but remember that this is part of the cleansing process. We must build ourselves into the proper and most disciplined state so that we can better be of service to the commandant, understood?'

Lynx nodded in agreement, her eyes not leaving the food tray which the guard had now placed on the end

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table before proceeding to the back of the room where he stood at the door, the nurse following suit. From the open door eerie reddish light from the corridor spilled into the entryway to her quarters. Other than the fact that the lights had automatically come on in her room at a certain time fitfully denoting the arrival of morning, it was impossible to ascertain whether it was day or night in the subterranean center in which she was now domiciled.

'Eat up and be ready to go along with us for some training within the hour. It will be intense so be prepared.' The look on the nurse's face hardened in a stern expression. Lynx nodded submissively in acquiescence and, without further ado, the nurse and the guard left the room, locking the door behind them and shutting out the reddish glow of the tunnel.

Within seconds of the door having clicked shut Lynx was well into the food. She was absolutely starved and this yield was unlike anything she had ever seen before, especially with the dried meat and the cheese, which she had never had before. Several thick slices of the waxed yellowish substance lay on the plate and she picked one up and, tasting it, her eyes nearly rolled back into her head in ecstasy. The mashed substance was surprisingly flavorful if strange in appearance, and she quickly finished it off, leaving the meat for last, which she gnawed contently while drinking the reddish liquid which had a vague fruit-like taste with a slight bitterness. She hoped that the level of nutrition would continue in this manner - for meals like this she was willing to suffer much. Her decision to go with the cult

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recruiters was not based on any sort of advanced theoretical understanding of what they were about but primarily on necessities of survival and her own determination to move beyond what she had experienced thus far in her life. She knew that her options were slim and that if she wanted to live beyond age twenty then it was best that she make her decision as to where she wanted to be heading. The cult recruiters had shown her a few pictures of their leader and stated god-in-the-flesh who they referred to only as the commandant, and now she, once obscure, was in service to the same.

As Lynx sipped at the remaining dregs of her beverage she felt a strange sensation running through her body, a great abiding sense of pleasure but also a strange aggression, as if the nourishment had awoken some hidden force within her that made her more similar to the animal which she had been nicknamed after those many years ago in the wilderness by one of her friends who had read the name in some old, old book that came from before the nuclear wars. She drank down the final remaining sips of the reddish drink and let out a large belch. She proceeded to the sink and washed the telltale signs of food from the corners of her mouth and splashed some of the cold liquid on her face, drying it off with one of the towels. She looked at herself squarely in the mirror. She had no idea what might come but she intended to face it with all readiness. She was amazed as she felt a sharp burning sense of confidence thrumming through her body as if it was living right beneath the surface of the skin. The hour drew down

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quickly and soon enough the door reopened. This time the nurse was not present and only two internal security guards met her, black-masked, goggled and anonymous. She stood waiting for them to motion her out and was not entirely surprised when one of them approached her and took a firm grasp on the side of her arm and led her out himself, the other guard waiting until they had exited the room and without Lynx seeing, examining the plate of food to make sure it had all been eaten. Locking the door behind them he followed them out and continued to follow several paces behind as they marched forward down into the red-lit corridor.

Before she knew it she had entered into another room. The guard released her and either purposefully or by dint of his comparable strength shoved her forward slightly, causing her to trip and fall to her knees, scraping them slightly on the rough concrete floor. She raised herself up and looked with an unmistakeable sign of scorn at the person who had so offended her, but no expression was forthcoming or could indeed be ascertained at all from the masked figure. The guards closed the door and stationed themselves on either side of it and Lynx turned back around, facing into the rest of the room. The area was arranged like an office, with a large desk at the center and a huge poster of the commandant behind the desk, her lusty and lethal figure interposed over a gigantic spreading nuclear mushroom cloud. Two flags on stationary flagpoles were on either side of the desk bearing the nuclear ensign of the cult. A few bookshelves contained what looked to be newly bound volumes encased in greasy leather. Bright electric

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light tubes over her head illuminated the area. She looked down at her knees and noticed that they were only slightly scratched. Thankfully they hadn't done anything to ruin her uniform. She wished that she could take one of their weapons and blow them to bits. She was surprised at the thought and somewhat taken aback by the anomalously violent feelings which were surfacing within her, which seemed to get more prominent as each second went by. Within a few minutes a firm rap came from the outside of the door and a young woman appearing to be about sixteen, four years Lynx's senior, entered. She was at least a head taller than Lynx and dressed in the exact same attire as Lynx herself, her short jumper revealing muscled but pleasantly plump legs. The girl's hair was tawny and long and tied into two braided pigtails which looped around her ears.

'So you are the new recruit?'

Lynx nodded in the affirmative.

The girl walked around to the desk and opened a drawer, brows furrowed as her eyes beamed down at whatever it was she was contemplating before closing the drawer with a loud bang.

'I heard that you are very spirited, is that true?'

Lynx didn't exactly follow the other girl's linguistic line of reasoning but could tell from the tone that she was being challenged.

'I am here to serve the commandant!' Lynx answered with a tone of unabashed finality and authority. She could feel her heart rate gradually quickening and rising in her chest.

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The girl with the braids rocked her head back and let out a long, bellowing laugh, her features looking maniacal if somewhat contrived, yet the scene was given an extra air of grotesqueness by the huge poster of the commandant which loomed down from behind her, the sixteen-year-old obviously being to one degree or another her proxy at this particular juncture as far as Lynx was concerned.

The older girl walked back around the desk and approached Lynx with smartly clicking heels and, reaching out, took both of Lynx's shoulders in either of her hands, looking deep into the younger girl's eyes.

'I am sure that you have some desire to serve the commandant, otherwise you wouldn't be here today. Although I wonder that perhaps you were just wanting to escape from a situation that was pressing on you, gotten in trouble perhaps, stolen something from someone perhaps?'

'I haven't stolen anything from anyone in my entire life!' Lynx snarled, fully riled now.

Once again the older girl let out a long, pealing burst of laughter but cut it off suddenly, her face turning red with rage as she began to shake Lynx by the shoulders.

'You don't shout at me, little girl! I shout at you and only if you are lucky, as that's the least of what I can do!'

The older girl released Lynx and stepped back toward the desk, pulling out a chair and sitting down, drumming her fingers on the hard wooden surface.

'I think that you are going to have to be taught some things about discipline, and I do believe that I myself am going to have to administer some punishment to you, is that clear?'

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Internally Lynx wanted to jump across the desk and strangle the girl, but her self-control caught better of her. She was experiencing some weird interaction from whatever she had eaten; she knew that her level of aggression was unnatural. However within the last few seconds the feelings of aggression had begun to be equally coupled with indescribable pleasurable feelings - she was confused, but she knew that she had to keep her bearings about her if she was going to survive whatever ordeal she was being put through. She wanted to spend tonight back in her room with another meal the next day, and she wasn't interested in being dumped in some backwater naked to be left scrounging in the bushes for berries or whatever else might be available. That in mind, she lowered her head and nodded obediently to the older girl's stated intention.

'Very good, very good, I think you are beginning to understand things already, however you are still not in the clear, and it's obvious to me that you need a little attitude adjustment, young lady.'

Lynx could feel aggression and pleasure running through her body in equal measures at the condescension and implication, not sure whether or not the aggression was making her feel pleased or whether the influx of caloric intake itself was fueling aggression. At the mention of attitude adjustment she could feel the blood rushing to her face and began deeply blushing, something not unnoticed by the older teenager seated at the table.

'I think it's time for you and I to come to a little understanding about how things are run around here

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and what will be expected of you. First of all, respect is tantamount, and we can begin this by way of introduction. My name is Miss Hall, but you can refer to me as 'ma'am', do you understand?

'Yes,' Lynx replied, her increasingly reddening face turned downward still.

'Yes WHAT?'

Having spent most of her life scavenging in the wilderness, Lynx was totally unconscious of what Miss Hall was aiming at.

'Yes WHAT?'

The older girl's eyes became hard and beady as she stared at Lynx from behind the desk. The younger girl's reasoning skills seemed slightly impaired, but then the connection made sense.

'Yes, MA'AM...' she replied, the last word emphasized in its strangeness, as she had no clue what such a title meant, although it was obviously some sign of respect, an honorific, that the older girl seemed to demand.

'Good! You are beginning to learn, little one.' The older girl eyed her haughtily, leaning back in her chair and splaying her arms on the desk in a suitably executive fashion.

'What is your name?'

'My name is Lynx.'

'WHAT?'

'My name is LYNX!'

The last word was emphasized almost with a shout and Lynx felt her head automatically raising itself and staring assuredly across the room at the other girl seated

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behind the desk, her face now red from both embarrassment and anger.

'NO, FILTH! LYNX IS AN ANIMAL THAT WALKS AROUND ON ALL FOURS IN THE FUCKING FOREST! YOUR NAME IS RECRUIT! DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT? RECRUIT! RECRUIT! RECRUIT!' The girl emphasized each repetition by slamming the flat of her hand on the desk.

'WHAT IS YOUR NAME?'

'RECRUIT!'

'RECRUIT! WHAT?'

'RECRUIT, MA'AM!'

Knowing that the time for discussion was over and action was at hand, the youth officer rose from her chair, picking it up by its handle and moving it around the table so that it sat to the side of the room, its seat faced outward, near one of the large shelves of books. The female smoothed out the bottom of her skirt and then gestured for Lynx to come forward.

'I am going to teach you how disrespect is commonly dealt with in this level of our organization, do you understand me? In higher levels the punishments are much worse, but as you are still young yet we need to get this out of the way first.'

The sixteen-year-old sat back down in the chair and gestured for Lynx to come and stand beside her, before grasping the young girl's arm and pulling her over her lap. Lynx had never experienced anything like this before and she let out a gasp.

'Oh you'll be making more sounds than that before

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its all over with, my dear.'

Lynx's arms inadvertently reached toward the ground, putting her in a perfect position for the older girl's disciplinary ministrations. The masked internal security guards stood unmoving at the sides of the doors as witnesses, silently observing the events as they unfolded.

The older girl firmly pinned Lynx to her lap with one hand and with the other hand brought down a resounding slap on Lynx's bottom, raising her hand again and bringing it down firmly and repeatedly in a brisk tattoo of spanks. Lynx was in shock from the position she found herself in but not necessarily in pain; it was more surprise than anything at this point.

'Are you understanding this, little girl?' the older female intoned.

Lynx did not respond.

Six hard slaps followed in rapid succession.

Lynx let out a small whimper.

'There we go, let's see if we can increase the volume a little.'

Lynx felt the points of her toes enclosed in her polished black shoes involuntarily rise off the floor as the older girl repositioned her so that her bottom was directly beneath her line of vision. With a fell motion the older cult member lifted Lynx's skirt, revealing her young, pert buttocks, perfectly encased in the white panties. In this position, the beating continued.

The older girl alternated her hits, driving her open palm down upon one cheek then the other, then moving

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toward the plump area where buttocks meet thigh and hitting with a resounding smack where the flesh was exposed.

Lynx felt waves of humiliation come over her but also rising aggression in equal amounts, and she began wriggling beneath the older girl's grasp in attempt to free herself. Not that she knew what exactly she would do should she manage to free herself; her thinking had become automatic and passionate in the context of the situation as it was unfolding.

Within several minutes' time little Lynx found herself with her panties pulled around her ankles and the sharp cracking hand of the sixteen-year old driving her to hot tears of shame and contrition. Her petite buttocks gave little cushioning to the incessant spanking being administered by the older girl, who interspersed the punishment with regular elements of stern lecturing, mostly informing her about the seriousness of the cult that she had joined.

From her shameful vantage point, Lynx could see the two black-masked internal security guards standing at the doorway and wondered what they were thinking of her predicament. Did the scene of a young girl facing such a dressing-down, forced nudity and decidedly domestic-style violence excite them in a sexual fashion? Or had they seen so many similar scenes within their lifetime that they were effectively immune?

The spanking suddenly stopped and Lynx felt herself being grabbed by the back of the neck and stood back upright. Her jumper did not fall into place but stuck on

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the tightening clasps, leaving her awkward with the fabric pulled up over her small hind and her panties bunched around her ankles. The older girl looked at her appraisingly, lingering perhaps too long around the area of her pudenda.

'Let's take a look at this, shan't we?'

The older girl took her by the arm and slowly turned Lynx around, examining the reddish contours of her well-spanked buttocks. She placed her hand on the younger girl's upper thigh, snaking the tips of her fingers around and digging into the reddened flesh of her buttocks, causing Lynx to gasp slightly. Turning her back around, the older girl stood and removed a handkerchief from the pocket of her jumper, softly rubbing away the tears from the younger girl's face.

'Pull yourself together, you can put your panties back on, straighten yourself up.'

As Lynx complied, the older girl took the chair and moved it back behind the desk. It was all over almost as soon as it had begun. The strange psycho-physical feelings Lynx had been having before being taken into the room and enduring the humiliating punishment had tapered off. Her aggression was now in check, although she felt more potential, more poised if you will, to commit an act of violence should she be called on to do so or should the opportunity avail itself. The pleasurable sensations were also now less prominent, although she could feel a lingering sensation within her flesh that left her feeling more pleasurable than usual. This was surprising considering what she had just undergone. But after all, she did not expect that everything would be

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roses within a cult that worshiped a form of personified nuclear war. She straightened out the seat of her jumper and turned, standing submissively with her hands at her sides and her eyes downward in front of the desk, where the older girl had once again placed herself.

'My name is Patty, Patty Hall, as you know - though perhaps now you know me better? Now that we have that out of the way...' a vicious little smile curled around the corners of the girl's mouth, 'we can proceed on to more important matters. I am going to be giving you several important documents which it is absolutely essential that you keep with you at all times.' Patty began removing several thick, staple-bound books and clipped-together reams of paper from numerous desk drawers. 'There will also be a satchel for you to carry them in... where is it, now?'

The sixteen-year old conversed with herself as she rummaged through various drawers, then moved to the file cabinets. Squatting down with her back turned toward Lynx she found pay dirt in the bottom drawer. 'Here we go.'

Patty removed a black courier bag with the emblem of the cult emblazoned on its side and then stuffed the documents along with several ink pens into the bag, closing the fastener and extending it over the desk toward Lynx, who still stood with her eyes turned downward.

'Here, here, take it!' Patty said with an overemphasized sense of hastiness. 'I already have one!'

CHAPTER 13

'It's only going to be a matter of time before they come back down the path and see us!'

The filthy twenty-year-old man with a long scraggly beard, makeshift knife cradled to his chest, sat behind some shrubs contained within a copse of trees some quarter of a mile left of the position of the organizational troops. He and two other men, equally bedraggled in appearance, had been posted as lookouts for the more substantial number of their force that had been stationed up the hill. The problem arose in the fact that rather than coming from the direction which they had suspected, the organizational troops had circled the hillside and come in from the back, leaving the current team still waiting and not clued-in to the lethality of the situation until they heard the massive outpouring of machine gun fire which had left every member of their main force dead. Their stratagem defeated and severed from any potential assistance, they now sat in wait, hoping that they would not be noticed as the members of the organizational team made their way down the hillside directly past their position. It seemed like it would be a miracle if they were not spotted; whatever resistance they would be able to offer against the massive firepower that they had watched from a distance would certainly mean instant

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death for them. Their only chance now lay in the possibility that they would not be discovered. They had to think quickly and formulate a plan or else they would be as dead as their recently departed compatriots.

'We need to move away from the area.'

The organizational troops had abandoned their sense of stealth now that the force had been eliminated, and they were not considering that there could have been others positioned elsewhere on the same hillside, their muted conversations becoming more and more audible as they moved closer to the position of the stranded resistance. The bearded fellow looked down toward the south side of the hill, spotting another but more substantial copse of trees a distance away. If they could only make it down without being spotted there could be a chance that they could escape without capture. The bearded man was more than disheartened. They had thought that they themselves were about to pull an ambush this night, but instead they had faced a massacre which made their small force almost halved in size. The ancient, decaying barn in the field several miles to the southwest held a few more of their ragtag group of operatives. The resistance option was proving to be suicidal. He wondered now deep within himself whether or not the strategy to resist had been a wise one after all.

If they were to move there was no time like the present and the leader of the miniscule band motioned to his compatriots with a silent motion of his hands to make for the copse of trees down the hill. One of the men being instructed grabbed for his rucksack containing various cooking utensils and in his haste several metallic

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pots spilled out of the bag, making a noticeable clamor. Hopefully, with the wind the sound would be lost on the organizational troops that were quickly making their way toward the resister's present position. The man hurriedly put the items back in the pack, making even more noise in the process, and then scrambled down the hillside toward the cover. As if watching an unfolding nightmare, the group leader heard a burst of automatic machine gun fire and almost immediately the forward scout's upper body disappeared into a mist of blood, the remainders of his twitching corpse falling with a thump onto the ground. Another round of machine gun fire burst out from another angle to their left. They were surrounded, but only the trees had any hope of sheltering them, if any.

'Everybody make their own way - survivors make recontact at the barn!'

The team leader sprinted on brawny legs toward the copse of trees and once entering kept on going, making his way quickly down a ravine and downward toward a more substantial area of forest where he could slowly wind his way around the perimeter of the fields to get near their headquarters under cover. In the background he could hear another peal of machine gun fire and the sound of his other companions facing death. He was now the only one left surviving.

With belabored breath he scrambled down the slimy root-riddled washout, various thorns and brambles scraping against his flesh, offering his blood to whatever foul spirits inhabited the wood which was now

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becoming the sight of the doom of his group. He still grasped his knife, which was lowered to his side; intermittently he could hear more gunfire in the background although no sound of human voices. Gradually the gunfire began to sound more distant. He was now in the deeper part of the forest and was making considerable ground. Eventually the sound of the gunfire stopped as the organizational shock troops recognized that they had routed the surprise pocket of resistance.

Meanwhile, the shock troopers had reached the former position and scanned the hillside leading downward to the southeast and southwest, scanning for any movement. One shock trooper carried a pair of primitive binoculars but even those had little utilization in the near pitch black nighttime environment. While they scanned the ground for further resistance, another of the shock troopers worked his way at sawing off a head from one of the bearded corpses that had received a hit in the chest. The scout who had been first to be hit with the machine gun fire effectively had no head - that and the entire upper portion of his body having been decimated into blood spray and finely ground pieces of gore that littered the area here and there. The shock trooper felt some remorse that he would not be able to collect a trophy from that particular casualty, but he did manage to find a nice piece of flesh which he took to gnaw on during the march back to the rest of their formation.

They had an extra gunner stationed on the west side of the hill who opened fire on the position of the resisters

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soon after they had heard the commotion with the bag of pots and pans. The items of the bag now lay scattered around the area and several shock troopers carefully picked up the materials, secreting them into their own satchels which they would bring back with them. The material would be of potential use, waste not want not, there was also the potential that the items might provide some clues as to the nature and affiliation, if any, of the people that they had encountered. Meanwhile, off to the side, an internal security guard stared blankly into the nocturnal forest, his goggles removed and his pale eyes shining dimly in the cool night atmosphere. He removed a small notebook from his side jacket pocket and wrote down a few notations, scanning the landscape from side to side and making notes of the positioning and area. For the shock troopers on the mission right now, their work would soon be done, however once back with the rest of the troops the internal security personnel would be having a private conference with the field commander on site and soon there would be several elite commandos let loose onto the landscape by way of follow-up. One resistance member had been allowed to escape on purpose; tracking him would lead the organization back to whatever pathetic base they were operating out of and from there their network would be examined. The commander wanted to have an opportunity to test some new weapons, but first they needed at least a sizable amount of victims to act as guinea pigs. He hoped that they found something substantial; this would certainly put his career on the fast track should their forward actions of this evening lead to a massacre.

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After his notes were finished, the internal security member put the notebook back in his pocket and shouted to the other internal security members present. 'We need to get this team moving out, let the shock troopers know that we are ready to go.' Under the cover of night, the team departed toward the site of the organizational encampment.

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CHAPTER 14

'Bring me the head of that one over there!'

One of the shock troops capered behind the military wagon and grabbed a female's head off the pile of bleeding severed heads collected by the organizational contingent over the last several weeks. Some of the heads were, as it might be expected, in worse condition than others, however some were still fresh. The head of a young blonde woman executed in one of the villages earlier in the day had the eye of the shock trooper on this particular evening.

The pile of heads gleamed sickly in the light of the torches surrounding the encampment. The wagon was an older military truck that had been edited and converted over the years. It was relatively slow-moving and ran on old, dirty gas; the shock troopers could march about as fast as the wagon could drive. The automobile was utilized exclusively for transport of heavy weaponry, everyone else marched except for the those in few seats in the cab. Those seats were reserved for the driver and a few internal security personnel who were as ever armed to the teeth, entrusted with the mission of maintaining communications and other records and also entrusted with the duty to explode the vehicle in suicide-mission fashion rather than have it

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captured. This of course was simply a contingency, as any professional staged resistance against the organization was ancient history – much less the probability of the capture of a carrier. Overkill was applied in all situations, to prove a point and keep the discipline of the sectors within the organization at razor's edge at all times.

'Bring me that head, trooper!'

Healvan stood resplendent in his black uniform jacket, the sleeves rolled up revealing heavily muscled arms covered with tattoos of butchered children, various black magic symbols from assorted post-doomsday cults operating within the organization and more than a few naked valkyries of death marking him as a headhunter for the commandant. The rest of his contingency recognized his religious proclivities and indulged them by collecting heads along their way. The extra brutality was not a problem so much as the extra work, however all within the unit were obligated to indulge him as the superior officer and more than a few of them also held a degree of devotion for the commandant, although their levels of knowledge concerning the same differed.

Braunfel, his direct assistant, moved his hands along the gory pile of severed heads, the more rotten and gangrenous which lay upon the bottom, but as they had only been out for a few weeks they still bore distinct resemblance to what they would have looked like during the time that whatever spirit had still inhabited the same. Near the top were the fresh kills from earlier in the day, the blood still stinking with the beautiful burnt iron-like

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odor of fresh atrocity.

He settled on his officer's choice, the head of a sharply-featured woman with tanned skin and long blonde hair. The length of the hair made the severed head easy to handle and the shock trooper reached down and plucked the bloodied piece from the pile, walking with an air of procession about him as he approached the officer.

Healvan whisked the grip of hair from Braunfel's hand and held it above his head, allowing the head itself to settle directly within eye view.

'What a pretty one indeed!'

Healvan belched loudly before protruding his tongue and licking some of the blood from around the dead woman's lips where the blood had hemorrhaged outward when the shock troopers had sawed the head from its trunk using one of their razor-sharp serrated edge knives. This was very pleasing, perhaps he would have to take this head for more and further intimate ministrations, later on, inside his tent.

'Out of here, Braunfel, out of here you beast, find your own!'

Peals of laughter enveloped the two as Healvan let out numerous cackles of perverse and insane delight at his find. Other, more conventional persons might wonder that treating the heads in such a fashion might be looked at askance by the religious cult who desired them to be collected, but those in the know knew that Healvan was amped-up enough that such considerations did not matter. Healvan was brutal and ultra-violent in all things, yet lacked the finesse and understanding to go

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but so far. For now he was subtly manipulated by the present members of internal security attached to his unit and thus guided in correct pursuits of his peculiar abilities by the targeted brainwashing of the commandant's cult. Those that were dealers of death and dealers of death only, first and foremost, whatever their level of sophistication, were to be encouraged and kept in the fray at maximum efficiency. The dual lines of manipulation from internal security and intelligence with added aid of maintaining a subservient unit all assisted in the trajectory of his brief yet bloody career in the organizational shock troops thus far.

Braunfel walked back over to the pile of heads, nonplussed, as Healvan took the blonde and proceeded toward his tent. There he would no doubt be undergoing a night of heavy drinking and manipulation of the head followed by lots of autoerotic practices, with certain practices involving the head's orifices, while not necessarily solitary in nature, still falling under the general autoeroticism header, albeit with a strong lacing of necrophilia.

Braunfel waited until the officer was well ensconced in his tent, then moved around the wagon towards the lit fires where the rest of the men were drinking and enjoying the aftermath of the day's killing. Braunfel eagerly eyed a plastic bucket containing a noxious-looking liquid - this was the rot-gut that had been formulated especially within his unit with a variety of additives, both provided and stolen and which provided a hardcore ending to a hardcore day of killing, maiming, raping and sundry other activities associated with

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military life within the organization. A few of the men eyed him as he walked up, then returned to their conversations.

'You should have seen this little bitch that I murdered earlier today, I can tell you it was an event to be sure...' A plump, beautifully-uniformed man of Indian descent bounced slightly on the log upon which he sat as he took a draught of the hideous beverage before launching into his monologue for the benefit of the other attendees. Rajiv was known to go far above and beyond the call of duty on a regular basis and as it just so happened he had gone above and beyond only a few hours ago in the little civilian village that marked the edge of organizational territory in the area.

'So me and Peter had just rounded the corner of this filthy little shack - what isn't these days?' A few of the men snickered at the comment, both a telling commentary on the situation in the village and also a telling commentary on the situation in general.

'Standing by the side of the porch is this girl, must have been six or seven years old, black as the ace of spades. Well, first of all we cleared the area and shot her mamma in the face, blew the goddamn bitch's head straight off. She was an ugly piece of shit and you know me, shooting her in the face, what the fuck is Healvan going to think about that?' Rajiv looked at Braunfel and let out a pressurized tittle of laughter, his eyebrows arching and retracting in absolute self-enjoyment. Braunfel ignored the comment and drew himself a large mug of the rot-gut from the bucket.

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'So we shoot her mamma, right, then I go up to the little girl and pinch her on the nipple like this?' Rajiv coaxed the tip of his rough-hewn cigar. 'She is crying and all, snot running down her face and tears and all that, oh my it was wonderful. Anyway so I say to her, 'You know your mamma is dead now, don't you?' and she goes, 'I thought you was shooting a chicken.'" Several of the shock troopers burst out laughing and Rajiv looked around the fire circle, arching his eyebrows for further emphasis and letting out a sick little giggle himself. 'So I say to her, 'I think you are the chicken, maybe I can pluck you?' Chortles progressed to guffaws.

'So I grab her other nipple and squeeze as hard as I can and she goes 'eueek!' like that, like she seen a ghost or something, right, and I go, 'No no, no 'eueek', must go 'squawk, squawk!'" All the shock troopers now were laughing heartily and taking huge slugs of the rot-gut. 'So maybe I stick a feather in your pussy and you go 'squawk, squawk?' I ask her and she goes, 'Don't mess with my kitten, sir.'

Rajiv's conversation peeled off into more of the same, culminating in his stripping the girl, performing an anal rape on the steps of the porch all the while encouraging the youngster to squawk like a chicken. At the end of the rape, Rajiv instructed the girl to open her mouth and bite a brick before he brought down his boot onto the back of her head, busting out all of her teeth and anointing the rock with the gore of busted lip flesh and shattered facial flesh.

Within several seconds of Rajiv finishing his story,

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the situation at the camp was suddenly disrupted as small arms fire burst from the covering of trees several yards' distance away. The gun was light, probably a twenty-two caliber and only a few volleys were fired, however that was more than enough to send the shock troopers into a frenzy of activity. Rajiv and another one of the men quickly threw their mugs of rot-gut onto the fire, effectively extinguishing the blaze and sending up dirty clouds of smoke, further adding to the confusion of the situation.

Immediately and in a highly disciplined and efficient fashion the shock troopers retreated from the smoldering embers of the fire and made their way behind the wagon to the area of the officer's tent. Healvan had already burst out from his own tent, slinging the semen and blood-splattered severed head back toward the direction of the pile. His chest stood rippling with harsh muscles, his combat jacket opened up and wearing no undershirt. His eyes bulged in rage and insanity and his left hand gripped a huge belt-fed machine gun which was his weapon of choice. Breaking the sudden silence arranged by the other shock troopers, the officer let out a howl of rage that reverberated across the area of the camp, sending blood-curdling fear into whatever resistance was presenting itself in the area.

'Arm yourselves and get ready to spread out!' the officer hissed. He strapped the machine gun across his back and removed a large serrated combat knife from his belt, slicing a filthy and jagged wound across his arm, slicing through the designs of several of the cult-oriented tattoos. He grimaced and spat at the thought of

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resistance from those that he and his comrades had already undertaken a harsh raid against earlier in the day. Did they really want everyone to die? They had left a number of civilians at the small village, as the raid had been a breaking-down tactic designed to soften up the area before organizational forces annexed it into their ever-growing territory. That some resistance and furthermore armed resistance had sprung up suddenly was completely intolerable. It was an infraction which would be prosecuted with extreme prejudice.

As the officer and his troops strapped up with arms and began spreading out over the area to find the culprits, the two internal security personnel crouched inside their own tent some ways away. They had heard the small arms fire but were more concerned with reaching the elite commando unit on their private radio to find out whether or not the escapee from their earlier volley had reached their quarry and where he had been heading. A sudden crackle and a burst of radio interference rang out followed by a low coded voice which relayed information confirming what they had suspected. There was a small resistance faction held up inside the old barn which they had mapped out previously, and soon after the survivor from the organization ambush had arrived, an inconspicuous older lady had departed the area of the barn, going toward the small village to warn her contacts there of imminent organization attack. It had taken the elderly lady until mid-morning to reach the area, however, and by then she was too late, and she arrived in the midst of the organization's punitive raid and had personally

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witnessed Rajiv's brutalization of the little girl and murder of her mother in the house on the edge of the village. She had arrived under the cover of having gone out scavenging for forest roots and other foods; playing the story that she lived in the village, which she in fact did not. The organizational troops had bashed her across the face, breaking her cheek bone which would leave her maimed for the rest of her life, yet not subjecting her to torture or cursory extermination, which could have been warranted under the suspicious circumstances of her sudden arrival. Considering the meter of the situation, she had laid low in the village until the organizational troops departed, then doubled back to her position at the barn, informing the resisters of the situation and that the civilians that they had been attempting to guard had been the object of an organizational punitive raid.

Emotions ran hot in the barn upon her arrival. She had managed to get back just after nightfall, and the men had been anxiously awaiting news of the situation when she informed them, rather sentimentally, about the death of the young girl and the other telltale signs of the organizational punitive raid as it had been occurring, such as the burning of certain key buildings and other acts, meant to hammer home the fact that any autonomy for the region was over and that the commander had come to call his own unto himself. Several of the men had decided to take action and use one of their few guns to perform a night raid on the organizational encampment. They did not have the firepower nor the manpower to do anything substantial, however they

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knew if the organizational shock troopers and others present heard the sounds of guns that they would at least know that they were dealing with armed resistance, however minutely so, and that they were not going to roll over and let their territories be taken lock, stock and barrel without some modicum of airing their position of dissatisfaction.

A number of the men had crept out under the cover of night, blackening their faces with soot from the fires of the ancient cast iron stove inside the barn and armed with one gun and an assortment of smaller edged weapons. They did not intend to engage the enemy, simply harass them, as any engagement would mean their sure and certain death. Only some harassment followed by a quick escape without getting trackers on them would suffice. They had already decided not to return directly to the barn but instead hole up in an area of forest on the side of the village, near the edge of where organizational territory began in earnest. It would be a harrowing experience, but they believed if they did not act out against the atrocities now that they might as well pack their bags and head west. All of the people, themselves included, had spent considerable time, pain and effort in building up their area and they were not about to let it all go to the organization, its commander and his sadistic minions without a fight.

As the internal security guards got their confirmation of the whereabouts of the resistance base in the old barn, they signaled for the commandos to proceed with home invasion and extermination of the inhabitants, said

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action having already been pre-approved by the commander upon the contingency that they found out where the resisters were located. After confirming their marching orders, the internal security got on the radio and summoned several other elite units as well as some conventional forces from organizational headquarters, informing them that they requested they muster directly on the organization side of the border and await the internal security personnel from the small unit to personally appear and debrief them before moving in. They requested demolitions and explosives teams and also several shock trooper units trained in chemical warfare and armed with the substances of their choice. They were going to make an impression and no mistaking.

The internal security got off the radio just as the shock troopers were in formation and about to spread out and enter the woods from which the volley had come. No further gunfire had been heard and the resisters were already doing their best to sneak away in the cover of silence and dark. One of the internal security managed to approach the officer who, although tacitly leading the force, understood to a degree that his position as a shock trooper was subordinate to the machinations of internal security and intelligence. Duly informed that the internal security attaches were proceeding out for approximately one to two days to garner reinforcements, the internal security guard left the officer with a small walkie-talkie which would be the method by which he would be contacted upon their successful liaison with the

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organizational personnel from headquarters which were already preparing for their imminent departure. The officer grunted in confirmation and took the walkie-talkie, securely clipping it to his utility belt. He had since put himself in a more appropriate manner of dress for a field assignment - his jacket was buttoned and several bandoliers of ammunition criss-crossed his broad chest. The bloodied wound on his arm was congealing but still gave the clear signal of his intent to totally annihilate any of the hostiles he might come across.

'If you find them don't worry about taking any hostages, officer, we already have some more information. Kill them, come back here and get your men ready for a real punishment raid. We will be in touch via the radio soon.'

It was no austerity for the officer to be ordered to simply kill; he approved of this measure, and with one last nod at the internal security guard they went their separate ways.

The shock troopers spread out in a long V-formation as they silently marched into the forest, all heavily armed with the best munitions and armaments that the organization had to offer. The officer Healvan's mind was filled with schizophrenic visions of his deity, the commandant, considering the stark curvatures of her black form, her anonymous and horrid mask and the poisons, weapons and atrocities that dripped from her very aura like the fallout of her own spiraling and unquestionable evil. Her black banner bearing the ensign

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of the atomic mushroom cloud enlarged and retracted within his mind as he unwillingly let out a hiss of black rage from his lips. Whomever and whatever was attacking them would be feeling a wrath beyond simply an organization, they would be feeling the wrath of the children and servitors of death and hell itself, he would magnify their suffering so as to make a proper gift and sacrifice to his mistress.

The shock trooper on the left corner of the V-formation motioned that he had spotted some movement and waved his hand downward. All of the shock troopers dropped to the ground and began to crawl slowly toward the position of their quarry as the shock trooper who had been doing lookout slowly crept further into the bush. He raised his arm and gave the symbol of 'three' denoting that he had spotted three individuals in the brush. This in fact was the entire amount of the resistance force that had been sent out on their suicidal mission. The person who had escaped from the ambush on the hillside was not among their number, having stayed back at the barn at the encouragement of all the others present. They did not believe that he was fit for another foray, despite the seeming heroism of his escape. Seeing all of one's compatriots killed by massively disproportionate levels of military firepower was enough to put someone off balance, thus they had decided to rotate their human stock in order to maximize the few resisters that they had on hand. They had attempted to recruit more heavily in the village, however this had been met with a mix of varied disinterest but more prominently fear. Despite that, those in the village

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who knew what they were up to still psychologically attached themselves to the hopes that some would-be heroes such as these might turn back the tide of organizational dominance and let them live outside the boundaries of organizational control. Such was not to be.

Having heard of the disaster of splitting up in the retreat from those involved in the ambush, the resisters who had hit the shock trooper camp with harassing fire had decided to stay together in their withdrawal from their movements on that night. As such, they were all together and would be easy to exterminate by the organizational troops. The organizational troops were still unfamiliar as to just how many of them were present however, so they decided to not blow them all to bits right away and proper. The right side of the V-formation slowly started circling around the back of the location of the resisters so that when the people on the left side of the formation fired the resisters would run right into their hands. Several of the men warranted with the task of interception slowly stalked outward, some with pistols drawn, some holding assault-style machine guns and others with one hands on their holsters and the other hands gripping lethal tanto-bladed combat knives, their metallic shafts painted clandestine black to hide any glint during the course of a night attack. Suddenly one of the men on the left side of the formation shot their folly and, as quick as they could manage, the resisters began scurrying out of their hiding place in the bush, headed directly for the awaiting organizational intercept team.

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Their soot-colored faces were no means of effective camouflage as the crashing of their feet through the brush and the heavy panting of their belabored breath indicated to the awaiting shock troopers where the recalcitrant persons were located just as well as if they had been coming toward them in broad daylight in a treeless field. As the first resister bounded into the intercept area, he felt a sickening pressure in his stomach just as he began to bound downward after jumping over a fallen log. The pressure was the combat knife held at the ready by one of the organizational forces, the pressure increased as the weapon was drawn upward, slicing through the flesh of the man's lungs and ending right beneath the heart area, where it was promptly twisted violently and removed, allowing the man to fall, drowning in a puddle of his own sickening gore. Shots fired into the air and from behind caused the remaining two resisters to freeze in their tracks and they were quickly brought down with a shower of fists and boots.

'Who else is with you?' shouted the officer, his combat boot placed on the neck of one of the resisters now laying on the ground.

'I don't know what... urrggaaaa.' The answer tapered off into a sickening squelching sound as the officer's boot pushed further into the man's throat, then released it suddenly. The man tried to think fast. If they thought there were more around they might let them live in order to provide counterintelligence, if they confirmed that they were the only ones then they would be killed instantly. The attacked resister decided to aim toward a happy medium between the two with an element of the

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Benedict Arnold thrown in for extra measure. If he was saved then that was what counted. He had no experience in this sort of activity before joining up with the crew from the barn. Moving west or rolling with the punches when the organization took control would be easier than soaking up this sort of treatment on a regular basis. 'We are the only ones.. but I can take you to our leaders..' The other resister on the ground in a similar predicament shouted with protest as he heard the audible sounds of his compatriot's treason, but was instantly shut off as one of the shock troopers brought a combat boot driving into the side of his ear, fracturing a portion of his skull and busting his eardrum in one fell motion. The man now lay dazed, stunned and silent, his face contorted in a look of shock as he rocked back and forth, holding his hands to his ear from which slowly dripped a gradually increasing quantity of blood.

The officer laughed out loud, staring down at the frightened man who had just answered him. 'I'm pleased to hear that there aren't more of you and even more pleased that you are willing to take us to your leader, however I already know where your leader is so that leaves your life at forfeit, correct?' The man's eyes widened and he choked with a response, however nothing understandable came out except a gurgle of horror. They were surely in the spider's trap now. 'Don't waste your bullets on this filth, men, why not take them apart limb from limb with your combat knives - I have a feeling we will have better things to use our guns on soon enough. See you all back at the encampment, I still have a little business to take care of.'

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As the officer withdrew, Rajiv moved forward, staring at the fallen men with slitted and hateful eyes. All he could think about was the full cup of rot-gut that he had thrown onto the fire because of the pathetic attempt at armed harassment of the two men on the ground. The interruption of his retelling of his amorous encounter with a certain ebony-skinned child beauty added further insult to injury. The single firearm possessed by the resisters had already been confiscated, thus nothing stopped the shock troopers present from proceeding along with the officer's order with marked efficiency. With a fell and fluid motion like a panther in slow motion before killing his quarry, Rajiv leaped down upon the ground and began sawing off one of the resister's heads with his combat knife, his high-pitched shrieks of insanity and predatory bliss mixing and intermingling with the resister's own screams of pain.

The last victim fell to a similar fate. Three shock troopers moved in for the kill, all drawing knives as they stalked toward their victim. The first brought down his combat boot with a deep stomp, driving directly into the prone man's midsection, knocking the air out of him and cracking some of his lower ribs. As this occurred the other two moved on either side and began wrestling the man's clothes off. Soon he was stripped naked, shivering in pain and horror beneath the cold night sky as the remaining shock troopers who were not assisting Rajiv in his occupation of slaying the other man moved in and began showering the unfortunate victim with a shower of kicks to all parts of the body.

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'Everyone take a part and start cutting!' laughed the shock trooper, his eyes glinting in the darkness. Each began sawing a different body part and the screams of horror echoed through the night air. When finished, each of the shock troopers making up the formation returned with a grisly souvenir of their night's work: a finger here, an ear there. The heads were duly collected for the officer's collection for the cult of the commandant.

As the men marched back to their encampment, the embers of the fire still glowing and popping under the condensation of the spilled rot-gut used to dampen the flame during the brief attack, each shock trooper's face was chiseled with absolute concentration. There would be no more revelry tonight; now was the time to begin preparing for what was to come. The fire was reignited and a few of the men on watch edged their ragged blankets and makeshift sleeping compartments as near to the fire as possible, huddling beside the subdued blaze and cradling their machine guns in their arms. The other men went to their tents and, before going down for a few hours of sleep, laid out the weapons that they would soon be using on the remaining of the villagers who had supported the rabble that had attacked them. Resistance was not only futile, it was a bad move altogether. Now the punishment of the organization would reign down upon their heads like death angels from the heavens falling onto the earth.

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CHAPTER 15

Back at the commandant's training facility, located clandestinely deep in the bowels of torture center within the commander's compound, within only a few weeks the young girl from the outlying areas named Lynx, since re-christened Bluebird by her initial punitive handler, Patty Hall, had begun to come into her own in the programming that the cult provided. As she was traumatized she was also built up in the process and the trauma was like building muscle, the muscle had to be torn in order to grow larger and more formidable. Compared to a life in the wilderness, the environs of the small area of the cult complex that she inhabited was progressive, despite the rigors she had undergone thus far. After undergoing several more nights in the gray bedchamber with the psychic driving mechanism which she was subjected to during the evenings, she had been moved to a dormitory-type setting which was populated by other girls and boys of her age and younger. That she was in fact one of the senior individuals present at the tender age of twelve heightened her sense of authority, along with the accoutrements she had gained from Patty after the corporal punishment episode during her first full day of training at the facility. The accoutrements had found a place in the various tool slots of her

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organizational jumper, some of them were used by others on her, some she used herself on others. The punishments had continued from other individuals her senior outside of the demographics of the dormitory, many brutal to the point that it made her initial interaction with Miss Hall seem like an amusement in comparison. During one situation she had been led into a large cell painted all black and with a high vaulted ceiling. In the center of the room was an athletic vaulting horse with thick chains and leather manacles attached. In the room with her were six internal security guards lined up on either side of the room and a huge man wearing no shirt but attired in the combat-style pants and balaclavas that the others wore. She had been given a large dose of stimulants beforehand which made her fight-or-flight psychology go into overdrive, accented with a dose of mild hallucinogens and her already natural overwhelming sense of paranoia.

Within seconds of entering the room she had been apprehended by one of the sentry-like guards and placed over the vaulting horse, her ankles manacled to the bottom and her hands equally immobilized on the other side. Her skirt had been lifted and her panties pulled down to her upper thighs, fully exposing her youthful posterior which was then summarily beaten with a huge leather strap attached to a wooden handle, wielded expertly by the shirtless and anonymous man. Her crying interspersed with shouts of pain became screams and then shrieks as her flesh reddened and welted and as the red marks became black and purple bruises, the sounds of her pain echoing eerily and singularly heard

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within the strangely built chamber, as her torturers made no sound whatsoever behind their anonymous masks. When she thought she could not possibly take anymore of the beating, the person doing the whipping exchanged the thick leather strap for a long metal cane that looked to be made from some sort of antenna. The consistency was thin and extremely whippy and as he began driving it into the ruined flesh of her backside with an ultra-fast 'swish, swish' her bruised skin began to break and tiny red rivulets of blood began dripping down the back of her pale white legs.

'There is only one person who can give you relief!' shouted a stern voice broadcast from some speaker high above her. 'There is only one person who can make the punishment stop!' The swish swish of the cane continued, her legs now covered with spiderwebs of dripping blood. Bluebird cried and began whispering to herself like a mantra, barely audible under her breath, 'Commandant, commandant, commandant.' Swish, swish, swish. Scream, scream, scream.

'Only one person can make this stop, only one person, but if it is her will then you should allow it to continue, will you allow it to continue?' The metal cane continued to rip into her backside and her screams began anew. 'Answer us, will you allow it to continue?' Beneath the strange luminous light from above one could see small specks of blood flying into the air from the ferocity of the lashing as the metal instrument unmercifully punished her exposed flesh. 'Answer us, answer us!'

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Through the confusion and the horror Bluebird managed to let out a screamed answer, driven by pain and whatever strange drugs she had been dosed with earlier. 'Let it continue, commandant, let it continue! Punish me, commandant, punish me!' The disembodied voice high in the ceiling changed from that of a male to the hearty laughter of a woman, echoing strangely. This must be the voice of the commandant herself thought Bluebird, her eyes lolling wildly, her tongue involuntarily protruding from her mouth in some heathen symbol of prostration. Oblivious to the metal cane which continued to beat her, she began crying in devotional ecstasy at having heard the voice, and then she too, like the voice from the speakers, began to laugh.

After her performance in that training ordeal and similar performances elsewhere it became clear to her handlers that she was one that was naturally gifted with a sense of obligation to fulfill the commandant's mission. Deep within the cavernous building, psychological experts from organizational intelligence attached to the commandant's experimental cult pored over the reports of her reactions and progress and gave her very high markings, recommending her career path to be accelerated by orientation toward the fact that she was also part of a political organization and recommending her toward the post of pontifex in the baby brigades in charge of persons of her own age range and beneath. Her reassignment toward the dormitory was laying the groundwork for just this purpose.

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CHAPTER 16

The two internal security guards had marched through the night toward the position where they would wait for the arrival of the troopers from headquarters. As they reached the relatively exposed open portion of land they made their camp beneath a large copse of trees anomalously present in the middle of the field. They were not too concerned security-wise at this point, as they were now well within the borders of the organization's territory. Their purpose would be to lead the military contingent to the proper areas for engagement once they had arrived and to liaison with the contingent of shock troopers back across the invisible border. Within several minutes of setting up their temporary arrangements, purposefully small as they did not premeditate too long of a wait until the force from headquarters arrived, they heard a crackle and beginning transmission over the radio. It was the commandos who had been tracking the planned escapee from the operation on the hillside the day prior.

The commandos gave a full report to the internal security personnel in coded language in the remote case that anyone might be listening in. They had scouted out the entire area around the barn where the resisters were

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encamped and also looked out for any other outlying pockets of resistance linked to their syndicate. Other than a few particular houses in the village which had already been identified there was no other base areas except a few half-rotten sheds deep in the forest about three miles hike into the woods southwest of the barn. The commandos gave their opinion that this would be the location that the resisters would retreat to should they be able to escape from an armed engagement or should they be allowed the opportunity to escape. The internal security personnel on the radio made note of all the salient points of the report on a small notepad while the other internal security member scanned the horizon looking for the sign of arriving troops. They would more than likely radio in when they were getting close to position however the exactitude of the liaison location had not been worked out completely and the security men wanted to be well ready to receive them and ready to hit the road once they arrived.

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CHAPTER 17

Within approximately one week of Bluebird being housed in the dormitory residence hall it was clear that she was emerging and being groomed as a leader. She had not yet heard of the term 'pontifex' nor knew exactly what the organization consisted of other than the fact that it was presented to her as an arm of the commandant's cult which she was to take part in. As this was a reversal of the actual situation was interesting from a theoretical standpoint, however in terms of operability it made no difference. The intelligence plan creating the personality of the commandant and the cult surrounding her had been born from the intimate desires of the commander himself and for years had restricted itself to recruiting within the organization only in order to harden and magnify the already existent ultra-violence amongst its ranks. The situation of recruiting people from outside organizational territories, cold calls as they were termed, was a relatively new development. Children were specifically targeted for their potential to be built into something useful and worthwhile for organizational aims. Most of those who had reached adulthood living in the wilderness had become aberrant to the point that they were basically wrecks of human beings, unfamiliar with order, occupation and many of

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them without the basic ability to relate to anyone socially in any capacity whatsoever, having spent the majority of their lives communing with diseased nature amongst the post-nuclear wastelands.

Bluebird was something special and that could be well seen in the fact that her leadership abilities and ability to interact with her direct age peers and the younger children inside the dormitory was nearly automatic. That she had survived unscathed for so many years in the wilderness and had socialization amongst what almost amounted to a mobile children's colony did her credit. She had spent much time alone but her intelligence level created a situation in which the solitary time spent in a survivalist mode coupled with interactions with others in the wastelands that necessitated that she be canny served to her credit within her beginning interactions in dormitory life. Most of the children who were in the dormitory had been donated by their parents, most of whom were all either shock troopers or internal security members, the former being the highest amongst parentage demographics. A relationship between the sexes culminating in sexual intercourse and leading to conception and birth of a child could happen within a few days of similar military posting for the shock troops. As easily as they had come together they could just as easily be drawn apart, sent out for differing assignments in the field, to headquarters or smaller bases within the cosmos of the organization's territory or with the relationship purposefully being broken up by the officers in direct control of them in the interest of fluidity of military

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function or for other ulterior purpose.

For those, and especially for those who had already been inculcated with the mythos of the commandant, donating children in their infancy to the commandant's special schools was the best bargain. They would not only be freed from their domestic burden but they would also be unilaterally respected for their decision even by those who did not subscribe totally to the commandant's cult per se. Any unsubscription in this matter of course was a matter of preference, however that did not mean that those who did not actively participate harbored any innately subversive feelings or negative thoughts about the existence of the commandant's cult within their ranks. Rather, the commandant's image, the cult surrounding her and the vibration of her propaganda struck too close to home for some. While the organization obviously was not a moralist's organization and thrived in the doom-laden atmosphere of the post-nuclear world with veracity, the commandant's cult took certain filaments of that worship of destruction and honed them to a fine point. For some who worked in particularly violent fields within the organization, just hearing the name of the commandant uttered would cause their skin to crawl. While overarchingly psychotic in every way, shape and fashion, the commander was still at the end of the day a military figure, a people's leader who had achieved what he had gained through sheer will to power, unconquerable bloodlust and the spiraling mind of a military genius come from the womb. What the commandant was, how she came to be what she was and exactly what she was doing was

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entirely unclear to most, and this contributed to the many reasons why certain personages within the organization found her 'too much' at the end of the day and found their own solace in certain of the lesser cults also flourishing within organizational territory, most of them being controlled and formulated by organizational intelligence. Singular amongst the pantheons, only the commandant held the unique position of being considered nuclear death personified.

For those expecting the birth of a child that were not intimately familiar with the commandant's cult, frequently posted fliers on the numerous bulletin boards within the main headquarters complex, posted throughout the towns and villages under the control of the organization and circulated within propaganda sheets for shock troopers and internal security personnel on the field would inform them of the commandant and her willingness to take children on. The mortality rate of children within the organization was very high even for a social grouping existing in the post-nuclear landscape, as formerly many persons who had unwanted children would get rid of them early on, for the more sadistic and desperate, some couples would wait until they were born and torture them for some time for their own grizzly amusement before harvesting them for meat. The political and military councils surrounding the commander began to get wind of the latter trend and while not necessarily bemoaning the level of brutality inherent in those who engaged in cannibalization of the children for want of meat for sake of practicality, this level of violent action coming about spontaneously was a

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sure sign that the killer programming of the organization was taking root in the blood. Their main concern however was that the councils did indeed take issue with the fact that the lives were destroyed on a private level where such a privilege should be the domain of the organization as a collective. While the straight-out organizational youth brigades accepted members for full training at as young of age as four, the parents were still at least somewhat responsible for maintaining the children up to that age. The organization was still not at the point where they could undertake totally communal raising of children on a large scale. The intelligence community running the commandant's outfit on the other hand was able to effect full-responsibility communal child-rearing on a minute scale with certain fail-safes in place, which was the most conducive environment in applying programming of proffered and extracted children in a much more severe and experimental fashion than what existed in the regular organizational youth brigades.

Unlike the regular youth brigades, donating a child to the program of the commandant - her special human garden if you will - was just that, a donation. At the point of signing over the child to the commandant's cult, the parents relinquished all rights to the child from that point on. Whereas the cult preferred that children within the organization come on only as infants (this assisted the breakage from the family unit further also due to the fact that within a few years the parents would certainly not even recognize their child, having relinquished it to

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the commandant's cult in its infancy), in certain cases the commandant would in fact accept older children, even up to the age of thirteen or fourteen years of age. Children within the organization at large would tell each other frequent rumor-driven horror stories about the sinister machinations that would occur when one's parents decided to give them up to the commandant and were warned amongst themselves to keep careful watch if they saw their parents discussing among themselves too in-depth or casting strange glances at them, as this was a potential sign that passing them over to the commandant was imminent. They would come at night to make the transaction and, before several hours would pass, said the children, they would be embroiled in a hell so complete that it made the most rigorous activity within the organization look like 'the old days' (not that anybody, even their parents, had any sort of clue what the 'old days' genuinely consisted of, yet the phrase was still bandied about among the less devout). The taking of older children was done with a special strategy in mind. It was more of a challenge in breaking them down in one respect, whereas the infants simply came up within the cult with no knowledge whatsoever of the existence of any other environment. Even within families that gave an older child to the cult who were avid followers of the commandant themselves, there was a large difference for a child between their observing rites, such as giving a piece of flesh or powdered stimulant before a picture of the formerly remote cult figure that was the commandant on their home altar in conjunction with their parents activities, versus being sent into a

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seemingly mythical nowhere where anything was apt to occur.

Bluebird had taken to the first several weeks of cult programming like a charm, even those who had been pushing the agenda of getting children from the wastelands to participate in this way were surprised at the applied acumen by which she had taken to the directions of the commandant heart and soul. The psychic driving techniques utilizing the headphones and various administering of narcotics had been in effect for several years now, however she had been one of the first taken from the wilderness on whom the technique had been tested in full force. The naturally rigorous life she had led up to that point and the sudden imposition of a structure where there had previously been none at all other than what she had imposed upon herself seemed to be part of the reason why she had proven herself so appropriate to programming. As well, certain of the harsher techniques, such as the bloody caning that she had undergone before being transferred to the dormitories, served to exhibit a successful test of the very limits of what the commandant's cult had achieved thus far in provoking a full-blown conversion experience on persons formerly unfamiliar with the commandant and her mission.

Part of the duties that Bluebird was proffered inside the dormitory included keeping discipline in check and being responsible for the general hardening up of the youth outside of their normal routines of testing and experimentation, performing the role of strict den mother rather than drill master. The nurses and the

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upperclassmen amongst the mid-to-late teenage set were responsible for the day-to-day training of the children in formal environs, however once in the dormitories there was the ability for the youngster to revert to previous ways of thinking and behaving. Bluebird was commissioned with the task of bringing the discipline and order experienced in the course of a day's (or night's, depending on circumstances) training and keep that discipline instilled during their time in the dormitory, extending into basic maintenance activities like ensuring that after-hours study continued to take place, bodily maintenance occurred regularly (bathing, personal hygiene), interpersonal relationships and activities were regulated and all-round enforcement of discipline.

To hammer that message home, Bluebird had been entrusted with a stout wooden paddle painted thick black and bearing a yellow imprint of a stylized vulture descending for the kill, which was the crest of their particular commandant youth unit in a formulation based upon the type of traditional insignia style used by internal sectors within armed forces units extending further than memory. Entering and leaving the building, each child would see the paddle and the potential punishment that they would experience at the capable hands of Bluebird should their behavior not prove up to par.

The dormitory was, as was the rest of the commandant's area, located within the deepest recesses of the most secret parts of the old penitentiary, in this case within a hidden clandestine annex to torture center.

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It was not entirely underground as there were certain courtyards and open areas consisting of towers of three stories or more that existed in the internal parts of the building's infrastructure so that they could not be surveilled except via air. As the post-nuclear situation did not include airborne craft, this type of security concern did not come into consideration and thus created an atmosphere of total and secure isolation.

As the twilight fell in the dormitories the areas would be lit sparsely, relying as much as possible on the light coming in from the barred slits of the windows, by whose same light vicious murderers and other criminal elements of the old society had once been contained in the most secure conditions for the safety of the larger society. Now such areas were being used in a world where there was no outer society, the only society was the one that forged with brutal will its manifestation onto a hideous and unforgiving earth. It was on such twilights that those who impugned on the strictly ordered existence of the commandant's regime within the dormitories would face humiliating beatings with the punishment paddle of which all of them were starkly aware. Sometimes the punishments took place in front of the others and at other times Bluebird and her victim would repine to an adjoining room where the punishment would be laid on in unbridled ferocity with every ounce of perversity and controlled violence that Bluebird could muster. Sometimes the disappearance and extraction of a child amongst their ranks and the child's haunted, traumatized return sometime later would prove to be an even higher level of terror.

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instilling strictness than the public beatings. The concrete effect on the children could certainly be seen, as the depths of their internal world were psychotically shifted with the brutal instrument representative of the commandant's unquestionable authority.

The young girls in the unit were dressed practically identically to Bluebird herself (sans the courier pouch and various small disciplinary tools clipped to the slots of her jumper) whereas the boys wore short pants, black shirts and knee socks. Some of them who performed hazardous work during the course of their training had the benefit of wearing small, ankle-high boots. Both boy and girl alike were under equal dictate to the unmitigated will of Bluebird while within the dormitories, who stood as their cult mother, disciplinarian and ever-constant watcher. She actively encouraged her wards to inform on one another in order for her to possess the highest level of intelligence as to what occurred among her charges.

During the days when the students were operating within other occupations dictated by the cult and of which Bluebird was well aware and sometimes participated in herself, she would most often be drilled in organizational and cult indoctrination by various personnel throughout the commandant's center. The nurse who worked with her early on had not seen by her since, neither had she seen the sixteen-year old girl, Miss Hall, whom gave Bluebird the first taste of cult punishment and had provided her with her courier satchel, organizational handbooks and later a few

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disciplinary items for her to have on her person in premeditation of her dormitory position. Outside of Bluebird's knowledge, the nurse had been moved on to the position of a personal attache working with the commandant herself and had traveled to the area of the organizational conference to take place in the commandant's unprecedented and spectacular appearance after the unveiling of the organization surface-to-air rocket. Miss Hall had been whisked away on special assignment involving an advanced photo manipulation plot centered around extracting a certain shock trooper into punitive confinement via the auspices of the inquiry center.

Although her figure was slight, Bluebird's thin frame possessed a wiry strength which the other children feared in its oftentimes cruel application. She was an all-round mother to the children, instilling them with the ethos of the commandant and as such she was both the disciplinarian and also the principal caregiver. Whereas virtually all of the other children came from organizational territories, the fact that Bluebird was from the wilderness gave her a marked physical advantage as to her physical strength and constitution as she was used to covering much more territory and used to the open air which in general gave her a better degree of health than those cloistered within the various compounds and territorial schools, despite their having participated in organized physical training.

She herself had adjusted to the relative confinement of living within the cult compound well considering, and

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the lack of fresher airs had only served to birth a strange, hostile nature within her. As might be expected, due to her being on the cusp of puberty, she enjoyed punishing the boys particularly and often she would take advantage of her position and authority to conduct semi-public punishments within the confines of the dormitory to show her prowess in exhibiting the draconian side of her feminine nature. A small boy in particular of the age of six who had a certain aversion to her authority was often the target of her beatings. She would bark for all of the children's attention, at which point they would duly assemble in an orderly formation at the front of the dormitory, which, being formerly part of the prison, was arranged much like a barracks in a military basic training facility. Her two personal attendants would bring her a metal chair and she would begin by sitting and launching into an emphatic lecture concerning what was expected of them as full-time adherents of the commandant, reciting with her own special flourishes the information that she had been indoctrinated with through listening to the tapes that were provided to her by her handlers and her intensive study of organizational texts. After making her general introduction she would call out the person who was to be punished. Usually, rather than conducting several punishments at one point, she would scatter them throughout the day, schedule allowing, in order to assure that her ferocity was at its height. Often in the late afternoon session, as the dull glow of the afternoon sun illuminated the communal living quarters, she would choose that time for her most pronounced punishments,

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which often as not fell on the young boy. Calling him to the front and having him escorted prisoner-style with her assistants holding his arms on either side, he would be brought before Bluebird who would give him a stern dressing-down and then request that he remove the punishment paddle from the wall by the door.

Dead silence would ensue as the boy made the procession to remove the instrument, having to stretch to lift it over the hook upon which it hung. Once returning to Bluebird he was expected to present it to her with both hands, at which time she would take it and sling it by the strand attached to its handle over one corner of the back of the chair and then pull the boy toward her, informing him to remove his shoes and afterward his shorts and underwear which left him completely exposed from the waist down, wearing only his black shirt emblazoned with the commandant's principal organizational insignia. Thus disrobed, the boy would be pulled over her knee and the paddle retrieved, at which point she would pound into his backside until his buttocks were a dark deep red, his legs kicking in protest and tears streaming down his face. Bluebird always made sure that she punished until the child was visibly repentant, which translated in her reasoning as visibly humiliated and in pain. As much as the boy would kick, he could not dislodge himself from off her knee, being pinned down by her wiry yet iron-like grip. Once she had engaged him enough in this manner she would gingerly lift him off her lap and then stand, forcing him to kneel with his arms resting on the seat of the chair, his

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knees on the ground and his reddened buttocks facing the other students. She would then give him a paddling much more painfully executed than what was possible over her knee, arcing the paddle over her head before bringing it driving down onto his naked flesh, causing him to scream in protest again and again. When she was feeling particularly sadistic she would call up some of the boys of her own age who were beginning to experience the beginning of their sexual awakening. She had schooled these particular boys on her own time in private and, thus aware of what their members in an erect state were capable of, they would, at her request, go to the front and take turns sodomizing the younger boy, grinding their erections deep into his entrails and sometimes smacking the sides of his legs and his upturned rear as if they were taking a ride on some pathetic beast. Bluebird would watch these scenes with great relish, standing several paces behind the chair, her arms crossed in a mood of unabashed hubris, the paddle dangling from her hand. She would array herself where she was assured a good look at the sobbing face of the little boy, making sure that he was experiencing just that much more pain and horror than the last time that she had administered similar discipline. Her stratagem was not in itself simply born from the burgeoning psychotic cruelty that had been cultivated and fanned to a fiery blaze by her cult indoctrination. She intended to take some of the younger ones like this, who had some streak of defiance against her authority in them, and cultivate lasting marks that would echo throughout the rest of their lives, causing the existence of a consistent

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subconscious flashpoint that could be activated so that such human resources could be used for particularly brutal assignments within the cult. Even at the seemingly tender age of twelve, Bluebird was instinctively laying the groundwork for her ascent in the career ladder of the commandant's grim mission.

CHAPTER 18

Little nine-year-old Britta laid upon the filthy covers inside the soldier's hut, her firm stomach grating against the half-cured boarskin covering of the rough wooden rack. Across the room, his visage dimly lit by the burning embers of the fire, sat the field marshal; twirling his jet-black mustache which was amply seasoned by grease and the fat of a boar of not too dissimilar breed as the sort utilized for the resting place of his current night's pleasure. From the small slit in the canvas of the tent one could hear the frenzied flapping of bat wings and the ever-incessant alarm signal of the military encampment.

The field marshal and his personal security retinue had been recalled to headquarters from the field for several weeks now, however only recently he had received contrary orders; whether these orders were to his relief or to his chagrin he himself could not readily ascertain.

A few days' march from the organization's furthest border the field marshal had been told via radio transmission to hold off his march to headquarters proper and to reroute to a recent organizational encampment that had sprouted up on the territorial border to their south. The encampment consisted of a

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wide cross-section of organizational field operatives including internal security, death squads, commandos and shock troops from headquarters as well as regiments coming in from the field who had been involved in resistance skirmishes in the border territory.

His night's mistress, whom he had already enjoyed thoroughly, he had met spontaneously on the road during the first day's march toward the encampment courtesy of her adult handlers. Britta had been (and still was, her visit to his tent a temporary diversion) in the company of female members of the commandant's recruiters; strange, black-robed women known for their mystic airs and eerie chants and songs in praise of nuclear war personified in the person-deity known as the commandant. They had intersected with the field marshal some days before during the course of their march (he had spotted them long before they spotted him), the recruiters on their way back from the far territories with only the single female child in tow.

Apparently an internal security transport team who had been tasked to meet them and bring the recruiters and their new recruit to headquarters had not appeared and, based only on secret information of the landscape not committed to maps, they had themselves been traveling on foot for several days back to the borders of the organizational territory to fulfill their mission in an otherwise more arduous fashion. Upon meeting them the field marshal had volunteered to take them on to the makeshift encampment at the border to which he was now headed; from there they would be better able to make recontact with the appropriate sectors of internal

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security in order to bring their charge back to the commander's headquarters. In reciprocation for this favor, the leader among the commandant's recruitment party had offered up the flesh of young Britta to slake the field marshal's nocturnal lusts while along the march route. From his own perceptiveness and tell-tale signs during the night he understood that several of the commandant's lady recruiters had themselves in similar fashion provided their own more willing services to his personal guard detail. He remained appreciative of having been given license with the choicest among their number.

Arrival at the encampment had been a sight to behold. The field marshal knew little of what was transpiring along the section of the border to which he had been directed, having been well engaged himself in his own mission to date prior to his ordered diversion in course. It was deep during the night as he, his guards and the commandant's recruiters, engaged in hushed but animated conversations with their charge, had rounded a hill and found themselves observing nearly one hundred small campfires lit in the shallow valley below, around which crouched, like flies, small black tents filled with organizational shock troopers, internal security and support staff representing a broad cross-section of organizational expertise and tasking. A primitive guard tower heven from logs and supported with black-painted corrugated metal sheeting stood threateningly among the scene, torches lit around its highest point and the commander's crest emblazoned on a black banner sheathing its side facing the border.

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A few short radio transmissions later, the field marshal and his companions found themselves safely escorted inside the camp and provided with quarters, making preparation of their own tents unnecessary, a fact for which they were particularly thankful after the long march. The field marshal's personal guards, with his leave, took tents nearer to where some of the shock troopers were lodged but not too far from the field marshal's small wooden hut, so as to facilitate them some welcome comradeship amongst their peers after many weeks in the field with only their superior officer and occasional victim as company (the commandant's recruiters being the one exception) while still keeping them within shouting distance should he need them. The field marshal himself, the commandant's recruiters and the girl were directed to a spot not too far off but far enough away to be generally outside the brunt of the activity, that being a smattering of tents and primitive quickly-constructed huts inhabited mainly by higher members of internal security near a small copse of dark trees.

An internal security delegation attached to the situation planning committee behind the reason for the encampment's erection quickly made liaison with the field marshal upon his arrival in the camp, informing him that a full debriefing would follow in the morning and deferring further explanation until then as a courtesy. The commandant's recruiters, after arrival at their quarters, were obviously anxious to make haste in contacting their own appropriate internal security

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liaisons to facilitate the transport of themselves and their charge back to headquarters as soon as possible, which they premeditated to be effected the next day if they acted in haste. As a parting gesture to the camaraderie they had built with the field marshal during their tenure as travel companions, they left him Britta for one last night before her return to headquarters, her fate there which the field marshal himself could not guess.

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CHAPTER 19

The weeks since Nadezhda's return to headquarters had gone by in a whirlwind of activity. She and the lieutenant had managed one more frenzied rutting after the commandant's appearance, the memory of which lay enshrouded within the strange haze of narcotics and cult-induced frenzy of the commandant's physical manifestation which brought all the attendees of the conference, herself included, to the fever pitch of organizational rapture. The lieutenant had been called away to parts unknown on secret work after the conference and she had no direct idea when she would be seeing him again, although she was almost certain that he would be making an appearance at the next scheduled event involving her father's weaponized breakthrough which he had been working on in close liaison with the commander's direct orders and instruction.

Since the conference Nadezhda had avidly taken up the cult of the commandant like many other leadership who attended but were not yet affiliated or committed at that time. Now a small shrine inhabited a corner of the tiny cell that she shared with another female code clerk, the bleak goggled eyes of the commandant watching

over her from a small plastic-encased photograph which she worshiped by cult-prescribed methods daily, involving burning certain substances and chanting specific incantations in a certain way while focusing on the photograph and petitioning her blessings. As to codes, she had yet to break the coded message that had been inscribed on the back of the card the lieutenant gave her, and, after admitting defeat for her lack of ability to decipher it, she had taken it on a leap of faith that the lieutenant's intentions were as he said and she had inserted it, on the way back from an evening feeding at the communal dining hall, in the administrative secretary's drop-box after hours.

Within two days she had been called to the signal officer's desk at the code clerk office, the twenty-something-year-old man eying her with a look of incredulity as he held a small black dossier which he tapped lightly against the table.

'Well, Nadezhda, it looks like we will no longer have the pleasure of your services here at internal security administration, it's a shame, you are one of our best.' The man sighed with resignation and a slightly forlorn look passed over his face before straightening up, standing and handing Nadezhda the dossier.

'Here are your tentative marching orders. This contains your severance paperwork from intelligence analysis and a personal recommendation from my person on your good work over the past years, not that my recommendation is really necessary, all considering.' Nadezhda felt sure that this was a thinly veiled reference

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to her father's even more lustrous reputation as of late among organizational leadership during the last several weeks, as the signal officer too had been present during the conference, vetted as a speaker during one of the closed intelligence training sessions held on location.

"There is also a notice for you to report to the inquiry center at three o'clock this afternoon for further instructions - that's for your new job I assume, not for a hostile interrogation." The signal officer managed a weak smile.

Nadezhda had been relieved of her code clerk duties immediately after she had been given notice by the signal officer, her junior co-workers taking possession of her code cards and charts and some of them vying for who was going to be able to take over her slot, which was enviable within intelligence analysis, although few possessed the professional acumen comparable to their predecessor. It only took a few minutes for Nadezhda to clear out the few personal possessions on her desk, dropping these and the dossier into a small satchel she kept with her at all times while on duty.

Her co-workers, a smattering of pale-faced and sallow individuals, waved with little enthusiasm as she left internal security administration for the last time, quickly returning to their tedious work of codebreaking and analysis of intercepted radio transmissions and organizational security memorandums. As she walked down the corridors toward the door to the walkways of the headquarters compound and out of the building she could feel herself smiling involuntarily. Soon her destiny

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would be leading her in an altogether more action-oriented direction, she could feel sure of it.

She stopped off at her quarters in order to unload a few of the items from her desk before proceeding to the communal dining hall for midday meal, carrying her satchel and dossier for further investigation while eating in order to kill two birds with one stone and save time. From the corner of her cell, the inconceivable visage of the commandant gazed stationary from her shrine. Nadezhda had been tempted to immediately access the contents of the dossier as soon as she had reached the semi-privacy of her own quarters, however the hours of the day were passing quickly and sooner than she expected she would be reporting to the inquiry center, not a good prospect on an empty stomach.

As she walked to the dining hall the sounds of drill masters shouting over loudspeakers permeated the atmosphere, with so many booted marching feet on the parade ground that she could feel the earth rumbling through the foundation of the concrete walkways which criss-crossed the compound leading to and from the numerous buildings. There had been an excess of activity on the compound lately, even according to the normal pace of headquarters life which was intense even during its calmest point. She knew that the formal unveiling of the commander's rocket built by her father, the prequel event which had been held at the conference, was now less than six weeks away. That being the case, no public notice regarding the event had been announced, the information at present only known to those who had

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attended the private meeting some weeks before and those who were privy to such information, herself included, were strictly prohibited from preempting disclosure regarding the same.

The type and pace of the activity at headquarters at present however, in contradistinction to the upcoming unveiling, seemed to spell more than a building up of internal security-driven protective measures for the commander's appearance and subsequent potential shock troop martial exhibitions. Rather, it bore the unmistakable feel of a major military buildup for a definitive offensive action the likes of which had not been seen in some time. The intelligence reports that had come over her desk during the last several weeks since the conference had belied nothing to this effect, however there was a definite feeling in the air that could not be ignored and, in light of the tone she ascertained among her contemporaries, she was not the only one who could detect the unmistakable scent of future bloodshed being prepared in earnest.

The sounds emanating from the parade grounds became mufed as she entered through steel doors and into the corridor for the feeding queue. The cavernous mess hall was relatively subdued at this time of the day, being toward the tail end of the midday dining period. Several scattered tables were filled with teams of fifteen to twenty shock troops who were all invariably boasting loudly about their grisly adventures in the field, many of them laughing and gesticulating wildly with their spoons in between mouthfuls of thin speed-laced gruel.

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Decidedly more subdued conversations were taking place elsewhere in the hall in groups of threes and fours, these personages being unmasked members of internal security and organizational intelligence, engaging in hushed conspiratorial discussions no less spirited and intense despite their difference in inflection. A dim roar of pots and trays being vigorously scoured could be heard from the other side of a small portal near the doorway of the mess hall where dishes were handed in at the end of the meal, while off to one side of the hall, which was mostly deserted, stood several strange women in black robes who stood by a table of propaganda and paraphernalia relating to the cult of the commandant, singing odes to nuclear death in arrhythmic, lilting voices.

Nadezhda moved through the queue and obtained her own bowl of thin gruel, a cup of thick, whitish beverage and a small dense block made from rendered fats and other flesh-based substances. The sounds of the singing women filled her head with reminiscences of her first vision of the commandant in the flesh at the conference and she felt her body tightening reactively, her hands assuming a white-knuckled grasp on her tray while a strange pointed feeling rose up within her, visceral to the very core of her being and bespeaking of violence beyond any known violence. As she sat down and began her meal she glanced toward the women and, from far across the mess hall, she could see the center among their number returning her glance - as the mouth of the cult member moved in her song of devotion her eyes gazed across at Nadezhda, twinkling in such a

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fashion that Nadezhda felt that the commandant's recruiters themselves could ascertain her own devotion even from sight. She had never seen these particular women before, however their dusty robes and thin countenances belied the fact that they had recently returned from somewhere in the field, and she had never encountered them at the small chapel where she had visited regularly in the weeks since the conference. The strange gray eyes of the middle songstress twinkled once more, filled with seemingly contradictory menace and delight all at once, and it almost seemed as if a smile crossed her face as she sang before breaking Nadezhda's gaze and nodding in cursory greeting to a small band of internal security personnel on their way out from the hall.

As Nadezhda began working her way into her meal she removed the dossier from her bag - small, black and not bearing any organizational seal on the outside. The signal officer's report recommendation was thorough and couched in the usual technical language found in organizational performance appraisals: 'Nadezhda Yatskaya continues to develop the skills needed to maintain the highest standards of professional excellence', 'Nadezhda Yatskaya writes reports that achieve maximum impact in their clarity and consistency in regard to applied intelligence', 'As a member of internal security administration, Nadezhda Yatskaya avails herself of all available resources and anticipates the needs of internal security and intelligence forces in the field.' The words 'Internal security and intelligence forces in the field' brought her mind around to the

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lieutenant. What was his present mission? What part of the organization's territory, or indeed beyond, did he now inhabit? A part of her very much wanted him to return to headquarters when she did, after the conference, however she had found his insistence on his preference for the field to be enlivening, what to speak of leading to a validation of her own professional ambitions by someone who amounted to a childhood hero.

Nadezhda's eyes lingered on the final note in the last part of the signal officer's recommendation: 'applied intelligence.' This brought her a supreme sense of satisfaction, for in torture center she herself would now have an opportunity to administer and practice this aptly named 'applied intelligence' in a much more hands-on fashion than she had been used to in internal security administration under the auspices of codes and intelligence analysis, which she herself considered, at best, to amount to glorified secretarial duty. The lieutenant had stressed his preference for the 'field' during his private conversations with her in his quarters at the conference base; Nadezhda believed, with every fiber of her grim intent, that torture center would be her own equivalent, the place that she could flourish in the mission of the organization, in the mission of the commander, and under the ever watchful gaze of the commandant.

CHAPTER 20

Little Wendy bent over the wooden barrel, exposing her pert backside to all present, albeit encased within the fabric of her plain, neutral-colored cloth dress. Still, the contours revealed were enough for any discerning party to take notice of, even though she herself was not yet seven years of age. As the wind blew audibly outside amidst the cold mountains, carrying the sounds of screeching birds of prey, accompanied by the grating of various metals and primitive machinery being utilized in the adjoining workshop, still, psychologically, it seemed quiet enough to hear a pin drop as the small entourage of the lieutenant's personal detail viewed the scene unfolding before their eyes on this particular afternoon.

The lieutenant approached the girl, lifting the dress to expose long, thin, white legs and miniscule white panties. As the latter were well worn and sufficiently dry-rotted as a result, it only took a firm grasp from the lieutenant at their hem and one brief motion to rip them off and asunder, said garment which the lieutenant then subsequently dropped without fanfare upon the filthy floor of the engineering center. With a booted foot the lieutenant kicked the girl's legs apart one by one, forcing them to spread and causing her to clumsily attempt to

find firmer grip on the barrel to balance her tiny frame.

With a deft motion the lieutenant unfastened the front of his trousers, withdrawing his solid member and plunging it into the girl. Noticing that the hymen had already been broken, he laughed to himself, considering which and indeed how many of the workers at the engineering center had enjoyed her singularly youthful pleasures to date.

The engineering center itself was located far to the north and slightly to the west of the commander's headquarters, inhabiting a region at the very limits of the borders of the northwestern territories of the organization. It was the beginning of the mountains that stretched into the western horizon, the looming ranges of what was once known as the Smoky Mountains and which still bore the curious phenomena of being seemingly drifted in a continuous dread fog as per its namesake.

The eastern ridges while marking the beginning of the mountains were already formidable in scope, with myriad and profuse great rocky outcroppings and huge forests, steep-graded and dangerous in proportion, as well as great drops into valley abysses along the primitive paths, an atmosphere requiring constant vigilance for the wayward traveler and seasoned inhabitant alike.

The mountain region had taken particularly well in comparison to some areas to the untold devastation caused by the nuclear wars by dint of its natural hardness. A sudden and complete lack of commercial

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development had allowed violent and profuse reforestation and subsequently, like the rise of the wild boar population elsewhere in the organization's territory, certain rough and tumble species seemed not only to not have been too adversely effected by the devastation of nuclear war but rather to have flourished in the absence of an excess of human predators.

Great and mighty screech owls, black bears and grizzly bears were all in great profusion, the cries of the birds of prey upon the wind heard constantly and the tell-tale signs of the bears' presence (such as great jagged and craggy scratch marks on the trees and footprints along the path) made the traveler aware of their persistent presence. The black bears and grizzlies were able to eat the fish that swam in the streams with no ill effect, enlarging their already considerable width, whereas the same which would often spell death for a human so consuming depending on the levels of residual radioactive content that might be present in the water.

The lieutenant continued to thrust into the young girl with relish and lusty enthusiasm, the silence remaining within the room and interspersed with only the girl's own soft sobs of resignation. With an animalistic grunt the lieutenant finished himself in the young flesh and pushed the girl off from him, causing both the girl and the barrel itself to go toppling onto the ground, eliciting a great ring of mirthful laughter from the members of the lieutenant's personal detail present who sat around the room on rough-hewn tables sipping a black, tarry-

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colored drink from tarnished brass tankards, the local moonshine made from dubious substances which was flavored with various roots and mountain herbs known to the locals.

A large internal security personnel member with a great black beard stood up from his table and moved over to the scene of the lieutenant's recent ministrations, uprighting the barrel to its proper position and grasping young Wendy lightly by her arm, lifting her up into standing position, said motion which caused her thin dress to automatically fall into place. Her face wet with tears, Wendy squirmed out of his grasp and knelt down onto the filth-encrusted floor, clutching her ruined undergarments which were now nothing more than rags, her weeping beginning anew and in earnest at the loss of her only other garment. The internal security member grasped her arm once again, more firmly this time but with some small, inaudible words of consolation before he began leading her toward the door.

As Wendy and her escort moved toward the exit the lieutenant brushed some spittle off his mustache and then refastened his pants. Noting the motions of the bearded organization member and Wendy out of the corner of his eye the lieutenant hissed for the party to cease their movement. Walking over to them with measured strides, he lifted the girl's hand which were grasping the pair of panties, lightly running his fingers over the worn fabric. Wendy's tears tapered off at the touch of the lieutenant's fingers upon her wrist and looked up at him, delicate eyes moistly glistening in the early afternoon light streaming in from the open

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doorway. The lieutenant let go of her hand and lifted his own hand to her face, gently daubing the tears beneath her eyes and smiling down at her before addressing his assistant.

'Go take this one down to the quartermaster and see if you can't get her a decent uniform, baby brigade fitting, full-weather operable, my personal crest attached. Get someone to clean her up, get her fed and keep her billeted in my quarters until this evening. I like this one, she is going to be a member of my personal entourage from now on, I do believe.' The lieutenant patted Wendy on the shoulder and then gestured with his hand briefly, at which point the internal security man and the girl departed, out the door and down a craggy mountain path, toward the lieutenant's encampment at the base of the hill at the crest of which sat the engineering center.

From the adjoining workshop the sound of a machine lathe winding down could be heard, ending in a rumble and an audible screech. Footsteps could be heard making their way down the wooden catwalk that served as the hallway between the workshop and the all-purpose meeting room and a few seconds later a figure appeared, stout, bald, bespectacled and wearing a leather apron, methodically wiping off accumulated soot from his hands with a red-colored rag.

'Lieutenant, it is good to see you again, comrade! It is always a pleasure to have you here at engineering, not only are you the most welcome and skilled headquarters liaison, in addition it's also exceedingly nice to be around someone from headquarters with a particular

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appreciation for the area!' The bald man grinned broadly, extending his hand in greeting.

'Engineer, it is good to see you at long last - I have been waiting with great anticipation for this meeting.'

The lieutenant gripped the bald man's extended hand, pumping it enthusiastically as he spoke.

'Let's go into the workshop, shall we?' The engineer gestured toward the entrance and the catwalk beyond it before turning to face the five men sitting at the varied tables sipping their grog and addressing them. 'You fellows continue to enjoy yourselves and help yourself to refills at your leisure, we'll be back in due course.' The lieutenant's entourage gestured with their mugs upraised in unison appreciation, at which point the lieutenant and the engineer disappeared behind the old rusty door leading to the workshop.

The lieutenant and the engineer proceeded to the workshop, chatting amicably along the way, both full of a certain gleeful mood due to their shared secret and complementary parts in a project that would prove to be one of the commander's most terrifying to date in his many long years. As they walked slowly upward along the rise of the covered catwalk the lieutenant could see through the slits in the wall planks the hints of the great mountainous forests that laid all around them, sequestering the engineering center in secrecy and arraying it, fortress-like, due to its sitting high upon the ridge as a natural fortification.

Everyone in the area surrounding the engineering center, sparse as the population might be, were all

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counted amongst the more qualified loyalists of the organization. The area itself was generally not visited by those within the organization, except for supply couriers and internal security members on organizational business and acting in the capacity of official review delegations. For those at and around headquarters and in the surrounding areas the mountain areas to the west had mostly passed from common memory. Even among those from the organization who had visited the outpost, few were aware of the location of the valley nearby which had been the site of a great massacre by the commander generations before.

Within organizational legend, this single act of mass murder on the part of the commander and the organization in its earliest stages was one of the reasons why there were no known autonomous parties anywhere else in the area, including the other side of the frontier. The details of the event itself lay lost in the history of the myriad excesses enacted by the commander during the formative years of the organization, yet, a lingering testament remained in the wastes of the valley, the form of an expanse of bony remains so profuse that many layers of skulls and skeletal fragments stretched hundreds of yards across.

The engineer and lieutenant reached the end of the catwalk and proceeded through a large iron-wrought doorframe which the engineer closed with a deafening clang behind him. The odors of smelting metal, chemicals and ozone hit the lieutenant full in the face, said smells which were only discerned in fractional amounts in the all-purpose room from which he had just

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proceeded and in the air around the engineering center itself.

The central workshop was a vast structure, more than likely the remnants of a warehouse which had been converted over decades for clandestine manufacturing purposes within the organization. The vastness of the structure contrasted with the relatively sparse workforce for a building of this size, a tell-tale sign of both global human depopulation as well as bespeaking of the extremely secretive nature of the work that went on inside.

The residents around the engineering center, diehard to the commander's cause one and all, were without exception absolutely stationary in their existence in the mountains. Due to the secretive nature of the work conducted they were inculcated, since birth, by organizational programmers with internal security-driven propaganda ensuring their insularity and continued blanket silence to inquiry. At the pinnacle of this posture of necessary compartmentalization, the inhabitants of the mountain region were also barred, without exception, from any travel outside of their own area. Even the engineer himself had never once been outside the area surrounding his sole place of work, not to headquarters, nor to liaison at the organization's clandestine armaments factory. The work here, on site, was too crucial for any chink in the armor of absolute security.

The engineer led the lieutenant into the center of the warehouse, passing by large stacks of corroded metal barrels and long worktables covered with various

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primitive instruments as well as several large pieces of electricity-driven machinery which, as ever, were linked up with the obligatory generators run on semi-fuel. In the distance, in one far, lonely corner of the warehouse, the lieutenant could spot an area that was roped off from the rest. In front of this area stood a small squadron of menacing internal security members, masked and goggled in anonymity, with severe black and shining fully automatic machine guns resting threateningly in their hands. Beyond them, behind thick plexiglass walls and a fortified air-sealed door could be seen numerous individuals in white coats, wearing gas-masks and carefully arranging vials of evil, blue-colored liquid with hands protected by rubberized gloves going up to their elbows.

'We are in the process of arming your test device even as we speak,' intoned the engineer, quickening his pace toward what appeared to be an entrance to a makeshift hallway created by heavy metal crates stacked high on either side that led toward a series of shipping containers that had been converted to closed workshop areas.

'The test device should be ready for you by morning. Mind you, it will only give you an idea of the more passive properties of the payload for the commander's warhead - the dispersal potential once fitted to the new unit will raise the devastation levels considerably.' The engineer chuckled to himself and signaled to two internal security guards who stood at the entrance-way to the makeshift hallway who stepped aside smartly, holding their arms to their sides.

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The engineer and the lieutenant then proceeded toward the engineer's personal workspace.

As they marched, the lieutenant noted with appreciation that there were a couple more internal security members stationed crouched atop the crates on either side of them, their presence only noticeable by the dread muzzles of their machine pistols which could be seen peering over the edge, ready to eradicate any unauthorized persons nearing the engineer's secure area at a moment's notice.

The lieutenant followed the engineer and stooped through a low door into the converted shipping container which was dimly lit with low wattage bulbs positioned over several long worktables filled with various devices and tools. At the far end the lieutenant could spy the engineer's personal altar which had a shrine to the commandant at its center as well as smaller shrines to various of the lesser-known and hideous gods who were worshiped in these parts and which were peculiar to this geographic region in particular.

Various flags of diverse organizational regiments and sectors as well as large posters of the commander graced the paneled walls of the workshop, the former representative of the many units who had been equipped with special weaponry by the engineer and whom had provided them with banners of their units, many of which had been carried into action, as a token of their appreciation to the continued unparalleled work done by

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the engineering center and the engineer himself.

On one side of the table the clutter had been cleared and a small device, shaped like a large, rounded bullet, sat upon small base.

'This is my prototype for the test device - an identical version, properly armed, will be ready for you at the security desk any time tomorrow morning for your field test at your leisure. The commander's warheads will be ready for your pickup as soon as you are done, our workers are doing their final safety inspection right now and crating them up for transport.'

The engineer reached into a low drawer and drew out a small handheld device, equipped with two buttons, two colored lights and a small antenna.

'This will work exactly like yours, except that once the device is triggered you will want to be well out of the way and wearing one of these for good measure.' The engineer used the antenna length as a pointer to tap a gas mask that sat nearby. 'Make sure you get a full seal when you put it on.'

'If you push this button, the device will arm.' The engineer pressed a black button, triggering a pale light beside it, at which point the device on the table emitted a low humming.

'As soon as the signal light is on, you are ready to go.'

After a few minutes, another light on the device

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began a slow blinking.

'Press the black button, the light will go solid and dispersion will begin, like so.'

The engineer pressed the black button, the light beside it went solid and the sides of the bullet-shaped object began opening up slowly, spreading outward like the blossoming of a flower. A small hissing sound could be heard which continued until the filaments of the device were fully splayed outward.

'Tomorrow yours will be equipped with an ultra-light payload which you will see can cause considerable damage even in a relatively minute amount. The parcels for the commander will be filled considerably heavier.'

The engineer let out another small chuckle. The lieutenant smiled in response, patting him on the back.

'It's going to be quite a show before it's all said and done, comrade, quite a show indeed.'

The engineer smiled himself and then let out a sigh. 'If only I could be there to watch.'

The two organizational brass finished up their business and said their goodbyes until the next morning, and the lieutenant made his way out from the engineering center to his quarters near the base of the hill, as the sun turned the sickly orange of late afternoon that signaled that twilight would soon be near.

A demented grin flitted across the lieutenant's face beneath the thick, filth-encrusted mustache, and his spirits began to soar in a strange direction as he walked

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purposefully, nearing the perimeter of his encampment. He had other business to attend to before the night was out.

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CHAPTER 21

The morning sun rose orange and strange above the cold encampment at the border area as the field marshal stood outside his hut, smoking solidly on a cigar that he had obtained while on site, his personal supply having long run out during his erstwhile march toward headquarters.

Britta had been whisked away in the deep of night, one of the commandant's recruiters entering his hut with a silent gesture of greeting toward the field marshal and thenceforth removing the child, throwing her old clothes into the still-crackling fire and draping the drowsy girl in a shapeless black garment similar to their own before departing. As they left, the field marshal had caught the girl's eyes one last time; they stared back at him blankly but with a cold harshness beneath that could be readily ascertained by discerning eyes.

Once the girl and her handler had left his hut he had walked outside himself, watching them and the others among the commandant's delegation steal into the darkness and become small dark specks negotiating the slight rise of a treeless knoll on the other side of the encampment. As they neared the summit, lights suddenly shone, two beams of headlights from a black, unmarked organizational van, black silhouettes of

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internal security members outlined in their light. Within minutes the lights and the people had disappeared, trailing into the distance, toward the east - toward headquarters.

The field marshal took one last long drag from his cigar which was rapidly becoming no more than a stub and threw the remainder onto the ground, snuffing it out with his boot. Shutting the door of his hut, he quickly walked along the perimeter of the encampment, avoiding the activity in the middle. At a certain predesignated point two of his personal security men fell in behind him, neither speaking as the three of them marched with purpose toward a large tent near the back of the encampment that functioned as the command center.

As they neared the tent a line of internal security members moved aside, allowing the field marshal entrance. The two internal security members attached to the field marshal's personal security detail remained outside, talking in low voices to the personnel conducting security for the encampment's command center.

The field marshal entered and was greeted by high-ranking brass from both internal security and one of the most feared shock troop regiments within the organization before being offered a seat at a long table that was covered with various maps and documents. At one far end of the table sat a masked internal security member, acting in a secretarial position, typing reports on a small laptop. As soon as the field marshal was seated, the internal security representative began the

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briefing.

'We want to first of all express our gratitude that you were able to liaison with us so quickly in this matter, field marshal. Your reputation precedes you within the organization and insistence on your participation in this venture came from the very highest level.'

The field marshal's face remained blank, however he felt satisfaction at the wording utilized, intimating that his diverted route to the encampment was requested by direct representatives of the commander himself. The internal security representative cleared his throat before continuing.

'We are in the process of a significant force buildup that will reach several-hundred more personnel on the ground before fighting season commences. From headquarters we have been informed that action will begin in less than two months' time. There is a hostile populace of semi-organized resisters located several clicks over the southwestern border here...'. The internal security representative pointed to a small circled area on the map that the internal security secretary had placed between them.

'There are already several contingents of commandos, shock troopers and signal intelligence on the ground in the direct vicinity that have been working the area for awhile now. The area is an old semi-rural town with medium populace, however there is a small faction of resisters who have been radicalizing them and have engaged in some harassing fire against organization elements patrolling the area. The resisters have some informants among the population who are

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passing on information about organizational activity in the area as they observe it. There was a punitive raid a few days ago which resulted in an attempted ambush near a small shock trooper encampment, since then signal intelligence and commandos have been tightening the noose. Interaction between the organization and the resident populace in the area in question has been relatively muted - no propaganda teams, no recruitment, only the occasional strike and continued surveillance. The commander is pursuing a policy of building up animosity.'

This piqued the field marshal's attention.

'From what we have been told the commander has this area pegged for a future experimental zone - thus no forward processing as of yet. The people on the ground in camp at present are going to be part of a mopping-up operation after a decisive strike of some magnitude. The contingent that is going to come from headquarters several weeks from now will be part of an intelligence and security deployment that will be engaging in semi-permanent occupation once we have finished the initial cleanup.'

'What sort of decisive strike does the commander have in mind?' inquired the field marshal.

The internal security representative raised his eyebrows before a look of clarity came across his face.

'That's right.. you weren't at the conference, were you?'

The field marshal grunted in reactive response before

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speaking. 'Unfortunately not, was on assignment elsewhere during that event, although had some foreknowledge of it from headquarters, communications have been sparse since then, however.'

The internal security representative motioned one of the shock troopers toward a large pile of wooden crates that stood in the back part of the tent behind the desks.

'Perhaps this will give you an idea.'

The shock trooper removed a small iron implement from his utility belt and popped open the top crate, removing a gleaming rubber gas mask which was obviously of pre-nuclear war grade make.

The field marshal leaned forward in his chair to get a better view and then sat back, smiling appreciably.

'What's my direct role going to be in the forthcoming mission, then?'

The internal security representative smiled in response:

'Coordination of troops on the ground, first wave in.'

CHAPTER 22

Nadezhda arrived at the inquiry center well within fifteen minutes prior to her scheduled appointment, checking in with an internal security member, anonymous as ever, who had met her at the end of the walkway leading to the building, obviously having already premeditated her arrival for some time. The reception had both pleased her as well as filled her with an unmistakable sense of dread, as the sudden presence of the armed, balaclava-clad internal security member could denote a myriad of potential outcomes. At present, however, and in consideration of the pointedly ghastly nature of her desired work assignment, she passed off the method of receipt of her person at the inquiry center as a professional courtesy and followed the security guard, who gestured to her with a wordless nod of his submachine gun toward the door.

The internal security member and Nadezhda proceeded to the doorway under a large archway straddling the roof of the inquiry center, on top of which could be seen several heavily armed guards scanning the area, the snouts of their lethal weapons matching in synchronized sweeps the slow survey of their eyes, obscured beneath their masks and heavy black tactical goggles. The internal security guard accompanying

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Nadezhda waved his leather-gloved hand to an unseen operator behind the thick glass of the entrance-way to the former inmate hospital and an audible click was heard from the door which was then opened, the internal security member ushering Nadezhda forward.

The processing area of the center was empty excepting the sole internal security guard and whomever was behind the thick glass of the entrance-way operating the external doors. Grasping Nadezhda's upper arm lightly, the masked internal security member led Nadezhda further into the inquiry center, stopping after some distance at a door, halfway down from which in the corridor could be seen the red slash of line painted on the floor that led to the secure area. Somewhere beyond this threshold, Nadezhda knew, lay torture center and her potential destiny.

The internal security guard gave a sharp rap on the door facing them before a buzzer sounded signaling that the door had been unlocked by central control of the facility at which time she was ushered in, the guard accompanying her into an office-like setting and shutting the door behind him before stationing himself in one corner. Before her sat a middle-aged internal security member behind a large desk, bald and wearing the tell-tale uniform of internal security yet bearing no insignia or rank which was in contrast to herself who still bore the small patch designating herself as a member of signal intelligence.

Behind the desk, enshrined in a large glass frame, was an ominous black flag, denoting an organizational

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branch unknown to her, framing the unknown person at the desk. The insignia on the flag, bearing crossed rifles and a strange symbol, unknown and seemingly alien to her own eyes yet infinitely ensconced with the atmosphere and suffuse with the burning unflagging will of the commander and, to Nadezhda's reckoning, likewise the commandant as well. That it was framed was further indicative that the person sitting behind the desk and the detachment to which he was assigned were of a decidedly high-tier status.

The bald officer rapped his fingers in rhythmic fashion on the desk, drawing the last desperate dregs from what appeared to be a rather ancient cigarette before snuffing out the minuscule remainder in a heavy ashtray of equally pre-apocalyptic make and model. Nadezhda stood, confident yet unsure in the uncertain surroundings, several paces from his desk. With a wave of his hand the officer indicated a chair stationed across from the desk and she responded in kind with a nod and quick movement, taking the seat which had been proffered her.

The officer pointed the finger of his right hand toward a leather-covered dossier which lay before him on his desk, smiling coldly at Nadezhda.

'So, we understand that you are to be surged into the position of SAC for torture center? Per the favors of your father or perhaps rather the lieutenant?'

The officer's smile widened into a leer as Nadezhda continued to sit before him, silent.

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'Take a look at these photographs.' With a purposeful motion, the officer slid the leather dossier across the desk toward Nadezhda, who in turn shifted her chair forward for better view.

Opening the dossier she saw two photographs of herself from several years prior, encased in a sheet of clear plastic. The plastic was partially stained in places, appearing to be blood or other bodily fluid that had been wiped away carelessly. In the photograph she had been sitting on a bench within the compound and by the specific area and age of the photograph she knew exactly when it had been taken. It was taken three years prior when she had just begun her job as a member of internal security signals intelligence, and she had been waiting for her father to arrive from the commander's clandestine armaments factory to headquarters where he was scheduled for a liaison with ranking brass the next day. The photograph had been taken from a concealed vantage point, without her knowledge. Her mind began to race for how exactly to respond; she chose the direct route.

'Well, that's me, officer.'

The officer's leer turned downward into a grimace.

'I know that's you, what's the context?'

'I don't know the context, officer.'

'The context, Miss Yatskaya, is a damned security breach.' The officer slammed his opened palm onto the surface of the desk for emphasis, causing the photographs in their individual slipcases to move several centimeters askew.

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The officer snaked his hand across the desk and slid the dossier back toward him, flipping further into its covers and removing a small stack of papers with a small identification photograph tacked to the left-hand corner. He sat reviewing the document for several minutes, lighting and smoking another cigarette in the process, not speaking and allowing the tension to build. After he seemed satisfied with his review he held up the front of the papers toward her, making her squint across the desk for a proper view rather than handing it to her. A blank-faced shock trooper stared back at her from the photograph, the legend PVT BONN could be clearly read under the larger header reading ECTAC. This was her first on-hand view of an inmate file.

'Recognize this one, Miss Yatskaya?'

'Never seen him before in my life, officer.'

'Take another look.'

The officer removed the photograph from the stack of papers and slid it across the table to her for a closer view. She picked up the photograph and stared at it intently. The shock trooper in the photograph was unremarkable in every respect. Clean-shaven, cropped hair and the abysmal, blank stare typical to lower-ranking members of the shock trooper regiments stationed at headquarters who were usually in one of various states of being broken down by training and many of whom had yet to taste the carnage of the battlefield which she knew of by proxy through reports in signals intelligence. She placed the photograph back down on the table and slid it across the desk back to the officer.

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'I have never seen him before in my life, officer.'
'Well, he says that he has seen you, he says that he has had sexual relations with you, is this true?'

'I've never seen him before, officer, so I would consider his claim to be erroneous in this respect.'

'It's your word against his, Miss.'

Nadezhda frowned at the patronizing tone of the officer and the familiarity of lack of formal address.

'Whose word would you be more inclined to accept, officer?'

The officer didn't respond but instead waved to the internal security guard who had been stationed behind her. He moved forward and placed his gloved hand, lightly but with firmness of intent, on her shoulder.

'Take her down to see the prisoner, guard.'

With that the officer stood and extended his hand toward Nadezhda, who grasped it and shook it out of a sense of ingrained automatic etiquette, this type of familiarity also strange but not in the negative sense as before as it was usually not the custom of superior officers to shake hands with their lessers within the course of organizational protocol.

'It was nice to meet you, Miss Yatskaya,' the officer said with a sense of sincerity, dropping his hand back to his side. 'I don't think that we'll be seeing each other again.'

Nadezhda's eyes raised and with that and one last look toward the bald officer, the strange insignia behind him and his office, Nadezhda was led out by the internal security guard, now grasping her upper arm lightly, leading her down the hall and across the red line on the

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floor which marked the beginning of the secure area. Her lips whispered a silent prayer. Her fate was now totally in the hand of the commandant's good graces.

CHAPTER 23

The lieutenant fastened a large survival knife with a razor-sharp, serrated edge blade onto the side of his belt before leaving his tent, bracing himself against the cold winds of the mountains which blew in from the north. Within his line of vision he could see the foothills stretching for miles and miles, entering seamlessly into the main ranges of the mist-shrouded Appalachians. The sun had nearly set behind the hills and the area and the forests in which his encampment had been made was lit by an orange glow of the fading daylight as twilight approached.

It had only been a few hours since the lieutenant left the engineering center and, knowing that he had intended a full schedule during the evening as well as the main experimental action in the morning, he had taken it upon himself to utilize the time for some private rest and contemplation within his tent in the meantime. Now the lieutenant strode toward the small wagon holding the quartermaster's stores. At the sound of his booted footsteps outside of the wagon a small, wiry internal security guard appeared, his mask removed and thin face covered with the sort of scars that were tell-tale signs of frequent engagement in hand-to-hand combat.

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training. The man quickly lit a lamp hanging from pole, providing a pale working light for the area to stave off the encroaching night.

'Quartermaster, how are you enjoying this fine evening?' the lieutenant asked, a smile stretched across his face.

'Excellent, lieutenant, excellent. Also, as you will be pleased to know, your young charge has been properly outfitted and is waiting in the tent near the forest's edge.' The quartermaster pointed toward a small tent stationed near an outcropping of mighty oaks that descended down a ridge toward earnest wilderness. A small fire burned outside it, causing ghostly shadows to dance against its closed entrance flap. The lieutenant could feel a sadistic stirring in his mind and the throb of unmistakable arousal in his loins - he had been well-rested since his encounter with the little girl earlier in the afternoon and was overdue for a second course.

'Splendid to hear, quartermaster, splendid to hear - we as ever appreciate your attentiveness in this regard. In the matter of my young charge, her name is Wendy, as you know...' The lieutenant smiled blankly, his eyes transfixed on the distant tent. The quartermaster bobbed his head happily, rubbing his hands together, warming them against the night air.

'We will be going on an expedition later, not too far off, but it will be in a particularly dark spot.'

The quartermaster's eyes widened at the lieutenant's words, for by this subtle but direct indication, for those in the know, it could be ascertained readily to what destination the lieutenant and his girl would be headed.

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'And you will be needing some stout torches I assume?'

'Precisely, quartermaster, precisely. As well, pack a few small provisions, some meat and whatever grog you can find in a bottle - doesn't have to be fancy, rough would be preferred - by way of an offering.'

'Right, sir, right away, lieutenant!' The thin figure of the quartermaster chuckled to himself and began to busy himself about his business, tying off torn rags on the ends of stout staves cut from mountain hardwoods and dipping them to soak in a large vat of black-colored fuel near the far side of his wagon.

'How long to have all this together, quartermaster?'

'Within fifteen minutes, sir, it will be ready for you to go, we'll have it here waiting for you when you're ready to go, should you wish to have a bit of fun in the meantime.'

The quartermaster's eyes met the lieutenant's in a knowing grin, their eyes sparkling coldly as twilight descended in full upon their encampment at the base of the hill, the churning of grim machinery and the sounds of hammering echoing across the valley from the work at the engineering center located at the hill's peak. The lieutenant nodded in silent acquiescence to the quartermaster's implied recommendation and headed toward the little girl's tent as the quartermaster continued about his business in preparation of their nocturnal expedition.

Within a few minutes the lieutenant traversed the area, barren of other party members, that led from the

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quartermaster's wagon to the auxiliary tent and the forest beyond. Stopping at the small fire that burned outside her tent he listened quietly for any sounds from within, warming himself against the cold by the fire and withdrawing a small metal flask from his jacket which he slurped from greedily, its caustic liquid burning hot as it made its way down his throat and into his stomach. At exactly that moment he noticed a stirring at the entrance to the tent, the drape was pulled back and Wendy stepped through, framing herself at the entrance-way of the tent.

The lieutenant noticed with appreciation the transformation that had been caused by only a few hours under the care of the quartermaster and the attentions of a more centralized organizational unit. Her hair, almost shoulder-length and as black as the coal of her mountainous home, had been oiled and pulled back with a small fastener revealing a recently freshly-scrubbed face, white and ruddy with the night air. Instead of a torn, moth-eaten dress of indeterminable color, her lean and youthful frame was now encased in the sleek and startlingly black uniform of the organization's baby brigades in its full-weather version which included sturdy black combat boots and a small coat with a hood which was currently thrown back, framing the back of her neck.

The lieutenant took another swig of liquor from his shiny metal flask and then stretched it out toward Wendy, inviting her to share the drink and the warmth of the fire. Her gray eyes stared toward him

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and her lips parted ever so slightly which she wetted with her tongue before moving toward the lieutenant and the proffered drink. Her movements were crisp and purposeful and her body, not yet seven years of age, had been hardened again and again by the everyday rigors of living not only in a landscape ravaged by the nuclear wars but in a secret and disciplined wilderness outpost of the commander's design and purpose. Compared to children of comparable age in the decadent and soft societies that were prevalent before the great conflagration her mind and body was, despite its slight constitution, pure steel, pure predator in nature.

Wendy took the proffered flask from the lieutenant in her small hand and tilted it back, swallowing deeply the fiery liquor which the lieutenant kept in his stocks as he traveled on various organizational assignments. While the grog that was served at the engineering center was equally potent and in some respects more so due to the varied ingredients which could oftentimes be found within it, the liquor that the lieutenant kept with him was of a much more quality distillation, usually only circulated among the higher ranks within the organizational internal security apparatus. The little girl's eyes glazed over with unconcealed pleasure at the drink and turned her gaze toward the lieutenant who with a nod encouraged her to take another, which she did with pleasure. After a second draught she handed the flask back to the lieutenant, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. The lieutenant took another drink himself before secreting the flask back into his jacket

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while Wendy looked toward him, musing upon the small beads of the liquor, shining crystalline, that had been caught in the hair of his thick mustache.

The lieutenant knelt and Wendy moved toward him, her arms outstretched, coiling around his neck. He picked her up, one hand cradling the soft contours of her backside and the other grasping her to his chest. She cooed softly as he began kissing the soft contours of her face and neck, her body shuddering under the heightened sensuality effected by his soft caresses and the general physical care that she had experienced during her several hours being attended to by the lieutenant's organizational sector.

The lieutenant's mouth met her own and she reciprocated in kind, both of their breaths smelling of distilled liquor, the extreme softness of her small lips driving the lieutenant toward ever-careening heights of pedophilic lust. His hand gripped her small buttocks even tighter as she hungrily kissed his mouth, biting at his lips. A low growl emitted from beneath the lieutenant's mustache as he walked with her in his arms, away from the fire, kicking open the entrance to the tent with one booted foot and falling to his knees, releasing Wendy in prone position onto the ground-level military bedding. He moved with predatory speed, lifting her ankles and rapidly unlacing and removing her black combat boots and then unbuttoning and pulling off in one quick motion her combat fatigue pants.

As she had fallen lightly onto the bedding within the tent her head had secreted itself inside the hood of her jacket which had been thrown back when she had left

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the tent earlier to investigate the lieutenant's arrival. This cowed appearance, in conjunction with the flickering light of the fire outside their tent, caused her to assume the appearance of some fell monk, sheathed within a hellish glow. The lieutenant massaged the soft white flesh of Wendy's pale thin legs and the curvature of her buttocks, snaking his hands under the black fabric of her baby brigade issued undergarments before removing them as well and unbuttoning his own trousers, removing his pulsating member, eager to plunge into the waiting flesh of his newest concubine.

As he entered into her, her lithe legs wrapped around him automatically, her mouth panting in response to his amorous attentions which her young frame was unable to fully comprehend or enjoy despite the many times that she had been bedded by the sometimes bleak-eyed and grim and often wildly intoxicated workers in some grimy corridor or remote backroom at the engineering center. Despite this, she sensed something altogether different with the lieutenant. He was, on this night, more attentive than his brutal taking of her earlier on the hill in front of his men, yet this same gentleness belied an inherently deceptive posture. Whereas most of the workers at the engineering center and the men in the surrounding area had always been easy for her to case, there was something both deeply attractive and deeply unsettling about the lieutenant. He was dangerous in a much more pronounced fashion for, whereas it was an open secret among the mountain folk that the engineering center's purpose was to create instruments of death (as it indeed

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was, though as they were quarantined to the area for life there was little chance of this information leaking elsewhere), it was people like the lieutenant who were the wielders of these instruments in all their gory and hideous strength. The lieutenant was dangerous, yet also infinitely powerful - it was this power that attracted Wendy and perhaps it was this attraction that had caused her to be selected. Quarantine or no quarantine, she now wore the uniform of the baby brigades and she had every intention of leaving the area with the lieutenant on the morrow; whatever means might be necessary, she was willing to take them.

As the lieutenant neared his sexual climax he began hissing and growling, his bloodshot eyes lolling in ecstasy as he held onto the lower hem of Wendy's jacket in each fist, moving her entire body toward him again and again in rapidly accelerating rhythmic fashion, allowing him to penetrate deeper and deeper into her flesh. With a final brutal thrust the lieutenant climaxed, veins popping from his neck and both he and Wendy's foreheads glistening with the perspiration of their endeavors despite the cold.

Both Wendy and lieutenant stood up in unison, Wendy's head still cowed in her black hood as she stepped into her pants and fastened them back into position. She picked up her boots and began to step into them as well however the lieutenant placed a restraining hand on her shoulder.

'Here,' he said, motioning her to sit upon a low crate in the corner of the room. She complied, taking a seat, and the lieutenant replaced her combat boots over her

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black-socked feet, lacing them up with somewhat less speed than he had unlaced them, still affected by post-coitus languor.

'Lieutenant...' Wendy spoke the word that was both his rank and his only known name, her voice feminine silk to the ears of the hardened organization man.

'Wendy...' said the lieutenant, interrupting her stream of speech and resting one hand upon her thigh, the task of lacing up her boots accomplished. The little girl's eyes gleamed with pleasure at the sound of her name.

'Lieutenant, you said that I am going to be part of your 'personal entourage,' Does that mean that I am going to leave with you, leave the engineering center. I mean?'

The lieutenant looked at her squarely, examining her face framed in coal-black hair with lust, lust that was almost close to reawakening instantly despite his recent staking of the same.

'Wherever I go, you will go.'

A look of confused anticipation crossed Wendy's face as she paused before responding.

'Lieutenant, people from the mountains, our people, from the engineering center, we never leave the mountains - it's a security mandate.'

The lieutenant looked at her discerningly before raising his hand and curling his fingers into a fist. Wendy winced automatically, premeditating that the gesture was a precursor to a blow, yet she steeled herself from cowering before the authority figure before her - if

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she was to become part of his entourage, she wanted to show her fortitude early on.

'Do you see this fist, Wendy?'

Wendy nodded.

'This is the fist of the commander's dictatorship, this fist makes the law - what I say is secure, is secure, who I say goes, goes, who I say stays, stays. And I have decided that you and you alone will go, anyone who speaks of it will be dealt with. If I say you are a god, you are a god, do you understand?'

'Yes, lieutenant,' Wendy spoke, yet her mind still processed, the lieutenant was reckless, insane even, yet apparently was set on taking her out of the mountains, which was more than she could have hoped for; he had made the decision himself without her having to resort to any subterfuge of her own.

The lieutenant smiled, opening up the entrance to the outside and gesturing for her to exit with him. She did so, he exiting last, his eyes opened wildly, staring at her uniformed figure in admiration, lust and a yearning for something he could not quite ascertain yet might be revealed during their expedition, the time for their departure for such being well nigh. Yes, she would be principal to him from here on out. Should anyone have a problem with his smuggling the girl from the secure area that would rest on them, he was known for breaking the rules from time to time without great problem, he was the commander's man - his word was law.

The twilight had now given way to the type of darkness that can only be seen in the wilderness and indeed,

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darkness such as this had never been seen at all prior to the nuclear wars for now no lights from even distant cities penetrated the night skies, for those cities, their people and their infrastructure were long since perished, the satellites which monitored them from space now orbiting in limbo around a harsh post-nuclear landscape that had been plunged into a new Dark Age from which it might never come out.

The lieutenant looked up into the firmament, filled with stars and planets whose names he did not know but which he identified with various extraterrestrial powers of evil, powers of evil which could be accessed through certain vectors known only to the most adept black wizards within the organization, powers of evil which kept the commander, and those under his control, ever at the zenith of power on the terra firma.

Wendy stood stonily, her face staring into the embers of the fire before her tent. The lieutenant approached her and put both hands on her shoulders, looking down into her face which turned upward, her eyes meeting his.

'If I say you are a god, then you are a god....' he mused, almost as if to himself alone. His eyes refocused on the little girl.

'Perhaps you are a god, a new god. We will see, in time, we will see. For now we must go to meet another new god, not quite as new as you - but very vicious.'

A cruel smile broke across the lieutenant's face and, grasping her hand in his own, the pair turned their backs to the fire, walking across the empty expanse toward the quartermaster's wagon and, from there, their nocturnal

assignment as yet unfulfilled.

CHAPTER 24

An iron gate clanged shut as the last of Bluebird's dormitory entered into their residential quarters at the commandant's training center, deep within the bowels of the torture center housed within organizational headquarters. As she continued her intensive training she had been informed that the commandant's training center was also known as the 'torture center annex' and that a special participant would soon be arriving with whom Bluebird was to be intimately involved. She had also been formally conferred the status of pontifex, which she understood to be the supreme authority rank among all the dormitories of the commandant's children trainees and would eventually confer her a status as a very close accessory to the commandant herself. Her understanding of her authority position at present did not extend far beyond her firm control of the dormitory - identifying heart and soul with its crest, the training of its residents and the punitive implement which hung upon the wall in dire warning to any who would defy her. Outside of the dormitory and away from her juniors she continued to be drilled harshly in the course of multiple experiments, indoctrination sessions and physical exertions. Even activities that would in normative contexts be considered classroom sessions,

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such as listening to lectures or perusing stacks of flashcards assisting her in learning the names and nature of various organizational sectors, possessed the unmistakable elements of torture and abuse.

When she failed to properly identify an obscure organizational standard etched onto a flashcard just a few days prior, as an example, she had been made to march to the front of the cavernous cement room in which her lessons took place, alternately administered by some harsh female her senior or an anonymous masked internal security guard. Upon reaching the speakers lectern, behind which at this time had stood a masked member of internal security, presumably male, she had been made to present the offending flashcard as well as the small leather punishment strap that hung on her jumper to the teacher, the latter which she herself had used many times on her charges within the dormitory. Placing the flashcard inside a hollowed out cabinet in the speakers lectern, the internal security guard proceeded to grab Bluebird by the hair, forcing her head down into the cabinet facing the flashcard and forcing her hands to stretch out grasping the sides of the lectern. Her skirt was raised, her panties lowered and the lashings of the strap came down forcefully and continually until her backside was marbled black and purple with bruises. All the while the security guard shouted in an inhuman voice one word, over and over again, 'RECALL! RECALL! RECALL!' When the beating had finished the shouting continued, as the internal guard reached around to reattach the strap to her jumper

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before plunging a gloved finger into her rectum, anally raping her until she could repeat the proper rank designation audibly and clearly enough to be overheard above his own shouted commands. At this point Bluebird was released, and marched out of the classroom and to a nurse's station where she would be injected with a large syringe, the contents unknown to her but which always effected in increasing her violent propensities. Soon thereafter she would be unleashed into the dormitory where she would descend like a whirlwind upon her charges, as hateful and merciless as the commandant herself.

It was in her fourth week after a similar session where the punishment had been somewhat more cursory (this time administered by a steely-eyed female who had given her several hard swats bent over her desk, given because she had been dozing while viewing a photographic account of the commander's weapons advancement programs in the years following nuclear fallout) that instead of her usual visit to the nurses station her course had been rerouted to an area which she was unfamiliar with.

Two masked internal security guards led her along the black-painted concrete block corridors up a slightly ascending path, turning along several bends and then entering a stairwell, climbing several flights of stairs, each one covered in hard rubberized coating that was beginning to fracture and chip with age. At last they reached an open corridor painted an anonymous but not unpleasant gray and proceeded to the middle of three

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doors along its length which was flanked by two chairs on either side.

One security guard raised a large gloved fist and gave three resounding bangs on the steel door, a muffled sound of acquiescence came from within in response and the door was opened and Bluebird was ushered in with the internal security guards closing it behind them, stationing themselves in the chairs flanking the doorway, resting the muzzles of their deadly automatic machine guns on the worn wooden armrests.

The room was large but not so much that it gave an impression of severity like in the dormitory or even the classrooms in which she spent much of her time that was not engaged in disciplining and spying on her charges. The ceiling was lower and covered with various glossy colored posters relating to the commandant's cult, one in the center of the back wall of the room which she now faced being the most prominent, nearly life-size in scale and featuring the commandant in all of her deathly glory, her black helmet of fine mesh and one bleak bar of horizontal goggle lens obscuring any humanity that might lie within, garbed in her shining black suit of skintight design and equipped with various instruments hanging from her thin nylon belt that by sight promised to be implements of excruciating torture, her form superimposed over an image of a reddish-orange mushroom cloud.

Beneath the largest poster of the commandant sat a large blue divan which was unoccupied, beside it a smaller one of similar color upon which sat a small girl, from appearance only a few years younger than Bluebird

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herself, dressed in an identical female jumper that was the standard attire for child recruits of the commandant's training center.

In both corners of the room on either side of the divans and against the side walls sat black-robed females, some chanting eerie songs in praise of the commandant while ringing small, tinkling bells or making time on miniscule drum-like instruments, others staring intently at Bluebird as she entered. She noticed immediately that the cult recruiters who had taken her out of the wilderness only one month ago, which now seemed like years, were among their number - smiling at her in pleasure, but with eyes that seemed cold and strange and belying many hidden secrets.

'Bluebird!' cried the youngest among them, raising herself fluidly from her seated posture and moving across the room, her black robes flapping like bat wings with a sudden gust of wind that arose from outside where a small portal led to an observation stand. The cult recruiter reached Bluebird and reached out to the girl, rubbing her short auburn hair affectionately and silently exclaiming as her hand reached the small black ribbon that managed to tie up some of her locks into an obscure bob of sorts. The cult recruiter pointed a bony finger toward the nursery strap that hung on the rung in Bluebird's jumper, raising an eyebrow appreciably. Bluebird smiled in response, feeling a natural sense of camaraderie with this lady, she and the other cult recruiters being the only link here at the training center between herself and the land from which she had once

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come. The cult recruiter's bony finger still pointed at the nursery strap hanging on Bluebird's jumper and then, her eyes continuing to widen, moved her hand, still pointing, toward the poster of the commandant before them.

There, on one gleaming hip, hung a nursery strap of identical design, appearing somewhat smaller only due to the gargantuan proportions of the commandant's imposing figure. Bluebird's face-krinkled with pleasure - she had made this connection somewhat in her private thoughts however had not dared to breathe it to her trainers, much less the younger children under her control in the dormitory. Now, having confirmation of the similarity from her cult recruiter she was able to ascertain fully that indeed her strap was an identical copy. As she made a mental inventory of the other punitive instruments she had encountered during her time at the training center she could not remember any such exact copy nor even an approximate copy of the instrument that hung upon the commandant's hip - excepting the one in her possession.

The cult recruiter clapped her hands together in pleasure and smiled broadly. 'Yes, very auspicious, is it not?' She winked conspiratorially at Bluebird who felt a spontaneous laugh emanating from her lips at the cult recruiter's word and mood, so different than the formal severity which marked her interaction with others at the commandant's training center. She almost felt transported to those early days sitting on the barren hillsides in the wilderness where the cult members had joked with her while sharing their rich preserved food in

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the days before the black van manned by the masked internal security members had taken her over paths unknown to her present place of domicile. And yet, now, after four weeks of training at the facility, she felt her joy much increased in their presence, for via the rigors she had undergone and the transformation that had begun to take place in her she knew that she approached them now on a much more equal footing - where they once reached out to her as a potential recruit she now felt an unmistakable sense of sisterhood between them.

'Come, Bluebird, I want you to meet someone.' The cult recruiter grasped Bluebird's hand and led her over to the large blue divan sitting beneath the poster of the commandant, gesturing her to sit.

The younger girl sat kneeling with a look of some trepidation on the accompanying divan as Bluebird situated herself cross-legged on the largest, her hand automatically fingering the ultra-heavy leather of her strap as she gazed across the short distance at the younger girl with a decidedly imperious squint. Only the sound of the cult recruiter's laughter broke her concentration.

'Now, now Bluebird - this is someone special we have brought for you to meet, not one of your dormitory whills!' The cult recruiter laughed again and the singing of the other recruiters around the room stopped as they joined in with a softly mirthful twittering. Bluebird could feel herself involuntarily blushing in self-consciousness at the sound of the cult recruiters' laughter, however she straightened her back and gazed at the younger girl firmly, extending her hand in greeting.

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'My name is Bluebird, dormitory pontifex, and you are?'

The younger girl accepted her outstretched hand and gave it a firm shake before releasing it.

'Britta is my name, these are my friends who have brought me here to meet you.' Britta waved her hand in an arcing fashion toward the cult recruiters around the room who smiled in return.

Bluebird could detect an unknown accent in the girl's voice, nothing she could recognize in the other children in the dormitories nor in any of the scavengers she had known in the wilderness, however the underlying husky tones and singular inflection distinguished, along with the unusual name, that Britta was from far afield indeed and had probably not been at the commandant's training center for long.

The cult recruiter who had introduced them sat down before them at the feet of the divans in a posture intimating supplication, which was somewhat surprising to Bluebird but more surprising to Britta. The cult recruiter continued to beam at them and out of the corners of her eyes Bluebird could detect that the others also had their gaze intently set on the two girls beneath the image of the commandant, the room now quiet enough that one could hear oneself breathing.

'Bluebird, Britta has been brought from very far away in order to assist you in some very special work, in fact, she will be assisting you in a very specific work that will be the diadem of both of your destinies.' The cult recruiter glanced between the two of them.

'How long have you been a member of the

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commandant's cult, Britta?' queried Bluebird.

'Since meeting these, my friends,' Britta moved her hand in an arc like before, indicating the cult recruiters that sat around the room watching them.

'How long have you been at the commandant's training center?' asked Bluebird in follow-up, her tone somewhat more stern.

'Ah, well, Bluebird, she has only been here a few days as of yet and mostly in care of the sisters - she was brought from the outlying territories only a few days ago and in that context has had some very interesting experiences in the meantime, have you not?'

Britta nodded solemnly in response to the cult recruiter's inquiry.

'She has had quite a long journey and has been chosen specifically to help you.' The cult recruiter paused, allowing the words to linger and sink in.

'Both of you come from areas far afield, far from the direct control of the commander and the organization, yet the commandant sees all. She saw you and chose you both for a very special purpose. Beyond this, you also exhibited the self-determination to leave the lands of your previous habitation and join the cult of the commandant specifically, this is a sign of your self-determination and veracity towards achieving success, such veracity which is the hallmark of a leader. Both of you shall become leaders - in fact, much more than leaders.' The cult recruiter directed her gaze to the image of the commandant which loomed directly in front of

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her, and Bluebird and Britta turned their heads toward the image as well, following her gaze. A strong breeze whipped through the room as if underlining the cult recruiter's statement.

'As of tomorrow evening the both of you will be enacting training jointly.' The cult recruiter looked toward the two girls who listened attentively, bisecting their gazes between her and the poster of the commandant on the wall, still absorbing the implicit message of her prior statement.

'Whereas your individual training has been just that up till now, Bluebird, individual, from this point on Britta will be undergoing training with you. Furthermore, the pace and intensity of training will increase to a quantum degree. Britta is already one month behind your regimen and as such she needs to be brought up to par - and both of you need to be properly conditioned for what will await you in the not too distant future.'

'Britta, are you aware that the commandant's training center is also referred to as the 'torture center annex'?'

Britta shook her head in the negative.

'Bluebird, are you aware that the commandant's training center is also referred to as the 'torture center annex'?'

Bluebird nodded her head in the affirmative, her hand once more fiddling with the leather edges of her nursery strap as she kept one eye peeled on the identical

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instrument depicted in the image of the commandant above her.

'Well, Britta, you will soon learn and I do not doubt that Bluebird will give you some indication of what to expect, if not a direct demonstration. As of tomorrow evening both of you as mentioned will be engaging in training together. As to dormitory life and your direct position as pontifex, Bluebird, Britta here will be your direct assistant rather than your charge - that does not mean that she will be outside of your jurisdiction as to applied discipline, quite the contrary, however, within the context of dormitory life, among the other children, you must present a united front, your cohesiveness must be seamless, even if Britta is your junior. Think of her as your plenipotentiary, she will be there to assist you whilst you are present and act as your proxy according to her knowledge or ascertaining of your mood and desires.

'In order to facilitate this transition appropriately, from now on you will have a room which you will share which is located just outside the door of the dormitory allowing you swift entrance at any time, you will be issued a key both to the door and the dormitory, as such, you will be expected to report to training sessions outside the dormitory on your own without accompaniment, with the understanding that all areas should be secured prior to your departure.' The cult recruiter raised her hand and snapped her finger at which time one of her fellow companions came forward and proffered two large keys on a ring to Bluebird and Britta respectively, which they fastened onto the clasps

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at the waistlines of their jumpers.

'In addition to shared quarters and increased responsibility as to security and in addition to the increased intensity of your broad-based training, you will both be engaging in specialized tactical combat training as well. In normal circumstances this type of training would have been deferred toward much later in the process and some of it may have not been proffered whatsoever except in extraordinary circumstances, however the commander - and the commandant - have shortened the timetable in relation to activities to which you are both to be assigned, so this acceleration is necessary. As to tactical training, upon entering your shared quarters for the first time tomorrow evening you will find that both of you have been issued combat uniforms in addition to your regular uniform - these should be worn when engaging in tactical combat training only, your regular uniforms should be worn by default for all other activities unless specifically mentioned.'

The girls looked at each other with looks of interest but only partial comprehension at the cult recruiter's explanation of their forthcoming additional training activities. Bluebird had only the slightest idea of military combat - the scavengers and wastrels of the wilderness from where she originated had only the most primitive of weapons at their disposal and were more often than not prone to fighting like animals, scratching, biting and pummeling whenever the situation called for it, usually in dispute for some foodstuff or abandoned pre-nuclear

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objects that were desired by the parties so engaging or considered to be useful in trading or selling to the hoarders who made their business collecting every manner of historical artifact from the time before the wars, whether it was of practical use or no. While she had been vigorously schooled in various battles and martial victories perpetrated by the commander's organization during her tenure thus far at the commandant's training facility, her only real exposure to weapons had been viewing the evil devices carried by the masked internal security guards who accompanied her to and from various training sessions; beyond that her knowledge was strictly theoretical. Britta on the other hand had no knowledge of the tales concerning the commander's various campaigns over the many decades, her only schooling in such had been brief descriptions and photographs in thick leather-bound volumes that the cult recruiters had shown to her before transporting her on the long trek from her former place of residence.

Whereas Bluebird herself had heard some rumors of the organization's nature and activities within her wilderness home, the place from which Britta had been taken was so far afield that no knowledge or information concerning the organization nor the fearsome leaders at its helm had reached her until the cult recruiters had begun their initial indoctrination. In this sense she was in all respects a blank slate upon which the will of the commandant might be imprinted without any programming turbulence from ideas preconceived before her recruitment. That being the case, Britta had by

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a twist of fate been exposed to many more examples of on-the-ground military life than she would have been otherwise due to the fact that the cult recruiter's internal security guard transport liaison had failed to show up at the proper time which in turn led them to trekking across many leagues in the company of the field marshal and his men and eventually leading to their brief encampment on the far border of the organization's territory.

While her experiences were by no means comprehensive by any stretch of the imagination, the fact that she had lived in the company of the field marshal and his personal guard detachment for many days, what to speak of having been the concubine of the field marshal himself, who was one of the most feared and respected military leaders within the organization's armed apparatus, had made indelible marks upon her consciousness. Despite the fact that her cult recruiters had attempted to shield her from camp life on the night prior to her departure for the commandant's training center, with her night's liaison with the field marshal being the exception, Britta had eagerly watched and listened with acute observation to each and every sight and sound that made its way into her purview. She was in awe of the military apparatus of the organization and their power and violence, which they wore like a badge of distinction, a quality which was something she wished to emulate and possess beyond all other attributes. It was in this martial sense that she most desired to serve the commandant.

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Despite the fact that the commandant's training center laid within the most secure and innermost areas of the commander's headquarters, with many parts of it being actually situated underground or with its only access to the outside being secured internal courtyards, the sounds and atmosphere of unmistakable military buildup could be heard consistently echoing across the concrete expanse of the former federal penitentiary. Bluebird, due to her much more substantial residency at headquarters in comparison to Britta, could especially attest to the increase in these sounds which came often at night, rumbling across the grounds and into the windows of the dormitories where the children lay awake listening to the harsh barked orders of the drill masters, the marching of hundreds of booted feet upon the parade grounds and with increasing regularity the sounds of live-fire exercises being performed. The commander preferred the training of his elite shock troops to take place in the dead of night and in the unholy early hours of morning prior to dawn, suffusing the headquarters in the unnatural glow of huge electrical spotlights which caused a hideous shining light in the otherwise total darkness that could be seen for many miles in the surrounding area. This grotesque display of resource-driven power combined with the explicitly intimidating sounds of shock troops being drilled for constant vigilance to enact missions of great violence served as a signal and constant warning to all within and without and inevitably the presence of the commander in his calculated schedules of regimentation served the

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purpose of causing his will and poisoned aura of psychological terror to penetrate deep into the subconscious of those who searched for sleep that was hard to find amidst the ever-constant audible and visual reminders of the commander's unwavering will and hideous presence.

The cult recruiter who had been coordinating the initial liaison between Bluebird and Britta left them alone to become more acquainted with one another and informed them that they would be staying with them until the following evening when their joint training would begin. Until that time they would be housed together in the unknown room in which they had been brought together which, by the numerous flights of stairs required to reach and the fell wind which blew in from the outside, was understood to be an attachment to some form of guard or observation tower.

Bluebird initially protested that her presence was required in the dormitories during late afternoon, but sadistic sensibilities eager to mete out scheduled punishments and a wary consideration of any slip in her authority during an absence, however the cult recruiters soothed her to the fact that all was being taken care of among her charges until the following day and that the nature of her absence and that those who would be tending her fellow dormitory residents in the meantime would only enhance her authority in the long run, not diminish it. The cult recruiters in the corners and the sides of the room resumed their lilting trance-like songs in praise of the commandant, enumerating upon her myriad features with descriptions that underlined that

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she and she alone was the inherent spiritual power that resided within the nuclear warheads that had destroyed most of the inhabitants of the earth planet and that her wrath and potency lived within each of her disciples, a hideous flame within that burned like the fires of hell itself and which would fortify them as they marched ever-forward into a post-apocalyptic future of their own grisly design, the hell on earth made possible by the commandant's nuclear potency and the commander's insatiable will to domination.

Bluebird was reluctant in her interactions with Britta at first, a natural shyness and wariness at this outsider who had been thrust into her world with an indelible permanency if the intentions of the cult recruiters were correct. Yet at the same time she felt, as Britta did, that their liaison, despite the fact that it had been arranged by forces outside of their control, was one of undeniable mutual benefit. Their being put together came hand-in-hand with their being informed, albeit with less details than they might have liked, that their rise in power would be stratospheric in nature and thus as they looked into each others' faces they realized that they were dual links in the organizational chain of terror and that their bond was now cemented if not yet blossomed. The two girls gradually opened up more and more in their conversation with one another, the cult recruiters keeping a respectable distance and courteously restraining from their intent stares of earlier, instead busying themselves about various tasks and talking among themselves in hushed tones. The conversant

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abilities of Bluebird and Britta began to improve concurrent to the fact that certain of the cult recruiters began supplying them with beverages regularly carried in on small trays and held within small silver-colored tankards. The drinks were sweet to the taste, belying a freshness and wholesome quality to which neither Bluebird nor Britta were used to, yet they possessed a distinctive soothing and intoxicating quality which became more prominent as the afternoon slowly transitioned into twilight.

As they became more relaxed with each other, in large part due to the expert ministrations of the cult recruiters who had engineered the scenario for just such a purpose, they began to share some information concerning their pasts as well as their expectations for the immediate future as per the orientation that they had been given by the cult recruiters thus far. Britta was intensely interested in what lay in store for her in the daily schedule at the training center including the administration of the dormitories which she was premeditating. Bluebird endeavored to avail herself of the opportunity to give some intimation of what the physical and psychological training consisted of although she well knew that no spoken description would suffice to properly apprehend the stress-induced, psycho-physical onslaught that would be in store for Britta. She herself wondered despite her month's experience what exactly the 'enhanced measures' and 'accelerated pacing' would look like. Both of them were of the same mind in that both of them were, despite no firm knowledge concerning what it would consist of,

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wager to approach the specialized tactical combat training. Britta was able to share with Bluebird some of her own observations from her time accompanying the field marshal and his detachment as well as her brief time at the border camp, which were intensively fascinating for Bluebird to hear about. Her only interaction with armed segments of the organization were internal security and the fact that Britta had acted as the concubine of the field marshal during her journey thrilled her. Bluebird had been schooled on certain upper echelon members of the organization's military apparatus in the concourse of her classroom training and knew the field marshal well, at least in an academic sense. That the intrepid nine-year-old with the obscure accent before her had taken part in numerous amorous couplings with this organizational giant was wondrous to contemplate. Despite their mutual intoxication, Britta was loath to reveal any sordid details yet, via bargaining for information regarding some of the more sexually intrusive practices that were employed during the course of punitive actions in the commandant's training center, Britta did manage to relay some of her pastimes with the field marshal that managed to curl Bluebird's toes and raise no small amount of jealousy. Be that as it may, Bluebird could tell that her fortunes within the commandant's cult were changing rapidly, more rapidly than she could have ever suspected and, as such, she considered that very few things would be beyond her reach in due course of time.

As time progressed and twilight made its way into night

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the cult recruiters began supplementing the two girls' beverages with trays of rich food. Rather than the porridges of indistinguishable content laced with speed-producing narcotics and the thick slabs of dark protein source produced from rendered corpse meat the sustenance on the trays which were brought before them now were pure delight beyond even the most elaborate offerings that had been given to them during their initial cult recruitment. A variety of smoked meats accompanied small pieces of dried fruit, far different than the foul berries that were their usual fare in the wildernesses from which they had come. The more of the meat that they consumed the more mischievous their minds became, one meat in particular Bluebird found delectable in comparison to all the others and which she began to consume with abandon, with the cult recruiters resupplying her with more before her final morsel had been consumed.

Britta ate as well but with not quite so much gusto as her older compatriot, in some instances looking toward Bluebird with a sense of curiosity as she picked up a handful of her favored meat at a time before dropping it into her mouth, grinding the rough smoked delicacies down with her molars before swallowing and washing the whole lot down with a swig from her tankard. Bluebird noticed the attentive gaze of Britta and decided to take her to task, beginning to speak even as she chewed, yet Britta herself interjected before Bluebird had a chance to vocalize her concerns.

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'Do you know what these different meats are from?' Britta asked, sounding audibly solemn to Bluebird due to her thick accent yet also with an underlying sense of bemusement present which Bluebird found somewhat antagonizing but which piqued her interest further.

'Canine? Deer? You tell me?' Bluebird exclaimed, belching loudly and involuntarily allowing some of the liquor from the tankard to dribble from her chin. Britta conservatively failed to laugh to herself despite her rising amusement, the stifling of which altogether would have been obvious.

Britta smoothed out the fabric of her jumper and placed her tray upon her lap. With her small index finger she began to move the pieces of meat, of which there were considerably more left in comparison to Bluebird's tray, into three neat rows. The only discernible difference that could be ascertained were slight variations of color and texture as they had all been seasoned heavily with a hot spice that seemed to provide a conducive impetus for the girls to continue their drinking apace. Britta began to point and she intoned the source of their evening victuals. Pork was no surprise to Bluebird, bear somewhat more surprising and with the identification of the last pile of meat as human, which happened to be the meat which Bluebird had most been most relishing, she gave a lazy smile and took another large gulp from her tankard, the thin feminine arm of a cult recruiter attendant snaking around Bluebird's frame and refilling from a carafe likewise silver in color.

'Human meat is very good, and this is fresh.' Britta

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punctuated her statement with taking a large handful and stuffing it into her mouth, her chewing audible and following up with a great slug of the liquor, her tankard also being replenished by the cult recruiter attendant who stood nearby. Bluebird gave her a quizzical look and raised a piece of the specified meat to eye level, examining it for any distinguishing signs that might verify Britta's assessment. Britta, ascertaining her analysis, shook her head in the negative before responding.

'You will not be able to tell by looking at it, you will be able to tell by the feeling.'

Bluebird raised a questioning eyebrow at Britta and then popped the meat into her mouth, chewing slowly and thoughtfully. Bluebird's eyes looked toward her as Britta herself descended into her own private reverie, remembering aspects of her own background as it related to the subject matter now at hand. She could remember her earliest memories from childhood when she had lived with her mother and siblings in the cold mountainous region which was once known as the state of West Virginia. Her geographic region in comparison to many others had been less affected by nuclear fallout due to the natural situation of the land and the arctic wind currents coming down from the north. At the same time, the remoteness of the region had become more treacherous in isolation and the people had become cut off and, like the animals, more vicious.

Her mother had no aptitude for hunting or trapping and so Britta's family had subsisted on the use of trickery to

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provide them with what they needed to survive. While the rest of them hid in the shadows of the trees, Britta's mother, a woman of comely appearance despite her hard and rustic lifestyle, would loiter near the main local travel route in the area which was once a logging road used to transport timber from the deep native forests to the rail yards that shipped it throughout the northeastern parts of the United States. From her vantage point on the rise of a hill she could see far down the old logging road as it dipped before curving and making its way toward the south. If more than one person could be seen along the road she would withdraw into the forest shadows along with her children, however, if a lone traveler approached she would utilize one or more ruses to lure them off the path and into her presence where they would swiftly become her victims.

For men she would use a sexual entreaty, for women, a promise of sharing a meal or deception regarding an alleged injury to her own children, thus playing on their motherly instincts and thus so entrap them. For children she would more often than not dispense with more elaborate methods and simply ambush them by force, a mimic whistle of a local bird coming from her mouth would summon Britta and the other children for assistance and aid should such be needed.

Once off the path by whatever method and whomever was so lured (or forcibly taken), Britta and the other children would move in for the kill, utilizing small and primitive but very sharp and decidedly lethal

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knives that they had fashioned from scrap metal found in the abandoned rail cars near the northernmost trail head of the logging road. As she entered into her fourth year Britta had moved from the small knives favored by her siblings to a stout club fashioned by nature from the broken-off root of an ancient tree, a bulbous knob at the end serving as the main business part of the primitive weapon.

Once dead, Britta's party would take their quarry deep into an obscure mountain hollow, reached through twisting and dangerous footpaths and situated so deep within the woods and hills that no one could hope to find it except their mother - even the children with their senses well-honed in the outdoors environment would be hard pressed to find the hollow on their own. To this effect, they never traveled alone.

Once secured in their hideout the corpse would be butchered by the mother alone, as the brute strength required to harvest the meat and cut through ligaments and muscles was beyond the physical ability of the children, of whom Britta was the eldest. They would help instead by collecting small bits of kindling to build the evening fire, which was contained within a recess at the base of a ridge, thousands of years of precipitation and erosion having formed a small passageway to the mountaintop and which acted as a flue for smoke that would rise once ignited, further protecting their area from detection and obscuring the location of the fire.

Once prepared, the cooking and eating of the raw meat was done simply, the larger parts being wrapped in wet leaves and placed directly in the fire for a longer and

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wanderizing cook, the choice morsels being skewered on small limbs and cooked by the children themselves or in some circumstances eaten raw. Whereas the eating of human flesh by Britta's mother had at one time been employed as an emergency survival method, after the death of Britta's father it had become the norm rather than the exception. The more she ate the more she wished to consume and the more her mind was overturned towards means and methods by which she might secure victims to provide her with this particular sustenance. The children had naturally assumed this posture by behavioral example yet it seemed more so that the practice of cannibalism itself, in some unknown fashion, provided a self-propelled impetus to continue. As time passed Britta's mother found herself ever isolated with her small brood, a misanthropy that accrued in an incremental fashion respective to each new victim. What is more, both she and her children found that as they became more vicious of mind they also became unnaturally strong in body.

Despite this strength, Britta at a still relatively tender age did not possess the navigational skills of her mother and on one dim afternoon in the hills she had been separated from her mother and siblings as they were carrying a body back to the hollow, having stayed behind along the bend of a trail to examine some small filaments of metallic dust that seemed to shine with an internal light, seemingly glowing despite the gray overcast day. Before she fully realized it she had become separated completely from her party, yet due to the

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seemingly small time period that had elapsed she felt that she would be able to follow the trail in order to catch up with them.

Her assessment had been wrong.

Before an hour had passed the pale sun had sunk behind the mountains and she found herself alone, lost and inhabiting total darkness. Only by blind luck did she manage to make her way back to the logging road and then walked, in darkness, unaware of her direction. By the time dawn arrived she was many miles away from the place on the logging road where she and her family had enacted so many ambushes and, unbeknownst to her, she had been heading south rather than north toward the railway, further confusing her sense of placement.

Seemingly by chance the first individuals that she had encountered had been a group of strange women, clothed in flowing, black robes, their hands upraised in some unknown worship as they walked along singing songs that Britta had never before heard. They had spotted her before she had a chance to withdraw to the treeline and despite the fact that her better judgment would have advised her to flee, she found herself strangely transfixed at the sight of these unusual pilgrims, almost as if under some enchantment. She thought briefly of the odd glowing substance that she had spied on the trail the prior afternoon, her preoccupation with which had been the lead-in to her present quandary. Being well established in her ninth

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year, that being in specific nine years of trickery and subsequent nine years of murder, she had a more honed sense of subterfuge than she did of direction and by dint of the same she half wondered if she had been the victim herself of a purposeful swindle, though the logistics of how such could have occurred was beyond her.

Her reminisces regarding her recent past was suddenly broken, like a spell, as one of the cult recruiters approached her and Bluebird as they sat on the divan beneath the poster of the commandant. Looking up, Britta saw that the cult recruiter before her was one of the first that she had seen those many weeks ago in the mountains, and via some implicit intimation Britta was almost sure that she knew upon what topic that she had been remembering, for a certain twinkling of the eyes and a slight curl of a grin seemed to pass her face before she turned her attention to Bluebird who sat attentively, her plate now completely bereft of the meat that had been proffered to her, human and otherwise, and her tankard drained. From the opening at the fire side of the room Bluebird and Britta could hear what sounded like a deep rumbling, however it did not seem to be from any thunder or impending storm as the tone was distinctively different, being much more immediate in its resonance.

'Come with me, Bluebird, Britta; we have something to show you.'

All the cult recruiters now stood together behind the young one which seemed to be their main representative, all staring intensely at the two girls with a sense of great expectancy, their features appearing

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somewhat maniacal in posture.

Britta raised herself from sitting posture first in one swift motion and then extended a hand down to Bluebird, assisting her up from the thick, soft blue divan. The gesture surprised Bluebird but she quickly took it in stride, as Britta was destined to be her close assistant then her action in this regard was well and proper. The head cult recruiter looked down upon them, smiling. The latter intended dynamics of their relationship were already beginning to come into early fruition after only a few short hours.

Britta and Bluebird glanced at each other briefly and intently before following the cult recruiters toward the door-size opening which was the source of the breezes that had entered the room throughout the afternoon. As they stepped out onto a covered balcony type area, closed except for an area which served as an observation window, slitted with heavy rebar, the distant rumbling became louder and more pronounced and Bluebird at once realized that it was the sound of hundreds of booted feet marching on the commander's parade ground. Bluebird glanced down out of the observation window but no troops could be seen, only a lone balaclava-clad internal security guard patrolling an otherwise empty concrete alleyway several stories below.

'Come, Bluebird,' beckoned one of the cult recruiters, gesturing her toward a stairwell at the far end of the balcony into which Britta and the other cult recruiters had already disappeared.

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After ascending four small flights of stairs Bluebird found herself within a large open-air observation center directly overlooking the commander's parade ground which had formerly served as a secure inmate recreational area in the years before the nuclear wars when the headquarters had served another purpose as a United States penitentiary, housing the most dangerous inmates within the federal prison system. On each of the four corners of the grounds rose high guard towers upon which huge surveillance lights were mounted, patrolled by small squads consisting of three armed internal security personnel per tower, each equipped with a high-powered sniper rifle in addition to the standard silenced MP5 that was the preferred weapon of choice among internal security. Now stationed within the observation center, both Bluebird and Britta felt the cold chill of the night air whipping against their faces and skin with brutal strength due to their raised position above the parade grounds, their organizational jumpers being little protection against the weather on the cloudless winter night. The sound of the marching boots was now nearly deafening, interspersed with the intermittent shrill barks of the drill masters and the aggregate sounds of assault rifles being shouldered and presented within the concourse of their drill.

The group of cult recruiters stood toward the back of the observation chamber beyond the terraced ledge that provided a view of the parade grounds below. Bluebird could not fully ascertain, however she saw, amidst their black robes rippling under the force of the wind

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currents, that certain of the cult recruiters looked to be shedding tears of some unknown elation or rapture, though it could have been caused by the exposure to weather, although her instincts argued against such a natural causation. What exactly the case may be Bluebird could still not ascertain yet she felt a distinctive chill as two of the cult recruiters separated themselves from the group and stationed themselves on either side of her and Britta, one grasping her arm and one grasping Britta's own and leading them, gently but firmly, slowly but persistently, toward the edge of the terrace within full sight of the as yet unseen marching organizational forces below.

Gradually and surely along with whispered words of encouragement coming from the cult recruiters which neither Bluebird nor Britta could decipher over the increasing roar from below, the two girls were brought forward until they stood at the very edge of the observation deck many stories above the field beneath them, a harsh and nearly blinding light beaming down from a directional surveillance apparatus installed above them within the fortress-like infrastructure of the former prison. Beneath them upon the parade grounds stood well over one hundred organizational personnel, all of whom were armed to the teeth, rows upon rows of shock troopers with bayoneted assault rifles flanked by squads of balaclava-clad internal security personnel. Upon raised platforms stationed intermittently along the periphery of the yard stood fiery-eyed drill masters, their bodies pulsating with poised violence and suffuse with unbridled fanaticism for the most pointed type of work

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within the commander's organization. At seemingly random spots throughout the yard away from the main contingent of personnel were small mobile signals intelligence units crouched near the ground as they commandeered their low-frequency radio equipment, wearing large backpacks carrying additional equipment out from which stout antennas projected and, protected by a signals intelligence unit, gunners stationed behind small piles of sandbags, manning large and lethal belt-fed machine-guns within the training mock-ups meant to mirror field conditions.

As the two girls and the two cult recruiters which accompanied them entered the lit area at the edge of the observation deck and became visible to the troops in the parade grounds below, a particularly violent drill master, helmeted and wearing dark glasses, heavily muscled and thickly mustached, raised a thick wooden baton and shouted an indiscernible order from his position at the top of a raised platform stationed along the left flank of the contingent of armed organizational personnel. The marching soldiers began to turn in a complicated formation while the small teams of signals intelligence stationed throughout the stadium area withdrew from their machinations in relation to their equipment and stood at rigid attention, facing the direction of the observation deck upon which the girls and the cult recruiters stood in full view of the troops below.

The armed organizational personnel continued their complicated marching maneuvers, the long black lines of brute human strength stretching out across the field in

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twisted and bleak patterns beneath the cold star-filled sky above them, shouldering and presenting their rifles frequently in strict unison. The main drill master raised his baton high above him once again before rapping it forcefully upon the railing of his platform and then proceeding to press a button upon a small electrical apparatus beside him, at which point shrill alarm sirens began to emit from all corners of the parade ground, further adding to the unnerving din of the marching bodies. On the far side of the parade ground two separated ports ground opened with a scream of metal raking upon metal, revealing dark tunnels leading to subterranean areas of the commander's headquarters. These areas had once been utilized as storage facilities but had now been sequestered for the training of specialized closed units in preparation for an event centered around the formal unveiling of a new weapon within the organization's arsenal to be held at headquarters, an event which had only recently been announced within the organization in general but for which preparations had been ongoing for quite some time. Even still, despite that the date for an organization-wide event held at headquarters had been announced, no one except for those participating in the most confidential preparations for the same knew the details of what the purpose of the event was - and even among those sectors information was highly compartmentalized.

Bluebird squinted her eyes against the glaring of the spotlights, straining to detect any signs of movement from within the darkened corridors which had just been

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opened on the far side of the parade grounds. The armed organizational personnel's marching pattern began to change as the many diverse circles and columns began to form into two central columns which marched with their faces toward the observation chamber looming above them, widening the gap between them and forming a corridor leading from the base of the observation structure to the two black openings at the far end of the field. With a resounding snap, the marching armed organizational personnel halted in position, solidifying into two long black lines forming a living breathing roadway between the base of the observation chamber and the far end of the parade grounds. As the shock troop regiments and internal security guard units halted, the drill masters also ceased their barking of commands, turning an about face toward the observation chamber, their gazes turned upward onto the spotlighted terrace where Bluebird, Britta and the cult recruiters watched them and their troops reciprocally.

The entire parade ground was now suddenly enveloped in a tense silence, all armed organizational personnel members on the field standing in rigid military stance facing toward the observation chamber. As Bluebird continued to squint in the direction of the far end of the parade ground she could feel warm flesh against her right hand and she glanced down to see that Britta had by some automatic gesture grasped her hand in her own. Bluebird pumped her hand once to verify her acknowledgment and Britta looked up at her, the younger girl's eyes wide in a reactive response somewhat akin to terror in the circumstance which she

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found herself in now, which no picture books showed to her on a rutted roadside in former West Virginia by cult recruiters could have ever prepared her for. Yet, in the same instance, Bluebird saw that a careening psychotic strain lay beneath that look of terror, as well as a cold pragmatism that made Bluebird cognizant that Britta was, as she was herself, aware that all that lay before them now might be utilized as vehicles of their own violence under the auspices of the commandant's mission.

In the silence there could be discerned the unmistakable sound of marching feet approaching, coming up from the bowels of the former prison along the dual tunnel routes. The sound was distinctively different from the former ministrations of the armed organizational personnel who now stood stationary and silent. Rather than the unbridled and brutal din of martial repression made by the hundred-some armed organizational personnel earlier during their drill maneuvers, the sounds coming closer and ever closer from within the tunnels was of a more subdued note, yet no less intimidating nature.

The muffled footsteps from within the tunnels became more prominent as the first contingent of persons, two-abreast, emerged from the entrance-ways of both of the tunnels into the light of the parade grounds. The individuals emerging from the right tunnel were of absolute alien appearance, dressed from head to foot in large white hazardous material suits obscuring from view any idea of their identity, sex or natural

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physical form. After ever third or fourth line of two abreast could be seen others equally attired manually pulling low trolleys upon which sat large metal barrels painted blue and marked BIOHAZARD, along with other written and symbolic insignia such as the dreaded skull and crossbones denoting the extreme danger of their contents.

'HAZARDOUS AND INFECTIOUS MATERIALS', 'CORROSIVE' and 'POISONOUS' were stamped on the side of some, the beginning telltale signs of the corrosive material eating through the metal lids themselves apparent on several barrels while others of a sickly yellowish color were stamped 'Radiation Hazard.' This hitherto alien force, attired in the practical anonymity of their bulbous hazmat suits and pulling behind them the building blocks of a myriad and potentially vast number of area denial weapons trod forward through the black-clad ranks of the armed organizational personnel beneath flags colored a light bluish color in hue, upon which was imprinted an insignia in black consisting of an outline of a human figure from the middle-chest level up with a bluish starburst extending outward from an area between the heart and the throat. Its design by sight intimated the horrors of acute and fatal toxicity, mutagenicity, target organ toxicity and reproductive toxicity.

A separate contingent had marched out of the tunnel to the left, consisting of persons equally clothed in white hazmat suits yet of a more close-fitting and lower-grade variety in terms of protection, bereft of the heavy air-

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circulation apparatus and large hermetically sealed square-shaped and impermeable aluminized shell SCBA face-shields of their compatriots and instead equipped with standard black gas masks covering their heads, the white on black contrast giving them an aura of some ghastly humanoid, insect-like beings infused with an anger and will to repress beyond all known human and ethical limits. Dual bandoliers bearing rows of small, can-shaped gas grenades crossed their chests and on either side of their hips rode two machine pistols along with an open bolt blowback-operated submachine gun attached on riggings of nylon belts that hung on the sides of their chests. On their backs were strapped sharpened entrenching tools.

Britta and Bluebird watched with rapt attention as the two units marched forward between the other armed organizational personnel, their white hazmat suits forming two white lines amongst a sea of black. Finally they too reached the base foundation of the observation chamber and their lines stopped, the chemical handlers lined directly in front of Bluebird and the more conventionally armed contingent in gas masks lined directly in front of Britta. The cult recruiter beside Bluebird leaned toward the girls, addressing them both.

'One day soon, Bluebird, you will command these forces,' nodding her head toward the amassed armed organizational personnel on the parade ground which, now with the addition of the recently formed chemical, radiological, biological and nuclear units, numbered well over two hundred persons.

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'These here,' the cult recruiter pointed toward the column of hazmat-suited personnel beneath their pale blue flags, addressing Bluebird, 'are your personal unit.' 'Those,' the cult recruiter addressed Britta, pointing toward the second column, equipped for contaminant dangerous environments yet also heavily armed in the conventional sense, 'will be under your command, Britta, armed chemical squadrons, which you will lead as Bluebird's iron right hand.'

A particularly strong wind whipped through the observation chamber and the black ribbon that held Bluebird's hair, the tie of which had gradually become loosened during the course of her evening in the company of Britta and the cult recruiters, came undone, careening wildly in the wind-currents before descending, like a black feather, toward the parade grounds below. It floated gently downward for several seconds before falling to rest upon the concrete-covered earth, several paces from a balaclava-clad internal security personnel member. Without any hesitation the internal security personnel member strode forward and retrieved the ribbon, grasping it in his leather-gloved hand and touching it to his forehead in respect before marching toward the hazmat-suited personnel member closest to him who carried the standard of Bluebird's unit. With a careful motion the hazmat-uniformed personnel member lowered the banner and the internal security guard took the ribbon and tied it upon the peak of the flag pole. As the standard-bearer raised the flag, once again the winds blew harder still, the blue flag rippling in the brutal, cold air currents.

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Upon the terrace of the observation center Bluebird herself stood wild-eyed, her short hair, now unbound, blowing wildly and giving her an electric, maniacal appearance. Behind and on either side of her and Britta the cult recruiters, with their black robes billowing around them, seemed to the armed organizational security personnel below to appear like some species of evil flittermice keeping watch over their leaders. With an automatic sense of command Bluebird raised both of her hands into the air in salutation, her right hand, still grasping Britta's, causing it too to rise into the air in salutation to the armed chemical squadrons which would become her personal force and to all the assembled armed organizational personnel on the parade grounds. The amassed organization members responded with a deafening roar that echoed through the yard in a visceral sign of allegiance.

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CHAPTER 25

It had been several hours since Wendy and the lieutenant had picked up the supplies from the quartermaster's wagon and headed into the woods. Although Wendy had lived in the mountains all of her life she was not aware of the path that was being taken by the lieutenant, which seemed to meander along the base of a ridge, sometimes running beside a small stream that gurgled and splashed along, its water a cold transparent black within the night's darkness. In time however their meandering path led them to a rocky gulley at the base of a foaming waterfall and at this landmark Wendy became situated as to her present whereabouts. The waterfall was a place well beloved by the local people, with the continual fresh water from the melting of the snow being free of large amounts of trace radiation, the locals being well acclimatized at present to whatever small traces it might contain. Beautiful patches of mountain laurel grew throughout the rocky ridges and sandy beach at the bottom of the falls and Wendy herself remembered with fondness the last time that she had visited this place, although it had been too long, for

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as she had grown older her days and nights had become much more supervised and structured. Rather than exploring at her ease as she once did she found herself increasingly confined to the area directly around the engineering center, trading the freedom and green and open spaces of her mountain haunts for the grime, filth and secrecy of the converted warehouse.

Whereas the waterfalls gave all who came into their presence a sense of wonder and joy, although certainly possessing an atmosphere of mystery, the tunnel into the rocks that lay nearby, down a wide, gently sloping road, had a fell reputation and was avoided by all of the children in the area. This tunnel, called the stumphouse tunnel in years gone by, had been an aborted project during the nineteenth century. Immigrants from across the Atlantic ocean had begun the tunneling into the rock with the intention of the spot being the beginning of a railroad that, once out of the mountains, would traverse many states. This intention was never realized however as the tunneling was halted at the beginning of civil strife and military conflict that divided the country and lasted for many years. By the time the war had ended the immigrants who had begun the task of the tunnel were long gone, dead in the fighting or having decamped to areas far beyond the location of the tunnel, which was in those days a hotbed of political unrest.

What was left was never utilized for its intended purpose, an abandoned monstrosity consisting of a great black opening into the mountain that led into an unlit tunnel extending several thousand feet into the rock. Around fifty yards into the tunnel was an air shaft

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drilled into the roof, extending sixty feet up to the mountain slope causing a constant breeze that flowed out of the tunnel, strong enough that it could be felt many paces from the entrance. In the years prior to the onset of the nuclear wars a locked iron gate was built near the air shaft to keep explorers out of the innermost section of the tunnel, which had a reputation for being a place of danger, with falling rocks frequently injuring and sometimes killing those who had ventured within. As well, although it was less known, the innermost area beyond having a reputation for natural danger had also become a fixation for unsavory elements who utilized the area for an out-of-the-way and hard-to-reach spot for engaging in various illegal activities. At various times during the several hundred years since it was built, the nefarious activities that had occurred there indicated the breadth and scope of some men for possessing an indomitable desire to act in ways transgressive to the rule of law and society, being a site where acts as innocent as illicit intoxication among groups of youth to more capital offenses such as murder and aggravated child molestation enacted by lone schizophrenics and career criminals had taken place.

In the years that led up to the nuclear wars and during the most horrible days after the last barrage of missiles had landed, plunging the world into the darkness of a radioactive, nuclear winter, the area had served as the base for the most survivalist-minded among the mountain folk who utilized the fortification as a spot to hide themselves away as chaos descended around them. The newer people in the mountains - those

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who had begun to inhabit the area for decades because of its scenic beauty and rural charm yet possessing no real ties to the land - had died early on from starvation or sickness, purposefully attempting to travel to more populated areas and in the process going outside of the natural safety zone from nuclear fallout that the particular region of the mountains afforded.

Those who had stayed behind quickly became victims of the more native among the mountain folk for whom the interlopers who had moved in from the cities were easy prey indeed. While the patriarchs of their luxury homes were summarily executed, some choice targets among the bourgeois households such as young daughters or infants who might be raised for labor were abducted in the course of their raids. Some of these were taken deep into the stumphouse tunnel and dispatched, oftentimes after lengthy months of systematic torture and sexual and psychological abuse, their death being offerings to a strange and hideous god whom the mountain folk had begun to worship in light of the nuclear wars, when the old faiths of their forefathers began to fade along with their former hopes and dreams for the future.

The hideous and new god that they worshiped now, called Gaubni, represented new hopes and dreams - aspirations that fit in with the ultra-violent post-apocalyptic state of affairs in the deep wilderness. In time, as the pointed chaos directly before and after the nuclear wars began to transition into a more stable and grueling state of anarchy, the stumphouse tunnel was

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once more abandoned as the mountain survivalists who had inhabited it moved out, free now of any threat of fallout and years enough past that the necessity for their thieves' den having expired. Many of them decamped to their old home sites if they still existed or moved on. The most hardcore of them stayed in the area and became, decades into the future, the core population of the mountain region under the strict control of the commander and his organization, in whom the mountain folk found a solid allegiance which had continued to endure.

The cult of their strange god, named Gaubni, went underground during the changes that took place when the population first came under the commander's authority, not for any sense that there was a great contradiction to be found in the ethos (if it could be called that) between the visions of the two but more out of a sense of instinctive concealment and preservation. The stumphouse tunnel was now the main visitation place for the secretive cult, only which a filament of devotion had continued since the old days around the time of the nuclear holocaust. Many within the mountain region were not even aware of the cult's existence, however the tunnel itself and the area surrounding it, anything beyond the waterfalls, had an evil reputation via stories that had been passed down from generation to generation as to its hideous qualities and the monstrous entities which lived inside, always looking to entrap erstwhile people. Wendy herself had grown up on these horror stories and, despite the fact that many believed the cult to be separate from the commander's

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organization, it had in fact been absorbed into the control of organizational intelligence and psychological operations units in the early days of the occupation and carefully tended to since that time.

Within several minutes of arrival at the waterfall, the lieutenant could ascertain a noticed change in atmosphere and an enhanced dynamic between himself and the young girl who accompanied him. A charged apprehensiveness suffused the area, black with darkness and lit only by the celestial stars within the firmament, as the lieutenant had kept his kerosene-soaked torches in reserve for their expedition into the tunnel which lay further ahead, the domicile of Gaubni, his patron deity.

The lieutenant observed with appreciation how Wendy was able to keep pace with him during their hike through the woods almost without effort, quite a feat considering her considerably slighter frame. Nevertheless, the lieutenant considered that she had no doubt traveled these or similar paths many times in her life. He had for many years now lusted after the girls of the mountain region, a particular forbidden fruit not in the sense that they could not be enjoyed but that they could not be brought out - and by dint of the commander's demands on his time the lieutenant was never domiciled near the area of the engineering center for more than a week at a time. Sometimes in the past when a particular girl had taken his fancy and he could not bear the thought of leaving her for some other lesser organizational member to handle and possess after he had gone, he would take them to the altar of Gaubni at the end of the same tunnel which he now approached

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and sacrifice them - never to be seen or heard from again in the mountain regions around the engineering center. In these cases he would take himself a souvenir from his sacrificial victim as an amulet, usually in the form of a severed finger which he would wrap carefully in thick leather and carry with him during the course of his performing various more military-style atrocities elsewhere within the organization's territories. He himself had been far from the first to perform human sacrifice at the altar and as long as organizational intelligence and psychological operations units continued to pour time and resources into making sure that the cult continued to thrive, albeit covertly, he would be far from the last.

Wendy would be the first child that he had taken into the stumphouse tunnel in over two years' time and as the case might be she would be the first child that he had ever intended to take out again, congruent to his purpose of smuggling her outside of the organization's mountain territory. Though he had longed for procuring one of the mountain girls as his own personal concubine for some time, he had never acted on his burning desire for whatever reason. What made this circumstance and this girl in particular the one exception he could not readily ascertain, however he had been feeling more and more of a sinister elation ever since the conference where the new weapon was unveiled and the commandant showed herself in the flesh within the organization for the first time, creating in him a sense of license hitherto unexperienced prior. He could feel with no mistake or

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misunderstanding whatsoever that a new era was dawning among the organization with the public appearance of cult figures that had only been worshiped remotely before and with the promise of a great outpouring of violence at whatever point the new weapon would be tested. That he would be in charge of transporting the warheads from the engineering center to headquarters was a great honor and one that further cemented his position as the commander's favorite; he felt that no time was ripe like the present to avail himself of the young flesh of a mountain girl whom had succeeded in capturing his imagination like none other to date. On this night she would be exposed to a particularly more brutal side of his affections than she had experienced earlier in her tent at the encampment. With these thoughts on his mind he reached down and gently stroked the back of her jacket, causing her to turn and peer up at him with her twinkling child eyes from within the hood of her jacket. Yes, it was going to be an interesting night indeed.

Before long they reached the wide, graveled road that led down a gentle slope toward the mouth of the tunnel. Having been carefully inculcated with the myths surrounding this area and the alleged monstrosities that lay within and the belief that it should be avoided at all costs, Wendy felt a chill run up her spine. What did this situation intimate? Was the lieutenant fooling her, leading her along with promises of taking her out of the mountain territory, vowing to execute an act without precedent, only to soften her up so that he could lead her into the bowels of the rock and kill her without struggle?

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She had heard the stories, as had all the children, and she knew as well as anyone else in the mountain territory that children who went out into these areas at night were seldom seen again. She could remember from a very young age a rumor about some other young girls disappearing, young girls that were around the same age as herself at present.

As they neared the mouth of the tunnel she could feel the ever-present wind gusting from within, a phantom breeze that presented itself to her as both a sign and a warning, for this was the first time that she had ever been directly in the presence of the tunnel's opening. Though the stories about the evil winds that emanated from within without any known explanation were well known to her, tonight was her first experience of the same. She let out a slight whimper which caused the lieutenant to turn to her, wearing a leering grin upon his combat-hardened face. They stood some twenty feet away from the tunnel's entrance now and the lieutenant stopped, removing a torch from his supplies and with a knock of flint while grasping its stem between his legs and lighting it, causing an instant flame to catch from the fuel-soaked rags which the quartermaster had prepared during the late afternoon before their departure. Great billows of smoke rose up into the air from the filthy reconstituted fuel, bathing him and Wendy in a hellish and smoky glow. The torch's flame visibly blew back at an angle, resistant to the cold breeze that emanated ultimately from the air shaft within, though the lieutenant did nothing to dispel Wendy's native superstition. Whatever discrepancy there might be

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between what she had been told about this place and the reality, she would herself experience her fair degree of trauma on this night, which was to be her initiation into the cult of the Great Demon, even though she herself did not yet know it. Let her decide how what she had been told and what she would experience were congruent or no.

The lieutenant raised his torch into the air and with his other hand grasped Wendy's own firmly, pulling her along while marching in a steady gait toward the entrance of the tunnel. The little girl let out another, more pronounced whimper in protest and began to pull back from his grasp, to which the lieutenant responded by releasing her hand, whirling to face her and grabbing an area near her shoulder.

Even through the ample padding of her baby brigade field jacket, the lieutenant's iron grasp easily managed to pinch the pressure point to which he had instinctively aimed.

The little girl's whimper caught in her throat at the searing pain and she felt herself being forced down to her knees. The lieutenant knelt down in front of her, his hand still grasping her shoulder within his excruciating grip as Wendy's ruddy face began to turn white under the strain. It did not require a lengthy diatribe on the lieutenant's part to make her understand that she was going to go into the tunnel one way or the other as his steely eyes bored into her own. The lieutenant raised one eyebrow and Wendy nodded in acquiescence to the unspoken demand which his gesture intimated. Respond

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properly, obey, proceed.

With that he released her shoulder, grasped her hand once again in his own and the pair of them proceeded through the arched entrance-way and into darkness.

Within only a few minutes of entering the tunnel, both the lieutenant and his young charge were ensconced in an inky blackness all around them, the light from the torch serving to illuminate the area directly around them yet obscuring what lay ahead. Wendy turned briefly to look behind her, with the consideration that this might be her last chance to look upon anything except the eldritch passageway into which her fell guardian was now inexorably leading her. She could see clearly in the distance that the faint circular outline of the tunnel's entrance had grown to a small pinpoint, their procession into the rock of the mountain being firm and steady. The lieutenant walked with purpose and with no hesitancy despite the treacherous path, for he had gone this way many times before, the walk now surging his mind with memories of the many times he had gone to this place, sometimes with a sacrificial victim and sometimes with lesser offerings befitting the mode of darkness, during which he would engage in solitary meditation upon his deity. As Wendy walked along she every so often gazed up at the lieutenant, attempting to determine his mood and thoughts, however there was no succor in her vision as the lieutenant's expression was unreadable, though his face, stone-hard and gleaming in the open flame of the torch-light and the smoke from its fuel-soaked flames gave him a distinctively demonic

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visage.

The tunnel was relatively quiet beyond the soft tread of their booted feet as they made their way forward. The soft drip of water running down the stone sides of the tunnel could be heard softly and Wendy noticed that small streams of this black cold liquid flowed by them on either side of their path. Wendy thought that on occasion she could hear the distant flapping of bat wings, however she was unsure if the sound was real, a trick of the strange environment or something more sinister in nature altogether. Eventually they reached the point, several hundred yards in, where the air shaft had been drilled down from the mountain above into the tunnel. A few feet beyond it lay the iron gate to the innermost area of the tunnel, still closed but its locks having been broken long, long ago.

Wendy stared up into the ceiling of the tunnel, her face turned toward the air shaft. Cold mountain air blew down upon her face. The lieutenant released his grasp on her hand and strode forward, opening the iron gate before them and beckoning her on, which she did without question or hesitancy this time around. She was now far into the tunnel and should she desire to attempt to escape at this point her efforts would have come to naught, for the faint light of the night sky visible from the opening before was now long gone, their progression not only being too far to view such a sight but also obscured via their almost imperceptible yet steady descent. Her chances stumbling around in the darkness attempting to escape from her predatory minder did not seem stacked in her favor. As she had made it this far in,

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she considered that she may as well meet whatever fate awaited her with a degree of dignity, what little solace that was.

She entered first and the lieutenant pressed her forward with a hand on her back before reaching back and closing the gate behind him. She could feel his hand intently and though his grip upon her prior to entering the tunnel had been one of violent warning she could tell without any mistake that his mind now fixated upon more lustful pursuits, even if they be laced generously with the additive of cruelty.

Wendy and the lieutenant walked forward into the tunnel, his hand still upon her back, until she could see at the far end the beginning of the end of the tunnel through the flickering light of the torch. Grasping another unlit torch from his pack the lieutenant lit it upon the one already burning and, walking forward, stationed one on either side of the tunnel's end, illuminating the rocky surface of the tunnel's wall.

The first thing that Wendy noticed was that there was a line of human skulls on the rocky surface of the tunnel's floor, many of them obviously the skulls of full-grown adults yet some decidedly intimidating the heads of adolescents and others, even smaller, denoting that the sacrifice of infants had taken place in this area. Other bones of various degree were piled willy-nilly around the area of the altar, some of them, as well as some of the skulls, still possessing old flesh, sapped of the majority of its moisture, stretching nauseatingly across their skeletal frames. At the center of the shrine was a great

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black idol that was featureless in appearance but undeniably horrific in demeanor. A strange and blasphemous glow seemed to emanate from the black stone from which it had been wrought, polished by the dripping water from the fissures in the rock above and charged relentlessly by blood sacrifices performed by its secretive cult. At the base of the idol stood a great slab of rock standing several feet off from the ground. On its side and along its base thick leather manacles fortified by polished steel had been attached with deep spikes hammered in and securing it to the stone base. Telltale signs of blood could be seen clearly on its rough gray surface.

Having secured the torches on either side of the altar the lieutenant turned toward Wendy, his face suddenly pale in concentration and veneration toward his patron deity, a cold sweat dripping down his brow. Though Wendy had long been inculcated into the horrors that lay within the stumphouse tunnel, tales that ultimately rested with the combined mythos created by mountain inhabitants long ago and engineered further by organizational intelligence and psychological operations units, she somehow found the stationary nature of the altar which stood before her to be more terrifying on a concrete level. Though the sort of beasts and atrocities which had been spread about the tunnel and what lay within it had been known to her for many years, the presence of skulls and bones around the altar, indicating a very concrete cult of death, caused her skin to crawl. Though the situation of the tunnel was decidedly cold and well-aired, even more so due to the presence of a

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second air shaft that lay just above the idol of the Great Demon itself, she felt a feeling of suffocation coming on her, the air thick and heavy and with a blasphemous stench that seemed to grow as each slow tedious minute passed before the lit area of the central altar.

With a brief verbal command the lieutenant instructed Wendy to shed her overcoat and seat herself cross-legged before the altar of Gaubni. The little girl reciprocated to his request immediately, her eyes stationed unblinking upon the idol before her. With small, tender hands, Wendy unzipped and removed her outer jacket, folding it carefully and placing it on the ground to the side of the stone altar, its black insulated fabric resting gently against the line of skeletal remains that served as the border between the stone altar and the area beyond in which resided the idol, an impenetrable barrier upon which no human would or should cross lest he or she be in the trance of the Great Demon himself.

As Wendy sat staring into the inconceivable face of the idol before her she could feel her consciousness twisting and churning in a fashion that she had never experienced until this point. She felt herself, just being in the presence of the deity for only a few minutes, to have stepped across a irrevocable threshold - the confrontation between herself and this alien power in itself an act of initiation into something altogether different than she had ever known. It was within this state of consciousness that she felt her left arm being lifted gently from its station in her lap and positioned upon the cold stone of the altar, the clasping sleeve of her tactical battle-ready jacket being unbuttoned and her

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sleeve being gently raised, revealing a thin but wiry arm, its skin a milky white due to her almost constant habitation as of late within the manufactured confines of the commander's engineering center.

With a swift motion the lieutenant withdrew the large survival knife from his belt, the frighteningly oversized proportions of which were accentuated in intimidation by its bleak, black-painted blade which was effected for covert purposes, the only testament of its tempered steel constitution being the gleam along the blade which shone in the light of the flaming torches, its razor-sharp edge horrible in nature and appearance. He held it in front of Wendy's face, forcing her to divert her gaze from the deity of the Great Demon onto the fleshly demon before her as he presented the instrument of her own potential premature demise.

The lieutenant pinned Wendy's arm to the sacrificial stone and without warning brought down the large survival knife in an expert arc, cutting a jagged line across her small wrist and palm. The slash was executed carefully so as to not be fatal, yet still the razor-like properties of the knife could be seen as the cut first appeared pale before the flesh blossomed open and a steady stream of blood began to flow. At the pain and sudden shock Wendy thought that she had screamed, however, although her mouth had opened, no sound had come from her throat as she sat, transfixed at the blood oozing steadily from her hand. The lieutenant released her arm and with a similar motion cut a slash across his own wrist and palm, his own blood coming

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forth with great large drops like the rain from a storm cloud.

The lieutenant sat down beside her, wrapping his legs around her middle and massaging her non-existent breasts with one hand while forcing his bleeding wrist up to her mouth. She began to choke and spit as the hot liquid ran inexorably down her throat, hot tears of panic and confusion running down her face, intermingling with the recent juices of her now blood-stained mouth. The lieutenant removed himself, standing and rummaging among a pile of mixed bones and rubble nearby. Wendy had raised herself up into kneeling position, cradling her injured arm with her good one. Although the blood loss had been significant, the flow had already begun to congeal with now only small rivulets dripping from her arm onto the stone altar and the base around it.

The lieutenant had found what he had been looking for and sprung back into her line of vision, his eyes wild and crazed, a great leering grin stretched across his face. He grabbed Wendy's injured arm and pressed her wound against his own, clumsily tying their wrists together with a small leather thong that he had retrieved from the pile of debris only a few minutes ago.

'See this, Wendy, see it!' Wendy watched as her blood and the lieutenant's began to commingle with one another.

'This marks you not only as my concubine but indeed as my very wife! And I your husband! Say it, Wendy, confirm before the Great Demon! Confirm our

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union!

'I am your wife!' The little girl's voice sounded small and pathetic in comparison to the booming commands of the lieutenant who crouched before her in a state of pure and unbridled psychosis.

'And I am your husband!' The lieutenant shouted the words, their echo reverberating throughout the stumphouse tunnel, the echoed responses peeling off the rock as if his own voice was but one of many.

The lieutenant unwrapped the thong from their hands and cut it in twain with his knife, taking one half and tying it around Wendy's wrist and the other around his own. 'Before long, my little wife, I will get us both a charm to attach to these, the symbols of our truth. However, for now, it is now time to consummate before the Great Demon.'

Wendy was aware enough that she understood his meaning, the pain from the wound having begun to subside and her mind now focused on what had just taken place. The commingling of blood, especially before an altar or a high official within the organization was the standard form of marriage in the organizational territories - its bonds were irrevocable. Not only had she been promised to be the travel companion of the lieutenant and be taken out of the area of the engineering center, but now she found herself bound together by marriage, oath and blood to this violent and powerful man. She could not help but feel herself swoon in ecstasy over her good fortune and suddenly the confines of the tunnel did not seem as horrible as they did before, because she knew that now that they had been joined

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together that he would not kill her after all. Yet, at the foreknowledge that their conjugal conjoining under the bounds of marriage would now take place, she gulped and steadied herself for whatever type and style of ministrations might come.

As Wendy considered her immediate future, the lieutenant busily rummaged through the sack which he had carried with him and which the quartermaster had prepared for them prior to their departure. He removed another two stout torches and lit them off the one already burning to the left corner, placing them in holders stationed on either side of the stone altar. Now the area around the deity of the Great Demon was brightly lit, the idol's black surface gleaming greasy and unnerving in the illumination of the torch light.

Next, the lieutenant removed a small leather package, placing it on the altar before Gaubni, then a small package of dried meat, next a bladder of strong mountain liquor. As he set each item before the deity, with his left hand he rung a small bell which signified that the item was being offered. After he had finished he would remove the item once more, placing it on the ground next to the altar. Having finished offering the liquor, the lieutenant removed the cap from the wine-bladder and took a long pull of the fiery beverage before proffering it to Wendy who, particularly in mind that the already eventful evening might be even more long and vigorous than she had expected in relation to her recent nuptials, took into herself a pull of the alcohol at least as deep as had the lieutenant, causing her to sputter and gasp as she removed the flagon from her soft, blood-

stained lips.

Their preliminary libations having been established, the lieutenant moved in on his tender bride with the speed and efficiency of a wilderness beast cornering its prey. It took only a moment to shift her from her kneeling position to have her bent over, knees on the ground, her stomach and chest flat upon the stone surface of the altar which had only recently been the site of their marriage ritual. Now the more visceral aspect of their binding would take place.

The lieutenant spread her arms out in front of her and to her sides, fastening them securely with the leather manacles that had been driven into the stone of the altar with large steel spikes. This having been effected he followed suit by unfastening and pulling down her baby brigade tactical uniform pants and her panties beneath, allowing them to pool near the pits of her knees before spreading her thighs and manacled both to the backside of the stone altar. The lieutenant's manhood roused fierce at the sight of her shamefully exposed buttocks, with the hint of her sex peaking out from between them due to her forced spread position. Wendy, now his bride, allowed herself to be bound without any struggle and, once manacled in, struggle was in fact impossible, as she lightly tested her bonds and found that even the slightest movement was beyond her ability thus restrained. She rested her head on its side, her cheek upon the cold stone of the altar. From this vantage point she was able to glance back to see the lieutenant as he finished strapping her in, testing the bonds. All around her lay the pathetic skeletal remains of the sacrificial victims that had been

offered to Gaubni. How many of them were children of her own age? How many of them had been offered by the lieutenant himself, her husband?

The lieutenant proceeded toward the far corner of the tunnel where upon a large metal hook drilled into the rock hung a long and vicious leather strap, its proportions frighteningly thick and its edges and surface well-oiled as to avoid any damage via the moisture of the area. This object had been in the cult of Gaubni before even the organization had ingratiated itself into and eventually took over control of the same. It had always resided in the stumphouse tunnel and was never removed despite the fact that no one guarded it, nor the hideous deity to which its usage it was consecrated. No one in the mountains, even those with skeptical minds, would have considered for a moment removing an item that was considered to be a possession of the deity. Like others who had wielded it before him, the lieutenant only made use of it at the Great Demon's allowance, it was never his possession or the possession of any other than the Great Demon himself.

Wendy gulped as she viewed the lieutenant stalking around the tunnel from the corner of her eyes, hefting the great leather strap to test its weight. Though she had been the object of many beatings in her few years she had never seen, much less been the recipient of, an item of such calculated menace as the one held by the lieutenant now, nor had she received such punitive ministrations by an individual such as the lieutenant who was well-known even in the relative obscurity of the organization's mountain territory for his ultra-

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violence and sadistic excesses.

She turned her head slightly, peering up at him with pleading eyes as he stationed himself behind her, the strap in his hands. From beneath his thick mustache Wendy believed that she could ascertain that he was mouthing some words which were unknown to her, only the barest whisper reaching her ears. His eyes were intent upon the deity as he spoke his unknown incantation and then they fell onto her, his eyes roving hungrily over her exposed flesh and then locking onto her own, their gaze frozen together for a split second before he raised his hand holding the strap and then bringing it down upon her naked and exposed flesh with a resounding pop that echoed throughout the tunnel.

The sound of the leather strap meeting bare flesh was followed immediately by a piercing scream from Wendy. Though she had found it impossible to audibly express herself earlier when the lieutenant's survival knife had slashed across her upraised wrist and palm, she found that her lungs had reasserted themselves as the cruel and evil leather strap of the Great Demon, Gaubni, slashed itself in a similar fashion across the innocent flesh of her upturned backside and the exposed parts of her upper legs. The lashes came again and again, all expertly aimed, however the length of the strap was such that it caused the end to not only strike its target but curl around her flesh as well, causing the most painful strikes against the sides of her legs and the lowest parts of her back. The lieutenant's pacing was relentless with no more than five seconds elapsing between one lash and the next, her screams following apace which seemed to

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electrify the environment - the sounds of pain and molestation via discipline being sucked up by the idol of the Great Demon in a frenzied state of vampiric feeding.

Though Wendy had begun the punishment with her head turned back toward the lieutenant, eying him as he moved in to strike, she found this position now too painful, a crick in her neck adding to the more arduous injury that she was receiving on the opposite end. To that effect and due to the fact that she no longer wished to see and predict when each strike would fall, she had jutted her face forward, straining with all her might against the bonds so that her face stared toward the base of the idol before her. To her disgust and surprise she saw that the otherwise formless idol possessed one noticeably attribute, namely a large protruding male sexual member also of the same polished black rock form which the rest of the Great Demon's effigy had been forged.

The merciless beating continued for what seemed like hours, all sense of time and proportion passing as Wendy's head began to droop, her screams of protest becoming hoarse and then degenerating into soft whimpers and cries, the tears from her eyes flowing copiously and further commingling with the blood which had been smeared upon her mouth from the lieutenant's wound, giving her the ghastly appearance of some young ghoul recently returned from a nocturnal assignation. Her buttocks had become swollen red orbs before marbling into the black and blue of heavy bruising with faint lines of red where the edges of the heavy strap had broken the skin. Despite the seemingly

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endless duration of the punishment it had been in fact less than half an hour's time since the lieutenant had begun, the efficiency of her flesh's ruination being enhanced by his prodigiously consistent pacing. As the blows of the strap continued to fall, her entire body was forced forward against the stone of the altar, the torque of the lieutenant's blows and the heaviness of the leather strap driving her small frame forward painfully against the unyielding surface of the altar.

All of a sudden the beating ceased, with Wendy so barely aware that she could only slightly register the fact that she could no longer hear the sound of the leather pummeling her naked flesh. Exhausted and spent of all energy, her posterior throbbing in pain, she turned her head from the idol before her and once again rested her cheek upon the cold stone of the altar. At that very moment and suddenly from far above her and the lieutenant came a hideous ghostly wail, seeming to emanate from the second air shaft located directly behind the idol of the Great Demon itself. This sound was immediately joined by the sound of the lieutenant bursting forth in a great peal of maniacal laughter, the sound of which careened and bounced off the walls of the tunnel, his eyes rolled back into his head, spittle dribbling from his mouth as his face turned upward toward the roof of the cavern.

According to the tradition of the cult of the Great Demon in the organization's mountain territory, an omer, often auditory, would accompany Gaubni's acceptance of an offering or sacrifice. In this case the hideous wail that had echoed throughout the tunnel

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indicated that the offering of pain which had been culled from the little girl whom the lieutenant had brought for joining before the idol had been accepted, wrested from her by the leather punishment strap which had been utilized in his service for generations upon generations. Now Wendy was not only the lieutenant's bride but, as well, a fellow traveler in the cult of the the Great Demon, accepted by a sign from the Great Demon himself.

The lieutenant proceeded to the far corner of the tunnel, replacing the thick leather strap upon the hook from which he had retrieved it earlier. Wendy breathed a silent sigh of relief at this small fact; at least she would not be facing the strap again on this night. The howling that had come from the air shaft seemed to have entered into her like a cold filament sending a feeling of steel through her spine. What exactly it was she could not say, though she felt somewhat changed; what sort of change it would be was yet to be seen.

Her eyes followed the lieutenant as he returned from replacing the leather strap upon the hook on the wall of the tunnel, his laughter having subsided with the fading of the ghostly wailing into small, strange animalistic sounds, as though he was conversing with himself and only tentatively aware of her presence. Yet, as soon as he reached within touching distance, he crouched down and patted the little girl with an uncharacteristic tenderness on the head, smoothing out her coal-black hair and looking into her still tear-filled eyes with a look that seemed to intimate that he was once again himself, though certainly bearing the residual signs of his earlier craze.

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From the small pile of materials that had been offered before the idol prior to the lieutenant's having administered Wendy's lengthy discipline he took the flagon of mountain liquor once more, removing the cap and bringing it to Wendy's lips and holding it there for several seconds, allowing the liquor to trickle down her throat as the little girl's hands and arms were still bound and as such she was unable to grasp the flagon herself, forcing her to suckle. After recapping and replacing the flagon upon the ground, having taken a slug for himself after Wendy had her fill, the lieutenant removed the first of two small leather packets that she had noticed him offering earlier. As he opened it up she could see that it was a small packet of bear grease, harvested no doubt from the wild black bears that had been hunted and killed during the recently past autumn here in the mountains. That the lieutenant's quartermaster had a supply of the same was interesting as it would intimate that either he had obtained it only recently or the off chance that he kept a steady supply. In any case, the meaning was clear for what it would be utilized for tonight.

The lieutenant moved behind Wendy, who, still bound, could only turn her head slightly backward to observe whatever ministrations he would be proceeding with presently. Her backside was in a state of ruination from the strapping which she had just endured, with even the slightest touch causing immense pain. The lieutenant, grinning widely as he handled the packet of bear grease, slathered the index finger of his right hand with the same and then began to rub it copiously into the

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area between her buttocks, slowly working it into her anal cavity with a single finger. Wendy felt herself whimper softly despite herself as the soreness of the beating, moving effortlessly into the pain and pleasure mixture she felt from the lieutenant's penetration as he moved his finger in and out of her tight sphincter. Wendy let out a second whimper, this time more audible and less voluntary, as the lieutenant inserted another finger into her anus, his rough knuckles rubbing against the brutalized skin of her buttocks. His pace quickened and she felt herself wanting to reciprocate and move further down onto his stretched fingers; however the immobility of her bonds only allowed for the ever so slight rotation and protrusion of her exposed rear, a move which, although slight, was not lost on the lieutenant.

The lieutenant removed his greased fingers and with a deft motion unfastened the front of his trousers, pulling them down and settling himself on his knees directly behind her. With his grease-covered hand he guided the tip of his sexual member into the upraised and exposed sphincter of the little girl wriggling on the stone altar before him before grasping each side of the altar himself with muscled arms and entering into her fully with a deep thrust, eliciting a high-pitched cry from Wendy's small, blood-stained lips. Again and again he thrust into her, his motions gliding the full length of himself again and again into the little girl's entrails, her cries and sobs mingled into a state of combined discomfiture and perverse ecstasy. His hands left the altar and began fondling her swollen and bruised

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buttocks, admiring the feel of the raised stripes from the leather strap beating that were the still enduring testaments to his earlier handiwork.

The lieutenant withdrew from Wendy, stopping to unstrap her from the stone altar, her body crumpling to the floor from exhaustion and the stress of the beating and the lieutenant's subsequent sodomy. The lieutenant drew her toward him, cradling her against his chest and quickly pulled her pants the rest of the way down before pulling her combat jacket and shirt up and over her head, revealing creamy white skin and only the slightest hint of budding breasts. Kneeling with his pants now around his ankles, the lieutenant lifted her onto him, her back toward him and her face toward the altar of the Great Demon, re-entering her anally and pulling her weight down upon his erect member with ferocious intensity, his arms held across her chest and his teeth biting into the exposed flesh of her neck and shoulders. Both the lieutenant and Wendy now panted together in their shared exertion, the feel of her feather-soft thighs straddled against him and the nub of her pert under-aged nipples between his fingers driving him ever and ever closer to a hideous climax.

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CHAPTER 26

Several days had passed now since Nadezhda's initial interview and orientation for torture center in the large building at the commander's headquarters which had formerly served as the inmate hospital before the nuclear wars during the time that the headquarters compound had itself served as a U.S. Penitentiary, a federal prison for the most dangerous criminals in the United States, a country which, like much of the former societal and rational structures, did not endure the sickening gleam of the hydrogen-powered mushroom clouds which had sprouted throughout the world leaving only untold death and devastation in its wake.

She had been taken by her balaclava-masked internal security handlers across the red line on the floor of the inquiry center, marking the beginning of the 'secure area' as it was politely called which, in more plain language, denoted that the area beyond it was reserved for the more hands-on aspects of ECTAC, thus the designation of this area as the 'torture center' specifically.

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She had been led to the cell of Private Bonn, her alleged paramour, where the internal security personnel had given a rap of his ever-present nightstick upon the cell door which caused a feeble fluttering of Private Bonn's eyes and nothing more. As their alleged sexual liaison at anytime was patently fraudulent, Nadezhda wondered whether or not her minders really expected some sort of enthusiastic response from the prisoner inside the cell or if the action was a further part of their intelligence-driven theater, contrived or otherwise.

Beyond any potential reality to the claims, the physical state of Private Bonn was enough to negate any noticeable response. His body lay naked upon a thin cot which rested upon the bottom rack of a steel bunk-bed, with no apparent resident on the top bunk. A thin sheet which had been provided as his only guard against the wintry weather which now reigned down on the commander's headquarters, all the more apparent because of the exclusively concrete block and steel composition of the installation, lay beside him bunched up and unused, or alternately thrown off him in the course of some sort of nightmarish state during sleep. No chains or bonds beyond the cell door itself now restrained the shock trooper, who had become a fragile shell of himself after only a mere few days under the conscientious attentions of the torture center's expert staff.

The bonds which now afflicted the shock trooper in question were in the form of a chemical straight-jacket rather than a literal one, for he had come under the care of the experimental units within torture center who

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availed themselves of testing the old psychotropic drugs, many of them more than one hundred years past their stated 'use by' designations, of which a near warehouse full had been found on the now site of the commander's headquarters many decades before. Rather than applying such medications conventionally, the experimental units out of a sense of practicality due to the highly degenerated states of the various pills and serums at their disposal had long established the practice of creating their own combinations and concoctions with the drugs, sometimes added to with substances of their own creation as well as with donated substances from abroad elsewhere in the organization's territory (and sometimes beyond) which were supplied to them by internal security personnel who acted as attaches to various intelligence-run cult recruiters who scoured the parched landscape of the post-nuclear world, conducting missions of analysis, reconnaissance and recruitment.

Nadezhda was only stationed in front of Private Bonn's cell for a minute or so, enough for her to ascertain the state of his present situation which was formerly unbeknownst to her, and also exacerbating on the psychological level the demarcation between the scene she now saw with the former courtesy of the man who had interviewed her previously and his anonymous assistants who now accompanied her further into the bowels of the torture center.

After some time of traversing the bleak and seemingly endless corridors lined on either side with cells, some of them containing persons in custody and some of them relegated for the most secretive of torture

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center administration duties by way of offices - the less secure administrative offices for ECTAC being located on the other side of the red line - she had finally reached the destination for which the internal security personnel had been accompanying her which was a large, open-air room dominated on the far side by an observation station, behind which at a desk sat an imposing matronly woman of prodigious girth. Her stout figure was well complimented however by her equally prodigious height, as by the time Nadezhda had been brought forward to the plexiglass wall separating herself from the observation office, it could be readily observed that even seated the woman behind the glass was equal to Nadezhda's own height standing.

As Nadezhda stood before the plexiglass pane separating her from the woman on the other side, herself flanked by two masked internal security guards who had not uttered a word since their departure from the interviewing officer, she wondered as to whether or not her previous request to the lieutenant to be made SAC of torture center had been the correct choice, or whether or not there was an implicit ruse in his willing acquiescence to her desire for the same. Although she now found herself within the domicile of the specific internal security sector of her desired assignment, she felt that she was being handled more like an inmate than an incoming officer, the disdainful and dismissive glance of the woman behind the pane before her bearing further testament to her doubts in this regard.

At long last the torture center personnel behind the glass acknowledged her directly, setting aside a large

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stack of files to her right and leaning toward the area of drilled holes arrayed in the pattern of a circle that served as the means of auditory communications between herself and those on the other side of the pane, the rest of the plexiglass being otherwise impenetrable to sound in general.

'Name please,' stated the stout woman, her bulky form having to crouch forward in her chair slightly for her mouth to be level with the drilled sound portals which were obviously made for more conventionally-sized personnel during their construction prior to the nuclear wars.

Nadezhda stood at rest position, her hands clasped behind her back and began speaking.

'My name is Nadezhda Yatskaya, I have been transferred from signals intelligence to torture center to...'

Her monologue was met with a shrill screech of protest from the woman behind the pane of plexiglass, a great ham-sized fist beating the desk in front of her, causing the formidable twelve-inch stacks of files to the side to jump off the surface in physical reaction. From her left side, Nadezhda felt the painful touch of one of the internal security guards pinching her side, leaning his masked anonymous face towards ear and whispering in a harsh monotone audible only to her and the other internal security personnel, 'Name only, nothing more.'

Nadezhda repositioned herself, bringing her arms to her sides in a full attention posture before responding again.

'Yatskaya, Nadezhda!'

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The emphasis on Nadezhda's surname caused the woman behind the pane to grimace considerably before she brought herself together towards the purpose of further discourse, her face already having become beet-red and sweating the cold sweat of rage despite the ever-deepening coldness of the former prison infrastructure in which she toiled.

The woman glowered before Nadezhda, not looking at her directly but her gaze turned down toward the thick file dealing with Nadezhda that had been compiled for her within the last week since Nadezhda had surreptitiously placed the card from the lieutenant in the night-drop, thus putting into motion the chain of events under which Nadezhda now felt herself irrevocably bound, the most direct feature being that she was now at the mercy of the monstrous creature directly before her whose large hands held her life in the balance in the form of a stapled mass of paperwork, the contents of which Nadezhda herself was woefully unaware. The file contained detailed reports of Nadezhda stemming from since her childhood, the surveillance of her person having been effected with extra rigorousness due to the advanced position of her father in the commander's hierarchy. The commander, ever a pragmatist at heart, had always endeavored to keep his friends as close as his enemies in an edited form of the traditional phrase, knowing full well that those who had intimate access to the power praxes of the organization were those who needed the closest watch, well-closer than the most irascible rebels at the farthest borders of the organization's territory.

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Time moved slowly for Nadezhda as she stood awaiting the initial analysis of her file by the female torture center personnel member behind the plexiglass pane. From the internal security guard personnel before her, Nadezhda heard no further verbal communication excepting the brief command which she had been issued earlier. As she waited, Nadezhda took the opportunity to observe the area around her. The large room once upon a distant time had served as a visitation area between civilians and the most physically debilitated of the federal inmate hospital, the risk of potential health infection being born brunt upon the visitors while the employees of the prison itself were protected in the area beyond the plexiglass where Nadezhda's female interrogator now sat. In some fashion Nadezhda felt that the term interrogator was too harsh to project upon her, yet in another, more immediate sense Nadezhda was well aware that her prospects could be worse than she expected, as the undeniable scent of threat hung heavily in the air.

Suddenly the torture center personnel member behind the desk raised her head and, avoiding Nadezhda's eyes in an almost compassionate sense, so very different than the demeanor which she had hitherto exhibited, nodded briefly to the internal security members flanking Nadezhda. A buzzer sounded, indicating that the door into the areas behind the plexiglass and guard shack had been unlocked and, within a few steps Nadezhda and her handlers had entered the innermost hell of torture center. With a resounding click, Nadezhda heard the door lock behind

her as she was led down the corridor.

CHAPTER 27

Several days had passed since Nadezhda entered the bowels of torture center and thus far things had become worse as she herself had premeditated. The internal security members had taken her far down a black-painted corridor which seemed to slowly descend on a downward grade which indicated to her that they were in fact going into areas that were subterranean to the rest of the torture center itself.

The first part of her journey with her attendants had been in the area directly behind the guard shack and the accompanying wall of plexiglass and seemed somewhat intimidating yet in the usual clinical sense of the term, with utilitarian-proportioned well-scrubbed areas and expanses of light-colored flooring interspersed with doorways on either sides, the residents of which were hidden from sight due to obscuring mesh that had been inserted over the windows to the cells. After several minutes however they had reached an area bearing yet another locked door which had to be opened by external control, though the door itself and its obscure area of placement could have very well been a service entrance or a closet from outward appearance, bearing neither distinguishing markings nor overt or covert indicators as

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to its ultimate destination.

Apparently the deception was intentional, as once opened, the door led into seemingly endless labyrinthine corridors which bore the unmistakeable secret police imprint of the sadistically-wielded blackjack under harsh lights and other beatings administered in any number of curious fashions, indicative in every sense of applied intelligence in its most brutal and on-the-ground fashion. This was, as it were, the atmosphere of torture center which Nadezhda herself had speculated about in all of her career-driven daydreams in the years working the desks of intelligence analysis and, as she passed through the hushed corridors, eerily bereft of personnel and so quiet otherwise that to outside ears it could almost be considered uninhabited, she knew then that she had entered the arena of her destiny - for weal or for woe.

The internal security members turned toward a corridor snaking off to the left away from the main hallway and they proceeded in concert for some minutes before being met by a black-robed female, her face obscured by a large cowl and wearing a thick, black utility belt about her waist upon which was attached a bundle of large keys upon one side and a penitentiary strop upon the other. The female, who was easily recognizable as being a member of the commandant's cult, thus signaling the collusion between torture center and the religion which Nadezhda had suspected for sometime, removed one key and opened up the cell directly in front of Nadezhda as her handlers from internal security promptly and without fanfare shoved Nadezhda roughly into the dark area, causing her to fall

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upon the cement floor and summarily slamming the door shut behind her. The footsteps of the internal security members could be heard audibly proceeding in one direction and the robed member of the commandant's cult proceeding in another, leaving Nadezhda alone in the black cell, effectively without light, the exception being the dim glow from the aerial corridor lights which were situated some cells away. With a sense of dread yet also indisputable anticipation, Nadezhda crouched against the nearest wall, her knees brought up to her chest, awaiting whatever fate would deign to bring her.

CHAPTER 28

It was several days since the last encounter with the rebels, yet the field marshal could still smell the blood of the hunt upon his nostrils, as could his coterie of shock troopers and varied elite personnel who had accompanied him into the field, drawn from a diverse arrangement of organizational intelligence and non-disclosed sectors, the latter of whom allegedly had direct contact with the commander's liaison at headquarters.

The fact that certain elements were present, only under his direct authority within a titular sense and effectively circumventing the chain of command as such did not bother the field marshal in the least bit but rather enlivened his sense of mission and made him consider the chance for unknown variables in the campaign which lay ahead.

Effectively he was in the dark as to specifics, though he realized without a doubt that there was an unequivocal territorial push being made due to the fact that the organizational forces were proceeding further into the hinterlands than they ever had prior. He had been made aware, only by courier transmission, of the fact that there had been an unveiling of a new projectile-

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style weapon hitherto unemployed in the history of the organization in its post-apocalyptic context, however the course and trajectory of such an employment were still - details-wise - a matter of speculation.

What mattered, to him, in the moment, and for the foreseeable moments to come, was that he was on the brink of something incalculably horrific in scope - something wrought within the bloody mind of the megalomaniac vanguard that was the organization itself - encapsulated in its most horrific visage in the entity of the commander and in the qualitative parts and parcels of which he, the field marshal himself, was counted and furthermore inhabited in a position of some prominence.

He would do his part, his subordinates would do their parts and together, with the influx of all manner of organizational forces converging on the border region, they would coalesce into a whirlwind of indescribable nightmare and make history. Not the stale history of days gone by, but that new history, that history without moral qualm or reservation, that new and devastating history wrought on the radiation-soaked graveyard of the old civilization with every constraint and consideration which had held it back from the nightmarish crescendos of which the organization availed itself as the ultimate composer in current and future climes effectively obliterated.

Since Britta and the cult recruiters had left for headquarters, his schedule had been a frenzy of activity as more and more organizational personnel poured into the border encampment. Much of his time had been taken up inside the administrative tent along with other

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higher ranking combat coordinators working out potential strategies and points of entry for when the hostilities began in earnest, though the fact that they were still operating with far less than complete information about the exact nature of the prime method to be employed in the assault did not make the planning any easier. Even still however, what information they did have was acted upon with no small degree of meticulousness and the word coming down from the rumor mill of recently arrived organizational personnel from headquarters seemed to indicate that certain unveilings as to the new weaponry would be made sooner than later in order to expedite the campaign. The field marshal had been fully briefed concerning the rocket mechanism that had been disclosed at the private armaments convention sometime back and that, along with the prodigious stock of gas masks he had been shown during his first meeting at field administration, did not make it difficult to put two and two together.

As the effective commander for coordination of forces on the ground the field marshal had availed himself of the expert personnel at his disposal and the increasing new numbers of specialists who were entering into camp at often up to between ten to twenty new organizational members per day, said numbers which had swollen the encampment to several hundred more people than had originally been inhabiting the area upon his initial arrival. With more personnel and in light of his executive position, he had delegated much of the administrative work, certain of which was becoming

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redundant due to the fact that they were still effectively on hold for more ambitious undertakings - per word of the commander himself - for anything except the briefest of engagements in self-defense in the context of outward scouting - until the weapon system had been delivered.

With this delegation of duties by the field marshal he had taken his own small entourage out into the field beyond the encampment and some several miles deep into the territory outside the auspices of organizational control. There had been some brief encounters which had by the actions of him and his staff gone more than somewhat beyond the allowable limits as had been specified by orders, however with no reporting of the incidents up the chain of command since and no survivors in the isolated skirmishes, he and his men were effectively concealed in their actions, or at least hoped to be. Should word somehow trickle out among the rebels of certain of their more isolated compatriots having been 'disappeared' there was in all likelihood the unerring possibility that they themselves would also be facing death in the not too distant future in the concourse of the main campaign, thus mitigating any immediate threat - though functioning at such a level within the commander's organization was threat enough in and of itself for all participants, whether such threats were internally or externally driven.

On the third day of their outward patrol they had come upon a small contingent of scouts from the so-called rebel territories who were, as the case may be, on a similar mission not unlike their own - that being taking a

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cursory examination of the area and testing the present outward capabilities of their respective foe. In this case, given their opposite trajectory, attempting to see if the organization had placed any outward scouting posts beyond the large encampment directly on the border which, given its scope and its position in a valley amidst the surrounding hills, could be seen for many miles past the border area properly.

As the field marshal's retinue were of a much more highly disciplined and trained demographic than the rebels, the field marshal's forward guard had spotted the small patrol some hours before the confrontation proper and had watched them from the periphery of the deeply forested hillside in the vicinity of a narrow and barely perceptible path through the mountain passes. The opposition's patrol was grossly outnumbered to the field marshal's twenty men, consisting only of five nearly starved persons with only a few operable weapons between them, one of which was an antique yet very well maintained double-barrel shotgun which bore no match against the berth of organizational-produced weaponry routinely toted by members of the organization.

After several hours of watching and watching only, with the understanding now that the five members of the opposition patrol were many miles from any of their associates and continually unaware of the field marshal's contingent, the action was swift and executed with precision as two squads of shock troopers swept down from the hillsides on either side of the rebel patrol, taking out with silenced drill-like report two of the

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patrol members bearing arms and quickly routing the others into a quick and unequivocal surrender.

The surviving three members of the patrol were forcibly laid face-down on the cool dirt of the mountain path and immediately surrounded by masked members of internal security who had come up the main route from the southern trailhead as the shock troopers removed themselves to begin stripping the dead of any possible valuables and then stripping them proper before dragging the corpses back down the path to be butchered and rendered for food at the small encampment which the field marshal had set up the night prior.

The interrogations were conducted quickly and with minimal fanfare, with three internal security personnel taking a captive per team and leading them off into the woods beyond comprehensible hearing distance of the others, with one intelligence officer making rounds between them and noting any actionable intelligence procured by the interrogators. On every third go around or so the intelligence personnel would make the quick hike down the southern path and up the ridge to where the field marshal himself was stationed at the encampment and pass on any intelligence highlights of note and receive any appropriate instructions to pass on to the interrogators before proceeding back down the ridge and up the path to the staging area.

Of the three persons being interrogated it could be quickly ascertained that of the three one of the patrol knew nothing of significance whereas the remainder

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carried some actionable intelligence of varying degrees. What the two arms-bearing persons who had been dispatched upon the inauguration of the ambush knew no one could tell. That being said, the field marshal in general did not see this as a priority action, though he made sure that the personnel under his direct leadership saw him approach the situation with all gravity so that they would do likewise, as this small action as perhaps insignificant as it was in the long term would provide valuable training for the shock troopers, internal security personnel and organizational intelligence officers, the skills which were being honed which could be applied all the more sharply once the campaign had commenced in earnest.

The third patrol member amongst the opposition who was obviously kept in the dark regarding the activities of the rebels due to either titular rank designation or general ineptitude was, by strategy and design, the person that the organizational internal security personnel began grilling the hardest about potential enemy activities. The other interrogation teams and their quarry which had hitherto been stationed out of earshot were gradually moved about within the forest operating theater so that they could audibly hear the level of intensity being increased in a continual and graduated fashion on the one unlucky member of their patrol team who was now bearing the brunt of the collective interrogation team's wrath, with the most aggressive interrogators among the field marshal's team being cycled to that particular target specifically.

In time the interrogation teams had coalesced not

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only to within earshot of the others but within plain viewing of the associated captives as the organizational men slowly moved their quarry into a small clearing within the forest arranged within a circle of tall standing pines, with a cool yet circumstantially unsettling breeze whistling within.

While the two potentially lucrative intelligence targets and the three-man teams of internal security personnel conducting the interrogations on their respective targets were positioned to the northeastern and northwestern quadrants of the clearing respectively, the three-man internal security team with the harshest interrogators and the target example stationed themselves in the center of the clearing to provide full view of the associated captives and facilitating more fluid communication capabilities between the organizational personnel themselves.

In time, the unlucky member of the opposition's patrol, still answering in the negative to the inquiries of the internal security members, was stripped and bound to a stout wooden stake which was quickly brought in and installed by a team consisting of several heavily-muscled shock troopers, their bulging arms visible capped off by their rolled-up BDU jackets and all to a man covered in grisly tattoos consisting of numerous crude depictions of child rape, torture and a myriad of bizarre symbols bearing testament to their membership in one or the other of the various cults that flourished like poisonous mushrooms within the organization. The prisoner's clothes were thrown to the side and disregarded - too ragged and dry-rotted to serve any

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purpose except perhaps acting as ancillary incendiary fuel for the evening meal back at the encampment later, though in any case they would be disposed of (more than likely by burning, whatever the context) as to erase any sign of the field marshal's men having been in the area.

Though the field marshal was as the case may be extending significantly the acceptable line of action for this juncture prior to the campaign proper, he was going to make sure that even the most insignificant tell-tale signs of his presence here or his actions in the surrounding area were concealed, concealed from members of the opposition who may come across such evidences firstly though most pressingly from other organizational forces who may come through the area once the campaign had started in earnest.

In situations that involved great territorial pushes and other ambitious martial objectives invariably that was the time that internal politics began to rear their head and he knew that there were more than a few members within the organization who would be interested in exploiting any opportunity of advantage to inveigle themselves into his station within the organization's military force whether by hook or crook. As he considered these things, having been briefed about the acceleration of the interrogation and the ruse that was currently being employed by the intelligence officer who was now walking back down the ridge, he felt a cold feeling arise within himself as he began to speculate on the number of spies that were involved in the ongoing operation at present, those men not loyal to him

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but only to the commander or perhaps in fact to some strange and unknown non-disclosed organizational sector of whose administration and objectives he could only guess.

The intelligence officer trotted down the ridge and onto the path leading toward the staging area of the interrogation with an extra spring in his step, having been informed by the field marshal that terminal maneuvers could be employed in the case of the recalcitrant know-nothing that the shock troopers had recently secured to the stake in the center of the clearing. If anything, this would loosen the lips of the other and soon to be last surviving members of the patrol so that they might be induced to provide some details in furtherance of organizational intelligence before they too met a fate similar to the one among their remnant who would be the first to face organizational bullets since the initial ambush casualties. The intelligence officer smiled to himself as he made the last bend of the ridge and began walking on the path proper, a small sheaf of rolled paper within his hand containing his notes on the interrogation thus far but also, in code, personal observations on the psychological state of the field marshal during the present field activities, to be delivered via hand-courier to certain of his superiors in one of the secret detachments of internal security once they had arrived back at the main border encampment. Wheels within wheels of intrigue were churning within the organization at present and the intelligence officer felt great pleasure that his own deceptive activities to which he had been assigned would assist in calibrating

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these great and terrible wheels, which turned incessantly under the maniacal gaze of the commander within the bleak landscapes of the post-nuclear earth.

At long last the intelligence officer arrived at the forest clearing where the principal prisoner now was situated bound fully nude and in an upright standing position against the large wooden stake facing the other prisoners and the interrogation teams which surrounded them, the latter now no longer conducting the usual business but holding their charges firmly by the arms and forcing them to face their compatriot who was soon to be made an example of in no uncertain terms.

The intelligence officer approached the senior internal security personnel on duty, whispering into his ear the instructions he had received from the field marshal and receiving a cold nod from within the featureless black mask and goggles as the internal security member turned and began tightening the fastenings of the silencer to his MP5, inserting a fresh clip and filling several more for easy access which he inserted into appropriate slots on his tactical vest.

As the senior internal security personnel prepared his weapon, the intelligence officer proceeded to several of the nearby shock troopers and issued instructions in a low voice which elicited sadistic gleams in every eye and expressions of mirth punctuated with bloodlust upon every visage so concerned. The forest clearing became a scene of low murmurings and strange suppressed sounds as the two interrogation teams threatened their charges in low voices while the shock troopers made their own preparations for the principal captive.

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A piece of the rotten clothing which had been stripped from the prisoner was plucked from the ground and torn into a stout rag, which one of the shock troopers then doused with an unknown liquid drawn from one of the ancillary canteens strapped to his utility belt before shoving it into the prisoner's mouth and wrapping another strip of rag around his head, securing it tightly.

Two of the shock troopers occupied themselves with building and stoking a small fire into which were set two makeshift torches made from small tree limbs, wrapped at the ends with the remainder of the prisoner's rotted clothing and similarly doused with the liquid from the canteen of the shock trooper who had busied himself with the binding of the principal captive directly prior.

With a hiss the largest among the shock troopers withdrew a large and sadistically gleaming combat survival knife from a sheath hanging upon his hip, holding it out in front of him and slowly approaching the bound captive with the paced and assured gait of the born predator. The bound captive's eyes widened and his mouth grimaced into a rictus of horror as the shock trooper smiled and extended the knife, rubbing the side of the cold steel blade slowly against the face of the prisoner and watching as equally cold sweat began to drip down the face of his quarry in expectation of what horrors the organization man might have in store for him.

The preamble over, the shock trooper went directly into business mode, plunging his blade with the

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expertise of an experienced butcher into the crevice between the prisoner's shoulder and arm and sawing furiously, his muscles straining and veins pulsating with vascularity under the strain of the work. The prisoner's body began shaking uncontrollably as the shock trooper moved his blade deeper and deeper into the flesh, the muffled screams coming from the chemical-drenched rag inserted into his mouth sounding for all effective purposes like an animal trapped in the unforgiving metal teeth of a lethal snare.

The two other captured patrol members began wailing at the sight of their compatriot's fate, a reaction for which the respective interrogation teams were prepared as they quickly grasped black-gloved hands over the men's mouths, stifling their screams, the weak struggling of their feeble and starved bodies easily overwhelmed by the cannibalistic and speed-induced strength of the organizational men.

With a horrific and final push the shock trooper finished cutting through the arm, with the entire limb falling with a sickening thud onto the ground beside the wooden stake and arterial blood shooting through the air. The shock trooper reared back his head and let loose an involuntary and hideous laugh, his eyes rolling back into his head, as the shock troopers who had been tending the fire rushed forward and thrust their burning torches into the prisoner's bloody wound, effecting a crude cauterization and filling the air with the nauseating smell of burning blood and human meat.

Systematically the scene was repeated upon the other arm - the intimidation followed by the methodical

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butchery - the gloating of the largest and most sadistic among the shock troopers as the others cauterized the wound. By the time the second limb had been removed the principal captive was barely conscious except for the properties of whatever chemical had been sublingually administered to him through the vector of the gag cloth, the purpose of which seemed to be keeping him conscious at least to a titular degree while experiencing a level of torture that would have easily caused him to black out in shock under normal circumstances. The other captives held by the additional interrogation teams were still being kept muzzled by the unyielding leather-gloved hands of their captors with not an audible sound escaping, their confessions and coerced intelligence reports being waylaid until after the demonstration with the more recalcitrant of their number having been duly effected and completed.

The shock trooper moved onto the legs, a more arduous task in general but effected with an effort more than grim, with the limbs held on tenaciously with the last remaining strings of flesh being ripped off with a brutal pulling before being slung to the side where they were collected along with the rest before being wrapped by one of the other shock troopers and carried down the trailhead and up the ridge toward the main encampment to be prepared with the rest of the flesh for the organization's nocturnal mastication.

As the shock trooper cauterized the last two wounds, only the slightest hint of consciousness could be seen upon the captive's face, a dim flickering deep within the eyes testament to a consciousness driven to the brink

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and then beyond the pale of induced insanity and held aware only by artificial means and compartmentalization of the mind in some hidden internal place of comprehension to shield from the incomprehensible situation in which he had found himself for falling in with the rebels, for failing to submit to the iron fist of the commander due to the proclivities of his geographic region. Had he been a smarter man, had he been ambitious, he would have been proactive in his treason, sneaking across the border into the large organizational encampment whose flickering lights in the valley distance bore the promise of a life beyond the marginal existence to which he and his compatriots so stubbornly held.

But now that hope was gone, his only solace being that his spirit - if there was such a thing - might be drawn into some strange blood abyss by dint of his having become, albeit involuntarily, a sacrifice to the organization whose gods were strange and some of which were gods-in-flesh-bodies, such as the commander. Night fell upon his consciousness as the shock troopers moved away, the area beneath the wooden stake and the patrolman himself gratuitously soaked in sopping blood.

The senior internal security personnel moved forward, black and anonymous goggled eyes staring strange and alien out toward his victim as he raised the black and lethal snub of his silenced MP5 toward the patrolman from a distance of only a few feet and then began shooting - the sound of the suppressed fire resonating like some strange ground wasp beneath the

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surface - the body of the opposition member being machine-gunned beyond all recognition as the senior internal security personnel unloaded clip after clip into the head-bearing trunk, churning and grinding the flesh into quivering meat. A fell wind blew and a mist of blood caught upon the wind, wafting into the darkening twilight.

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CHAPTER 29

The light had not yet risen on the area surrounding the engineering center in the organization's clandestine mountain fastness when the lieutenant rose to begin preparations for the day's expedition for the testing of the chemical warhead which the engineer had prepared. He bent down and rubbed Wendy's soot-black hair away from her head, kissing her gently upon the cheek which elicited a slight parting of her eyes and a look of sleepy recognition.

'Soon,' whispered the lieutenant. 'Be prepared upon my return.' With that he drew out a fresh cigar from his rucksack which lay upon the small wooden table near the corner of the canvas walls of the tent, lighting it in several strong healthy draws before exiting on his way for the retrieval of the test weapon, the tent's entrance flap opened only for a moment, showing a clear blackish-blue pale of emerging dawn and letting in a cold breeze which made Wendy shiver.

She had passed out asleep while still within the tunnel during their previous night's assignments, partly from exhaustion and partly from the atmosphere which had come down upon her consciousness near the end which seemed almost too much for her waking state of mind to bear. Now that she was awake, after several

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hours of sleep only, the night before seemed almost like some strange nightmare. Having, apparently fallen unconscious while still in the tunnel itself and still engaged in ministrations with the lieutenant she did not remember the exit journey and assumed that the lieutenant had to have carried her out himself.

She drew the rough blanket away from her, naked only for a worn uniform shirt of the lieutenant's which he had apparently dressed her in himself, its bottom edges hanging almost to her knees and testament to their stark difference in both age and physicality. In the corner lay her baby brigade uniform which had been issued to her only the day before, crumpled in a careless pile yet situated with intent so that she would be able to find it upon awakening.

She sniffled with rising emotion at seeing the uniform, in part that she herself had not been awake and aware to properly care for it, the sight of the finest garments she had ever known thrown aside like some rags causing her no small guilt and discontent at her own perceived ineptness. This seemingly trifle emotion was compounded also with an overwhelming sense of now being possessed by the lieutenant and in turn possessing him and with premeditation of all that such might entail for the future as she began her first day as his bride.

Still dressed in the makeshift nightshirt, she crept out of the tent and around to the back where a small bucket of mountain stream water sat upon a small crate for washing. She splashed some of the cold water on her face, her eyes instantly focusing more intently as the

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shock of the cold liquid compounded with the frosty air of the early morning mountains in the darker season of the year. A few yards' walk into the small copse of trees at the base of the ridge and she proceeded to relieve herself before returning to the wash bucket, pulling the large uniform shirt up and over her head, folding it carefully and laying it aside the crate before cupping her hands in the cold water and allowing it to sluice down over her naked body, goose-pimpled from the cold and shining pale and luminescent in the fragile light of predawn.

Already the sounds of the lieutenant's men beginning their activities could be heard around her in the area, though she was shielded from their vision by dint of the wooded nature of the area and the various grades and slopes which kept the lieutenant's personal tent relatively shielded from the rest of his entourage. Should any of them have seen her in her nakedness she would have had little care, for she was not so demure, having grown up in the harsh rigors of the engineering center, harsh in every sense both physically, psychologically and sexually. She was furthermore emboldened knowing now her special position as it related to the specific loyalties of the men who surrounded her, whose rough voices and various physical tasks being performed could be heard as she continued her morning washing in the growing early morning light. Did they know that she was his wife?

At the thought she laughed to herself. How could they? As they had only wed the night before, in reality only a few hours before, in fact. She rubbed her hands

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gently against the vicious red bite wounds that liberally covered her neck, back and shoulders and even more tenderly the bruised and blood-encrusted weals that covered her posterior from the cruel ministrations of Gaubri's whip. Those latter marks of her husband's devotion would stay with her for some time to come.

She felt the cold water on her naked flesh begin to cool her skin and realized that she had failed to procure any sort of towel to dry herself with and looking around saw that there was nothing available in the direct area excepting the lieutenant's shirt which she had only recently removed. She drew the cloth to her body and began spot-drying lightly as to not unnecessarily drench the garment, the black cloth which was undoubtedly rough once upon a time now soft from years of wear, the black now being somewhat faded and marked with tell-tale signs of old blood darkening the fabric here and there, smelling of the lieutenant's sweat and tobacco with the faintest hint of the mountain liquor he had consumed the day before.

A murder of crows flew from the sky, now beginning to show the harsh light of morning in more fullness as the sun arose over the mist-shrouded eastern ridge, their shrill voices piercing the relative quiet as the sounds of activity among the organization began to become more pronounced with the pace of work increasing.

The black shirt held over the front of her slight, naked frame, her black hair still dripping moisture, she walked with intent back into the tent, changing into her baby brigade uniform and sitting upon the small wooden stool near the back amidst the flickering light of

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the dim and smoky oil lamp which burned within, awaiting the return of the lieutenant and the commencement of her day's assignations in full.

As she sat in the cool, dark interior of the lieutenant's tent, surrounded by the atmosphere of his recent presence and reminded of him by his sparse belongings which were set about the room, Wendy began to feel herself dozing, the coolness and the dark interior combined with her lack of sleep and remaining fatigue from her wedding night. As her eyes closed she began to see images in her mind arising from the darkness - a line of black-masked figures armed to the teeth marching over a verdant grassy expanse, a large flag, similarly black, whipping amidst a strong wind. Another figure on his own, within the uttermost heights of concrete towers that seemed to spiral into the sky, crossed bandoliers of bullets across his chest, his fist clenched and pressed upon a small table, rivulets of blood slowly seeping from between his fingers.

The dream visions morphed into one another, alternately gaining and losing solidity as she moved with the patterns of fitful sleep, her slight frame slumping forward ever so gently. Almost as soon as she felt like she had descended into a proper sleep she awoke with a start - a strong wind from the outside blowing the flaps of the tent and letting in the light of morning proper. Wendy slipped into her baby brigade overcoat, pulling the ample hood over her head and exiting the tent just in time to see the lieutenant and one of his retinue ascending slowly toward her position on a sloping ridge some several hundred yards' distance. Upon the back of

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the personnel member walking beside him was a large backpack, covered with numerous heavy nylon straps securing the contents within with extra prodigiousness.

Within only a few minutes they met near the slope upon which the lieutenant's tent was situated, he himself drawing near her and wrapping an arm around her shoulder in a public display of tenderness and affection that could not be mistaken by the member of his entourage who waited politely some few feet away, his gray eyes and blank stare belying no discernible emotion or reaction other than perhaps the faintest hint of an internal jealousy deep within, though that could have well been Wendy's own vanity at play in her own mind, the consciousness of a new and chosen bride.

Arm still wrapped around her and with a small but lethal tactical automatic assault rifle slung casually over his other shoulder they walked the short distance to the quartermaster's tent, receiving gratefully some small tin cups of mountain grog proffered by the smiling man as he prepared a small rucksack with various foodstuffs and flacons for their day's hike. Wendy felt equal surprise and pleasure as the lieutenant, having once received the pack from the quartermaster, pulled the straps over her own small but sturdy shoulders. He himself was given a decidedly larger pack, with an antenna emerging from the uppermost portion and various devices of a nature unknown to Wendy excepting that they were of an electronic variety and utilized in some clandestine communications context.

Properly equipped, the three began their march at a

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leisurely yet intentional pace and it was not long before a small sheen of cold sweat began to moisten the pale skin of Wendy's cheeks, becoming increasingly rosy as the mountain wind whipped about them, its sound through the coniferous pines rustling like a strange portent-giving entity alive within the wood and limbs themselves.

She looked up and saw that the sky had in the short hours between dawn and the present become completely overcast with iron-gray clouds in an endless stream extending into the horizon. Not the sort of clouds that gave rain, but those that simply darkened the landscape ever so slightly and filtered the light into an ominous glow. The lieutenant noticed her attention and looked up himself, his eyes squinting with a grim recognition of the nature of weather in the post-apocalyptic landscape. How many years had gone by in the earliest days of the organization directly after the nuclear conflagration when there was no natural sunlight to be had? The skies ever-covered with their clouds of ash and those even more impenetrable walls of fell natural clouds turned sinister and hostile under the effects of the multiple-megaton nuclear blasts upon the earth's atmosphere, all rain poisoned, all light hidden from that which might grow under the rays of the sun creating a diseased and poisonous landscape. Scorched by the blazes of the atomic-driven inferno yet not healing, but dying still further.

Those dark days were now many years into the past and many areas such as the mountains around the engineering center - which had in fact been spared

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comparatively in levels of damage in differentiation to the sort of havoc that was wreaked in the more metropolitan areas and areas without the natural barriers that the mountains provided - had flourished in a new revival of wilderness with the absence of people and the reemergence of many species once near disappearance in the days prior. Yet the unmistakable poisonous atmosphere remained and one could see it, just as the lieutenant's small child bride could see it now with the ebb and flow of those foreboding iron-gray clouds which were quintessentially alien to the old earth - a new sort of phenomena bred in the foul mutations of the earth and atmosphere surrounding it as a result of the nuclear wars. That which once was profoundly unnatural had in essence become the new natural, the new nature - so profuse, so violent and unchained and with that ever-present underlying poisonous atmosphere evidenced by a myriad of indicators.

The hike continued at the same leisurely yet intentional pace and as they continued to walk Wendy felt her limbs become more limber as they stretched in the motions of walking along the old sodden path which they followed - up and down the hillsides, atop treeless ridges and through pockets of deep forest. The rucksack upon her back which had once been heavy felt lighter and more integrated with her own frame as each hour passed, yet she was glad when the lieutenant had motioned them to stop briefly at one point upon a bald hillside overlooking the vastness of the surrounding mountains and had lightened the rucksack in earnest.

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sharing some of the contents among the three of them for nourishment before continuing on.

Being out and about in the wilderness in this way made Wendy feel more similar to how she remembered the days of her earliest youth before her lot had been primarily confined to the engineering center itself. There was little discussion between the three of them along the concourse of the journey, though at times the lieutenant would point out some area to Wendy and comment in a low voice which their other travel companion could not discern, said comments sometimes issuing a small laugh and always a smile from the lieutenant's bride. At other times the lieutenant would address the officer who traveled with him, sometimes stopping him in mid-stride and tightening the straps of the man's rucksack to assure that the contents within were properly secured.

Eventually they made their way up a steep, narrow ancillary path that veered off ascending in a twisting concourse through a rock-strewn landscape, interspersed here and there with small twisted trees and desiccated shrubs amidst the treacherous pebble-strewn soil. Even though she had been raised all her life in the organization's mountain territory Wendy had never been in these sectors of the wilderness and the grade of the path made it difficult going for her, yet she managed, scrambling behind the lieutenant and his associate, both of whom seemed to be lost in some private reverie as they negotiated the path before them.

Almost without warning the ridge that they had been

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climbing crested and below them stretched a deep valley bearing no foliage whatsoever, surrounded on all sides by hazardous walls of sandy soil, deceptive in their appearance as the actual integrity of their solidity.

The principal feature of the landscape however was the piles upon piles of human bones strewn across the flat of the valley floor, all of them decades old and bleached of all color, the skin and flesh once covering them having long melted into the sands or having been picked by the ever-watchful buzzards which proliferated in the region. This was a site that they all knew, if not by sight then by description, as the story concerning the commander's great historic massacre in the region during days long past was ground in within the narrative fabric of the area, though the details always had been and still were quite vague as to particulars.

The lieutenant had himself however been to the site before on several occasions, once in the company of the commander himself during a visit in which the commander and an elite personal guard had skirted the area near the engineering area - entering the territory in a covert fashion with no announcement of their presence even to the resident brass within the area - in the course of a surveying mission for the establishment of certain secret facilities unrelated to the primary mission of the engineering center proper. It had long been predetermined that this would be the site utilized for the testing of the sort of mechanism which now, at long last, was in the organization's possession, wrought by the ingenuity of the organization itself.

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As soon as they arrived, the lieutenant and the accompanying officer began to go about their initial preparations for the test. The lieutenant removed his large pack and slowly began to remove certain items from the same including a small radio handheld device which he tested for power, turning it on and off again before inserting it into his black BDU jacket.

The officer in turn removed a strange gleaming metallic item from his own sack, the item having a very pointed and distinct appearance - a shining metal cylinder with striations snaking across its side and a small base. By the intensely cautious manner in which the man handled the object Wendy could ascertain that this was the crucial weapon which was to be tested. She herself had no information about the device, other than knowing it was the focal point of a highly clandestine project and one to which her husband had been entrusted with special care and authority.

The plan was for the officer to establish the preliminary set-up of the weapon upon the ground level of the valley and then join the lieutenant and Wendy on the side of the ridge for observation.

Both Wendy and the lieutenant had been issued gas masks by the quartermaster that morning in order to effect close observation of the properties of the weapon - the officer's main task being the initial setup of the device prior then returning back to the ridge line at which time the device would be activated and deployed - done so at a time wherein the officer effecting the setup would be well beyond the line of fallout at the significantly higher altitude of the ridge.

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With cautious steps the three began a slow descent toward the valley's bottom - the lieutenant and Wendy stopping only a short distance down and situating themselves upon a rocky outcropping, the radio equipment which the lieutenant had been carrying with him being left on the uppermost crest of the hill prior to the commencement of their descent. As the lieutenant had observably turned various switches and positioned the antenna in a certain directional area it was presumed that the communications device would be relaying information about the test to the headquarters of the organization via some clandestine channel as the experiment proceeded on-the-ground.

Situated together on the escarpment, Wendy pressed her small body against that of the lieutenant and as she cradled her body against the lieutenant's own she could feel that her touch had elicited his own reciprocal attentions, his rough hands slowly stroking her thighs and hips which were casually straddled against his own as they watched in unison the descent of the organizational man who made up the third and sole other member of their party, the metallic device once again safely secured in the sack upon his back. His figure became smaller and smaller as he slowly reached the bottom of the valley, the ground leveling off near the final descent and then he was there, a black speck moving amidst the charnel ground of skulls, standing alone amidst that grim testament to the particularly lethal aspects of the legacy of the commander and the organization.

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As per instruction, the speck-like figure moved forward until the very center point of the valley floor was reached, at that point kneeling and removing the metal sphere from the confines of his pack and proceeding to secure it in an upright position utilizing a small base plate.

As the officer went about the final stages of prepping the device, high on the ledge the lieutenant reached into his satchel and removed the two gas masks which he had procured from the quartermaster, turning Wendy toward him and placing the black rubber mask on her face and checking the seal before donning his own. Beneath the thick plastic covering his face he gave Wendy a knowing look before pointing down emphatically at the floor of the valley.

From his pocket the lieutenant removed a small handheld device equipped with two buttons, two colored lights and a small ballistic antenna which he extended to its maximum length, pointing its extended metal tip in an arc over the valley circumference.

The lieutenant pressed a black button on the device at which point a pale light beside it was triggered. Far on the valley floor the device began to emit a low humming sound. The officer, now understanding the ruse that he was to be the sacrificial lamb in the test, scurried away from the device as soon as the sound began to vibrate from the same, screaming until his voice became hoarse and waving his hands at the two black figures ensconced high on the ledge.

Another light on the lieutenant's remote module for

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the weapon began blinking and the lieutenant pressed the black button again, and the light went solid. With sickening glee, the lieutenant stared down toward the floor of the valley as the sides of the bullet-like device began to open slowly, spreading outward like the blossoming of some deadly lotus.

With a hiss, the gleaming device continued its opening and from within a thin stream of yellowish smoke began to flow out into the air from its depths, increasing in volume and intensity of release as the device slowly made its way toward full-open position.

The officer on the ground had long since begun running in a desperate attempt to avoid what he knew at base was unavoidable, tripping now and again on the crests of human bones which were scattered in thick piles across the valley floor.

With a sudden gust the wind from the cliffsides overlooking the valley picked up, sending a strong current downward, at which point the yellow gas began making frenzied and sickening patterns in the air, superimposed upon the backdrop of death.

In moments the poison had taken hold of its host, the officer's eyes becoming large and sickeningly pronounced, both hands rose to clutch his throat desperately, clawing in an attempt to open the breathing passages which had now become blocked with the yellowish fumes which wafted around him. The lieutenant watched gleefully from afar as the man fell to his knees, the officer's eyes now bulging unnaturally.

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laced with veins and bloodshot as the beginning trickles of blood began to roll slowly down his face like tears.

Alarmingly the officer fell as his muscles involuntarily stiffened, the blood issuing from his eyes now also issuing from his ears as his tongue protruded, black and discolored.

Within the confines of his gas mask the lieutenant uttered a guttural howl in his observation place high atop the ridge, one hand clenching his knee until his knuckles turned white while his other hand stretched out and rested itself between Wendy's legs, massaging her sex in firm strokes over her uniform pants as he became more and more aroused by the violence of the scene beneath him.

At long last they could tell that the man on the bone-strewn expanse below them had expired as all struggling had ceased - the eyeballs enlarged seemingly to the point of bursting, blood covering the ground near his head as blood had continued to flow more and more copiously from his eye sockets, ears and finally nostrils as the poison reached and then began to eat away at the principal cerebral centers.

The lieutenant removed his hand from its current molestation and pointed toward the former member of his retinue, then curled his thumb upward into that universal symbol denoting a successful mission. Within the black-tinted plastic sights of the gas mask Wendy's face crinkled with a smile and an unheard laughter and then too returned the lieutenant's gesture. With that, they grasped each other hand-in-hand and began the ascent to the top of the ridge where the lieutenant would

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radio news of the test completion to the appropriate sectors, leaving the body, the shell of the test device and the electronic equipment - some of which functioned to monitor residual toxicity in the area - for the follow-up team that would come after him.

Another night at the engineering center and then - his task accomplished - he would be heading back in caravan with barrels of payload in tow back toward the heart of the organization's terror, back to headquarters and back to the commander.

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CHAPTER 30

Without knowing it Nadezhda had found herself the subject of an experiment, or more precisely, the experimental subject in the training regimen of two young and exceedingly cruel girls, one a mere youth and one but a child, however both possessed of the acumen for inflicting pain of those many years their senior.

Nadezhda had been left in the solitary and dark cell by the robed cult recruiter who held the keys to her confinement and the accompanying guards with little interruption over a period of several days except for the delivery of trays of food which, by its astringent smell, she could tell was liberally laced with the type of chemical additives only dispersed on interrogation subjects (she was familiar with it in name and usage, if not in person previously, through her work in signals intelligence).

As the case was, those chemical additives immediately took hold of her, causing both increasing fugue states and physical discomfort including intestinal problems which quickly led to her being very cleaned out and also very filthy. Under the effects of the drugs and the continuing darkness time began to have little

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meaning as day passed into night and night passed into day, further tray deliveries always being brought at uneven and intermittent intervals as to not allow the detainee to develop or be able to ascertain any set schedule on behalf of her captors.

After some days the door of her cell was opened and, thankfully for her eyes, due to her pupils being now quite wide and enlarged from the continual dark and from the chemicals coursing through her veins, the hallway was dim, lit only with the red emergency lights that burned with minimal intensity. Beneath that reddish glow stood the cult recruiter from before, who stood with her arms crossed in a posture of sternness yet with eyes which were blank and belied nothing except an ever-present filament of wildness and fanaticism that seemed to shine deep within her own mind, a sign of a life so touched by the commandant that it could not be hidden even by her own force of will.

In that moment Nadezhda felt within herself the fanaticism of the commandant, the fanaticism, embryonic as it was, that had been instilled in that relatively short time since she herself had subscribed to the cult and performed her devotions with all attention and faith within the small confines of her living quarters after her initial confrontation at the armaments conference.

Had this change in her fortunes, apparently for the worse, come about as a result of the lieutenant's facilitating her wish to be transferred to torture center - a ruse, his ruse - since the beginning, or had the shift come about when she herself joined - albeit within the

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periphery - the religion of the commandant? Her eyes met with that of the cult recruiter standing before her, briefly, before a hood was drawn over her head by an internal security member who had approached her from the side and led her, arms held in painful stress position holds, down the red-lit corridor deeper into the commandant's training center.

With a rough shoving she was brought through a doorway after some fifteen minutes of being walked along the downward grade of the corridor, all the while the internal security member alternately decreasing and increasing the painful bending of her arms and fingers pinioned under his grasp, though she knew better than to cry out and receive more pointed attentions. His boots clicked along with several others that she could hear, indicating that her prisoner's retinue had grown since leaving the cell. That thought, of the apparent honorifics of the situation made her smile, albeit grimly, as was only appropriate to the situation at hand.

A blast of cold air could be felt even through the hood as she fell after the shove, catching her fall with her hands and luckily not causing injury due to her state of blindness. The door from which she had entered closed slowly by its own volition, being controlled by an outside security device and bearing no manual means for entrance or exiting of any sort. The hood which had been placed over her head was not secured with anything other than a small drawstring fastening which she quickly released, now sitting on her knees, the sudden exposure to bright light cascading down above her after loosening the ties causing her to hiss

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involuntarily and her eyes to redden and swell. After some time she regained her vision and saw that she had been brought into a large circular white room, a single small but no doubt military-grade in quality speaker situated not so obliquely in one high corner of the ceiling and one portion of wall bearing a large wall-length mirror, ceiling to floor, behind which no doubt certain personnel of the training center situated themselves on the other side, monitoring their quarry.

All at once the door opened and through it stepped a lithe female youth, walking with clipped predatory steps through the passage which immediately closed behind her, leaving only her and Nadezhda within the white chamber. The figure was sheathed in a skin-tight gleaming suit of white latex, zippered from the back and accompanied with cruel shining boots of a similar color. Her hair was dark, reddish and shoulder-length, hanging wet and lank, surrounding a face belying great evil which bore upon its pale visage a small and recently sutured scar, the stitches still visible and above which set eyes that exuded an unbridled insanity.

Elbow-length white gloves covered the lower portion of her thin arms and upon each thin finger were inlaid malicious metallic nails which acted as as collective weapons of evisceration and torment.

Bluebird had undergone an indescribably harsh transformation over the several weeks since she and Britta had been taken onto the terrace to view their assembled legions who would take them into the territories over which they would dominate and possess in time, so doing under the blessings of the commandant

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and facilitated by the auspices of the martial might of the commander's amassed organizational forces.

She would not simply be entering those lands for so long existing, wasted, outside of the auspices of the organization's control, as some mere administrator, but rather, so inhabiting as a symbol of all that the organization had become and was to be for all those that found themselves under her iron fist. She who would be then more than an authority, more than a mere repository of governance, but rather an embodiment of all those horrific chemicals and sundry mechanisms of delivery that would decimate and mutilate the populace and by doing so fashion a scar that would mar that land eternally to come - she, not a human any longer, but instead - a god.

As such, those several weeks of brutal training since the nature of her destiny had unfolded before her very eyes below on the drill grounds in that fateful moment of realization had necessitated the training befitting a god, the harsh discipline befitting a god and those myriad punishments and incalculable transfigurative acts that changed the girl - already transformed during her time at the commandant's training facility well prior - into an even more fell and predatory being than she had ever considered possible, something conceived of only at the very frontiers and distant limits of human experience, veering into the realms of that which could only be considered as inhuman in nature and scope. Her past now seemed like a far-off memory though through a decidedly darker glass as she had found herself, day by day, having her consciousness mercilessly shattered and

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re-created again and again in in an obscenely surgical fashion within the rigors of such ordeals – certain recent ordeals which far exceeded those formidable and lengthy days of trial and terror which she had suffered under from the time she arrived from the outer territories up until the time she had found herself as the acting pontifex of the incipient baby brigades.

The white-sheathed figure approached Nadezhda with a sensual yet predatory gait, almost seeming to float across the floor within the purview of Nadezhda's vision, however she could hear the report of the young girl's boots upon the highly-polished concrete floor, though the sound and the girl's movements seemed to be out of synch with one another. Nadezhda struggled to get some firm hold of her own awareness of the person before her and the events presently transpiring, as the drugs she had been administered, coupled with profuse sleep deprivation, caused the clarity of her perception to rise and fall in waves. As such she could not be sure exactly what was occurring in earnest, though she knew that she was in the midst of a confrontation that marked a pivotal juncture both for her person and perhaps for the organization in whose service she had committed herself body and soul.

Bluebird smiled sadistically at Nadezhda and Nadezhda, misreading her purpose, smiled in return and attempted to rise from her kneeling position to issue a more formal greeting.

With an astounding swiftness Bluebird was upon her, the needle-bearing fingers of her white gloves

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snaking around the exposed flesh beneath Nadezhda's uniform collar, forcing her down and drawing small rivulets of blood from pale skin as the claw-like metal extensions pierced without restraint into Nadezhda's flesh.

Nadezhda's eyes widened in reactive shock at the very sudden and very vulnerable position in which she now found herself, the young girl's slight frame standing menacingly before her and belying a hideous strength quite deceptive to her size. Bluebird's body swayed slightly, accentuating her dominance over her quarry in a mockingly yet insidiously sexual fashion.

With one hand situated on her hip and the other still grasped firmly around Nadezhda's neck, Bluebird slowly shifted Nadezhda's head upward so that their gazes met. A cold sweat dripped steadily down Nadezhda's brow and cheeks, commingling with the small droplets of blood that issued from the wounds where Bluebird's claw-like nails still pierced her flesh.

The young girl smiled again, her eyes squinting conspiratorially as they gazed into Nadezhda's own.

'It has been a long time coming that you have been scheduled for arrival here, dearest Nadezhda. We have been very well briefed from certain unquestionable authorities. Plots within plots have brought you to us.'

Nadezhda stared forward silently, Bluebird's voice seemed to take on an inhuman lilt and inflection as she spoke. Was it the continued effects of the drugs inducing this seeming distortion or was there something decidedly more sinister afoot? In that moment Nadezhda could not be sure as the atmosphere became increasingly

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more disturbing and surreal.

'You, Nadezhda, are to be our little pet - though we may name you something more fitting in due course. My personal property you are from this point on - though with a very special purpose, perhaps quite more quintessentially important than the profession you intended for yourself. But, my little pet, nonetheless - we will train you, oh yes, we will train you well - and soon!'

From across the room the door opened again, the electronic pulse of its outside control groaning harshly as the metal mechanism grated against the gate operator apparatus.

Through the passageway came a girl several years younger than Bluebird, eight or nine at the oldest. She was naked except for an obscene garment of shining black leather cross-straps upon her upper body that framed small budding breasts and a black leather thong of similar construction upon her lower half. Her hair was barely shoulder length, brunette and of a thick and lustrous hue, framing a small freckled face bearing brown eyes and cruel thin lips which were smeared with the unmistakable gleam of fresh blood.

One hand extended jauntily upward holding a leash constructed of a similar leather of her very own garments, at the end of which crawled an emaciated male figure on all fours. He was naked and obviously the subject of many unspeakable hideous tortures, the least of which perhaps being the multiple recent and bloody bite marks which stood as proof-positive to the presence of the crimson stains upon his young handler's mouth.

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Britta gazed at the sight of Bluebird, her older sister in service of the commandant's conspiracy, and issued a hoarse hiss in salutation, opening her mouth slightly and causing a bubbling of blood to emanate from her exhalation in the form of an understandable yet grotesque greeting.

Bluebird returned the greeting in kind, transferring her claws to the back of Nadezhda's neck and shoving her face against the shining contours of her own latex-sheathed body, Nadezhda's pathetic and drooling mouth now pressed in a questionably consensual posture against Bluebird's midsection, her victim's chin resting slightly upon the swell of her captors thin hips.

Britta writhed her near-naked flesh in an unmistakably provocative undulating motion, doing so while tightening the reins upon Private Born and bringing him closer and closer to heel upon the periphery of her bare feet which sat with a springing posture upon the cold concrete floor of the chamber.

'What a beautiful little pet you have there, my little sister!' Bluebird cooed in a surprisingly sincere and heartfelt sounding of her voice, so doing even as she continued to press Nadezhda's tortured face against her rocking hip.

Britta cooed with delight at Bluebird's comment and nodded emphatically in response, slowly rolling the restraining leash within her hand inward around her wrists and forcing her quarry to come closer and ever closer to her person.

Born's face quaked with pain at his movements and

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made Britta laugh harshly, her neck nodding from side to side in a corrective but perversely loving gesture at the very point which Bonn collapsed before her under the stress of his earlier punishments.

'Yes! We have had fun with this one, big sister!' Britta laughed and eyed Bluebird coyly, slowly pulling on the leash upon which the naked Private Bonn found himself at the end of, his form only skin set upon bones after months upon months of torture before being further processed in finishing and transferred to Britta's capable command - though those few weeks upon the regimen of his younger and in fact youngest of all handlers had been the harshest of them all.

Britta snapped her fingers while giving a tug on the leash with her other hand and Private Bonn immediately rose to his knees, his breathing ragged and hollow eyes staring forward with a look of expectancy at his young mistress.

Bluebird grabbed Nadezhda by the hair and wrenched her neck in the direction of Britta and the private.

At long last the two individuals, whose fate under the contrivances and machinations of the organization faced each other - both having been accused and tortured, the private more so among the two, for an alleged liaison which was only now taking place.

With a quick shoving motion Bluebird released her grip upon Nadezhda, slinging her with maximum force at the feet of Britta and the kneeling private.

Simultaneously Britta extended her own slender

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hand and unclasped the leash from the collar around Private Bonn's neck. The private crawled forward with staggered gait toward Nadezhda's prone body, collapsing into her arms just as she began to rise from the floor. Thus Nadezhda held him in an uncomfortable embrace as their joint handlers leered down upon them.

Bluebird moved to Britta's side, her arm wrapping around her younger co-conspirator's shoulders and then snaking down to cup one of the girl's small exposed buttocks, lightly tracing her clawed fingertips over the leather-strap and metal punitive-cane induced weals which still bore appreciable marks and which had been administered by herself personally only a few days before in the context of a hideous bonding ritual among the commandant's cult which they had engaged in hundreds of times in a several week period.

Britta cooed softly at her older sister's embrace and amorous ministrations and wrapped her own arm around Bluebird's waist, her leather leash previously restraining Private Bonn now coiled in snake-like fashion about her arm.

The two looked into the eyes of the other, and, as Bluebird nodded, Britta raised her free arm in a gesture of salute and salutation before the wall-length mirror before them which reflected the scene of the union of Nadezhda and Private Bonn and of themselves in stark and perverse relief. With a groaning and harsh metallic squeal the mirror began to slowly fold itself upward into the ceiling of the white chamber - a cold blast of air issuing forth as the growing portal of the opening grew inch by inch.

CHAPTER 31

Across the long cavernous corridor framed by huge black cylinder-shaped concrete support beams a small area of light began to grow.

At the opposite end of the corridor sat the commandant, her satanic body tense and sheathed in shining black, accentuating her lean muscled limbs and the overtly sexual yet intensely threatening curvatures punctuating the same.

Lines of black-masked members of internal security armed to the teeth flanked her from behind and down the sides of the walls of the former holding cell. Between the support beams stood large steel cages of naked and screaming children, their cries echoing in futility as other children, robed in the fashion of the commandant's cult recruiters in miniature strode slowly through their midst, carefully minding their quarry.

Across the way within the area of light now fully open, several figures emerged - two girls, comprising the zenith of her high-tier trainees, accompanied by their two prisoners - expertly conditioned - now entering into the initiation toward the hideous destiny that awaited

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them.

Their grim procession was halted halfway down the concourse as four members of internal security converged upon them, two from either side of the hall, quickly stripping the female prisoner of her signals intelligence uniform and leaving her bare before the sight of the commandant and her assembled acolytes.

At a concurrent moment two of the robed child servants of the commandant emerged from behind black support beams near a cage of captured children, each handing an identical horrific leather device of punishment to the female figure sheathed in white and her younger associate garbed in obscene leather straps, the latter who received the instrument proffered to her with much enthusiasm.

Within her foul helmet the commandant smiled - smiled as the internal security members pushed the prisoners roughly upon the ground - smiled as the emaciated male prisoner mounted the female and began to copulate with her as the dual whip blows of her high-tier trainees began raining down from above.

Thus the well-laid bloodlining for the re-population of the outer areas began. These two united now in perverse union before her feet, chosen carefully through the ministrations of her intelligence network, would be the first to breed. They then, after, would breed with the fruits of their union - father with daughter, mother with son. Soon those latter would seed and they too would breed with their own offspring and then latter sister with brother, brother with sister - igniting a genetic chain of

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terror, imbued with trauma, forged under the blinding gaze of her new gods that would rule that harsh land soon to be dominated by an iron fist.

The area of light at the end of the corridor began to slowly recede and the commandant extended the antenna of her mind to those lands - those bleak frontiers to come - beyond the iron gates.



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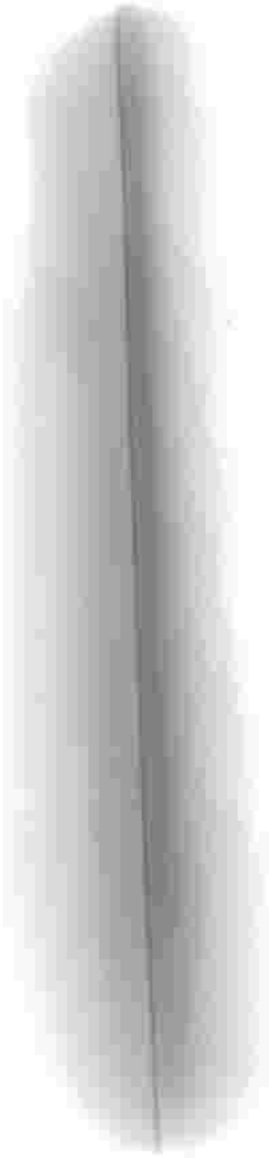
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Florian wanted to see Judgment in daylight, but instead he had
contaminated himself by coming off the jagged rocks of the glacier
and then entered into a tunnel, darkened by the shadows
of the mountain heights of the peaks of the mountain. By
the jagged rocks of blood and children, now a distance from
the level of some height, on the ground, in the
mountain.

As he walked into the tunnel, he was surprised to see
the entrance from the dark of the tunnel. The landscape
was a bright screen and he was beginning to feel
the first rays of light, the first rays of light, the first rays of light,
the first rays of light, the first rays of light, the first rays of light.

With his eyes, he had before him the first rays of light,
the first rays of light, the first rays of light, the first rays of light.

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The image is a book cover for 'Bluebird' by Martinet Press. The top half features a photograph of a bird, likely a bluebird, perched on a thin wire against a vibrant sunset sky with shades of orange, red, and purple. The bottom half of the cover is a solid dark blue-grey color, containing the title 'BLUEBIRD' in large, orange, serif capital letters. Below the title, the publisher's name 'MARTINET PRESS' is written in smaller, orange, serif capital letters. The bottom edge of the cover shows a close-up of several strands of barbed wire, with some strands appearing to glow from the light of the sunset.

BLUEBIRD

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BLUEBIRD



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CHAPTER 1

By the time Bluebird and Britta rolled into regional headquarters the day before the inauguration of the campaign the sun was set high in the sky, illuminating the area in a harsh and malignant brightness though with little succor as to warmth, as the land was now well within a cold and rural southern winter.

As soon as the tread of the tactical vehicle halted numerous members of internal security leapt from the personnel carrier in the back, the oiled black snouts of their automatic weapons gleaming sickly beneath the sun and their anonymous visors reflecting a nothingness, intimating visually to some small degree the foul nature of the eyes which lied within.

The larger part of the two girls' own respective personal units were already situated at a more forward temporary base nearer to the intended line of engagement - feverishly occupied in last-minute logistics of preparing ordnance and checking and double-checking the protective suits which would be a necessity during the raid. The internal security units which accompanied them now were sent straight from the commandant and situated at the very highest tier of their trade - trained by the commander and commandant's own personal guard units and indoctrinated and

prepped for the highest level of sacrifice.

Bluebird stood up upon the seat of the open cab of the vehicle after her joint security retinue had disembarked, stretching herself to her full height and straightening her musculature and limbs to full extension - her reddish hair blowing in the chill wind and a deep frown upon her thin and similarly reddish lips, a slight scar cut across her freckled cheek reacting angrily against the cold beneath livid eyes which alternated between emotions indicating from fey to near uncontrollable violent insanity second by second.

The skin-tight white vinyl bodysuit in which she was attired shined with dramatic contrast against the background of the automotive, painted in utilitarian black primer, and she, deftly mounting the fixed suicide doors, leapt with a cattish pounce onto the ground below strewn with small rocks, her feral appearance accentuated by the small metal claws attached to each individual fingertip which dug into the earth briefly before she rose from her crouch, marching with clipped and terrible authority through the throng of black-masked internal security who parted before her passage.

From the other side of the open cab her associate tittered dementedly, likewise in emulation raising herself up into standing position upon her seat yet simultaneously stretching her arms outward as she did so, palms to the sky, indicating her need for assistance in exiting the vehicle, being as the case may be several years younger than her counterpart and thus somewhat smaller in stature. Her dark Brunette hair, never kept long but thick by dent of genetics, had been shorn into a

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close-cropped skinhead fashion at her insistence prior to departure from the commander's headquarters proper. Beneath her neckline was situated a strange garment, a largish and somewhat ill-fitting jacket or frock which reached to just above her ankles, composed of a rubbery black fabric designed for purpose rather than appearance, though situated upon its quite young and psychologically unpredictable wearer it lent credence to her reputation as an evil - albeit slight - monk, of a notoriously fell demeanor.

Fourscore internal security personnel approached the ledge of the vehicle on either side of Britta, who smiled broadly betwixt her laughter, the taut and very white yet somewhat cosmetically dirty skin of her face crinkled in young and girlish mirth and expectancy, a few tell-tale shades of dried blood clearly visible upon the sides of her upturned mouth.

Two of the internal security members grasped her outstretched hands then cradled her shoulders in additional support as she swung her legs over the ledge and allowed the other part of their number to cradle her thighs and backside, lowering her slowly to the ground in a regal seated posture.

During this ceremonious descent she lolled her shaved head back upon her own neck, cackling, before returning to an upright posture and then bending her head forward to smile down at the guards on either side of her - appreciating the involuntary caresses of their gloved hands upon her flesh through the thick rubber garment, underneath which she was nearly naked - equally appreciating yet on a more cerebral level the

BLUEBIRD

dedication which was their portion and lot as her very real martyrdom troops, should any harm come near her. As they gently situated her into standing posture she cooed appreciably and then ran after Bluebird with abandon, her black garments flapping against her lower legs, lacking the comparable pomp and circumstance of her older counterpart yet no less deadly.

The outward regional headquarters building was entirely utilitarian in nature yet had been adorned as befitting the immediate residence of the future administrators of the new area and was profusely staffed with internal security and intelligence for on-the-ground logistical support as well as acting as barracks for members of the baby brigades further in the interior of the drab bureaucratic building where the temporary residential areas for Bluebird and Britta had been established prior to their arrival.

As the transformation of the area commenced, both prior to and post the initial assault scheduled for the next day, these residential quarters would be the temporary dwelling place for the higher-tier of the impugning organizational forces - the two girls included - while the occupying forces in the forward areas went about their task of building up and/or co-opting existent administrative facilities and infrastructure and engaged in creating the new. While both Bluebird and Britta would be - including inhabiting the initial raid - in the new area for various purposes designed to imprint their authority on the area, the outward regional headquarters would be their domicile pending a permanent home and base for the immediate future.

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The two dark goddesses entered through a large doorway atop a shallow smattering of steps which was thrown back and opened as they approached - the ledge on either side flanked by anonymous internal security who greeted them with a silence that held within it an expectancy and foreknowledge of what was to come. That the two were now in their midst meant that the campaign was now to commence in earnest. Though planning and preparation at the forward operating center had been ongoing for weeks and the planning and preparation prior to that for many months - at the former border camp back when Bluebird had still been residing - the arrival of the principals indicated beyond the shadow of a doubt that full ignition would soon begin.

Immediately inside the regional command headquarters Bluebird and Britta's personal retinue fell back and their presence was replaced by masked internal security personnel of no distinguishable rank designation and as such instantly recognizable as direct representatives of the commander who had been sent to await their arrival.

Once inside the internal security members on either side of the girls grasped their upper arms tightly, others with hands on their shoulder and the back of their necks as they marched them along briskly further into regional command.

At their sudden touch Britta looked up into the anonymous lens of their masks and hissed like a rattlesnake, thrashing her arm and nearly making the internal security member lose their grip. Bluebird glanced over at her and gave the younger girl a look of

BLUEBIRD

motherly reprimand and an audible 'tut' before turning her attention forward. Despite her demonstrable disapproval Bluebird, as ever, found her counterpart's theatrics to be highly amusing.

The hallways of regional command which stretched before them were devoid of character and impersonal in the extreme - identical paneled walls with doorways that led into self-contained office suites also identically spaced and arranged along the corridors. For someone not familiar with the building it would be easy to become lost due to the unchanging internal appearance of the labyrinthine structure. Spaced along the paneled walls were small blue lights that gave off a cold, corpse-like glow which reflected obscenely upon the lurid contours of Bluebird's skintight white vinyl bodysuit and glinted dangerously as their light reflected off the razor sharp claws which tipped each one of her fingers.

Bluebird smiled to herself - the coloring of the illumination was by no means coincidental but rather directly correlated to her namesake, given to her in the depths of the commandant's training center, and to her position as area administrator, the preliminary stages of establishing her cult in the area having only begun. What would happen tomorrow in the field and in the days that followed would be the true test and indicator of how her legacy would present itself in the land, symbols and psyche of the area that now situated itself upon the very precipice of its own doom. Beyond the incomprehensible darkness that Bluebird and her associate's iron-fisted dictatorial reign would bring.

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The internal security personnel turned the two girls left and then right again, moving them into ever more remote sections of the building as evidenced by the fact that no organization members were seen here and there moving from one area to the other or ducking into offices in the concourse of their duties as was immediately apparent when first entering. The baby brigade barracks would have been instantly detected audibly by Bluebird as a former den mother and by Britta as a former resident and administrative assistant even from afar, yet neither of them had heard or seen any indicator that any of the youthful charges were anywhere near the area where they now found themselves. Drab as it was and certainly failing in parts - like most of the old infrastructure these days except for the most fortress-like environs - the building was certainly vastly larger inside than its exterior belied.

Now they entered down a hallway with no discernible doors upon its sides, even the small bluish lights becoming more and more sparse. Far ahead they began to see what looked liked harsh white light - like an electric arc trapped and pulsing ever the more violently because of its imprisonment - and from within that light they began to hear the familiar strange music that indicated that the commandant's cult recruiters were within.

These songs were old songs - or at least old contextually in the seventy-some years since the nuclear wars had culled billions of human lives from the planet in that great cleansing that had left the skies even now swirling with weather patterns indicative of a doom

BLUEBIRD

inhuman, swirling grey and black clouds and whirlwinds, the light of the sun still only a sickly filament of what it had once been.

Some believed that the commandant's cult had been contrived, manufactured many years post the fact, as some doubted that the commandant herself was in fact the embodiment of that nuclear death that had changed the world irrevocably. Such doubts however, such misgivings, meant little to nothing at all when it was the ripping, tearing spearhead of her belief which raged campaigns of martial domination, brainwashing and servitude under the most blasphemous conditions imaginable for those which fell under the sway of her adherents and in those demographics where her name was known. The situation may have well been different in other far-flung locations of what was formerly known as the United States, perhaps far different to an even greater degree in areas even more remote beyond their shores, however the ground had been leveled and in the new regime of earth that which was local had become the scope of what counted as total reality for those situated within such environs - those inhabitants within a new Dark Age as it were and perhaps similar in this respect to the Dark Ages which had come before it far back within the mists of antiquity. Yet none of those periods were as dark as the present.

The electric-arc light came into closer relief as the internal security personnel hurried their charges along the corridor growing ever closer to the entrance. Britta visibly resented the reception that they had been given.

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in her mind not at all befitting the entrance due to her and her sister ruler entering their soon to be new lands on the very onset of war. Bluebird in her thirteen-year-old and ordeal-seasoned perspective was not so unyielding, for she knew to a greater degree the modus operandi of both the commander's organization and the commandant's cult and she had expected - albeit dreaded - the fact that the night before the violence against the sovereigns commenced would not only be not restful in the normative sense but designed, for them, to effect profound psychological manipulation, designed for unknown induced cruelty by their handlers in order to foment all the more profound cruelty in their own psycho-physical makeup to be applied on the bleak morning to come.

Several yards from the open entrance for a few moments the light emanating from within became so intense that the internal security personnel had to shield their eyes momentarily before it receded despite the dark lens upon their masks, the future leaders whom they guarded left to squint painfully without succor. After, having led the girls through the doorway as instructed, they withdrew - departing along the same route that they had arrived and leaving Bluebird and Britta to discover what awaited them across the threshold.

Directly beyond the doorway was a black metal platform and two sets of stairs which led down into a large chamber with a bare concrete floor but covered in some portions here and there and to the sides with bland utilitarian carpets. The area was relatively large - a former loading dock more than likely given the large bay

BLUEBIRD

doors upon the far end, now closed, and the smaller service entrance beside it. The light they could see now was originating from an electrical generator of industrial strength and manufacture, a high-powered model rigged with no small amount of creative tampering and connected to various other ancillary devices betwixt which bluish white electrical current arced violently and with regularity. Further such arcing could be observed in addition from one corner of the dock area where a large metal cage had been installed - ten feet in height and perhaps over twenty feet in its length and breadth and constructed of high-tempered steel. Both of the girls were well familiar with these type of structures from their tenure back at the commandant's training center, such human-sized cages having been utilized for extra-secure holding areas during the commander's headquarters former pre-nuclear war period as a high security penitentiary and similarly utilized as well after the commander and the organization had taken up residence there.

From her vantage point still atop the stairs, Bluebird could spy two naked figures within the cage cowering against one corner and then another as several internal security members berated them from all sides - some climbing on top the cage on all fours like some sort of horrific arachnids in pursuit of immobilized prey with sadistic abandon. In the hands of these internal security personnel were held long metallic prods attached to plasticine black handles and out from those black handles extended cords that led back to the main generator. For a moment the metal prods would seem to

be nothing but batons, but the blinding light and the burring of his teeth against the internal security members' naked bodies were in the dock area intermittently for an instant and in a pathetically pathetic manner the other attendees kept them from all far gone for a moment eyes darting to the pattern in the organizational

On the other side of the commandant's quarters huddled in an attempt to control their whip-thin lips of the mood of the commandant a sudden moment one of them in a gesture which made the other or a wake of vulnerability above their ramp above their so slowly, a pale fanaticism staring an emphatic gesture

BLUEBIRD

be nothing more than they first appeared to be, fixed batons, but then in an instant they became covered in blinding light and began emitting the unmistakable burring of high-voltage electrical current. With regularity the internal security members would attempt to prod the naked bodies of the two captives when their instruments were in the latter state, shocking them in actuality only intermittently yet always keeping the threat of shock instant and immediate. One of the victims whimpered pathetically as they scurried from one side of the cage to the other attempting to avoid the captors which assailed them from all sides while the other was apparently too far gone for any sound of protest whatsoever - haunted eyes darting to and fro, attempting in vain to read some pattern in the movements of the black-masked organizational personnel stationed outside the cage.

On the other side of the area a throng of the commandant's cult recruiters, female to a person, stood huddled in an intensive conference amongst themselves, their whip-thin yet exceedingly violent figures possessed of the mood of potential carnage that could be realized at a sudden moment's notice and wrapped each and every one of them in their customary flowing black robes which made the gathering appear like a murder of crows or a wake of vultures. Upon the girls' entrance upon the ramp above them one of their number turned about ever so slowly, a pale face and eyes shining with maniacal fanaticism staring up and then beckoning at the two with an emphatic gesture, an invitation to descend.

BLUEBIRD

Britta reacted with an instant and unbridled enthusiasm - a familiar sigh escaping her mouth as she ran down the flight of the stairs toward the cult recruiter, all of the latter's number now with their attention riveted on the two arrivals. Britta recognized this woman and always would, for this member of the commandant's cult in particular had been one of those who had taken her on that fateful morning after her time as the concubine of the Field Marshal - it had been she who had transported Britta on the long lonely country roads through the forests and rolling hills toward the commander's headquarters where Britta's destiny had ultimately been decided and sealed.

In less than a minute Britta had descended the stairwell and flung herself into the outstretched and awaiting arms of the cult recruiter - the rest of their number save one eliciting varied sounds of delight and muttered oaths commensurate to their cultus, for each breath and utterance were considered sacred and dovetailed to the purpose of their infernal mother, their goddess of nuclear death before and impending nuclear death to come.

Britta jumped into the awaiting arms of her friend and straddled her, small arms flung about the black-robed body and lithe legs encircling the woman's emaciated albeit hideously muscled waist. The cult recruiter reciprocated in kind, cradling the nine-year-old little girl's back through the chemical retardant rubberized fabric and reaching one wayward hand beneath the frock, caressing young legs and enticing posterior, both still bearing the telltale welts of having

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undergone intensive trauma-induced programming on the receiving end of numerous paddles, straps and canes of divers construction at the hands of any number of high-tier organizational programmers. Britta cooed at the cult recruiter's touch and the cult recruiter reciprocated further with further more emphatic and even more obscene physical molestation.

"Dear, dear little sister!" the cult recruiter whispered into Britta's ear, the tonality and depth of her voice bearing a nearly inhuman timbre, one eye gazing into the shorn head of her charge, the other cocked upward and glaring malignantly at Bluebird whose white-sheathed body, in stark contrast to all those others black-clad, excepting the naked thralls within the cage, stood rigid and unmoving, imperious and still situated upon the upper ledge of the stairwell.

As Britta's reaction had been one of enthusiasm and combined mania, lust and affection in some horrible witch's brew equal parts confusion and elation upon seeing the cult recruiters, Bluebird had reacted with a sneer and a sense of definite and unmistakable revulsion. Whilst the rest of the recruiters clapped and exclaimed at the reunion of the one cult recruiter and her prize recruit, that barbaric creature named Britta, one of their number stood still and had met her gaze with a sinister look of caustic threat to match her own - yes, this one Bluebird well recalled.

There was a power play at hand and no mistaking - for the outlying areas were under her dominion, Bluebird's dominion - her cult there, in new grounds, in a land that

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had been slowly bled but which was to bleed further in gallons upon gallons - hundreds, thousands - to suffer under poisons the like that the post-nuclear world knew not, in order to flourish. Yet the commandant's cult recruiters - like unto ravening vultures - were there to make their imprints even as the hour drew late - in those crucial few minutes before midnight during which she should be consolidating her own power, not being dragged through her own regional command post like some half-rate shill to be ushered into the presence of these insufferable harpies.

Had she, Bluebird, grown megalomaniacal in the interim since she had been appointed to this joint administrative position along with her little sister - her little sister not by any biological connection but rather chosen for her by the auspices of the commander's organization and the commandant's cult - joined together by dint of their shared ordeals and fused through their shared suffering but more importantly by their shared authority promised to them? Did she wish to feed upon those who had fed her but also fed upon her as well?

It was no wonder really, in consideration of the types of programming she had undergone to position herself at the cusp of the domination which would come upon the morrow. All knew that the sovereign's defenses were non-existent, all within the organization except the most misinformed knew that what was to come was a ritual sacrifice - a mechanism by which the terror of the organization could be demonstrated. An experiment. A test. Yet, still, the political and territorial dividends were very real. Here was an area that had been allowed to

exist for decades under the black hand of the organization. The fact that it lay in the salt, the commandant's stratify and the mission even in the initial steps of the organization.

Fingering the fingers attached to the waist conspicuous floor beneath the replica of the commandant possessed such a descent, clipped

Britta had done that point, oblige Bluebird, and ran on the other side internal security creating a corridor directly, the pe crawling on top of prods with regular closest to Britta was

Upon arrival at the and cackled as she scuttling about on the threat of the electrical sides except that she

BLUEBIRD

exist for decades, unmolested - perennially bereft of the black hand of the commander and his hordes despite the fact that it lay directly upon the borders. And, surely as salt, the commandant's cult recruiters were here to stratify and consolidate their own authority on the mission even before she herself had participated in the initial steps of campaign to claim the land on behalf of the organization.

Fingering the leather nursery strap which was attached to the white nylon utility belt about her thin waist conspicuously - she and the cult recruiters on the floor beneath her knowing well that it was a direct replica of the commandant's herself and that she alone possessed such a model - Bluebird began to make her descent, clipped, slowly, down the flight of stairs.

Britta had detached herself from the cult recruiter by that point, oblivious both to the cult recruiters and Bluebird, and ran with abandon toward the metal cage on the other side of the converted warehouse - the internal security members in her path parting and creating a corridor so that she could approach the grates directly, the personnel stationed on the back and crawling on top of the cage still triggering their electrical prods with regularity, the internal security members closest to Britta wisely demurring.

Upon arrival at the cage she hung her fingers through and cackled as she stared at the two naked figures scuttling about on all fours. By dint of the fact that the threat of the electrical prods were now coming from all sides except that side where Britta was stationed the two

BLUEBIRD

figures invariably began to make their way toward her side of the cage. Instantly Britta recognized the emaciated figures and squealed with glee - for they were none other than Nadezhda and her own very special pet, Private Bonn, the victims of a sophisticated double-cross and an even more sophisticated behavioral modification program engineered by the highest echelons of organizational intelligence.

As instantly as Britta had recognized her and Bluebird's shared slaves Nadezhda and Bonn recognized the youngest of their captors that stood before them and supplicated themselves upon the floor of their cage, lying upon their own filth in the process. Britta cooed with delight and extended two fingers through the grates as Bonn rose upon scarred knees supporting a tortured and emaciated body and began kissing her fingers and then slowly taking them within his mouth, betwixt parched and ulcerous lips, sucking upon them softly.

"Oh, my sweet little pet!" exclaimed Britta with a delight unabashed and genuine, her young voice disturbingly hoarse and goblin-esque. The young shock trooper's eyes looked up at her and lolled in ecstasy before closing and suckling at her fingertips with renewed vigor.

"Don't bite now, little pet, or we shall have to punish you most severely!"

Britta drew her fingers back from Bonn's pursed mouth suddenly - examining them carefully and then eyeing the devastated physicality of Private Bonn with one eyebrow cocked mischievously - his own milky gaze

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staring back at her with the apprehension and observation of the thoroughly traumatized.

Across the way, Bluebird had now made her descent into the staging area which she surmised would be their immediate residence before their departure outward bound for the campaign on the morrow. The loading bay area, the presence of Nadezhda and Bonn and the specific numbers of internal security present - alongside lockers stationed in the corners that indicated weaponry storage units - all indicated that her assumption was the correct one.

The cult recruiters were now all eyes on her - they had relegated Britta's brisk departure for Nadezhda and Bonn's holding area appropriate and appropriately supervised given the fact that the captives were behind high-temper steel, the only opening gate stationed on top of the cage (the prisoners had been lowered in and upon extraction would be lifted out) and more than half a dozen internal security personnel being more than enough to mind one little girl - albeit one undeniably psychotic.

Though the cult recruiters, along with their attache retinue of internal security, had been assigned their place as the "welcoming committee" for the incoming future deities of the outlying areas - though their instant purpose was to be welcoming only in the most perverse martial sense of the word - they themselves were unaware of the degree by which the girls had been manipulated - psychologically, behaviorally and even physically altered - in the interim period since they had

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been introduced to their coming destiny on the overlook of the commander's parade ground and now. For after that fateful meeting betwixt Bluebird and Britta - with the cult recruiters as the minders - sooner than it seemed they had been whisked away from the presence of the cult and taken into the custody of elements within the organization so fell in nature and so high-tier in security level that the cult recruiters, they themselves direct plenipotentiaries of the commandant herself, knew neither the means nor methods employed - nor the depths to which the scalpel of the organization had dug into their minds.

Bluebird glanced across the floor of the warehouse briefly at Britta and the traces of a sardonic smile crossed her face - though she was careful to hide it from the cult recruiters who would be her immediate concern. Those black-robed acolytes of the commandant who wept under images of red glowing mushroom clouds, who sang songs praising her horrific nature and machined layers upon layers of ritualism and subterfuge in furtherance of her cult in conjunction with their hidden counterparts in organizational intelligence, yet were the same who now looked upon their nine-year-old charge across the way as a child still to some degree. Bluebird knew what Britta had endured in the final months of preparation at the commander's headquarters, for she had been there with Britta - at least in part.

It was clear that the cult recruiters would immediately attempt to draw a wedge between Bluebird and Britta once in the new territories and utilize their sickly distortions of maternal affection against the

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younger in order to make Britta the fifth column for the commandant's cult recruiters in the new regime. At this point anything was possible, yet they perhaps were unclear of the nature of the walking time bomb they had at their fingertips - as such they needfully must tread very lightly and very carefully, lest the decidedly volatile ordnance explode suddenly and without warning.

Bluebird returned her attention to the cult recruiters, the larger number of them who now spread out across her path in an unmistakable posture of intimidation - though almost every one of them wore a sickly painted-on smile like a porcelain mask. Looking closely at most of them Bluebird could see small, almost imperceptible trickles of sweat dripping down from their foreheads along with a slight dilation of the eyes, slightly bloodshot. The cult recruiters were most assuredly heavily dosed with one of the nastier cocktails of stimulants coming down from organizational intelligence and issued mostly to certain of special detachments of internal security and shock troop squads attached to black ops missions, the sort of very specific stimulants which were assigned for those engaged in the most egregious violations of human rights executed in the most obscene fashions, requiring a high level of energy, maximum aggression and intensive paranoia, sometimes laced with hallucinations.

A cold sweat of her own broke out then upon Bluebird's brow and the cult recruiters laughed near in unison, grimly, sadistically. Behind where the vast number of them stood Bluebird could ascertain that two large chairs

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were being brought into the staging area that had been arranged for their arrival - set near to each other across from a large mirror upon the dead center of which was present a life-size propaganda image of the commandant and arrayed on all other sides with various bleak banners of some of the organizational detachments which would be participating in the campaign upon the morrow. Each one of them indicated beyond a shadow of a doubt that those entities who bore such banners counted themselves as being repositories of a devastating darkness and it was that devastating darkness which they intended to spread upon the land under the guiding hand of the commander's martial genius. Most of them were set upon fields of black, some upon red - the color of bloodshed and explosive, reigning fire. A few of them were rendered in sickening hues of yellow or green - indicating organizational detachments involved in the development and deployment of poisons as well as chemical and radiological warfare. Bluebird and Britta's own personal crests were not set among them Bluebird noticed, both to her chagrin and rising alarm.

"We are so pleased to finally have you with us, Bluebird, and such a big day for you upon the morrow! And aren't you and your young friend exhausted from the long trip here - yes - and needing some sustenance, correct?"

A particularly witch-like cult recruiter spoke to Bluebird, the tone of her voice exuding a clear condescension which Bluebird found highly offensive yet also trilling with the effects of the stimulants which

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all of the witches seemed to be dosed on save for a few. The one cult recruiter who had been eyeing Bluebird as she had descended a few moments before eyed Bluebird still, standing near to the spokeswoman of the company, an infuriating smirk set upon a cold, pale face that could have belonged to a member of the aristocracy in years long past.

Bluebird assumed a pleasant-enough smile but looked not at the spokeswoman but at the cult recruiter who stood beside her.

"We consumed more than ample provisions along the road, though we would certainly be willing to share any fare that you may be able to offer - Britta we are sure is certainly hungry."

Bluebird's words were clipped and polite, yet she knew that the odds were stacked against them and that whatever was coming would not, could not be avoided. She glanced in the direction where Britta had been sporting near the cage and noticed that the glow of the electrical prods had ceased though the electrical arcing of the generators and other sundry apparatus was proceeding as violently as ever with an even somewhat increased regularity. When the electricity arced she could see Britta flitting here and there betwixt numerous of the black-masked internal security members, her frock flapping behind her, eyes as maniacal as ever.

The most visibly aggressive of the cult recruiters stepped forward and grasped Bluebird's chin in a vice-like grip and stared squarely into her eyes.

"The sustenance that you and that little will receive on this night will be of the sort that only the chosen of

BLUEBIRD

the commandant are able to provide!"

Already large eyes grew larger and their bloodshot nature of the same came into clearer focus at the close vantage point which Bluebird was now afforded - the cult recruiter before her was clearly insane, the state of mind only amplified by the searing effects of the violence-inducing stimulants which churned within her brain and nervous system like angry wasps.

A hell would be endured during the long night ahead, for a hell to be created upon the dawn.

Three of the cult recruiters grabbed Bluebird then - laughing in their fell manner - divesting her of her garments and carefully so, especially with respect to the small cat-claws set upon the end of each of her fingertips. She acquiesced as they did so, internalizing a discomfiture which was only surely the beginning, filing away feelings that melded upon other festering wounds internal which turned into demons traveling along the neural pathways of her mind. A hand reached up under her auburn locks, filled with tangles and matted after days on the road on the way from the commander's headquarters, grasping the metal pull that drew down her back, unzipping her white vinyl garment. She cooperated, stepping out of the garment - another cult recruiter removing her small underthings and leaving her naked as she was led briskly toward one of the waiting chairs facing the mirror.

Two chairs were set ten feet out from the mirror and around fifteen feet from one another, in their reflection the propaganda image of the commandant inhabiting the

central and shaft heavy-duty seasoned wood appearance, the together with st to the electric ch means of so-call the federal and i nuclear wars. It featured stout re bind the wrists, chest then fasten Though each of twice that of th recruiters present across the area of recruiters each wi stretching as they which they had b by organizational the pastimes to w continued in whic aggressors.

Positioned on th seats were gleamin the wood, several gradually tapering Bluebird stared - no come, though the co nonetheless.

The three cult rec

BLUEBIRD

central and shared focal point. They were of extremely heavy-duty construction, crafted from rough hewn seasoned wood well-aged yet still lightish brown in appearance, their sanded and polished beams held together with strong rivets and iron bands, not dissimilar to the electric chairs which had once been employed as a means of so-called humane death in that same land by the federal and individual state governments prior to the nuclear wars. In further similarity each of the chairs featured stout restraints positioned on the arm rests to bind the wrists, others situated to be stretched across the chest then fastened, others for the legs and the ankles. Though each of the chairs weighed much more than twice that of the physical bodies of any of the cult recruiters present, each had been picked up and draw across the area of short utilitarian carpeting by two cult recruiters each with no impediment - their wiry muscles stretching as they did so, amped up by the stimulants which they had been administered several hours before by organizational intelligence and in premeditation of the pastimes to which they would be privy as the night continued in which they would be taking roles as the aggressors.

Positioned on the center surface of both of the chair's seats were gleaming stainless steel probes, bolted onto the wood, several inches thick and wide at the base then gradually tapering off to a blunted point at the top. Bluebird stared - not at all unfamiliar with what was to come, though the combination of elements disturbed her nonetheless.

The three cult recruiters holding Bluebird, two at her

BLUEBIRD

sides and one behind her with her hand on the nape of her neck, dragged Bluebird forward to station herself beside one of the chairs - several others departing across the way to fetch Britta while several more stayed to begin readying the apparatus for the night's coming ordeals.

From the direction of the cage on the other side of the warehouse Bluebird could hear the beginning of the inevitable conflict which she had already premeditated beginning apace - as Britta issued a loud and imperious protest against the cult recruiter's request for her to come with them, away from the area where her and Bluebird's pets, Nadezhda and Bonn, had been quartered. Britta's voice raised in ire was even more inhuman than when she spoke normally - the gravelly hissing bearing only faint resemblance to the deep, hoarse drawl that Britta spoke with when Bluebird had first met her in the anteroom to the observation chamber above the commander's parade grounds many months past. Over the course of their joint programming in the depths of the commander's training center Britta had been led down pathways of behavioral modification so horrifying and so technical that various aspects of her physicality had been sundered into multifaceted aspects, each with its own specifications and characteristics - the command mechanism voice in which she now spoke to the cult recruiters bearing nothing in similitude to the girlish squeals and coquettish invitations to delight of which she was also capable according to both circumstance and whim.

The cult recruiters who had been responsible for

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arranging the staging area for the ordeal - both the physically strongest and those exhibiting the maximum in force and aggression - were called over to assist in rendering Britta away from the cage and to where the mirrors and the evil visage of the commandant's image awaited. As they stripped the black rubber garment up and over Britta's head, revealing the young and supple terrorflesh marked here and there in certain areas with the welts of past punishment sessions and the telltale angry scars of selective surgical procedures under the scalpels of the experimental medical sectors of organizational intelligence, Britta's voice reverted to girlish pleas of protest delivered with strange and disturbing deceptive overtones - interspersed with the growls of the overtly demonic. Bluebird smiled, as she noticed goosebumps involuntarily rise on the uncovered portions of the arms of the cult recruiters which held her as the struggle continued outside of her and their own range of vision. This night would be as much of a test for the cult recruiters themselves as it would for the girls.

Britta was finally brought over and stationed beside the second chair across from and to the left of the image of the commandant. As she was divested of her only remaining clothing, an obscene garment of shining black-leather cross-straps revealing barely budding breasts and a black thong of similar construction upon her lower half, Britta bared her feral yellowish teeth in a snarl with only the hints of sound emitting from her mouth.

Cult recruiters busied themselves with rubbing a

BLUEBIRD

clear, viscous slime upon the shining metallic anal probes attached to the seat of the chairs, looking up at their respective charges coyly as they massaged the stainless steel objects with perverse delight, their eyes piercing and maniacal in their stimulant induced reverie. Others among the commandant's cult recruiters dragged various electrical lines and small box-like apparatuses here and there around them - the thick black-rubber protected lines stretching across the cement floors across to the area where the bulk of the cult recruiters now stationed themselves. The air pulsed with the charge, like a rural field before a lightning storm.

After the cult recruiters attending to the chairs had finished their immediate work they snaked their way around the girls and the others among their sisterhood acting as their restraining guards, dipping their fingers into small containers of the viscous clear liquid and then reaching up to begin massaging the contents between the buttocks and into the pursed rectums of their young charges.

Bluebird allowed her legs to spread slightly and relaxed herself, shifting her waist slightly forward and allowing the slender fingers of the black-robed witches to insert one hard finger, then another, in a slow sensuous anal raping, knowing that those effecting such a molestation were doing so as a practical courtesy. If they had wished to be ungracious they could have as easily grasped her and lifted her down onto the awaiting probe with no notice. She herself had experienced far worse than that - so their added care showed that they were being cautious at least in the immediate - though

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the presence of the various generator-driven apparatuses which now surrounded her did little to set her mind at ease.

In contrast Britta began to struggle violently against her captors, snarling and lashing out and nearly biting the exposed arm of one of the cult recruiters who herself hissed mightily in return at the demoniac little child - speed-induced eyes peeled back in fury. A bevy of concentrated blows to the area around Britta's kidneys and she bent over involuntary to her intention, the controls of her mind betraying her. As soon as she was thus positioned several of the cult recruiters pounced, pushing her to her knees, her face mashed against the floor staring sideways and gazing crookedly at the image of the commandant where the image of the deity's feet were situated, black boots set authoritatively on the charred landscape of an atom-bomb ruined earth.

"Now we'll see how you like to take it forced, little beastling!"

With that one of the cult recruiters thrust three lubricated fingers into the little girl's rectum all at once, causing her to growl in protest. Several deep and pointed thrusts only as the others held her, then she was snatched up into sitting posture by her ears and three of the cult recruiters began to raise her up - two holding her beneath the thighs, spreading her legs and the other cradling her underarms. As much as she struggled and squealed in protest there was no stopping the cult recruiters as they raised her up and positioned her over the chair only then to lower her down - pushing her forcibly so that the metallic probe impaled her anally -

BLUEBIRD

slamming her legs and arms into the proper positions, the padded and sewn leather of the chair's attached restraints quickly fastened and prohibiting all other further movement.

Once Britta was properly restrained Bluebird was also likewise situated, though with much less struggle. Sensing her compliance, only one of the cult recruiters was required to lead her by the arm before the front of the execution-style apparatus, Bluebird grasping the sides of the heavy-duty wooden armrests and lowering herself onto the metallic probe - only emitting the slightest grunt as the cold metal penetrated her, sliding and expanding into her lower entrails as her internal musculature gripped the foreign object and then enveloped it.

Once Bluebird had been thusly situated and strapped into the chair several cult recruiters approached, one of them pulling back upon her auburn hair and another forcing fingers into her mouth, opening it before placing a black rubber ball gag into the opening, lifting up her hair and fastening the attached nylon strap firmly before allowing her hair to fall back into place. Within minutes saliva began to involuntarily drip down her cheeks, sliding down her small exposed breasts and abdomen and pooling on her pale thighs and the overlarge seat of the furniture upon which she was restrained.

Again, effecting the same with Britta was harder and because of her defiance the cult recruiters were now being purposefully cruel and provocative. As her shorn head provided no similar means of manipulation two of the cult recruiters pulled the little girl's ears and laughed

as they did so - chin while still with unnecessary restrained, it was the more pointed

The cult recruits energy, ignoring silent, as they m the area. In the held inside their internal security only three were l black table strewn bearing various k Nadezhda and B cold metallic grate comatose for th administered via t into the muscles seeking some warn they would be wak carrying a heavy sti it was evident that indicated that the ve be underway - but organizational intell internal security reti executive levels of doing so in an ina particular project wa

BLUEBIRD

as they did so - another holding her mouth open by the chin while still another forced a ball gag into her mouth with unnecessary force. Both of the girls now fully restrained, it was time for the cult recruiters to go about the more pointed objectives of their exercise.

The cult recruiters busied themselves now with added energy, ignoring the girls, now rendered immobile and silent, as they moved various technical devices around the area. In the area where Nadezhda and Bonn were held inside their human-sized cage the bulk of the internal security personnel had departed for the night - only three were left, technicians who sat behind a large black table strewn with various control mechanisms bearing various knobs and dials manning the generator. Nadezhda and Bonn huddled against each other on the cold metallic grates of the cage's floor, rendered largely comatose for the night with a strong sedative administered via the auspices of a thick needle injected into the muscles of the thigh, their emaciated bodies seeking some warmth one from another. In the morning they would be wakened by another injection - this one carrying a heavy stimulant. Peering closely at Nadezhda it was evident that a small lump on her lower stomach indicated that the very early stages of a pregnancy might be underway - but only the medical teams attached to organizational intelligence knew for sure. Despite the internal security retinue present being very close to the executive levels of the new region and furthermore doing so in an inaugural and covert capacity, this particular project was still well beyond their security

BLUEBIRD

clearance.

A metal grate was brought in and set between Bluebird and Britta and the image of the commander. The grate was set atop a large flat black object of natural creation, a very large piece of obsidian which had been brought in earlier, carried by the physically strongest among the cult recruiters present. As several of the cult recruiters busied themselves with stacking small logs upon the grate and building a small fire, one of the cult recruiters approached Bluebird and then Britta - her eyes were cold and clinical and possessed no sense of life within them, though they possessed the telltale bloodshot state of her sisters. Withdrawing a small, curved and exceedingly sharp blade from within her robes she lifted the blade to each of the girl's foreheads, making a minute incision and then reaching down and withdrawing a small amount of whitish powder from a small satchel attached to her side and rubbing it firmly into the wound, clotting the blood flow. As soon as this was effected Bluebird's eyes widened and then slumped into a dull thousand yard stare. Britta's eyes rolled back into her head showing only the whites of her eyes for several minutes as cold chills wracked her body. Unnatural sweat emitting from each and every pore. After this had been effected the cult recruiter removed the ball gags from the girls as they would no longer be necessary after this point.

The cult recruiter who had made the incision leaned over and gazed into Bluebird's milky eyes.

"When the commandant comes and sees you, young one, she will be so very pleased."

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The cult recruiter's voice was slow, measured and without any discernible inflection and Bluebird heard each word as if it was echoing from thousands of miles away, passed along a wind. As her brain began to wrap itself around the concept of the cult recruiter's message Bluebird found herself smiling, her drugged eyes straining to raise themselves to meet those of the woman before her.

"Shush now, young one, shush, no need to extend yourself. Sit here and look into the fire and accept the dark blessings which the commandant is about to bestow upon you."

The cult recruiters with the various technical instruments brought several small black electrical boxes forward to the sides of each of the girls' chairs, unfurling small delicate wires attached to tiny needles which were carefully slipped into the skin atop the girls' hands - signaling here and there to the internal security technicians on the other side of the room to indicate that the mechanisms had been successfully installed without incident. One of the black-masked internal security technicians raised his hand in signal that he had received the command and slowly turned a dial on the device in front of him. The generator arced violently and charge ran through the electrical lines encased through the insulated black cords, making their way across the floor to power the small black boxes which began to purr appreciably. At the flick of a switch a visible electric blue current ran slowly upward along the silver strands of exposed wire then ran to the needles inserted beneath

BLUEBIRD

the hands of the girls. Once making contact the girls' hands began to dance slightly, the fingers tapping without neural control upon the thick wooden armrests - the restraints disallowing any avoidance of the charge passing into their bodies via the auspices of the small needles. Their faces assumed grimaces yet no audible words could be emitted. Bluebird's mouth disturbingly assumed an almost perfect circular shape and a slight groan was audible for a few brief seconds as her eyes stared slightly sideways into the small fire beneath the propaganda of the commandant, which enveloped the entire eight-feet of the glossy print in an infernal light.

Wrecked for the first several minutes after the dosage of the white powder by internal visions beyond the scope of their immediate reality, the brief pulsing of the electrical shocks brought Bluebird and Britta into a state of half-life and the cult recruiters moved into the shadows beyond the light of the fire so that only darkness would be reflected in the mirror in the areas outside of the glow of the fire. The reflections of the girls themselves seated upon the chairs were slightly visible yet only in dim spectral fashion - made even more ghostly by the flickering of the flames and the effects of the drugs which caused their reflections to appear as shifting and amorphous, part of the surrounding shadow. Only the image of the commandant herself was lit in full - the base of the fire situated so that the feet of the commandant, in the image, depicting her booted feet standing upon a charred and sickly earth from the terra of which bloomed the image of a nuclear mushroom

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cloud which rose in destruction behind her figure - the widening cap of the blast framing her shoulders and head.

The depiction of the commandant - nearly photographic in rendering if not in actuality - oozed an atmosphere of black destruction, of the insane, of a force so devastating, so catastrophic that none could stand in its way. In the eyes of the two girls the image became much more than an image, it became alive - for their personal confrontation with her in the depths of the torture center was still fresh in their memory and indelibly marked in fiery impression upon their psyches, not easily ignored, not easily forgotten.

In their shadowy hiding places beyond the light the cult recruiters began to chant in unison, a slow funerary chant accentuated by the grim beat of small drums emitting a deep, somber tone. The sound was enhanced by the drums, painfully mixed with the sound of the black boxes stationed near their side which in reality so soft became like the sound of whirlwinds swarming across desolate landscapes.

The image of the commandant came to life in the vision of the two girls as the chanting of the cult recruiters continued, the words of their devotional songs in praise of nuclear death personified seeming to roll over one another in a distorted audial tapestry. Yet, those words that melded together seemed to awaken the once stationary depiction of the commandant - she was alive!

A disturbing pulse had begun to emanate through the anal probe devices upon which each girl was impaled as the cult recruiters hidden in the surrounding

BLUEBIRD

darkness began to activate the current that ran beneath the chairs to the metal inserts. They knew that the shock administered via that auspice, at that moment, would begin eliciting the hallucinatory confrontation which Bluebird and Britta were now experiencing - all of those present, save the internal security technicians, having undergone the same procedure themselves in the weeks leading up to the cusp of the campaign.

The cult recruiter medical personnel held a small pocket watch, meticulously maintained, and observed carefully as the minute hand reached the designated mark. She raised her finger and the chanting of her sisters stopped at once - leaving the space filled only with the low white noise of the electrical devices and the nearly imperceptible sound of the crackling flame.

Several of the cult recruiters crouched low upon the ground, their black robes trailing behind them as they slowly moved amplification devices beside the two girls' chairs, each one attached with small microphones that led to clips near the witch's mouths, from another portal of the amplification device a bifurcated wire apparatus with two small speakers that were inserted carefully into the ears of the girls. Neither Bluebird nor Britta noticed this operation, their attention riveted in the direction of the flames before them.

Before the girls stood the commandant - the ultra in cruelty - the ultimate and unquestionable despot possessing an authority rooted in the fact that she herself was responsible for the post-nuclear hell in which all survivors had dwelled and in which their descendants now inhabited. Though the nuclear wars had occurred

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BLUEBIRD

more than seventy years in the past she still walked upon the scorched earth - nuclear death personified - the commandant. She was beyond age and she was ageless and though her form seemed to possess some human characteristics the physical body she possessed was more humanoid than human. She was in all respects in both constitution and temperament a giantess - over seven feet in height though not an inch of that frame uncovered, her entire body completely enveloped within a shining black suit of skintight design - her face hidden behind a pointed black helmet constructed of fine mesh with one anonymous bar of horizontal black goggle lens concealing the eyes within.

The amplification devices which the cult recruiters had drawn up to the girls' chairs were designed to distort and conceal the voice of the speakers - in this case the voices of the two cult recruiters who were stationed beside the restraint chairs of Britta and Bluebird respectively. These two in particular as the trained operators in this procedure had undergone intensive briefings, orientation and instruction both by internal security technicians as well as the highest echelons of clandestine organizational intelligence. The words of the instructions which were to be given to the girls - each message custom to the recipient - had been drilled into them over hours - for if one mistake were made by the operators during the concourse of the procedure their lives would most certainly be forfeit, the end-game amidst other grim punishments which they would also endure should such an eventuality occur.

BLUEBIRD

beyond the regional headquarters - into the area of the unconquered region into which Bluebird, Britta and a wide cross-section of the organization's military force would be penetrating now only a few hours hence.

A small filament of smoke began to inexplicably emanate from the extended finger of the commandant and then becoming a small cloud, iron grey and sootish black, which hung in the air. Within it could be seen the crackling of lightning and the sounds of millions of mechanical devices smashing and grinding into one another could be heard emanating from within. As the sound began its harsh rapport hot wet tears began to flow down Bluebird's freckled cheeks, for she knew that this sound was the voice of the commandant herself.

The grey-black clouds began to part slightly then and the light within them grew more pronounced - where the rent was made visions began to appear, cascading one upon the other at breakneck speed, yet Bluebird retained each one in its entirety - every aspect and import that was meant to be relayed by the commandant comprehended. In her visions blood spilled in waves upon waves, pools of blood in which the enemies of the organization drowned in abject despair. She saw her own martial forces, her units that marched beneath a pale blue flag bearing the black outline of a human figure from which expanded a starburst extending outward from an area between the heart and throat. She saw herself, radiant upon the back of an organizational tactical vehicle, standing aloft as winds carrying upon them spectral wraiths composed of yellow poisonous gas and before her alien figures, identities entirely obscured

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BLUEBIRD

inside hazardous material suits, spreading out over a ruined landscape filled with screams, sobs and faces that had begun to melt into themselves.

Both of the girls' visions slowly faded to black and fitful sleep came upon them. As the embers of the fire beneath the propaganda image of the commandant began to burn low the cult recruiters softly and quietly moved about the two platinum graduates of the commandant's training center. The needles and wires were removed from their wrists, restraints undone and their naked bodies gingerly lifted up, withdrawing them from the metal inserts which had penetrated them. Small beds had been prepared, beneath the ever-watchful image of the commandant, and the two naked figures were wrapped in rough-hewn blankets and allowed to rest, if only for a few hours. Outside of the bay doors of the loading area a reddish-orange sun began to rise from behind the heavily wooded hills of the border region and somewhere in the rebel territories a cockerel began to crow, the unknowing herald of a bloody dawn.

CHAPTER 2

When Bluebird and Britta awakened they found that they only had filaments of memory of the night before and the events that had transpired since their arrival at regional headquarters. They remembered arriving and Britta remembered having had the pleasure of seeing her slave Bonn, her man pet, who was to be mated to Bluebird's female pet, Nadezhda, in due course. The large bay doors of the loading dock had been opened and the full light of an early winter morning poured in illuminating the chamber. There were no signs of the torture chairs which had been removed by the cult recruiters several hours before, the recollections of those apparatus within the girls' minds having been completely subsumed by the hallucinations of the commandant and the instructions which had been inlaid into their subconscious minds via the auspices of the programming devices to which they had been subject. The lockers in the corners of the room were now flung open and weapons were being dispersed to various persons along a line of internal security personnel who passed them person to person in a human chain which proceeded out the smaller service door and beyond the girls' vision.

Bluebird arose first and awoke her counterpart, her

BLUEBIRD

lieutenant from here on out, whom she affectionately referred to as her little sister - a nomenclature which the cult recruiters and intimate members of their retinue during their time in the commandant's training center had picked up on. Britta's eyes fluttered ever so gently as she came to waking consciousness, sitting up and allowing the crude military-style blanket to fall down and pool about her waist, revealing a hard core, small barely budding breasts and thin but extremely strong and wiry arms. Bluebird smiled at the sight as she smiled at the younger girl's shorn head - skinhead fashion - she herself only aware of the latter term from the books she had read about the times before the nuclear wars whilst acting in her duties as a den mother back at the commandant's training center. Britta had insisted on that particular fashion move herself - believing it to embrace barbarism, a sign that her religion was terror.

Britta arose fully and stood beside her older counterpart, both of them naked, no sign of their ordeal the night before though they both felt a strange itching upon the upper parts of their wrists where the medical personnel's needles had been inserted and a low ache from the intermittent electrical shocks in their innards and central nervous systems.

The cult recruiters surrounded them slowly, now loving, now sweetly motherly rather than provocative, leading them to a small area walled off with partitions beyond the sight of the internal security personnel and other organizational personnel who busied themselves with readying the tactical elements of the shared mission to come.

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Behind the partition two young female members of the commandant's cult awaited, an attendant for each of them. They were exceedingly sweet in appearance and demeanor, Bluebird could ascertain that they were acolytes immediately upon apprehension - adherents of the commandant's cult who had yet to be initiated in full into the ways and pathways of the commandant's monastic order, probates. Bluebird smiled at the aspiring nun who approached her who wore her own hair, auburn like Bluebird's own, shoulder-length and who was around the same age as herself. An angelic looking blonde had been tasked to Britta, the modicum of softness in Bluebird's opinion - probably the daughter of a high-ranking organizational member in one of the more cerebral operational areas. Bluebird stifled laughter as a look of sudden alarm crossed the blonde's face as Britta croaked a greeting in her hoarse voice before switching to a syrupy sweet affectionate tone and then reverting to her standard rural hiss as she took the blonde's arm in friendship but with considerably more force than perhaps was necessary.

Bluebird's minder led her to one side of the partitioned space and assisted in dressing her - Bluebird's lithe limbs stepping into the white vinyl suit and the young acolyte zipping her up from behind, the revealing fabric contouring with automatic reaction to every curve of Bluebird's slender form as she did so. A protective tubular garment of a somewhat scratchy and rough woolen construction was pulled onto and positioned upon the lower parts of each limb then again

BLUEBIRD

upon the lower arms and wrists - the acolyte then facilitating Bluebird stepping into her boots of similar visual aesthetics of her bodysuit, the appearance of which blended in seamlessly with Bluebird's main garment. The acolyte fitted Bluebird into a pair of tight long white gloves, a new addition and also in appearance seamlessly integrated with the rest of her visual presentation. Bluebird herself fitted her fingers, now over the covering of the gloves, with the individual claws upon each fingertip to whose presence and use she had become well accustomed, as the acolyte tied Bluebird's auburn locks back in a tight bun designed for functionality rather than appearance. A fabric tube of the same woolen construction that had been fitted onto her lower limbs was now stretched carefully over the head and allowed to retract covering Bluebird's neck and lower chin. The young cult recruiter brought over Bluebird's white nylon utility belt which Bluebird herself fastened about her small waist, then clipping on the nursery strap to the side via the auspices of a small carabiner.

Leading her a few steps toward the corner of the partitioned area with a humble gait, the acolyte brought Bluebird forward to where a black metal box was set upon a somewhat larger wooden crate, the side of which was stamped with an emblem that read "ENGINEERING CENTER."

"This was made especially for you, mistress," the young acolyte said as she opened the box and withdrew a curious item which on inspection was a helmet designed specifically for Bluebird herself. On immediate

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inspection she could see that it possessed a not dissimilar shape to that of the commandant's, including the particular and curiously fashioned peak at the top. Unlike the commandant's however, her helmet was white, the color as pure and unblemished as a winter snow and fashioned of a hard amour-like plastic, the secrets and properties of which had no doubt been learned by the teams at the engineering center from the latest military technological manuals in circulation directly before the time of the nuclear wars. The helmet possessed no markings and no visible openings near the mouth except two very small and nearly unnoticeable ventilation holes covered with small screens that led to a small but functional series of interior tubes - the helmet designed to protect from poisonous gases as well as contusions. Across the area of the eyes there was a single lens, by the book organizational standard, except that hers shone with a completely mirrored platinum glare. Looking carefully at Bluebird as she examined this item which had been machined especially for her, the young cult acolyte could tell that her young mistress was pleased.

A helmet for Britta, in addition to possessing the functionality of Bluebird's own, had also been additionally machined to resemble the face of a demon - the material rendered in black and vaguely tetrahedral in shape replete with inlaid fangs, though stationary and non-functional, indicative of one who delights in the taste of human flesh and the drinking of human blood. In the area of the mouth were two tusks protruding from either side as well - their particular inclusion and design

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having been culled from research of organizational intelligence, understanding that their presence indicated both inclusion among the numbers of the demonic races of antiquity in certain regions as well as, in a feminine context, being among the number of wrathful goddesses whose propitiation could only be effected by rights of horror, bloodshed and sacrifice. One black lens for vision across, not dissimilar to that of the helmet of the commandant herself, yet Britta's in distinction possessing and reflecting purple highlights especially when exposed to light.

Beneath she was attired similarly as before except that large black rubberized gloves covered her hands and lower arms, of a grade construction rated for handling contaminants, with black boots designed for combat environments with soles also specially rated for exposure to chemical contaminants and corrosive matter upon her feet. The rest of the familiar elements were present - obscenely revealing black leather and shining straps highlighting the minute exposed breasts, the black leather strap of likewise design barely covering her genitalia and set betwixt her near fully exposed buttocks. Rather than the shining straps set only upon her naked flesh as before, however, Britta first been fitted into a sheer rubber-like bodysuit, completely clear and showing her flesh beneath in full aspect, as she walked the suit clear suit eliciting a sadistic creaking.

"Fetch me my lead, fetch my leash!" Britta snarled, before letting loose with a peal of hideous laughter. She could not wait to play with Bonn, her pet, and despite the fact that she was delighted by the additions to her kit

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- she had insisted on putting on the helmet right away - her mind had quickly gone to her servant from whom she had been separated for some many weeks now during her special ordeals in the depths of the commandant's training center. She often remembered how she had so enjoyed torturing him that fateful day in the halls of the commandant herself, under her bleak and horrible gaze, and she yearned to torture him again.

The girls were led out from the partitioned area, the assigned probates carrying each of the girls' respective helmets (the young blonde acolyte, despite undeniable fear at attempting to convince her very volatile charge, had managed to separate Britta from the helmet at last - trading the helmet for the chain and leather lead which had been fetched from one of the lockers).

Harsh winter sunlight flooded into the area of the loading docks now, the huge dual doors opened wide and letting in the weather, still warm for this time of year, in the mid forty-degree Fahrenheit range and slight breezes stirring the air intermittently. Britta looked toward the cage but Nadezhda and Bonn were nowhere to be found - the iron grate of the ceiling opening flung open and a large team of black-masked internal security personnel in conference off to the side, huddled about in a circle.

Beyond the doors of the loading area stood the largest assembly of organizational forces that either of the girls had ever seen - larger than what Britta herself had witnessed in the border camp during her time as the concubine of the field marshal and larger than the

BLUEBIRD

massed forces which had been present on the parade ground months past when Britta and her older sister had been presented with the inaugural sight of their own personal units.

Immediately before the doors of the loading area were two large armored tactical vehicles - modified considerably over the years and waiting in the wings for just such an occasion in which their potency for lethality would be tested on the field of battle. Both were painted in a flat black - both bearing the light blue human starburst flag of Bluebird's unit in enamel upon the driver's side doors. Greased fifty caliber gun barrels thrust out from both sides of the fronts of the vehicles, their controls remote and operated internally, promising a nasty and violent death for those who might be so unfortunate to find themselves in the metal jacketed spray of their payloads. The back of the vehicles carried two more machine guns fashioned on small circular turrets which had been welded onto either side of the rear of the vehicle which served in main purpose as troop carriers. Each of these to Bluebird's interest carried not members of her or Britta's unit but rather black-masked internal security personnel, each armed to the teeth, with shock troopers wearing gas masks stationed on either of the rear gun turrets.

On the top of the cab of the vehicles the metal roof had been removed and replaced with an observation deck made of bullet-proof glass, a black padded bar stretched across the interior so that the backseat passenger could stand aloft to see and be seen during the conflagration to come.

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The most telling aspect of the vehicles however was upon the hood over the engine block - for both Nadezhda and Bonn had been strapped across the hoods of the respective vehicles - both of them nearly naked still except for small breathing apparatus that had been inserted into their mouths and nostrils, held tight with adhesive with small tubes that ran back through interior passageways into a filtering device within the cab of the vehicles maintained by one of the internal security personnel.

Nadezhda's skeletal form was attached to Bluebird's vehicle - chained in an obscene sitting position, her legs spread - her legs and arms held back with restraints locked in place across the grate of the radiator. The vehicles were even now already running - indicating that the forward move into the sovereign's territory was nigh - and the scalding hot water from the radiator sputtered onto her back, her screams muffled by the breathing device which also served as a sort of a gag not by accident but by design.

Bonn's position was even more astounding to view - the emaciated form of the shock trooper whose life had been irrevocably turned toward hell via the machinations of the commander's strategies now found himself bent over the front of Britta's vehicle and spread-eagled - his legs and torso strapped to a metal frame apparatus designed to move to and fro along a set line of motion in tune with the vehicle and a long thin metal cylinder extending from either side penetrating him rectally. Arms spread akimbo across the hot metal covering the engine, his face, also fitted with a similar

BLUEBIRD

breathing filtration device as Nadezhda's, was positioned on a small metal frame welded onto the hood which forced his vision upward - toward the glass observation chamber where Britta would be visibly situated during the concourse of the coming campaign.

Beyond these death carriers stretched organizational forces far into the distance - Britta's unit closer to the vehicles and Bluebird's own near the front of the line, their bodies and identities completely obscured in their SCBA suits - bulbous and alien in appearance as they went about their varied preparations. Bluebird could see that other tactical vehicles, smaller than her and Britta's, pulled behind them the newly developed organizational rocket launchers - the backs of the pick-ups filled with multiple carefully cradled rockets fully loaded with payloads bearing the chemical and radiological agents which would soon find a home amidst the unsuspecting populace of the sovereign territories which would soon be her own territories.

The suspicions that she had felt upon her arrival at the regional headquarters still lingered despite the fact that the ordeals of the night before had for all effective purposes washed her brain as to certain doubts. Her regency over the area she had no doubt of - just as she had no doubts that her purposes here were streamlined with those of the commandant, the latter having been made especially clear in her confrontations with her before the flame on the chair of torture. That said however, as she watched the near thousand massed organizational personnel before her - the majority of them of her and her little sister's

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wondered to herself what area this was to be, what would be created here. The commandant had telepathically communicated to her various aspects of her rule to come to the point that in so many points where she had once been uncertain she was now clear - yet those visions had yet to blossom forth into a full reality. As she watched the alien-like figures in the SCBA suits go about their business however, not only tending to the launchers and the ordnance but also loading large steel drums of hazardous materials onto lorries - minute cracks in some of them already emitting foul greenish smoke, she felt that her area was to be a very special sort of hell on earth. She had seen visions of the immediate - she knew what she must do, but what would come after?

Already she knew that others within her unit - similarly attired in protective gear as those before her and similarly armed, though the rockets had not yet begun to fall - were already pouring similar steel drums of hazardous materials into the streams, into the rivers and onto the earth of the hillsides - the latter which would soak down and then pour into the valleys during the rains and further in the post-winter thaw several months hence when her administration would be in full flower. She had not been told about such activities but the commandant had transmitted these visions to her in real-time during her confrontation in the night - a pressure point of the goddess of nuclear death's perverse gloved finger upon her brow and all that had been hidden to her prior had been revealed. Bluebird saw visions of organizational personnel in secure areas of the

BLUEBIRD

commander's headquarters sitting at conference, faces uncovered, cruel faces one and all, laughing maniacally - a flag of the commander's own personal crest on the wall behind them. She saw others - these their identities hidden - black ops units - pouring canisters of toxic liquid metals into the wells of all who lived within forty miles beyond what would be the new border. Prion poisoning, turning the land foul. She saw animals on what remained of the old farmsteads stagger and die - bloodied suppurations blossoming forth in chilling designs upon their bodies, reddish froth emanating from their mouths. And so it would be with the children as well - and generation unto generation after, should mother nature attempt to heal herself the organization would rip open the wound once again in a dangerous downspiral which perhaps even the commander himself knew not where it would end. Evil walked the land and she was to be the spearhead.

Their cult acolytes called Bluebird and Britta to an area directly outside the loading docks, through the small service entrance and down a pair of well-worn concrete stairs to a large slab where a plastic barrel and pump mechanism had been arranged, the slab wet with bluish liquid from which a harsh antiseptic smell emanated that permeated the air around it. One after another throughout the long morning even before dawn when both of the sisters were sleeping and dreaming unsound dreams of the commandant's design the members of the girls' units had been going through the process - suiting and being thoroughly sprayed with the substance inside the barrels, another barrier between

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them and the poisons which they were about to disperse.

A member of Bluebird's unit stood manning the apparatus and signaled to the cult recruiter acolytes to prepare the two girls. With the girls' leave their respective helmets were placed upon their head and they were directed to stretch their arms outward. First Bluebird and then Britta were sprayed with the substance front and back and then stepping beyond the slab the acolytes carefully cleaned the lens upon the helmets. Their skintight attire dripped with the chemical liquid but quickly dried in the wintry air which was mostly devoid of moisture at that time of year. The chemicals would add another layer of protection for the girls and the rest of the organizational forces, should some part of their suits be compromised. It was the commander's wish that organizational losses be kept to a minimum in the conflagration to come.

The acolytes led them now to their respective vehicles, explaining to them how the respiratory apparatuses inside their helmets functioned and triggering small buttons on each which activated an amplification device so that they could be heard. The amplification device turned their voices somewhat strange, somewhat robotic and managed to make Britta's own voice, disturbing in the best of circumstances, even more full of horrific portent.

Bluebird reached out her hand and clasped Britta's own lightly, careful not to allow the cat-like apertures upon her fingertips to touch Britta's glove.

BLUEBIRD

"This is it, my little sister, the time has arrived in which we shall inaugurate the precursor to our rule."

Britta stared up at Bluebird, the contours of her sheathed body snow-white and immaculate, the chrome vision lens of her helmet glaring harshly under the doom-laden light of the morning - a day that promised many things, but ruin beyond all else.

"The commandant showed me so many things, sister, so many things that will take place now - and even more for later! Bluebird, did she show you also?" Britta's voice, amplified and distorted through the device within the helmet, dripped with bloodlust - slavering for the kill and slavering for the tortures which would be afforded to her, her perversely exposed body tense with expectation.

Bluebird nodded her assent but before she could proffer an answer a great tumult arose - a barked order by a drill master upon the lip of the loading docks followed by others throughout the ranks in relay fashion on down the line. The roar of myriad engines erupted, black polluted smoke belching into the air angrily from the exhaust of the varied military vehicles - the roar from the converted troop carriers designed for the two girls emitting the most painful roar of them all.

The acolytes had now melted into the background making their way back into the warehouse area to stand with the other cult recruiters who stood within the half-darkness of the enclosure - visible through the large bay doors - watching as internal security led the girls apart and assisted them into their vehicles.

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Bluebird was lifted up into the back of the truck, walking through two rows of internal security who stood up from the bench seats facing each other to allow her passage - entering the cab of the vehicle through a small hatch in the back and then assuming her place within the bullet-proof observation enclosure, the back of Nadezhda's struggling head visible from over the lip of the hood.

Her hands grasped the padded roll bar stretched across the vehicle's observation chamber, booted feet firmly planted on the seat beneath, her cat-like claws digging into the padding as the vehicle lurched forward. Bluebird's gaze shifted to her left and there across from her, apace with her own vehicle behind a similar glass enclosure a flash of purplish light could be seen shining from the face of a demoness. The sisters were now on their way.

CHAPTER 3

Wendy had endured worse punishments, however the most recent suffered at the hand of the lieutenant had been exceedingly brutal even by his standards, and her body still ached in remembrance.

She and the lieutenant had delivered the chemical weapons to the commander's headquarters as planned after their marriage in the subterranean caverns of the Great Demon, Gaubni - the caravan consisting almost exclusively of members of his own personal retinue and a few minders from organizational intelligence.

They had moved slowly as they departed the mountainous region of the engineering center - the mist-shrouded treacherous ridges of dense woodland and ancient rock giving way to verdant valleys, dappled sunlight shining through the shimmering canopy of pines and their company finally entering into those slightly rolling lands that marked the beginning of the immediate area of the commander's stronghold.

Entering into the area surrounding the commander's headquarters was an unforgettable experience for Wendy, who had never left the area of the engineering center during the six years and some odd months of her young life. So secret and so secure was the work of the engineering center that those who lived there were

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quarantined from the rest of the organization's populace as a matter of policy. They would be born, live, work and die within those dark mountains, never having been significantly exposed to any other demographic within the organization except the very seldom visitor - said visitors, such as the lieutenant, who were always and invariably of organizational high-tier and as such in their own way anonymous if not inaccessible - quickly about their business in the mountain region, quickly gone.

There had been no protest when Wendy had been taken outside of the area of the engineering center contrary to organizational policy - but unbeknownst to the lieutenant the organizational intelligence inserted in his retinue had radioed command intelligence apprising them of the situation via encrypted radio transmission. The dividends of which, or lack thereof, which were only to be known once they had arrived at the commander's headquarters but which Wendy was now only too painfully aware.

The trek into the area of the commander's headquarters was startling - for although the amoral and feral nature of the organization permeated the mountain fastness from which she had come there was nothing that could have prepared Wendy for the scope of the horror which displayed itself in the most overt and blasphemous fashions once in this region which was the epicenter of hell in the new post-nuclear world and from which hell emanated out toward all else.

As they made their way forward once well out of the mountains they traveled along a long roadway, old in design, once blacktop but now a singed crust of melted

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rock and man-made materials yet still maintaining a surface which provided a corridor of travel betwixt a large forest which loomed on either side. Before the nuclear wars this had been a highway that ran across the state as it then was - facilitating two cars abreast - a vector between one state and the next in the context of a political formation which no longer was in a land to which borders were now all but meaningless except in the context of those formed within the organization. And at that time Wendy was well within the borders of her kindred.

She walked some of the way though her small legs tired quickly in attempt to keep up with the adult members of the lieutenant's company, the lieutenant inclusive. When she tired he would laugh good-naturedly and pick her up, allowing her to ride on his shoulders for a further and wider view of the lands that awaited them - sometimes cradling her like a baby, his roving hands often caressing the contours of her black baby brigade uniform and his face sometimes bending toward her pale neck, covering her face and collarbone with kisses rough from beneath his thick black mustache.

Other times though, and these were in truth the times she enjoyed best, she would ride upon a small platform on the front of one of the supply wagons - sometimes propelled by mechanical methods but more often than not pulled along by multiple shock troopers, their muscled bodies sweating beneath the harsh grey light of the sky above, crude tattoos and ritual scars bearing insignias of their martial exploits, organizational cults to which they were beholden and with myriad

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depictions of their own horrible proclivities rippling along strained flesh as they made their way forward carrying the chemical weapons commissioned by the commander, a terrible burden.

As they drew closer to the commander's headquarters along the forest road Britta first noticed the appearance of strange figures either singly or in very small groups - ten at very most - usually three to four - who were sometimes seen emerging from the brownish treelines or sometimes already congregated on the straw and leaf-ridden shoulders of the road itself.

The first she noticed seemed to be an old woman in her estimation, in actual years only perhaps in her mid-forties yet weathered beyond years by dint of the oftentimes deadly nature of the post-apocalyptic landscape - gaping lesions on her face and a vacant nature to the eyes that indicated that her parents were more than likely born as infants in direct exposure to the radiation of the nuclear wars and that she herself had been raised in an area of particularly high contamination.

No hair upon her head, the lone woman raved in a gravelly voice as she pushed a cart before her, filled with the desiccated corpses of vultures and crows which she had collected along her travels as she moved from one strange solitary base to strange solitary base, one to another, through the vast expanse of the forest which was formerly a national protectorate in the old days.

The organization had no interest in the great forest at the outskirts of its epicenter insofar as harvesting

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timber nor in policing it even in a titular manner. The wood that was needed for their own needs was much easier to be found closer to base in an area which was already as the case may be heavily wooded - if not procured from the more localized woods then sometimes culled from the old standing buildings of the time before, deconstructed by teams of trainee shock troopers and dispersed according to order and necessity. The great forest was maintained however insofar as it was left undisturbed as a border betwixt the more outlying areas from which the lieutenant, Wendy and their company had come. The areas closer to the commander's headquarters which consisted of mostly sweeping fields, former agricultural areas utilized to a great degree for fruit-bearing trees - the latter having long died to rot in any useful state, but which bloomed anew in those years long after those who had planted and maintained their seeds of origin had become long dead - bore more population as well as defensive outposts, but the greater forest on the perimeter was left as it was, a natural boundary and a secretive, liminal region for the more bizarre tendencies where the peripheral population of the area of the commander's headquarters were allowed to dominate.

From time to time organizational intelligence, covertly operating under the guise of cultists of new and horrific gods and bringing with them a plethora of practices toward just such new and horrific ends, would enter into the forest regions and liaison with some of the solitary black wizards and witches who dwelled there,

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sometimes staying several days in one or several of the small communes of believers of varied cults that flourished in the area. The organization was the figurative eye in the sky, surveillance complete and inescapable through the hard and tried method of direct human intelligence, and through whatever means of deception and subterfuge the will of the commander would make its way into even the darkest corners of the territory under his control and slowly but irrevocably turn their will to his own.

While some of the strange practices that took place in the forest were organic to a degree, formulated by the lone lunatic who had received revelations born of madness in their solitude and misanthropy, more than half were directly manufactured behind closed doors in the secure areas of the commander's headquarters and then disseminated according to predetermined stratagems. The so-called social scientists of organizational intelligence - having borrowed a term from one of the dictatorial administrations existent prior to the nuclear wars - there, behind locked doors of iron and guarded by internal security personnel armed for maximum lethality, mapping out the new religions and designing whatever bleak deity was to administer said faiths with exacting and minute detail according to the carefully outlined strategic planning directives of the commander's organization for purposes of social engineering.

Wendy watched from her vantage-point atop the weapons carrier as a black-masked member of internal security jumped off from the personnel vehicle in front

of her and approached her who had a procession of curiosity had been the upper arm of tactical jacket, surrounded by hallucinatory people one of the intelligence sectors

The internal but complicated as she looked up reciprocation, her sickly constitution bound parcel toward picked up from the witch's eyes narrow the package and with more vehemence troopers to turn their brutal work

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BLUEBIRD

of her and approached the witch with her grisly payload, she who had up till then averted her eyes from the procession of organization personnel though her curiosity had been great. The small insignia patch upon the upper arm of the masked internal security member's tactical jacket, featuring the outline of a glowing orb surrounded by writhing vipers, teeth dripping with hallucinatory poison, indicated that he was a member of one of the liaison groups attached to a special intelligence sector.

The internal security personnel member made a brief but complicated series of hand signals toward the witch as she looked up, upon completion she in turn hissed in reciprocation, entirely feral in every filament of her sickly constitution. He then proceeded to toss a small bound parcel toward the witch which she bent down and picked up from the ground before her, the earth littered with the dead leaves of the autumn recently passed. The witch's eyes narrowed as she examined the exterior of the package and she hissed again, this time loudly and with more vehemence, causing several of the shock troopers to turn slightly in notice even as they continued their brutal work of pulling the weapons carrier forward.

Placing the parcel safely amidst the black wings of the slowly rotting fowl in her cart she raised a jagged finger to one side of her diseased face, dragging a filth-encrusted long and jagged yellow fingernail swiftly down across her papery skin and gasping as a slow trickle of blood began to form and then glide down her cheek.

Her eyes wide and burning with insane thoughts she

BLUEBIRD

half-ran, half-hopped forward toward within several feet of the internal security member, crouching down upon the ground and scrawling several strange sigils upon the dirt then collecting some of the blood from her self-inflicted wound in the curve of her fingernail and flicking it downward, the red droplets visible in contrast to the light-colored sandy soil. She spat then, the groan of her failing lungs aching with the effort, upon the symbol which she had drawn and the special intelligence liaison reciprocated by making a small salutary hand gesture, several fingers aloft and several fingers crookedly bent toward her direction. The witch returned the sign and then grasping the rough wooden handles of her cart turned and departed back into the woods along a rutted natural path. The internal security member or one of like affiliation within special intelligence would be back, in one year's time, perhaps less, to observe and report on whether their seed had fallen on fertile soil and whether harvest of the same would soon thereafter be nigh.

Wendy observed many more such lone cultists under the sway of covert organizational influence while traveling through the great forest, some of whom made that corpse-bearing crone first encountered positively pale in comparison.

Along one winding area of the road she had seen through the treeline a ramshackle cottage made of harvested aluminum and deadwood set up against the rise of a gentle ridge. Tortured screams could be heard reverberating from inside that foul home and she never knew what exactly she had heard occurring within -

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though she knew without a doubt that there was an arrangement, for as she watched the same internal security personnel attached to special intelligence made his way through the treeline in the direction of the screaming. She had turned her head in order to glimpse a view, the weapons carrier continuing on along its slow way and saw that as the internal security member approached within twenty to thirty yards of the home two men had stepped out suddenly from the treeline - guards - their bodies huge, hair long like that of women and the telltale signs of blood smeared upon their mouths. Once again, the internal security personnel made certain signs with his hands and as the witch had done those members of a cult unknown to Wendy reciprocated in kind - leading him toward and then inside the dwelling - the screaming become audibly louder during the brief window in which the internal security personnel entered before the door was shut behind him. What went on behind those closed doors? Wendy could only speculate.

CHAPTER 4

"Open your legs, little one!"

The child whimpered pathetically but the cult recruiter, a cruel woman in her thirties, attired like the rest in the large flowing bat-like robes that marked one as a member of the commandant's most faithful, short-shorn black hair uncovered, took no notice of the small boy as she continued her work.

She detested these little vermin, detested them. Her tastes ran to more mature, more matronly specimens of the feminine gender only - the little boys in particular, how she despised them! Yet, despite this hatred, her current assignment was not entirely without a silver lining - for the little one before her was being prepared for the sort of grim pageantry that would be both to the benefit of her nuclear death goddess and, without question, to the young boy's great misfortune.

Still recalcitrant she opened the naked child's legs by force, examining his genitalia briefly - yes, clean. No signs of sexual disease were present. The cult recruiters her senior did not want the little filth deflowering any of the smaller innocent maidens once inside the cage. Those latter demographic, those that survived, might be vetted into the commandant's cult itself - as probate sisters - if

BLUEBIRD

not vetted toward the baby brigades within the commandant's training center and all that might entail. The examination process seemed somewhat unnecessary according to her own estimation, but who was she to judge?

"Cora Beth! Sister! Deliver him, the wagons are waiting at the threshold - don't make me demand your haste even in this simple matter!" shouted a puckered-faced cult recruiter near the doorway to the Quonset hut, long fingers thrumming in a sign of impatience - meant for her explicit viewing no doubt. The work environment had been hell as of late - the stressors of the upcoming event trickling downward along the chain of command and often settling like a storm upon the very heads of younger sisters such as herself.

Cora grunted her assent, her examination complete, and dragged the small boy up by his hair - his pubescent voice squawling in protest.

"Where did they find these insufferable little shits?" she wondered to herself. She smiled then, in answer to her own question. This one was more than like passed off by his parents - organizational members of lower to middling rank - who probably thought that his being passed over to the cult would afford him opportunities that they could not. Well, she thought, the boy could not be faulted for having the animal instincts to know that perhaps a more terminal fate awaited him - though he still might be lucky, should the foul hand of the commandant fall upon another.

A handful of his hair grasped in her fist, Cora marched him over to the door, past the senior sister who

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did her best to look intimidating, thin arms crossed across her breasts, nostrils flaring. Cora felt like spitting on the ground in like kind, but knew better than to add flames to the fire at this hour of the day. Their work was almost over and meditations awaited - twenty minutes or less - a march of their sector, fifteen or so sisters, across the parade grounds that had been arranged outside of the walled compound to their new chapel.

Reaching the exit she flung the naked child toward the door, her small act of passing brutality a small act of defiance toward the senior sister. Before the boy was able to sink to his knees he was caught by two of the masked internal security members stationed directly outside - grabbed under the arms and lifted up and carried away at a pace so brisk it almost seemed as if they were running - bringing the potential sacrifice to the prison wagon inside of which other children awaited in fear and despair, winding out what could be the quickly diminishing balance of their lives.

Her task for the day done she made her way out on the heels of the internal security members, ignoring her senior sister who shouted after her for some attention to some mundane task or another. The probates would take care of that, cleaning up the piss of the children that was still pooled on the floor - she was sick of it for today, even though the coming event was one of unparalleled significance for the organization, even more so for the cult of the commandant. There she, her goddess, would make an appearance - and she lusted for that day - but she was still unsure if it was a ruse, a propaganda ploy, who could tell? Would the commandant really appear or

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was this a test of collective devotion? Her years as a cult recruiter had made her wary of any and all possible routes of potential deception, especially where mobilization of the general population was concerned. She had spent more than enough time in the organization and specifically within her own very insidious chapter thereof to become more than somewhat jaded about the ebb and flow of measures, counter-measures and alternate measures that were employed with ultimate merciless precision by organizational intelligence.

As she exited the metal building and made her way to the large vat to the side containing rain-water collection - not suitable for drinking in its decrepit container but suited enough for washing, at least by standards of a cult recruiter - she spied one of the intelligence members across the way, advising several of her sisters in a huddled impromptu conference as the case often was these days. The smug bastards. She did spit now, with emphasis, before making her way to the rim of the water container, though her object of disdain was well beyond noticing her yet again impotent defiance.

Cora stripped herself of her monastic garment, up and over her head and grasping with her left hand allowing it to drop unceremoniously at her side upon the dirt. The entire atmosphere in which she dwelt was filthy - it was folly, in her estimation, to ignore that salient point. As she drew up the somewhat oily water and sluiced it over her face and then over her breasts, under her arms, across her breasts, genitalia and legs, she looked up into

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the iron sky that shone above them. For the most part the firmament continued to be shrouded in cloud cover, though the strange eddies and churning clouds that she remembered as a youth had become less common. She laughed to herself, in remembrance of the various brats she had processed earlier during the day. Should they have been privy to the nature of the atmosphere when she was a child of like age they would have surely believed that they were living in a nightmare - not to mention that the organization during its more formative days was, in her reckoning, entirely more brutal than it was now - the burning will to power and need for dominance of the early, revolutionary days since being tainted. The organization as it now existed, seventy years since the nuclear wars and less than that in its actual formation was a hydra - horrific, yes - but corrupt beyond all belief.

Clean as she could hope to be for the time being Cora dried herself off with the hem of her robe before putting it on again. She kept a watch out from the corner of her eye but none had noticed her bathing, the other sisters elsewhere - not that they would necessarily be interested in the first place she thought to herself with no small degree of commiseration - as there were many more interesting sights to be had in these recent days for their lot than another witch of their number in a state of undress. As for the organizational men most of them chose to say at arm's length from the cult recruiters as the witches were rumored to practice mind control, a rumor not entirely unfounded. All the better for her, given her own proclivities.

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Across the parade ground the sound of what seemed like innumerable small bells began to sound and from numerous directions the sisters began to gather - wild feminine eyes, opened wide in fanaticism, lips cruel and predatory and constitutions dangerous, deceptive and feral in nature. Although she could not see it herself Cora was among the younger of the cult recruiters one of the sisters most exhibiting that telltale aura of a seasoned member of the commandant's cult. It was the feeling of the senior sisters that Cora Beth had been especially touched by the commandant herself - remotely through the auspices of their meditations and secret rites - and that in time she would rise very high in their councils indeed. This knowledge was kept hidden from Cora herself however, lest she grow conceited and attempt to force her way into sectors of the cult too soon for which she was not yet ready, which would be disastrous. The senior sisters also wished to allow Cora Beth's trajectory to unfold, at least for the short term, in a natural fashion - for should there be deviance present then the young sister would be less likely to conceal it as carefully as she would if she knew that a potentially very specific future awaited her in the cult. For now they would bide their time, watch, observe.

Cora passed some of these sisters as she made her way to where the other cult recruiters were massing on the parade grounds - their numbers small for today for most of them were behind the walls of the former penitentiary tending to their own matters deep within the commandant's training center and more than half that

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number were abroad - in the wastelands beyond the known borders of the organization's control, searching for human resources to feed the myriad strategies which even the sisters themselves only knew pieces of. Enough to keep them operable, no more.

Twenty of them gathered now and began to walk in unison, Cora falling in line with some of the other sisters - the youngest of their number and yet unblooded, the acolytes, in the van and the senior sisters bringing up the rear. The tolling of the bells became louder now as they reached the small gate that led into the outside courtyard of their chapel, newly built for the express commemoration of the commandant's alleged soon appearance among not simply their number but the organizational populace at large, at least those who would be attending the rally. That was a strong level of investment which Cora had considered, still it did not quell her doubts.

In the shortening of the winter days the sun behind the iron grey clouds had already dipped beneath the mountains beyond their sight, far to the west and twilight was now deepening - soon the land would be ensconced in black. Cora could see that half a mile or so beyond the parade grounds along the main road that the light behind, outside and surrounding the walls of the commander's headquarters had already been activated - leaving none who approached that fortress of terror means to hide themselves in the face of the organization. Guards of internal security personnel grasping black MP5 machine guns, oiled to a sheen and exuding lethality in potentia roamed the walls of the

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commander's headquarters like ants. Along the small pine woods that lined the outskirts of the facility, hidden snipers crouched in false blinds and waited like vultures in concealed roosts, their brethren also similarly stationed atop the guard towers that surrounded the installation.

Before her now stood the commandant's chapel - the youngest probates of the commandant's cult, some of which had not yet reached their tenth year, opening the fence constructed of heavy metal piping. One delicate witch unlatched the lock while another, a brawny girl in her fourteenth year - her second as an acolyte of the cult recruiters, very near her initiation - unraveled the large hauling chain and pulled it back from where it had held the two sides of the gate together, gathering the weighty chain in her already formidable arms. She would be one to watch out for in very near future, Cora Beth thought to herself, an intimation of pragmatic professional appraisal melding with potential pursuits, lustful in nature, that might be engaged betwixt them in due course. Four smaller amongst the probates, all sporting long uncombed tresses of Brunette which framed intense pale faces began drawing the gateway open, two to each side, as the other acolytes fanned out to either side of the surrounding fencing allowing the initiated sisters, all of them their senior, to pass through the fencing into the outer courtyard.

The perimeter of the chapel was constructed of ten foot high metal rods set at twenty foot intervals and stretched across with deadly concertina wire, the latter procured from the stores of the commander's

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headquarters itself and of the same make and model as that which ringed the entirety of the headquarters many times over and had been in place since before the nuclear wars. The metallic razors inset in the twirling wire reflected the light of the myriad fires set throughout the parade grounds and those few smaller fires within the courtyard itself, tended by the elderly and diseased amidst their number who would soon be passing into the netherworld to walk in that liminal space between the planes, a dimension of insanity, strife and blasphemy, where they would associate with the commandant and her most confidential servants in that hellish dimension forevermore within the labyrinth of eternity. Amidst the razors of the concertina wire here and there could be seen the bodies of dead birds and other small animals that had been unfortunate enough to land upon the tangle of blades or run into the impenetrable barrier during the concourse of chase. Upon the crest of each of the ten foot high metal rods which supported the structure of the concertina wire were set skulls, some weathered, some fresh - each of them belonging either to a sister who had died in the service of the commandant's cult via whatever means, including self-sacrifice via the auspices of suicide or by the hand of another of the sisters in addition to some of those choice morsels, small children rendered dead by the hand of the commandant herself. The latter, remnants of clandestine sacrifices to which only the highest tier amidst their order were privy, were brought up from the depths of the commandant's training center by the most senior amidst their sisterhood - the bones always cleaned of every inch of

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flesh, the white glistening remains stacked carefully according to their respective sacrificial victim in black crates which were disseminated amidst the sisterhood on the basis of priority mission.

The cult recruiters passed in grim procession through the gates into the courtyard - when the last had passed, the senior sisters, the probates and acolytes fell in line behind them, those who had been tasked with opening the gates closing and locking it behind them. There were no armed organizational personnel set around outside the perimeter of the chapel, nor were there any present inside - though, much like the commander's headquarters itself, there were more than enough internal security within reach - in addition to snipers - but just out of sight.

The chapel itself was unique not only in that it was the newest building dedicated solely to the commandant in light of the upcoming event but also that unlike most of the organizational infrastructure, which involved re-purposing and converting already existent buildings - adding to, or subtracting from - this one had been constructed entirely new. In the concourse of her preparations of the extraordinary rendered children for the rally as well as other tasks that had taken her into the outer parade grounds in recent months, Cora had observed the construction taking place and sometimes assisted in the supervision thereof - for each element of its design had been intensely managed by members of the sisterhood themselves.

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many secret rooms, passages and antechambers had been laid within those walls - in addition to a subterranean area, several stories in depth. Despite its outwardly horrific exterior the chapel still seemed utilitarian in size for a construct bearing such a weighty purpose within the cult, none of the secrets that lay within were compromised from its exterior and none who knew of them would so much as speak the slightest intimation of the clandestine elements which were housed between its black doors.

A great deal of the construction itself was done by the cult recruiters themselves - their metabolism sped up by conditioning exercises and physical strength edited by the administering of certain chemical compounds and meditation, brute strength which excelled in its execution far beyond than the bearers of such would have been assessed of upon sight alone. There were also shock troopers employed in the building of the chapel, all of whom had been carefully screened, vetted and subjected to a full psychological battery by the cult recruiters themselves in addition to the screening that they had already undergone on behalf of organizational intelligence for consideration in involvement in the project. Most of them were already sworn to the commandant's cult - as attested to by the fact that each of them kept images of the commandant within their personal shrines in their barracks, the object of regular daily devotions and sacrifice. Many of the shock troopers involved in the project were beyond fanatic in their allegiance to the commandant - as attested to by the fact that their hardened and scarred bodies were often

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covered with explicit and permanent cult markings via tattoos, scarification or branding which indicated their allegiance beyond question. Involvement in the project beyond the members of the sisterhood had been upon selection but word had still managed to get around and there had been more volunteers, shock troopers and those volunteers one and all zealous in their allegiance to the nuclear death goddess than could be employed. The excess of applicants, formal or informal, was a sign that boded well within the upper echelons of the sisterhood and served as a useful indicator of the degree to which the commandant's cult had spread within some of the sickest and most depraved sectors of the organization.

Those among the shock troopers employed in the construction of the commandant's chapel who were not already adherents of the commandant in their affiliation among the myriad cults present within the organization (though the commandant's was by far becoming the predominant, recent events and machinations inclusive here) were converted. The cult recruiters had many means and methods of effecting such conversion, including liberal utilization of sexual imprinting. Cora Beth herself had engaged in the same on numerous occasions as had other cult recruiters now amassed at the threshold of the newly built chapel - including the youngest of the probates. Though the latter were not skilled in the same disciplines as their initiated sisters, such work was encouraged as a means of on-the-ground training and a means to make both the bodies and minds of those who would enter into the feminine priesthood of the commandant weaponized in all possible respects.

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The outside of the chapel was painted all black - the largest perimeter of its gates facing outward on three sides toward the outer parade grounds and the back of the building jutting up against a several acre area of pine woods. A steeple peak had been added - outwardly appearing as cosmetic but in fact functional, as a twisting stairway within the structure led to a small tower room reserved for certain of the cult's activities. Beneath the slits of the semi-closed wooden blinds which provided the only airflow into the tower room upon the exterior was a sign that had been designed for the chapel specifically - an insignia not seen prior within the sisterhood but created in the months of premeditation of the commandant's appearance amidst the populace. Upon a square field of glossy black a bright orange mushroom cloud had been painted as the foreground - in front the head of the commandant. A strangely pointed helmet of mesh and one black lens of vision which stared out upon the post-apocalyptic landscape - within all the potency of the largest catastrophe that the world had ever known.

Certain sisters had already begun moving into the chapel premises, those selected allegedly by lot by members of the higher echelon among the sisterhood. Cora Beth was not among those so chosen and lived in cells in the commandant's training center when not in the field. Cora preferred the commandant's training center as her place of residence whilst at headquarters as did most of the sisters who had known none other when not in the wilderness or canvassing for their faith in areas closer to

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home within the organization's territory. When they were back at headquarters residence in the commandant's training center underlined and emphasized their position and strengthened their resolve for every concrete-walled portal, every holding cell, every bleak space was awash in the black energies of the commandant. And, as the commandant's training center itself lay in the most secure and hidden depths of the commander's headquarters itself provided double the potency - it was for all effective purposes the nuclear core in the minds of the cult recruiters and an area which very, very few were ever privy.

Still, all the sisters, Cora included, were hyper-aware of the import behind the construction of the chapel. It was not simply an honorific for the commandant's appearance at the upcoming rally, though that in itself was an act without precedence. She had appeared before a closed gathering of organizational brass in the not too distant past - the first time she had ever been seen outside of the very elect and that latter demographic were always silent. It had been the first time that her appearance had been verified by large numbers of people and the talk had swirled amid the headquarters and stretched out throughout all of the organizational territory in the months that had followed. Organizational high-tier from intelligence, internal security and other branches who had hitherto not been adherents to the cult of the commandant had come back from the weapons conference fanatic. Demand for paraphernalia for individual worship of the commandant had become so high that the demand had exceeded production and even

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the most seasoned among the cult recruiters had found that their capacities were stretched, their abilities challenged to meet with the influx of new devotees. Even now the areas surrounding the commander's headquarters were beginning to swell in population as pilgrims from all over organization lands began to make their way along the blackened highways and byways toward headquarters for a glimpse of the commandant - for her revelation - for her dispensations.

The chapel played into this however it was also more, its own filament of strategy which had been planned with surgical precision. It meant that the commandant's cult was entering into an entirely new phase and that its influence would now be spread according to means and methods which had hitherto been non-existent, it indicated that the cult recruiters were now riding upon the waves of a hideous increase in their influence and manipulation within and without the organization - it indicated a time was coming of a great expansion of their power and with that expansion a required consolidation which would require the strictest discipline for all of them. For long they had been the criers in the wilderness and without a doubt many of them would continue in that capacity however now the advent of their messiah was in close view and as such a dread responsibility upon the heads of all those among the most faithful.

Cora gazed upward upon the black structure of the chapel looming before her - two large columns, black logs stripped of their bark, covered in black tar and then covered again in glistening black paint which shone with

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a sickly glow. The commandant gazed down at her from her depiction and the sound of strange music could be heard emanating from within the building as she along with the other cult recruiters entered the vestibule.

Once inside the antechamber the cult recruiters began preparations for their meditations, turning toward tables which had been set out to either side of the room. Those who carried courier bags containing internal communiques as part of their tasks went to a room off to the right where lockers were prepared for temporary use for those not resident there. Despite the fact that theft would have not been an issue within the sisterhood, internally, there was always the possibility for internal espionage in the furtherance of factionalism. Cora Beth believed, as did many of her other sisters, that the higher echelons of the cult itself - very likely in cooperation with special branches of organizational intelligence - pitted individual cult recruiters against each other, created factions and dissolved them as well as a myriad of other manipulations in furtherance of various goals which were not entirely clear. Cora herself did not mind and in fact welcomed such machinations and when the opportunity arose to participate in the same she did so with enthusiasm. Iron sharpens iron, as she was like to say.

On the tables set out upon either side of the antechamber were small bowls inlaid within polished walnut cabinetry set just below waist level. Each of these bowls were filled with a pale liquid - azure in color, becoming cloudy when disturbed and filled with various

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glimmering inflections. A chemical compound utilized exclusively by the full-time members of the commandant's cult and not distributed to laypersons, the cult recruiters would dip a finger into the bowl and then smear the liquid, which rubbed on clear, beneath their eyes, their nostrils and over their lips. The properties of the drug were unknown however its immediate effect was a profound sharpening of the senses - thoughts became alive, resolve hardened. Vision seemed to become of a higher resolution than normal, surfaces somewhat oily in appearance - sounds louder and more intense and, perhaps most importantly, the drug caused an almost immediate increase in the propensity for violence.

By the time Cora Beth had finished smearing the liquid drug upon her lips, the last part of this stage of the nightly oblations, her eyes had become almost completely dilated - only a small greyish ring of color visible upon ever-widening black. A cold sweat began to form upon her brow and slowly drip down her face and as she looked around the room she could tell that all the same telltale symptoms were visible upon the faces of the others. Some of the cult recruiters now wore hideous, sadistic grins upon their faces while others peeled their lips back in imperious sneers, their skin stretched, eyes wide and livid. All reflected as such their inner moods of reciprocation with the nuclear death goddess and as the dosing took hold more intimate natures still would begin to rise to the surface. As brides of the holocaust they now entered into the main chamber of the chapel.

Huge columns of treated logs treated and painted

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black like those upon the outside of the structure rose up in procession on either side of the chamber creating a passage toward the area of the altar. The interior of the chapel was designed to be able to accommodate a much larger gathering of the faithful than those now present so the cult recruiters strode forward along the passage toward the front, prior to reaching the altar proper, some turning right, some turning left, situating themselves within the congregational areas and sitting cross-legged upon the floor.

Above the altar raised a primitive cathedral-like space toward the rafters - a hardened plexiglass window had been installed as a skylight, though the transparent pane now facilitated no passage of light but rather a vision of the outside nocturnal sky there amongst the area of the commander's headquarters. Bluish-black and cloudy for the most part, Cora noticed as she sat down that some of the clouds had parted revealing malignant stars shining dimly within the firmament which watched down callously from above.

Before them stood the altar. On the background was an image of the commandant, larger than any that existed within the cult excepting some found within the commandant's training center itself. Stretching nearly twenty-feet in height, the image featured the bleak image of the commandant's every facet within the starkest relief. Under the effects of the drugs the cult recruiters had been administered they could see the gleams of unnatural light reflecting off the commandant's skintight black uniform in three-dimensional perception. The nursery strap and other devices of torture upon her thin

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waist swaying disturbingly by an unseen wind, the tip of the large syringe which she held in one hand pointed aloft with a tip that glistened visually with the moisture of the poisons that it carried.

Beneath her image was a living man - emaciated and tortured of body - an offer. A sacrificial victim and of the only category of male which would be allowed into such a sacred chamber as this one, for even the thralls here in the chapel which went about the most humbling of tasks were female acolytes chosen from the ranks of the baby brigades. The community of cult recruiters within this new phase was as ever a closed society and as they entered into this new phase its ranks within such domiciles as this would only be swelled by sworn sisters or those who had been prescribed to undergo the proper oaths upon the proving of their mettle to their sisters superior.

The sacrificial victim was chained hand and feet to rungs which had been bolted into the floorboards beneath him and even further still into the earth which lay beneath, giving no possible chance for escape. In addition to the restraints, the programming which he had undergone whilst under the questionable care of the cult recruiters had been of such a harsh and merciless nature that any thought of such an exemption from his fate was the furthest from his mind.

Upon either side of him seated upon heavy plinths which rose up upon either side, flanking him, sat naked acolytes no older than ten. Shortish hair barely shoulder length framed pale faces chosen for their beauty -

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porcelain-like expressions and bodies also as immaculate which assisted as secondary focal points for the assembled sisterhood, many of them who harbored unabashedly sapphic propensities.

Along the back wall on either side of the image of the commandant sat numerous high-echelon members of the sisterhood - none of them possessing any outward signal of rank or defining accoutrement that would distinguish them from the other sisters though some of them were allowed particularly deep cowls which were kept partially concealing their faces - a facility given as dispensation for certain of the senior cult recruiters who found such alterations upon their garments to be useful in achieving particularly deep states of meditative reflection. Though these small cosmetic alterations, only chosen by a small number, were indicative of the higher-echelon, the real identifiers were the countenances of the witches themselves - elements of their ascension along the way of the harsh alchemical change process which those outside of the internal cult would no doubt not notice though feel implicitly.

Cora Beth observed them now, as she had observed the night sky which shone darkly above them - their eyes which stared forth without blinking, flesh which possessed complete muscular control down to the molecular level. She herself, Cora, could kill a man with her bare hands yet these exalted sisters could extract the bones and organs from a human being while they still lived and consume the marrow while they still gasped their last breath. Cora Beth had seen it herself in the commandant's training center, in those innermost

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dungeons that were said to be nearest to the intimate dwellings of the commandant herself.

The higher-echelon among the cult recruiters were not for the most part senior by dint of age - for some of them were younger than she herself - but rather inhabited their position depending on the level of their acumen. As they grew closer to the commandant through work and devotion, more integrated into her currents, their abilities too grew and through such their own propensities and that of the commandant became blurred. Among the most feared of their number the propensities were in fact selfsame, in quality if not in quantity.

As if on cue, one of these women rose from her seated posture and situated herself in a standing position in front of the propaganda image of the commandant. Despite the fact that her garments and the darkness of the chamber obscured her identity, all the cult recruiters registered by dint of gait that it was Sister Chazona. Throwing back her black hood she revealed a skeletal face, permanently distorted in a harsh scowl. Cruel, thin reddish lips peeled back to reveal teeth which were disturbingly canine and her wide eyes, bloodshot and hateful, scanned the small number of assembled sisters before her. Cora, like the rest of them, avoided averting her gaze, for such a gesture would instantly be cause for a scorching punishment before the rest of the assembled congregants or even worse, administered privately after the assembly had been dispersed. Cora Beth intended to be the victim of neither this night.

Sister Chazona, satisfied that the cult recruiters

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before her were situated in an appropriate state of mind to receive the message which she was about to deliver, opened the convocation by grasping the head of the male sacrificial victim by his filthy hairs and pushing him toward the ground into kneeling position, the sounds of the large hauling chains which bound him to the floor beneath clanging loudly against his manacles. Across the chamber the cult recruiters stared as Chazona, still tightly grasping the man by his hair, pulled his head back revealing a plastic valve which had been surgically inserted into his throat. One turn upon the valve opening, less than a quarter of an inch to the right and the life blood of the victim would be released in a torrent of blood.

Chazona, her demonstration complete, pushed the man's head roughly away allowing his ruined body to crumple to the floor in a heap, his belabored hacking breaths, agitated by fear, audible throughout the chamber. As two sisters brought up a small black lectern Chazona waited by the left plinth upon the altar, idly rubbing the back of her hand across the naked hip of the young acolyte who knelt upon it - her eyes staring forward into a random point in the distance despite the senior sister's touches.

"Good, good, little one," Chazona purred quietly in the girl's ears. "Your aversion is the appropriate move in this instance - you play the game well, human statuary!" Chazona laughed and a single cold bead of sweat dripped down the face of the acolyte.

A black lectern was set upon the altar and situated between the image of the commandant and the sacrificial

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victim. Upon its wooden face was an insignia, identical to that which hung above the doorway on the chapel's exterior - featuring the face of the commandant superimposed over the image of a blossoming atomic mushroom cloud. Sister Chazona moved behind the lectern, the image of the commandant's legs amidst fiery holocaust visible behind her, the upper half of the nuclear death goddess form looming down from above.

"We meet on this night, sisters, for a very explicit purpose, a very important purpose. All of you, each and everyone here tonight, have been chosen for your attendance - though many more have been crucial in their own way in preparation for the day which will soon be upon us." Chazona's voice rose and fell in emphasis, pausing for effect and to once again allow her bloodshot eyes to scan the crowd in front of her - looking for indecision, for weakness, for the slightest sign of temerity.

"Yes, we all know that the commandant herself will be appearing not only to us but to a multitude of organizational people - our people. Not simply members of the organization who bear rank, who work whether overtly or covertly toward the purposes of the group under the leadership of the commander..." Chazona again scanned the congregants, testing for reaction. "...or those who serve the cult of the commandant through their professional occupations within the organization."

"This time, the event will be different. For all who come unto the borders of the commander's headquarters will be granted the dispensation of her presence. All people from the furthest reaches of the commander's

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territory, whether they be young or old - whether they have been raised under the iron fist or whether they have recently wandered out from the wastelands to bring themselves, body and mind, to the foot of she who dwells within the fires of holocaust - she who is the bearer of and who is that holocaust!" Sister Chazona's voice rose in apostolic fervor as her audience watched with intensity - their own fervor rising commensurate to that of the senior sister while also simultaneously dissecting every word, every turn of phrase, ever on watch for hidden messages - for intentional doublespeak - for specific transmissions inserted into the monologue meant for a particular set of ears.

Chazona leaned against the lectern, one thin arm stretching across - her hand grasping the ledge of the wooden box beneath her tightly, veins pulsing through pale skin revealing a disturbing vascularity.

"The appearance of the commandant at this time will be the inauguration of a new era - a return of the dark age. For those within the organization have become too weak! Too soft, too decadent in the pursuit of their pleasures - too reliant upon the stressors that only the organizational administration can contrive for them. When the commandant comes she will bring with her a backwards darkness - time is reversible."

Sister Chazona faltered there, ever so slightly, a pause of a few seconds only and Cora felt that few of the assembled sisters in the congregation recognized the sudden chink in delivery except for her and perhaps one or two others.

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From the corner of her eyes Cora Beth glanced surreptitiously at the other sisters in the assembly. Elizabeth, her frame slight but not exuding harshness, twenty-three years living upon the scorched earth of the commander's headquarters and three years initiated into the commandant's cult seemed to react ever so slightly - a sudden intake of breath, a slight twitch of the face framed within long golden locks. Cora Beth did her best to suppress a smile as she noticed Elizabeth's own cognizance of her compromise as her sister's eyes went from a sudden cogent knowing back to a contrived milky stare. Had Elizabeth feigned the application of the drug in the chapel's vestibule or was her enhanced perception of Chazona's words integrated despite the effects of the serum?

Seated several spaces down from Elizabeth and on the row behind her was large, brutal Astrid of deep voice and even deeper set propensities for enacting cruel pastimes upon any unfortunate to come under her tutelage in the course of administrative correction within the cult. She had been a pontifex in the commandant's baby brigades before joining the cult recruiters, where she had learned her fell punitive arts in their fullness. Now, some years later, she acted as mother inquisitor among the ranks of the cult recruiters. Cora Beth could see that Astrid's eyes became more intense, her gaze narrowing, brow furrowing during those last three words of Sister Chazona's delivery. She too had apprehended what Elizabeth and Cora had also - namely that Chazona was working a deception - she was

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intimating but not telling and even so, she may have already told too much.

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CHAPTER 5

The lieutenant gazed out over the parade grounds which had been arranged and developed around the outskirts of the immediate headquarters area, his eyes burning with a black hatred. He could feel the oncoming of psychosis within his guts. Soon he ascertained, very soon, the beast that dwelt within him would be unleashed in full force whether he willed it or not. Would a change in circumstances or an outlet for his rage dampen or delay such an eventuality? The lieutenant considered carefully and thought not. One thing only was certain - Gaubni was coming and was coming fast and when he arrived all within his purview would cry tears of blood.

Thoughts arose in his mind's eye of the ritual within the tunnel before his black god a fortnight past - the feel of the brutal, merciless weighted leather whip in his hand - the uncaring and foul eyes of the Great Demon upon him as he consummated his wedding rites to his young bride. Oh yes, he smiled, the beast was well on its way. As he considered his past experiences back at the engineering center, back in the mountains of his god, rivulets of foul-smelling saliva involuntarily dripped down his mouth in an animalistic fashion - wetting his black mustache and collecting upon his black tactical

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jacket before being evaporated by the cold winds that churned about him. Even as the winds blew more violently he could feel the tension building incrementally throughout his body - pressure upon pressure upon pressure.

And, when that pressure had built to its terminal point, then would come the snap, that irrevocable point of no return - the psychotic break - the avenue through which the Great Demon and the multitude of tortured shades as his companions, transmuted into beings of horror, child victims stretching back for generations, would course through his enraged veins like horsemen of the apocalypse and seal him, for a time, as their exclusive and terrible vessel.

The lieutenant had already delivered his payload of chemical agents three nights prior - their caravan arriving after the quick coming forth of night and darkness as it so occurred in those long winter months and requiring them in that darkness to push their way through more and more of the pilgrims from the outer areas that crowded their way upon the central road to headquarters.

Within his checkered yet privileged tenure within the organization he had never witnessed such a spectacle unfolding before the scheduled spectacle had even taken place. There were now more deranged souls traversing the bombed-out road towards the commander's headquarters - a place hitherto where none had sought to come in fear - than there had been even in the time before the nuclear war. With increasing regularity the security amongst his personal retinue had to shove

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pilgrims aside to make way for the weapons carriers - though only cursory brutality was needed as most of them were starved and raving in abject religious mania in contradistinction to his entourage, hardened combatants to a person. Sometimes the groups of pilgrims would attempt to embrace the security personnel even as they were pushed off with nightsticks and batons. The black uniforms which some of the pilgrims had only seen intermittently in their threadbare existence in the outskirts of the organization's territory meant to them only one thing - that the nuclear death goddess was near. Their perception and experience made no distinction between organizational factions and between who may or may not be adherents of the commandant's cult. Their apprehension was rural, backwards, fanatic to the core and their apprehension of the black came without a shred of cynicism. In his own dark way the lieutenant could appreciate their purity - or rather, perhaps - the measure of their extreme impurity.

The members of the lieutenant's retinue, suffused in evil in and of themselves - especially under their particular command, which carried with it the distinctive mood of their immediate superior - could even still feel an unease among these demographics which flooded toward the commander's headquarters which hitherto was for the most part the domicile of those that they counted as fellow professionals. To them, fed mostly on speed-laced gruel and the ebb and flow of their months, the pace of their individual days being regimented with no opportunity for introspection - these wraith-like religious pilgrims from the hinterlands who spent their

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days and nights primarily in the company of their own madness were anomalies, a throwback to the old days in the nuclear winter of atomic aftermath. How that raw fleshly material would be utilized further in the service of the commander's organization - a technical problem to be solved by another sector - could only be guessed at, yet, that the direction of things had begun to become increasingly strange was a feeling that among some could not be shaken.

As the lieutenant stood now upon the edges of the newly constructed parade grounds several days post-arrival - the rest of his retinue at leave within the commander's headquarters or employed elsewhere - his own person accompanied by only two black-masked internal security personnel, the muzzles of their silenced MP5 machine guns pointed toward the ground, the weapons cradled lightly in their hands - he himself considered the changes that he had begun to see within the organization since that fateful event at the hangar. The unveiling of the newly designed organizational rocket - how sweet a day that was - how internally congratulatory in mixed but very entrenched leadership company had the brass reciprocated with one another and how unexpectedly for the weapon designer had his daughter been sold down the river by none other than yours truly. The lieutenant laughed to himself then, the internal security members wise enough not to visibly pay any mind to whatever internal reverie the lieutenant was experiencing, though note was taken, commensurate to their occupation, Nadezhda - so easy she had been to deceive - so horrific, apparently, was her fate now, for the

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lieutenant knew nothing more than that she had been transferred to ECU, perhaps beyond it, but not in the capacity that she had expected. The organization had its ways of humbling even the most entrenched exceptions to the rule among the old guard such as her father, and for his part, the lieutenant was more than happy to have played his part in selling her down the river - a faculty that he had been called upon to employ many times during his tenure as an organization man in furtherance of perpetual revolution.

He had begun to worry recently on his own account as to his own situation to a degree however, though paranoia was always part of his portion as it was likewise the portion of every other member of the organization from the loftiest special organizational intelligence agent designing the breadth and scope of the life aspirations of countless persons before they knew what their life aspirations even were, down to the most insignificant shock troop whose main verifiable occupational purpose was being an object of abject sadism for the drill masters.

Another day had passed since he had delivered the chemical warheads to the commander's headquarters and from there, dispatched out to the border regions where the campaign would soon be underway. Hell, he thought to himself, bitterly, the warheads were probably already at the front! Though he had not physically seen them go he could ascertain as a tactical certainty that they had. He had not been consulted nor clued in to the trajectory of the materials once they had passed outside

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of his direct care-taking and on that night the reception had been exceedingly brief, exceedingly perfunctory. Professional, yes, but nothing more - not an ounce more, as a matter of fact. The lieutenant was well used to operating behind the scenes - that was not the problem, but now here he was, simply biding time. No forward orders yet - he had been sure that he would be assigned to accompany the warheads to the front. All in due course of time however, he considered, all in due course of time. He could only trust that the commander had a direct assignment awaiting him, perhaps which required some time yet for complete formulation.

For the larger part of the logistical mission thus far he himself had acted as the prime operator - the receipt of the weapon, the testing of the chemicals themselves. That poor filth who had died in the yellow mist upon the floor of the canyon. The lieutenant remembered that well, a very gratifying deception indeed. Despite the gas masks he and Wendy had been able to taste the poison in the air as they cradled themselves upon a rocky outcrop overlooking the valley below - a testament to the potency of the agent that had been developed there at the engineering center.

He felt his member harden as he considered that time - the lascivious feel of the young girl's body pressed against him, the excitement of death, the pleasure of deceit and the promise of much more of that blasphemous triumvirate to come. There had been little time to enjoy his companion after they had disembarked at the engineering center, the speed of their forward advance imperative and as such the march towards

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headquarters being almost nonstop during both day and night and only a few opportunities since they had been back at headquarters. His mind was agitated as was his flesh.

From beyond the razor-wire perimeter of the commander's headquarters in the distance he could hear the sounds of the drill masters screaming commands at the shock troopers in the inner training areas - the sirens blaring, and he felt within himself, again, that slaving beast that lived in him straining to break free. He must have marching orders from the commander and soon, lest damnation be upon their own heads - and his as well.

With that thought in mind, the lieutenant stalked off at a breakneck speed back toward headquarters, the internal security members close on his heels. First to find Wendy and then to find someone who would provide him with the answers he sought, even if under duress.

CHAPTER 6

Astrid had been born into the organization in one of the headiest and most formative periods of its current incarnation, the daughter of two internal security members. Her father had worked exclusively in the cult sector and his activities had veered into the occupational standard of the special intelligence units by almost every facet so much so that he was requested again and again for reassignment. Shadowy higher echelons in the organization refused the transfer at every step and finally the offers ceased appearing - though his career still had him working with a higher number of special intelligence than those from his own subgroup within the organization. He knew, though he never stated as much to anyone, as he was sure that his occupational associates in special intelligence also knew that he was willingly or not a spy within the camp - an overseer reporting back to internal security personnel brass who often and with oftentimes rabid regularity competed with all sectors of intelligence - special intelligence in particular - for assignments, prestige, influence. As the special intelligence branch in which he worked knew his implicit status they also knew that they, simply by dint of continuing to have them within their midst, were complicit in the compromise of their group, yet with the

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orders coming down from on high, there was little they could do and the nature of their activities were too imperative, too sharp and too immediate to make any attempt at blocking him out, for that too would be reported.

Special intelligence relied on him and for his part, Astrid's father, as a very loyal organization man, availed himself to the very limit of his acumen in forwarding whatever assignment to which he was jointly assigned - always the only internal security personnel in the mix, always suspect yet bringing with him areas of expertise to which the special intelligence unit to which he was attached seemed to be lacking. Yet, ordered to the very core, he was always most loyal to his own group and, upon his debriefings at the commander's headquarters, would regularly tell all - allowing internal security a window into special intelligence and allowing them to pinpoint in a microcosmic degree their rival's weaknesses, personnel deficiencies and providing a skilled ambidextrous informant through which they could build a model of special intelligence's own formulas and mimic them.

Their backs against a figurative wall, Astrid's father eventually found himself cornered against a literal one - found with his throat slit during an outward assignment in the woods surrounding the commander's training center which even then was a hotbed of activity for numerous cults within the organization's population, both organic and contrived. All proper measure was taken to blame the murder on a particularly fanatic commune that situated themselves on the border of the

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near woods and the former national forest which stretched out into the country beyond, its acres in the thousands. A scapegoat for the crime chosen and duly dispatched on the basis of on-the-spot response from a superior on hand soon after the incident - the radio equipment to communicate with headquarters conveniently disabled and the situation deemed too dire to allow the circumstances to lay without the execution of instant judgment pending an inquiry back within the command center among administrative heads.

Astrid's mother, Elsa, internal security in another sector, instantly knew that the story of her husband's death was specious. On a hot afternoon one summer during her sixth year, the summer following her father's death, Elsa had sent her out of the cell they shared in organizational barracks inside headquarters, indicating that Astrid should take a walk around the perimeter and place a black ribbon on the lowermost rungs of the metal gate at the fourteenth marker. The next day Astrid was sent out on another afternoon walk. This time, her mother had instructed her to retrieve a small parcel that she said Astrid would find under a small stone near the sign for the twenty-eighth marker on the opposite side of the inner perimeter. Sure enough, Astrid lifted the stone and found an extremely small but dense brown bundle, tiny enough that she could fit it in the palm of her hand. Astrid remembered that her mother had been pleased that she had received the parcel and patted her on the head affectionately, but said no more of the parcel - only that she had done good.

Later that night Elsa opened the parcel by the light of

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the red alarm lights which burned constantly throughout the barracks - a small note was unwound, an intercepted communicate, the last copy of a triplicate, sent to her by associates in internal security who had worked closely with her husband. Her face turned pale as she digested the import of the message. Special intelligence was for a time on the rise within the organization and the favors of the commander himself - special intelligence were apprised of the fact that there were elements within internal security who would use information pertaining to her husband's covert execution as a means to undercut their political maneuvering. Among the potential internal personnel who were considered a risk, Elsa's name was at the top of the list. A lump rose in Elsa's throat - they were being rolled up.

That night Elsa left the cell and made her way across the grounds of the commander's headquarters to a small building situated near the ECU. Astrid, stirring under the coverlets, eyes narrowed to slits, saw her mother depart but said nothing. Bright lights flooded the area outside of the barracks and though Elsa made her way, by dint of training, when at all possible, through pockets of darkness in the corridors and external areas, there was no hiding from view.

The internal security personnel stationed upon the rooftops, the floodlights reflecting off their black goggles and gleaming on the black metal muzzles of their silenced machine-guns. The shock trooper loitering against the side of a wall. A courier passing by her along one of the corridors in the outdoor areas. How many of them were agents of special intelligence? Who amongst

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their number were informants by dint of blackmail or fiduciary compensation - who among them were unwitting informants for special intelligence, by dint of deception? The risk could not be helped, for Elsa knew that the bells tolled for her, yet as one last machination she could, perhaps, exempt her daughter from becoming collateral damage.

Inside the small building situated near the ECU the low lights of candles burned, in stark contradistinction to the harsh lighting just outside. Instead of the sound of the barking of the drill masters and the tramp of booted feet upon the parade grounds, the odd alarm siren summoning shock troopers from one area to another and the robotic announcements from the internal loudspeaker system inside headquarters, this small building almost seemed like an oasis - the effect, entirely intentional.

A smiling female youth of teenage years, dressed in the ubiquitous black robes of the cult recruiters, rose from a soft divan situated against a far wall and approached her, smiling. From a small cabinet she withdrew a small clipboard and extended it to Elsa. Though the aftercare would be seemingly sincere, though perfunctory - payment in advance. Though Elsa had heard of the program she was disturbed that she would be required to commit so soon. She steadied herself and took the clipboard, hands slightly shaking as she wrote the name of her daughter, her youth scheduling identification number, the identification of their shared residential area and beneath signed her own name and number along

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with the sector of internal security in which she labored. As quick as that the clipboard was taken away from her and she was surrounded by other recruiters - all most attractive in demeanor and possessing the most soothing of tones. These, Elsa thought to herself, particularly well trained.

Hands upon her, she was led to a small couch situated in the corner of the room, a small table beside it, the candlelight profuse but soothing. Elsa had had every intention of avoiding this part of the exchange - though she had only heard accounts that were more than second-hand, none of the internal security personnel with whom she worked directly having ever donated their offspring to the cult or, at least, none were admitting to it. Despite herself Elsa found her defenses failing as the black-robed women surrounded her, petting her and drying her tears, insisting she take a cup of hot liquid from them, fragrant in scent, which she wanted to refuse but took nonetheless and began to drink, even though she knew it was drugged.

As the effects of the drink began to take their effect the feel of the cult recruiters' hands upon her body became symphonic in her physical apprehension - the young faces' smiling, wetted lips, faces framed within long hair never shorn and beneath, long black robes promising endless sleep. Like sands emptying through the passages of the hour-glass she could see that her life was soon slipping away, the cult recruiters like tender valkyries whom served as battle maidens much more tell in demeanor. Across the room she saw her - the image under which the majority of the candles in the building

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were situated - the black demoness, larger than life, instruments of punishment and death upon her belt and a wetted, poisonous needle jauntily cocked in the air. The smoke of the incense began to waft across the image and in her vision the smoke blurred with the smoke of the image of the atomic mushroom cloud behind the commandant's vision. With the hands of the cult recruiters still upon her, touching, caressing, sweetly soothing in emotional bonding and with the arcane, tonal qualities of the soft music played by others of their number in the air, praises to their goddess, Elsa found herself drifting into into a deep slumber.

CHAPTER 7

When the dawn came the next day at the commander's headquarters Elsa found herself back in her own bed tucked under the coverlets - her internal security uniform removed and folded as she herself would have done against the back of the nearby chair and, from above, the sound of her daughter Astrid breathing in sleep.

Within several minutes' time she knew the red lights in the corridors outside would turn to full brightness and the alarms would begin to sound even as the light of the rising sun was only beginning to shine across the westward horizon. She, like many of the others who dwelt inside the headquarters compound, had trained herself to wake a few minutes prior to the alarms - a brief period of solitary thought before the day, which often commenced with breakneck speed or, for those following a particular organization-driven cult, a moment in which morning devotions could be performed and nightmarish entities propitiated.

She remembered nothing of her conveyance from the building outside ECU back to the barracks. Soon after she had fallen into unconsciousness the same young cult recruiter who had effected her signing had left the building, making her way across to the entrance of ECU

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under the watching eyes of the internal security personnel stationed upon the rooftops. There she had exchanged information with the guard who was stationed behind the plexiglass partition between the outer foyer and the secure area and soon thereafter a member of internal security tasked to the ECU had emerged from the corridors beyond. Together they had taken Elsa back to the barracks, undressing her and placing her in the bed in the small hours of the morning. Astrid, who the cult recruiter eyed lovingly, knowing well her future, had remained unaware of their presence - she herself in the depths of natural sleep, her mother within the chemically-induced straitjacket of a slumber decidedly unnatural.

A lump built in Elsa's throat as she considered then, there, in the slowly dawning light filtering through the thin upward window of their shared cell what fate awaited her daughter. As for herself, she was resigned - she did not relish the thought but she knew that her destruction in this life was predetermined. The information that had been revealed in the dead-drop that Astrid had cleared, unwittingly as to the protocol of the activity and the impact the message would have on their shared fate, did not lie and in the current climate Elsa was sure that the terminal interest in her person would not be rescinded. As for young Astrid however, though she did not remember what had occurred after the drug-laden beverage of the cult recruiters had taken effect, she remembered her own tears directly before. Elsa herself was already well familiar with ECU, but what laid beyond it, what occurred in the dungeons of the

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commandant's training center, she herself did not wish to consider, yet, it was to the commandant's training center that Astrid would go - and by her mother's own signature.

Though the cult recruiters always presented themselves very similarly as they had the night before - she had seen them often, the religious orders' visibility within the commander's headquarters over the last several years almost seeming ever-present - Elsa knew that beneath the exterior of the mystic that a very palpable and dark secret lurked. For the nature of the internal dealings of a cult that worshiped the personage representing the wholesale slaughter of the world, billions upon billions dead and the earth upon which all who came after, the progeny of the survivors, scorched and poisoned for all future generations, anything less than the most hideous considered possibility was an untenable conclusion.

A tear dripped down Elsa's face and she quickly wiped it away. There was nothing for it. The commandant's training center was the only way by which the daughter would escape the fate of the mother. Had Elsa not put this scenario into play Astrid would be executed as surely as she herself - special intelligence would not hesitate to liquidate a child - especially a child that might grow up with the seeds of a vendetta against their organization. Murder was far too easy an option for the agents - a loose end terminally tied down, disappeared, resolved.

Outside the cell door the red lights turned to full brightness and the sirens began blaring. Astrid awoke

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instantly, her body already sturdy in its sixth year jumping down off the top bunk and climbing into a unisex child's organizational jumpsuit. She already had plans for a change of dress - for later in the year she would have the option to join the baby brigades and wear a real uniform - black, tactical - made for killing. Since her youngest memories she had wanted to engage in the most explicitly military side of the organization, which had always made her father and mother laugh good-naturedly. "No need for one more in security!" her father had always joked, before pointing his fingers and imitating the "rat-tat-tat-tat" of the shock troops' machine guns. For now however it was off to the dining hall for her morning gruel - green plastic bowl designating unlaced - stimulant accelerants not being added until the eleventh year generally unless the child was in the commander's baby brigades and already combat rated. From there off to indoctrination sessions for half the day and then manual labor around the compound until early evening. The routine ate at her and she wished desperately for change - little knowing that change of a sort unfathomable lay soon before her.

As Elsa finished dressing, buttoning down her internal security jacket and fastening a similarly black utility belt around her waist, a small revolver resting upon her hip in shining black leather holster - Astrid grabbed her rucksack and headed toward the door of the cell before she stopped at the touch of her mother's hand upon her shoulder.

Elsa looked much similar to how she had looked on the day that she had learned of the death of Astrid's

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father, a fact to which Astrid was very much cognizant. Turned toward her mother, Astrid could see that her mother's face was sallow, eyes hollow and haunted as they stared down at her with a sadness but possessing a particular intensity which Astrid found strangely disturbing. To her surprise, Elsa brought her daughter to her breast and held her close for a minute only, the sudden sign of affection - a rarity - all the more alarming. Breaking the embrace after a few seconds only, Elsa held her daughter at arm's length, her hands gripping the young girl's shoulders.

Though tears formed at the corner of her eyes, Elsa hardened herself and would not let them come, for dread deeds lay ahead - a black day for the both of them and perhaps the last for both of them should special intelligence manage to procure and dispatch her daughter before the cult recruiters laid their hands on her. No, she shook her head to herself in negation, even special intelligence would not attempt to interfere in cult business - it would be a provocation. Still she could not be sure, for they dwelt in an environment where alliances ever shifted but for her part she had done all that she could.

Elsa removed one hand from her daughter's shoulder and gripped Astrid's chin firmly in her grasp, raising her head so that their eyes met squarely.

"Remember, Astrid, remember this one thing."

Her mother looked at her then with the most intensive stare that she had ever seen, eyes that almost seemed ghostly but yet beneath a mixture of emotions

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that burned like a furnace inside her. Then she uttered the two words, her last instructions and the last words that Astrid would ever hear her mother speak in the last moment she would ever be in her presence, words that Astrid would never forget, words that resonated throughout her years since and words to live by.

"Be violent!"

With that brief epiphany her mother brushed past Astrid and left the cell before a response could be made. Peering after her in the corridor, Astrid's last vision of Elsa was her back turned, her shoulders thrown back and proceeding in a rapid clipped fashion down the hallway - out of the barracks toward her meeting with destiny.

Astrid was interdicted by members of the cult recruiters on her way to morning indoctrination class after a short stop at the dining hall - the consumption of her threadbare morning rations taking a few minutes only. As she walked along the cement pathways toward the area of the children's indoctrination hall two of the cult recruiters approached her from behind, flanking her on both sides and as they began speaking gently, grasping her arms and leading her on another route - toward the entrance to ECU. She found herself disoriented by their banter and their charisma - both of them young ladies over twice her age, one in her mid-teens and the other in her early twenties. She had been chosen for a special assignment on that day they promised - and didn't the usual regimen at indoctrination and the subsequent hard labor regimen - digging ditches near the outer perimeter

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or assembling uniforms in the factories grate on her? The cult recruiters had laughed and despite herself Astrid found herself laughing along with them. After the stressors of the night before and the strange encounter with her mother in the morning a special assignment sounded just up her alley.

She continued along with them amicably - passing the twin corridors of block walls that flanked the ECU with the black-masked internal security personnel with their grotesque silenced MP5s trained upon her as she passed - listening to their strange words of promise, certain of the phrases pronounced in bizarre alliteration which she found exceedingly curious though she did not deign to comment. Such phraseology many years later she herself would be expert in - loading the language some of her cult sisters termed it - linguistic hypnosis, the descriptive nomenclature favored by some others. The banter of her implicit abductors did not stop until she passed through the glass and metal doors of the entrance to ECU and then once within, two steps within the foyer only, a gag shoved into her mouth and a black sack shoved down over her head. Two internal security guards from ECU waiting on either side of the door had effected the second interdiction immediately - the cult recruiters stepping back to let the masked personnel go about their business. Gag applied, black bag over her head blocking out all vision and light, the ECU guards slammed her small body to the ground and hog-tied her utilizing plastic zip-ties. The rendition occurred with such rapidity that by the time she began to struggle she had already been restrained - the lightning quick and

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forceful hands of the torture center personnel easily pinioning her limbs into position against her will and securing her restraints while Astrid was still in the very early stages of initial shock.

After Astrid had been secured and restrained the cult recruiters melted into the background - back through the doors out of the ECU foyer and soon repining with their other sisters back at the nearby building, their part in facilitating the transfer and making good on Elsa's signed contract done. Their quarry was now the responsibility of weightier and more connected elements within the commandant's cult than they - though they would be commended, as ever, for their fresh acquisition and could and would celebrate with all due religious fervor the disappearance of another child into the hidden depths of the horrific dungeons of their nuclear goddess.

The door leading to ECU and beyond buzzed indicating that the unlocking mechanism had been triggered and was opened from within - two more masked internal security personnel appearing and joining the two who had secured Astrid. Two of them grabbing her upper arms and the other two her thighs they proceeded double time through the entrance into the ECU - the reinforced steel door clashing closed behind them. It would be the last time that Astrid would step foot from the walled internal compound housing ECU (latter renamed ECTAC for a brief period, though known colloquially within security and intelligence circles within the organization simply as 'torture center') and the commandant's training center until nearly eight years later.

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Elsewhere on the compound around the same time Elsa proceeded her own way, along the path toward the nondescript unmarked door that was the closet route to the drab space within the compound where her particular unit of internal security was stationed. Once inside the building she proceeded along the corridors, strangely bereft for this time of the morning. Further back along the passageway two masked internal security members fell in step behind her. The door to her unit was located on the left side of a dead end - directly in front a concrete wall and to the right a door to a utility room shared by her internal security unit and two others. As she approached the end of the hallway the door of her unit slammed shut and the door to the right opened - the masked internal security members behind her hastening inside. As soon as she had entered, even before she had an opportunity to place her hand on the holster of her side-arm, a member of special intelligence stepped out from the shadows, pressed the suppressor tip of a silenced Glock .40 caliber to the side of her temple and pulled the trigger. The assassin turned back onto the corridor and exited the same way that Elsa had entered, the two internal security members who had been following her - actually special intelligence operating with internal security credentials, issued from above - stayed behind to clean the splattered brain matter and blood which covered the white-washed concrete walls and remove the body. The door across the corridor opened slightly and several of Elsa's former assistants and superiors watched as the special intelligence operatives, cloaked in the attire of their own group

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within the organization, performed their work in the grisly aftermath. The level of overt deceit was heady to consider - internal security credentials necessary to enter this part of the compound only effected by having the highest possible approval within the organization, indicating that the level of treachery had blessings from the loftiest elements within the organization. This, coupled with the brutality applied in the level of fratricidal internecine conflict and the blatant message given in that one of their number was murdered less than ten feet away from her station did not bode well for the internal security personnel so observing.

After their work was finished the special intelligence members proceeded in removing the body from the premises as the internal security from across the hall looked on, knowing full well that the body would be later butchered and consumed by an elite selected membership demographic within special intelligence who had been responsible for formulating and executing the repression operations first against the husband and now against the wife, Elsa. The internal security members watching, former associates of the latter and all cognizant of the earlier execution of her husband, would have to deal with much less fulfilling sustenance on the night to come, that and a grim day of professional tasks still ahead of them which would have to be performed with knowledge that, at least for the time being, their dark star was on the wane in the eyes of the commander. Those who were members of a certain fanatic cult among the internal security personnel bent their hands into odd

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shapes and waved them across the area of their third eye as they proceeded back to their individual stations, silently praying that the iron fist of the commander would spare them.

CHAPTER 8

The blaring alarms of a hundred hidden sirens blasting across the landscape compounded with the sounds of myriad fume-spouting monstrosities as the carriers of Britta and Bluebird near the rear of the line rolled forth in mechanical fury toward the area of the sovereigns, now less than a few miles off. Panic would already be full in place by the time the neo-death goddesses arrived in the area - their personal units and elite troops from the organization would see to that - heralding via their atrocities the soon arrival of new purveyors of pain bringing with them a new age of pestilence to a land which had already experienced so much.

All in the regions that used to comprise several southern states within the former union knew the name of the commander and the foul reputation that his organization had developed. A few of them, in the valley regions that slowly made their way into the rolling hills and then into the slightly westward piedmont where the commander's headquarters was now situated, had heard the stories passed down from their parents and grandparents of those from elsewhere in the burnt remains of the nation who had descended into the area many years past like wayward disciples seeking union with the apocalyptic messiah whose coming had been

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long foretold.

The stories told of the most brutal and uncaring of the survivors of the apocalypse - those who had not sought to eke out some semblance of the normative reality that most of society had once known prior to the nuclear wars but rather those who had already possessed a penchant for ultra-violence, those suffused with the most degraded of human proclivities that had been accelerated by the increasing state of upheaval that led to the final terminal nightmare. For that sort the nuclear wars - and the chaos that ensued - represented opportunity. In their minds, the fact that they had counted themselves among the few survivors amidst the termination of billions held within it the promise of a satanic destiny awaiting. While many of them had enjoyed their own sadistic pleasures either singly or in small bands the reputation quickly spread of the southern area where large-scale organized terror was being fomented systematically - rumors of a region that represented the zenith of hell on earth administered by demons in flesh bodies whose appetite for bloodshed, carnage and horror knew no bounds.

Like plague locusts those elements of society had flooded downward - along the westward valleys, through the ruins of the former capital, throughout coastal routes along the Atlantic and then for the latter westward again - death in their eyes and the promise of further genocide spoken upon disease-ridden lips. Though in almost all cases there were none among the organization to observe them - no surveillance except for the few spies in the areas on the nearest outskirts of the

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commander's territory - these bands carried out their own brand of torture and repression of their own on-the-spot and particularly sick marauding variety with the utmost psychotic fanaticism as if the bloodshot eyes of the commander himself were staring down upon them from within the swirling clouds above.

As the neo-death goddesses approached, youthful in age and form but as horrific as any before them in countenance, armed not with the nuclear weapons of the warmasters of the time directly leading to the terminal period of atomic annihilation but rather the chemical, radiological and biological agents developed by and bequeathed to them by a new formation of terror spawned on the scorched earth of the former, the sovereigns within hearing distance of the sirens trembled - remembering well the stories of those who had passed through in the distant days past and knowing in their hearts that those who approached were worse than anything countenanced by their ancestors.

Atop her carrier within the glass walls of her observation chamber Britta smiled to herself within the specially constructed black helmet which she had been outfitted with - her expressions and nuances of mood masked to the other organizational personnel situated beneath in the operational area, all that was visible to them of her countenance being her blackened purplish reflective lens of vision and the sickly demoness face into whose image the helmet had been engineered. Some of them glanced back at her from time to time and, despite the fact that their faces too were concealed, Britta could feel even still

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their adoration, their reverence, their fear - their lust. Sensing their attention thus, she would reciprocate by rotating her hips ever so slightly, shifting her legs alternately forward and back - knowing that the obvious visual apprehension of her naked skin beneath the sheer skintight clear protective garment would arouse them, how could it not? She laughed - the sound issuing out from the voice modulator like a crackling static that pierced their ears. Which among them would avail themselves of the blessings of their death goddess on this bloody day which loomed before them? Which of them would distinguish themselves as cruel enough, sadistic enough, psychotic enough to catch her attention? Who among them would bed the death goddess on that night - bodies stacked high and frightened screams echoing through the winter darkness? As ever the choice was hers and hers alone to make.

As they rolled forward both Bluebird and Britta within their respective carriers realized how close their regional command headquarters building was to the front lines. Why had the sovereigns not occupied those buildings themselves? Why had they ensconced themselves in the former civilian outskirts of the area, using that infrastructure instead of the more fortified areas closer to the border of the organization's territory? In both of their estimations the reason was psychological - an inborn defect, a faultiness of the blood that made them, generation after generation, long for a distant past which most of them had never before seen - the homely house, the welcoming hearth, the healthy brood welcoming them in sickening sycophancy. For their sins

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they would be destroyed and for their backwards thinking they would feel with indescribable wrath the terror that the forces of the future would wreak upon them.

Britta peered down at the tortured face of Bonn staring up at her with bloodshot eyes from his position bent over the hood of her vehicle - licking her lips as she observed the accentuated veins of his forehead and the accelerated pulse of his blood. The thought of the insert foully penetrating his entrails and accentuated with every nuance of the rock and shifting of her personal carrier made her toes curl in sensual pleasure. She had had such fun with him back in the dungeons beneath the commandant's training center, the memories, the rapture! Though she had been inaugurated into the arts of her sex under the grunting ministrations of the field marshal prior to her transfer to the commandant's training center under the guiding hands of the cult recruiters - they too whom she had enjoyed and who had enjoyed her, once her arrival had been effected - she had come into her own post the private viewing of her and her older sister's joint forces, which served as the confirmation of her godhead. And Bonn - sweet, trembling masochist bred-in-the-bone Bonn - how she had loved him. Punished him, punishment upon severe punishment at her very hand and the long talks she had given him afterward, his head cradled in her lap, his hot tears moistening the naked flesh of her thighs as he cried. She amped up on violent accelerants and he traversing the tunnels of hallucination, grief and mental anguish under the decidedly unethical dissociatives

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dispersed by the so-called medical staff of the torture center.

Across the way betwixt the sound of grinding motors, the operability of the ancient machines manipulated only by the most coarse measures of that latter-day generation who had for the most part forgotten the arts of their forebears, bound to a similar machine, was Nadezhda. She the assigned pet of Britta's older sister Bluebird - a sisterhood not by dint of birth but by dint of a shared destiny in acting out their roles as the emissaries of the commander and the commandant upon a region yet to be touched in full by the iron hand of organizational dictatorship. Britta considered the fate of their charges - their creatures - and the roles of her and Bluebird as their handlers, the guiding hands of every aspect of their reality.

Though Nadezhda and Bonn had been separated from them in their last weeks together back at the commandant's training center - the girls' charges transported forward to the regional command base ahead of their mistresses - Britta knew that even then both of them knew that their fates rested in the hands of her and her sister. Much like a mother or father might send a child out on its own - for a time - the child recognized and was fully cognizant that they were still under the mastery of their progenitor, their engineer, the authority which was responsible for creating them and, if need be, destroying them. Britta herself had felt a profound realization to this effect as she had sent Bonn out with the internal security personnel who had conveyed his person from the depths of the training

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center to the awaiting black vans - staffed by internal security but operated under the auspices of the cult recruiters - not at all dissimilar and in fact in many ways identical to the same way and method she herself had been transported months ago from her residence with the field marshal in the large encampment at the border of the rebel region to headquarters for the first time.

Britta licked her lips in consideration of the knowledge that she had received the night before in the transmissions that the commandant had relayed to her during her time in the chair - information about Bonn, her dear pet, information about the breeding program that would ensue in the lands after they had been saturated by the deadly chemical warheads rained down upon them by her and her sister's units between him and Bluebird's pet, Nadezhda. Yet, almost more importantly, the commandant had informed her about her own nature - the nature of nuclear death personified and informed her, young Britta, about her nature as well. The commandant - the entity that had shifted all identities upon the face of the scorched plains of planet earth - had revealed to Britta her own identity - self-realization - revelations of the breadth and scope of what she was and what she was to become. Only hours past since the ordeal back at regional command, the knowledge of these secrets - which included as an expansion of herself the knowing of how she herself would administer her sector of the shared regime after the poison smoke of the campaign had cleared, visually gone, viscerally remaining - pulsed through her consciousness like liquid flame.

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Britta gazed forth from the side of her vehicle and watched the struggling form of Nadezhda strapped to the front grill of Bluebird's carrier - only the most titular respiratory protective devices applied to protect her and Bonn from the clouds of poisonous gas into which their carriers would soon be entering into - their respective pets watching with eyes wide open as the residents of the sovereign territories died about them in proximity most direct. Why these two - Nadezhda and Bonn - chosen by secret ballot and other purposes unknown to her - had been selected as the breeder and brood-mare respectively among other, perhaps more suitable specimens among the organization for the forthcoming program were unknown to her. Equally unknown to her the whys and the wherefores of why, despite the deuced threats which awaited them once entering the line of engagement, that these two were so unprotected. Despite this, Britta knew the plan that had been given to them in the dungeons of the commandant. Nadezhda and Bonn were to be bred to each other and then their progeny together - sister mating with brother, son with mother, father with daughter until the border regions that had formerly been outside organizational auspice were populated by the issue of an incestuous union planned in the most secure and bleak interiors of the commander's headquarters. As Britta and her sister now set forth to create mayhem once more on the earth - a biological, chemical and radiological menace to spread atop landscapes and populace already scarred by the long to heal wounds of the nuclear wars - it would be under their administration that they would also supervise the

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rise of a genetic abomination, the promise of which lay latent within Nadezhda's womb.

CHAPTER 9

Cora Beth stared absently forward, intent on masking any of the thoughts which roiled within her mind, as Sister Chazona continued her delivery to the elect number of assembled sisters who had been called into the chapel on that night. Although she did not countenance the fact that she had noticed, Astrid was aware of Cora's surveilling her earlier during Chazona's slight slip in delivery and as such knew that among a small number of the assembled sisters present that Cora was a threat. Astrid could feel deeply within her gut that tonight would be the night that would bring the sort of testing that she had long awaited and she was more than willing to pull out every stop to outplay the other sisters and in the process show them that a graduate of the commandant's training center was not to be trifled with.

A foul smell wafted through the room as Chazona parted her lips in a strange grimace revealing teeth that appeared abnormally sharp and a mouth's cradle sickeningly red. Encased in her thin skeletal face monstrous eyes darted to and fro across the room although her head did not move. On one of the plinths to the side Cora noticed beads of cold sweat involuntarily dripping down the face of the young acolyte who knelt naked and stationary awaiting her part to play in the

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events of the evening. Cora smiled inwardly to herself while keeping her outer expression slack and emotionless - from the foul smell and the reaction of the acolyte, the feel in the air and the discoloration of the senior sister Cora could tell that Chazona was altering her body chemistry along the methods of internal cult practices which indicated that something very formidable would be occurring during the course of their session. What it would be Cora could not readily tell, however whatever it was all she could do was prepare herself in the ways that she knew how.

The time is reversible, what did that mean? Astrid believed that she could guess, as she inwardly pondered her past that had led her to this very moment before the image of the commandant - from the time of her extraordinary rendition up to the present and all that had occurred betwixt - the horror that had been inflicted upon her and which she had, in turn, inflicted upon others during her tenure both in her position as a pontifex in the commandant's training center and to a degree since her graduation among the cult recruiters. She had however been left unsatiated since becoming a sworn sister. The means and methods that had been revealed to her, what to speak of the internal potency which had become tapped, developed and then unleashed - at least, in a controlled fashion - controlled by others to a great degree insofar as the constraints of the discipline of the cult recruiters were concerned - that learning had been gratifying, satisfying, to be sure. Yet there was still a rift between what had been and what was available to her in the now. Even without the more

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esoteric training of the sisterhood, if that nomenclature was entirely correct in describing their internal practices, there had been a lack of the brutal abandon to which she had been able to apply herself as a youthful pontifex within the commandant's training center. There she had been able to execute tactics and stratagems, albeit roughly so, as she had learned them. Here, the restrictions in place sometimes seemed unbearable.

Chazona gave one last look around the room before settling her eyes ever so briefly upon the naked children sitting upon the two plinths flanking either side of the male offer. The young acolyte to whom she had been speaking earlier, despite her visible cold sweat, which Chazona noticed immediately, managed to remain still - statuesque. As the senior sister's gaze settled on the second acolyte, however, there was a visible trembling, slight, but enough to be noticed not only by Sister Chazona but also by the other cult recruiters present. Meditative concentration held between their third eyes one and all, many of the cult recruiters licked their lips in sadistic lust as Chazona revealed an ever so slight smile at the acolyte's reaction. This one would be feeling the full brunt of the elder sister's expertly applied cruelty before the night was over.

Her more pointed assessments and observations again completed for the time being, Chazona began to speak.

"Before a fortnight has passed, sisters, a new era within the organization will be inaugurated and a new era within the sisterhood. But where does the demarcation lay between the two, if in fact there is any

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such demarcation?"

Chazona scanned the audience briefly, her sharpened teeth revealed in a hideous leer, however Cora, Astrid and all the others restrained from any visible reaction to their credit. Satisfied, the elder sister smiled and continued.

"As I speak before you tonight, you selected, assembled sisters, there are beyond the woods to the west a procession of weapons carriers monitored by internal security and special intelligence and guarded by the most elite of their ranks and the most bloodthirsty of the organizational shock troops. Along with these are several sisters who will be representing the commandant in this for the time being - their purpose being to convey themselves along with the convoy in question to the very edges of the organizational territory near what will be the future line of engagement. There, at the newly established regional headquarters, they will be preparing preliminary training modules for the two rather and suddenly prestigious graduates of the commandant's training center who will be administering the outward area after it has been secured by organizational forces.

"The weapons carriers as you know are carrying our newly developed rockets - this in and of itself is a great advancement for the organization and changes the game and alters the playing field significantly, not only for the organization as a whole but for the sisterhood as well. There is a trickle effect, dear sisters, for what happens in the organization will in the by and by like clockwork have bearing on those most dedicated to the commandant despite whatever filtration may be in place

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internally - just as what we foment here, in secret, will inevitably affect both the central apparatus of organizational leadership as well as the populace under their jurisdiction, whether for weal or for woe.

"In addition to these newly developed rockets are, perhaps even more importantly, the warheads with which they will be fitted prior to being deployed. For many years the engineers, the black wizards of our organization, if you will, have toiled in secret - cut off from the rest of the organization and to a large degree even cut off from the mercy of our cult except for influence of a remote nature. Be that as it may, they have had left and bequeathed to them so many nasty items by the grace of the commandant - for in the times before the nuclear wars it was not only atomics that she counted among her selection of horrors! Quite the opposite! The carriers now heading to the front carry with them a dangerous and lethal cocktail of chemical, biological and radiological warheads to be deployed in areas that have not the slightest measure of what CBRN defense entails.

"This moving forward into the near area means something very special for the organization and presents a very unique opportunity for us directly. For many years we cult recruiters, excepting a very limited smattering of internal security and special intelligence who in most cases have acted in a support capacity to our own missions, have been the only element to penetrate beyond our borders, while here at headquarters and the areas under the jurisdiction of the commander the name of the game has been consolidation of power - building the infrastructure of

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terror and honing all operations to the keenness of a razor. It is with pleasure and unequivocal surety that I state before you that the razor has been sharpened and the time for cutting is upon us."

Both Cora Beth and Astrid became somewhat confused as they listened to Sister Chazona's continued monologue. She had been on the cusp of revealing something to them earlier on, something very peculiar in fact, however had sidestepped seemingly at the last minute and from then on she had continued with a speech that Cora or Astrid themselves could have delivered before any number of sisters well their junior or even acolytes - rhetoric - there was nothing new in what Chazona was telling them, or had they failed to grasp the interior meaning beneath her words?

The real message however was in Chazona's countenance, and that aspect could not be denied - for even now the color of her eyes had begun to change into an unnatural hue - this, combined with the other changes that Astrid and Cora had noticed prior along with an increased pallidness of the flesh made the extremity to which Chazona's shifting of her internal body chemistry was being effected disturbingly apparent even to the most inattentive among their number.

Now Astrid understood the seeming dryness of Chazona's delivered speech - her speech was simply her running on auto-pilot while her full attention and awareness was paid to the change that she was enacting down at the very molecular platform of her physicality. While nominatively topical surely, her words were less than quintessential. The naked acolytes on either side of

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her began to sweat more profusely and the male chained to the floor before her began to twitch slightly. Astrid smiled to herself while keeping her face rigid - the time of testing would be not long coming now.

"Each of you present here have been chosen specifically for a reason in regard to this coming down of the razor."

Chazona scanned the audience and smiled without friendship at the assembled sisters, the unholy quality of her visage seeming to accelerate now literally by the passing of the minutes. Cora and Astrid both noticed that several of the assembled sisters visibly shuddered as Chazona's exhaled breath seemed to bear upon its wind a foul color, a greenish smoke. Neither Astrid nor Cora reacted but they could tell now without a doubt that Chazona was to be ratcheting up the horror to a feverish pitch. Even Cora had never seen anything equal to the display of this night in her several years within the cult recruiters - though Astrid remembered, during her childhood years resident in the commandant's training center seeing somewhat similar methods employed during certain very arduous ordeal sessions involving the high-tier among the commandant's retinue.

Chazona begin to grit her teeth - an unnatural guttural laughter welling up from deep inside her body as her eyes became glowing purplish orbs. The assembled sisters, all of them focused upon their third eye and applying other internal mechanisms salient to cult meditation techniques groaned almost in unison as Chazona stretched out her will to them, invading their

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minds, probing, questioning, molesting. With skeletal vascular hands, their appearance concealing their monstrous strength, Chazona gripped the head of the male victim and brought it back revealing the metal valve that had been surgically inserted into the man's neck. Chazona traced a fingernail along the metal valve, the male victim shaking at the slightest touch upon the raw skin surrounding small metal tube, fastened shut with a greased metallic cap.

"Before you, sisters, is the test of the evening - your route to proof positive for a very, very special position." Chazona's eyes dimmed then flickered as she began to let the manipulations to her body chemistry rest. Elsewhere among the assembled sisters Cora gripped her fists so tight that rivulets of blood began to drip from betwixt her clenched fingers though she noticed neither the pain nor the blood as she began locking herself into a state of intense concentration - if this night was to be the night of decision she would be ready. Astrid glanced at her and her mouth turned into a snarl - she was past the point of caring whether or not Cora, the other assembled sisters or Sister Chazona herself apprehended her rabid demeanor. She would not be quelched. Too much suffering she had endured in the past and too much suffering she had inflicted to the point that her actions had reached a point of critical mass - the opportunity was before her, she would avail herself - her sadism would be facilitated even by the brute force of her own will.

The rest of the senior sisters glanced to either side of them as several sisters who had been waiting in the

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wings emerged from small doors on either side of them - the passages which led down into the varied hallways, tunnels and other hidden infrastructure inside the chapel. Having emerged, the sisters, younger cult recruiters only recently initiated, situated themselves upon either side of the room and began to sound strange instruments - one each among the two groups beating a steady, funerary pace upon drums as other among their number began to sing a song dedicated to the commandant.

Chazona's voice rose over the sound, the grip upon the hair of the victim tightening - all among the assembled cult recruiters staring at the valve upon his neck and the sealed opening.

"The one among you who effects the sacrifice of this male will go down into the abyss and accompany the commandant as she inaugurates her traversement once again on the scorched earth of this planet. Effect the sacrifice and you will join her in black paradise."

CHAPTER 10

The lieutenant found Wendy where he had left her earlier, loitering in a semi-enclosed area outside one of the internal security buildings with two members of his personal retinue in tow - a smattering of other organizational personnel situated along metal tables here and there, including the two members of his retinue who were in fact serving as an infiltration cell directly on behalf of special intelligence command, the same persons who had contacted headquarters via radio transmission a little over a week prior in the matter of the lieutenant's unauthorized conveyance of a member of the engineering center demographic outside of the region. Having been embedded with the lieutenant's people for over a year, replacing another clandestine cell from special intelligence who had served in the exact same position prior, they were skilled at reading the lieutenant and on this particular afternoon it took little skill to realize that the lieutenant was moving steadily toward the edge. The men covered their mouths as they spoke, intending not to draw attention and further suppress the sounds of their whispers beneath their masks, however the lieutenant took no notice of them - his bloodshot eyes focused upon the far wall and his young bride.

She did not see her husband as he approached but he

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saw her - Wendy's back turned toward him as she stared with milky absent eyes toward a poster of the commander encased in plexiglass and bolted to the concrete wall - the centerpiece amidst a line of metal crests representing various sub-organizations that extended outward from either side. A youngish shock trooper, battered face and and equally battered automatic rifle slung casually over one shoulder looked at the girl from across the way with curiosity, but seeing the lieutenant moving forward toward the wall he withdrew quickly - any inveigling between the lieutenant and an object of his desire being a likely terminal mistake.

Wendy was dressed in the baby brigade uniform that she had been outfitted with by the lieutenant's quartermaster soon after their first meeting - longish but painfully thin legs within the black battle-ready trousers fitting somewhat loosely upon a physicality nearly in its seventh year and tucked into shiny black combat boots, nearly new and well-conditioned with organization manufactured parade gloss. A black jacket covered her upper body, the hood thrown back to reveal hair blacker than a winter midnight - that and her very pale white skin being a tell-tale sign of her mountain upbringing.

Despite the growing fog of psychosis which roiled within him the lieutenant felt the sharp stab of undeniable and deeply genuine affection - obsession, in fact - as his eyes rested upon his bride. The feeling was like none other he had known before prior to that fateful meeting in the engineering center, and in his mind Wendy, himself and the elements surrounding their

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meeting coalesced within his brain in a frantic montage - seemingly disparate elements extending their black tendrils unto each other creating connections, threads of potential unity which pulsed in his consciousness in tune with the black blood that pumped through his veins. Her appearance, the revealing of the test module for the chemical agents - the hideous cult of the Great Demon, his patron dark god, festering within the mist-shrouded mountains resting on the edge of the Appalachian wilderness. All become unified in his mind - sequences that had been decided by the hideous will of Gaubni himself - links in the chain of terror.

As the footfall of his black boots approached, Wendy turned and her face beamed up at him - pale white skin made ruddy by the southern winter which became colder day by passing day. Wordlessly they connected one with another - an occurrence felt by both of them. The lieutenant touched her face briefly and she saw the rage within his eyes and knew that what came this day would effect what would come later - it was a beginning, a piece of the chessboard of their shared destiny was being moved and she could not tell where it would lead or what consequences would come of it yet she knew within herself that all they could do was move forward.

The couple stalked off toward a secure area surrounded by an interior perimeter of fences and the black-masked internal security members from the lieutenant's personal retinue, four of them now, fell in line behind them, fanning out. As soon as the members from the infiltration cell sitting at the table saw the lieutenant, Wendy and associates - two of them their

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own associates - disappear from within their line of vision the second among them rose up, speed-walking to the structural edge of the semi-enclosed area and peering around the corner surreptitiously to ascertain where the target was headed. Briefly assessing their direction and in consideration of the state which the lieutenant was in, the cell member turned, addressing the other.

"Get to the secure room and send a runner to special intelligence command fast - and I mean as goddamn fast as possible. Tell them that the lieutenant, the girl and four internal security - two his, two ours, are on the way to the military planning council - they are going to want to be apprised of this and may very well want to send some backup should worse come to worse."

"Understood, sir," the second man replied, before hustling out in the opposite direction - toward the unmarked door several hundred yards off, within which laid an encrypted radio for secure transmissions to his handlers at special intelligence.

By the time the lieutenant, Wendy and the four members of internal security arrived at the exterior of the internal secure area there were already more than a dozen special intelligence and additional internal security guards tasked to security for the organizational brass moving into surveillance positions on all sides.

As the lieutenant and his retinue closed in on the building housing the special intelligence command Wendy heard a fresh clip slam into the MP5 of the lieutenant's personal weapon - a clear signal that the lieutenant's mood was running hot, even hotter than the spies within his ranks had ascertained - the sound

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coming almost simultaneously as the heavily armed internal security personnel raised themselves from their positions of concealment on the rooftop of the command headquarters - their forms black silhouettes against the backdrop of the noonday sun.

Shining even more ominously were the tips of their silenced MP5 machine guns - their sights trained on each of their number, one to a person - yet several trained on the lieutenant himself.

"What's the problem gentleman?" the lieutenant roared, raising his own nearly identical weapon to his side - one filth-encrusted finger curling perversely along the circumference of the trigger-guard. His model was identical - nearly - for the clip which he had loaded was filled with ammunition designed for maximum carnage and, unlike the internal security personnel upon the rooftop whose capacity had been mostly concerned with security since their tenure - internal to headquarters and rarely challenged, his own weapon, comparatively battered but meticulously maintained, had been the cause of hundreds of deaths in areas spanning the width and breadth of the commander's variegated martial interests.

There was no sense of agitation from the larger force which was now arrayed against him, only a cold sangfroid commensurate to their superior numbers and steely discipline - the protectors of agendas and persons who honed them whose import outweighed the personal loyalties of the commander to his wayward commando - a tenuous loyalty which now seemed to be unraveling

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before the very eyes of the latter. In their overt show of force the lieutenant's deepest suspicions and misgivings had become realized - yet even then the depths of the internecine betrayal at play were unknown to him - unknown until half of his own small retinue separated themselves and trained their guns on him also, in concert with the internal security stationed atop the roof.

The lieutenant roared anew - his gaze becoming bloodshot, glazed and exceedingly dangerous as he saw that he was to be the scapegoat - the rabbit in the trap - with an entrapment reaped by the machinations of special intelligence over a long, long period. This was revelatory as he knew now in that one instance that his activities had been compromised - with he himself as the target. Veins pulsed upon his muscular neck, his breathing becoming quicker and quicker - deeper and deeper breaths all the more violent - sucking in the chill air and exhaling hot steam from between tightly clenched teeth.

As the two traitors within his midst stalked toward him slowly in tactical stance, fingers upon the triggers of their silenced MP5 machine guns, the lieutenant turned in an equally slow and disturbing motion before deftly sliding the stock of his own rifle through his hands and swirling it in an arcing motion before bashing it into the head of one of the internal security personnel in a premeditated and lethal strike, immediately causing sprays of blood to fly from the eye-sockets of his opponent through the frame of the single line of vision afforded by his balaclava.

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One localized target crumpling to the ground in death, the lieutenant spun again, ramming the suppressor attached to the tip of his rifle into the kidney of the other internal security personnel - his weapon clattering to the ground, the lieutenant poised above his fall before a lightning quick gesture of his own black-booted foot crashed down upon the organizational member's skull - a pathetic wheeze of final earthly breath issuing from the man's mouth as he drifted evermore into the troubled darkness of an undead existence beyond the grave.

The lieutenant lifted the now blood-encrusted lug sole from the ruined head of his erstwhile associate, smiling upward insanely at the sun above him and at the black-masked internal security personnel below who held their positions steadfast - unmoving with no shots being fired. He cleared his throat dramatically and spat, allowing the mucus-laden payload from betwixt his lips to drift slowly upon the stationary body closest to him - the gore from the cranial wound now beginning to pool and spread in an ever-widening circumference upon the flat concrete tarmac leading to the intelligence center.

The dual glass doors of intelligence opened with a sound almost resembling a vacuum seal and two columns of black-masked internal security issued forth - their machined rifles held at the ready but not pointed at the lieutenant, Wendy or the two remaining members of his entourage - both loyalists to the lieutenant but who, by their long and unwitting association with spies in their own midst, would in due course meet their own death and that by the lieutenant's own hand. Their loyalty now entirely suspect - as was their acumen.

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Between the masked column walked another and alone - no mask and no insignia upon his black uniform belying rank, nor indicator as to what sector of the organization he belonged to - though the door from which he had exited said it all. Aging and with a bald head that shone with a sweaty sheen beneath the sky, unnaturally bright for the time of year, he clasped a burning cigarette between thumb and forefinger - the acrid yet enticing smoke emanating from his cracked lips a throwback to degrees of pleasure long forgotten except by a very elite nomenclatura within the organization, the small bluish clouds wreathing his face but not disguising a cold yet visibly haughty expression.

"No harm done in that, lieutenant," the bald man spoke, gesturing with his cigarette to the bodies of the slain internal security personnel which lay upon the ground before him, limbs akimbo. "They had that coming - just surprised that it took you this long."

The lieutenant snarled at the overt provocation, though his reaction - expected by the intelligence representative - that or something like it - elicited no symmetrical response, only a continued steady gaze from the intelligence officer.

From the periphery of his vision the lieutenant could see that the two remaining internal security members near him began to slowly back away - his erstwhile loyalists - whether they were themselves privy to what had gone on or not, the sight of their crumbling under a pressure which should for them be small he found to be disgusting in the extreme. Had he himself not taken

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them out from the black site of the armaments unveiling not but a few months ago, having already displayed to them his nature? Pearls before swine - dispensations undeserved.

Spitting again and turning his head in a long back and forth motion the lieutenant gestured for Wendy to come close - she who had been standing, watching with blank expression and with no sign of fear throughout the concourse of the confrontation to this point. Here was one upon whom he could count - here was one among his number, outside of the demographic of the the traitors and the scum, one who possessed the necessary mettle to walk lockstep and forward along whatever path may now be open - whether it be bound for glory or for hell.

She walked toward him steadily with a gait somehow not at all like that of the tentative girl that he had first met there in the engineering center, no hint of hesitation nor hurry within her movements but rather a firm, iron tread - the executed procession of one who held within them the blood of autocrats and despots alike and, often, selfsame. With one hand still upon his MP5 - now cradling not the trigger guard but the trigger itself - his vision straying to two points of observation at once, one upon the intelligence agent with his still smug countenance, but the brunt of his vision focused upon Wendy, the true daughter of Gaubni. His free hand stretched toward her and she came, nestling her lithe uniform-clad body against his frame, his hand snaking over her shoulder and clasping her body tightly against his own which began trembling involuntarily.

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"Lieutenant, this one is not for you," the intelligence agent stated in a voice strangely paced, yet carrying a clear and distinct command tone requesting acquiescence - a statement bearing no hint of provocation but rather profound gravity.

"Let us put this gambit behind us."

The lieutenant responded by putting a round into his head as Wendy laughed - her pale face contorting into a sinister expression of glee - eyes crinkled in mirth as the impact of multiple automatic blasts into the body of the intelligence agent sprayed blood in copious amounts and at high pressure from open and smoking wounds. The midwife of Nadezhda and Bonn now lay silent, even as several biological agendas pushed forward - the glistening pairs of eyes that he saw in his last earthly moments not the least among them.

The internal security personnel stationed on the wall above them watched with gazes concealed by the black bars of their goggles atop midnight black balaclavas, unmoving, a few giving subtle signs of salutary acknowledgment as they watched the body of the intelligence agent in its final death throes.

A lethal wheel turning and ever turning, the lieutenant and Wendy themselves turned and walked away even as the internal security members on the rooftop began to leave, two by two and in small groups. The yet to be chastened remaining members of the lieutenant's entourage had run long before.

There would be no herald for what now lay before the lieutenant and his bride in the organizational canon

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from this point, the lieutenant considered to himself. It was now a long walk into the gory maw of an abyss unknown. Unnatural in that moment, he knew not what stood beside him now but wherever she might go he, in recklessness, would follow.

Wendy looked up toward him - her sneering face exhibiting something distinctly alien and other. A true daughter of Gaubni. Then, together, arm in arm, they departed.

CHAPTER 11

The beatings began almost immediately once in the commandant's training center. Though Astrid had received somewhat of a share in her then six years since her birth at headquarters, the instruments for administering the same passed out to the parents of future organization personnel who were encouraged in their liberal use, her parents had never bothered to a great degree. She being self-possessed but not disruptive, they being too distracted in the intricate webs of security work and espionage on the professional level to become intensive about socially engineering their own daughter independently - rather trusting that the organization would step in the areas where their own energy and inclination was waning. On that day after her rendition in the foyer of the torture center the organization - the blackest sector of it - stepped in and in a dramatic fashion.

Hooded, gagged, slammed to the ground and hogtied as soon as she had entered the external entrance to the ECU compound, Astrid had felt the first initial shock of her tenure as a child signed over to the commandant. Many more were to follow. Even so, those first moments of experiencing extraordinary rendition - the point of capture - lay burned in her memory even

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long after certain of the other more dreadful ordeals had run together, one into the other and fading naturally in their recalling - receding into the depths of her subconscious mind, only accessible should she choose to do so utilizing cult meditative techniques. The emotional turn that had occurred in her mind however during the very early preliminary - the smiles of the female cult recruiters and their soft touches exchanged for the brutal hands of the internal security guards of the ECU and the silence of an unknown hell gaping before her - that would never be forgotten.

As soon as she had been secured the guards picked her up and she heard the loud buzzing from the interior door which led through to the ECU and then further in a gradual downward fashion into the torture center proper. Within the torture center, the commandant's training center itself and, beyond that still, the areas in which the commandant herself was said to be domiciled, never seen unless those who entered into those lakes of fire were never seen again as well. The bones of children that could sometimes be seen being extracted from the training center however indicated that the commandant - or something else perhaps, either way, an entity possessed of an extreme propensity for horror and bloodshed - dwelt in those lowest levels.

The amount of internal security guards that conveyed her through the doorway leading into the torture center proper was overkill as any one of them, large and brutal physical stature and constitution one and all, could have thrown Astrid's six-year-old self over a shoulder and be done with it. But the tone of the

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rendition was part of its black ceremony - it was as psychological as it was functional.

Immobile by dint of the zip-ties expertly applied, completely unable to cry out due to the ball-gag and seeing only the black interior of the hood, Astrid was brought double-time through the corridors that led her eventually to the reception area for those children destined for a lifetime of service to the commandant. In what capacity they would serve was, as ever, the will of the commandant and the commandant alone, though the illusion of self-determination was sometimes trotted out as a measure of experimental social engineering - to see who would seek to rise, who would seek to hide and who would allow themselves to fall.

In the years before the nuclear war within the ever-rising population of those youth who found themselves within the clutches of governmental jurisprudence, the detention centers were often referred to colloquially among the young inmates as "gladiator schools." If the word "training" itself was used in the actual official title of the institutions - often run by members of the private sector on contract to the government, those sometimes even more sadistic than their publicly-funded counterparts - it guaranteed that the level of sadism would be ramped up to a particularly heated degree. That, along with an emphasis on forced humiliation and pitting the confined members of the demographic being held against their will against each other - techniques approved of and formulated in the military sectors of government and those coming from a background in the

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same but tempered in the flames of religious fanaticism for a burn all the more grotesque.

The training nomenclature had survived the scorched earth of nuclear holocaust - at least for the commandant's particular sectors designed for the youth within the organization - and though the mechanisms of such institutions in the past may have been questionable at times, not only bordering on the sadistic but liberally crossing the bounds with exceeding regularity in the land formerly known as the United States especially - the social mechanisms employed within the one and only training center utilizing that name, post the nuclear wars, was something else entirely.

Blinded completely by the hood, Astrid was completely incapable of any visual orientation of where she was being taken - though as the minutes passed in darkness, her muscles now beginning to cramp painfully under the strain of their bondage, she could feel the air becoming cooler and the pressure becoming harsher indicating that they were steadily making their way downward. After what was in actuality twenty minutes - the longest twenty minutes of life thus far, feeling like much longer, she began to hear sounds rumbling up from ahead of them - she was now well beyond the threshold of the more "conventional" areas of the ECU and entering into the torture center and the periphery of the commandant's training center. The sound of heavy metal doors banging all around her on either side resounded throughout what was now a thoroughly subterranean passageway - accentuated by the sounds of screams, abject sobbing and hellish, demonic voices

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At last the door opening as she was being held holding her unceremonious impact again cried out in ribs and crack forth from the her throat ch dripping down circumference

Once down, the metal shears by training center in the medium been taken. V security member jumpsuit off her several small lac pulling her on slicing through midsection and snipping off her

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emanating from localized speakers within them. Along with these she heard and felt the vibrations of strange machinery, tactile apprehensions which she had never experienced before and for which Astrid had no readily identifiable reference, in addition to the unmistakable sounds of lashings against naked flesh.

At last they stopped briefly - the sounds of a buzzing door opening in front of them and then a few more steps as she was brought through. The internal security guards holding her dropped her emphatically and unceremoniously to the ground, letting her body take the impact against the cold unyielding concrete floor. She cried out involuntarily as the force of the fall bruised her ribs and cracked against her chin, yet no sounds issued forth from the ball-gag with which she had been fitted, her throat choking in protest against the saliva which dripped down her chin and out from around the circumference of the gag in marked discomfiture.

Once down, the guards were handed a pair of large metal shears by one of the cadets from the commandant's training center present in an observational capacity there in the medium-sized chamber into which Astrid had been taken. With brutal speed two of the internal security members begin cutting the organizational jumpsuit off her body starting from the legs, creating several small lacerations in her flesh as they did so - then pulling her onto her side, still bound and hog-tied, slicing through the fabric covering her chest and midsection and pulling the garment off - another snipping off her small panties and removing them with

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one swift motion before kicking her with booted feet back into position. Now naked except for the hood which covered her head, she waited.

Within the span of several minutes she heard the door behind her buzzing once again, opening and then slamming shut and she could feel the presence of several figures around her in addition to the internal security guards who had carried her down. Without sight but instinctively Astrid began to feel an indescribable terror penetrating her body, her flesh breaking out into a cold sweat and churning pain forming in the depths of her guts. The newly arrived persons began to speak among themselves in muted voices yet the voices were unlike anything Astrid had ever encountered in her life thus far at the commander's headquarters for they seemed to be modulated, inhuman in timbre and inflection.

Astrid felt herself being once again lifted off the floor, this time placed painfully into a semi-kneeling position, her feet and hands stretched outward behind her back in the positions of which the bonds involuntarily held them. With a single rapid cutting motion of a black combat knife wielded by one of the internal security guards the zip-ties were removed, taking some of the skin from her wrists with it, and she was picked up and placed onto a cross-beam face-down - the internal guards working in concert fastening leather restraints over her hands, her ankles and across her midsection - tightening the latter so that her backside was juttied out and obscenely displayed.

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ministrations might be forthcoming, either from the guards or whatever inhuman monsters surrounded her in the chamber. Why had this happened? Where was her mother? Where was her protection? The answers to those questions would only be answered - years after the fact - when she herself had been integrated into the commandant's training center as a cog in the wheel, a participating partner acting in full collusion with the forces that were now centered on breaking her mind and transfiguring her body according to the insane will of the demoness into whose service she had been conscripted. Hot tears streamed down her face, intermingling with the cold sweat upon her body - her entire physicality trembling uncontrollably as abject panic ensued.

The hood covering her face was removed and Astrid blinked through her tears at the sudden harsh light that streamed down from above her, harsh fluorescents embedded high within the ceiling reflecting off walls of concrete block that had been slathered in white paint again and again since before the nuclear wars and again several times per year continually in the intervening years since. One of the internal security guards stepped in front of her, all viewable to her being his black-uniformed midsection, a small wooden plank fastened into the crossbeam upon which she was strapped beneath her neck forcing her chin up into a forward-looking position. Another guard followed his associate, latching a collar-like leather strap over her neck and the device upon which it was positioned, buckling it secure and tightly - not so tight that asphyxiation would ensue but tight enough that this extremity of her body was also

now thoroughly immobile.

Astrid could see the individuals whom she had heard before now as her eyesight adjusted to the brightness - they were unmistakable in their flowing black robes - some with likewise flowing hair, others with strange styles, some with heads completely shorn and a few of the latter with crowns covered in bleeding suppurations. Members of the commandant's cult - cult recruiters - female one and all. However she could see, as she could feel, that they were very unlike those cult recruiters whom she had encountered earlier in the day, those who had effected the deceptive ploy that had led to her rendition. They had been for all effective purposes human - girls even, though some several years her senior, but girls all the same - despite the fact that she knew (and could feel, as others could) that they possessed levels of occult training that positioned themselves at an advantage above and beyond most of the members of the organization. The experience of the cult recruiters before her was entirely different - this Astrid had felt even before the hood had been removed, even before she had been apprised visually of their countenances. These cult recruiters had been transformed, transfigured - irrevocably changed by fell and horrific measures - no longer women, fanatic women in flesh bodies, but rather entities bearing resemblance to their once fanatic feminine selves.

Still they spoke to each other in hushed tones that sounded like strange modulated mechanically-altered distortion - stranger than the bleak audial issuance of

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command prompts and other assorted brainwashing mechanisms that she had heard during her descent here into the commandant's training center.

Her body began to shake as one of them separated from what appeared a murder of crows in their flowing black garments and walked toward her - eyes penetrating into Astrid's own, insane, bulging and bloodshot within a thin face that grinned obscenely, taking sadistic pleasure in the sight of the young girl bound helpless before her. The cult recruiter reached around to the back of Astrid's neck and removed the ball-gag and another one approached, grim in disposition with a shaved head and grey eyes, who proceeded to stuff a narcotic-soaked rag into Astrid's still open mouth.

Beginning to choke against the wetness as soon as the chemicals began to trickle down Astrid's throat she could feel an unnatural coldness beginning to flow through her veins - her vision blurring involuntarily then refocusing as her body first sought to fight against the foreign substance introduced into her biology and then surrendered to it.

She could see the cult recruiter with the shaved head washing her hands in a small basin brought to her by another of the cultists and then afterward removing several small shining metal instruments from a leather case set upon a small table at the side of the chamber. Approaching Astrid once more the cultist fastened the objects onto Astrid's eyelids - small filaments inserted into the underside of the lids on the upper and lower sides and then held open with a small twisting of a

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clockwork-like mechanism upon the side of the frame.

Apprehension of her state of extreme vulnerability mixed with the effects of the narcotics and the shock of her rendition began to pulse through Astrid in waves of horror. From speakers set high upon the corners of the room a continuous harsh tonal vibration began to emit and she felt as if her head was beginning to split in two. She could see the cult recruiters busying themselves about their work to the sides, engaging in preparations for this inaugural session - the first of so many more to come - the entrance period to the commandant's training center being one of the nastiest for the pure shock involved and the perspicacity with which the personnel worked, knowing full well the very specific measures that should needfully be applied to break down the children now under their charge thoroughly and rapidly.

Directly in front of her was a large image of the commandant, life-size or even enlarged beyond her own physical stature perhaps, hard for the telling, for the commandant herself was a giantess and the form with which the nuclear death goddess assumed in the post-apocalypse, whilst humanoid in appearance, was still far beyond the proportions of any other. The commander, the supreme martinet of the organization, was a figure beyond reckoning - a military genius who had transformed himself into the highest tier of his black potential for martial dominance and totalitarian governorship. Yet, at least according to oral tradition within the organization, he had once been as the members of the organization were - humans undergoing

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the harsh and brutal transfiguration for which existence in the end-times and the times past provided due opportunity. The commandant was something different altogether - she was the radioactive fire of the twenty megaton bombs that had been dropped over and over and over. She was the nuclear winter that followed, she was the irrevocably poisoned earth that followed still after and the futile screams of billions of human lives decimated in the instant flash of nuclear death.

Several of the cult recruiters swarmed toward her - blocking the view of the image of the commandant before her and filling her vision, unblinking by dint of the mechanisms which had been applied to her eyes and the collar which restrained her neck in forward looking position. The preternatural visage of the entities which assailed her were horrific in the extreme - their already thoroughly unnatural dispositions being even more horrific in apprehension by dint of the narcotic soaked rag which both denied Astrid's ability to vocalize and warped her mind as the chemical compounds dripped down her throat and were assimilated into her bloodstream in an ever heightening and dangerous dosage. Looking into their harrowing eyes she felt herself begin to scream - yet the scream was blunted by her gag and she felt herself beginning to hyperventilate - the panic beginning to accelerate toward a critical point - her heart beating in dreadful arrhythmic pace in her chest between her exposed non-existent breasts upon either side of the cross-beam.

"She is proceeding into cardiac shock!" shouted one of the cult recruiters in a voice that sounded like it

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emanated from the depths of hell, a feral growling sound - her face only a few inches from Astrid's own - not looking aside but addressing her observation to the grey-eyed cult recruiter with the shaven head who bent down beside her, also examining Astrid with a decidedly merciless, cold and alien observation.

Another one of their number approached the cult recruiter with the grey eyes, proffering a small metallic plate upon which was smeared a disturbing bluish translucent paste. The cult recruiter dabbed a bit of the substance upon a thin cruel finger, topped with an elongated sharpened nail, and daubed it upon Astrid's forehead - carefully so and with training and due attention so that the substance did not intermingle with the sweat pouring from the little girl's brows. Immediately the asphyxiation and the attack upon Astrid's respiratory system began to subside.

Astrid could feel the cooling sensation from the cult recruiter's balm application wash over her - coalescing with the ice-cold current running through her veins by dint of the narcotic. For the time present there was no more fight left in her and she gazed forward at her captors and the image of the commandant that loomed behind them, knowing full well that she was now one of the forgotten. In the societal and professional aspect of the organization she was now neither here nor there - locked in a liminal space between worlds, hidden, accessible by none. The commandant's training center - the place where children disappear forever.

It did not occur to Astrid then - nor did it occur to most within the organization at any juncture that many

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of the cult recruiters were graduates of the training center, as were some members of the ultra-elite units of internal security, special intelligence as well as most of the members of the praetorian guard attached to the zenith leadership. As to the former, the cult recruiters, when they presenced in any area it was always as if they had almost manifested from thin air - wild-eyed fanatics blown in from the outer wilderness - doom in their minds and songs in praise of the nuclear death goddess upon their lips.

This suddenness in their appearance was in fact effected by the policy and traditions of the cult recruiters themselves, for when female youth were taken from the commandant's training center - some graduates selected - they were spirited away from the headquarters in the dead of night, met by black vans waiting for them on the razor wire's perimeter. Standing on the gravel beside the van in a small group, four or five at most, they stripped themselves naked under the glittering concertina beneath the floodlights - trading in the uniformed black skirts, black socks, crest-bearing blouses and leather shoes for the single black robe of the acolyte. Now newly attired, a practical as well as symbolic rite of passing bearing great import, the doors of the vans would open and there within the sisters - bringing instant recall among the newly minted probates of the most nightmarish moments of their earliest ordeals. Along with their handlers they would be taken far afield - to areas outside of the organization's direct control - to areas of infiltration and experimental zones so clandestine that none outside of the highest echelon of

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the organization knew of their existence, much less their names, geographical locations and designated purposes. By the time these child recruits were returned to the areas known and recognized as being within the sometimes invisible border of the organization's influence - in areas possessing known organizational strongholds - they were children no longer. Those from years before who may have remembered their disappearance, even suspecting that it was to the disciplinary dungeons of the commandant's training center into which they had been stolen, would in most cases never recognize in any way, shape or form those same living entities when they arrived back as full-blown sworn cult recruiters - though the cult recruiters would almost assuredly remember those from their own past and - as in Astrid's case - often to their detriment.

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CHAPTER 12

Britta sat in the corner of the room giggling and rubbing her sex through the small v-shaped fabric covering it as Bluebird paced ominously back and forth across the floor of her personal quarters at the regional command center. Both of them had been assigned their own quarters at regional command as befitting their station - more prestigious dwellings to be established for them later once the dregs of the resistance had been crushed into the ground and an organization system of governance applied. Still, Britta in her youth and by dint of routine, having shared quarters during all of their time at the commandant's training center since they had been paired together - and with devotion to Bluebird inclusive - found herself more comfortable in the company of Bluebird rather than in the area which had been designated for her personally. The preference for closeness on this night was understandable as it had been a long and bloody day in the field and both of them were processing the genocide that they had witnessed in their own way.

Both of their personal pets - the breeding experiments for the re-population of the area - had been removed quickly once their personal carriers had returned to command - the vehicles traveling away from

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the front lines at a speed which Bluebird herself did not realize the vehicles were capable of. Bluebird had stolen a glance behind her as they had exited the vehicles and proceeded up through the docking bay where they had endured their shared ordeal of the previous night. Nadezhda and Bonn were barely coherent as the internal security members unstrapped them from their place of bondage on the front of the mechanized carriers and were quickly surrounded by medical personnel in white lab coats who spoke in excited voices utilizing terminology beyond Bluebird's ability of reckoning and expertise. Britta had cried abjectly when she realized that Bonn would be taken into the medical area of command for a night of intravenous dosing of experimental and restorative chemicals under the watchful eye of the organizational doctors rather than being her personal source of amusement in her bedchambers. Her grieving - somewhat genuine, somewhat theatrical, yet every ounce manipulative - was quickly forgotten however in the haze of adrenaline and bloodshed that surged through her small body, and before long she was croaking deceptions, harsh admonitions and sensual promises to the internal security retinue which accompanied her and her elder sister toward the service door.

It was of those possible liaisons which Britta now considered and not diseased Bonn - the feel of one of their masculine leather-gloved hands upon one petite cheek of her posterior grasped in lust - she biting unfriendly on the striated contours of a muscular and battle-scarred chest. Any number of them were waiting for her even now, she knew, her giggling all the more in

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consideration of the same, they loitering in the long hallways just out of sight near the door to her chambers - at least two of them stationed directly on either side of the entrance to her temporary domicile and perhaps one within, guarding her demoness mask. Naked, suffused with the lust of thousands upon thousands of induced-trauma sessions back at the commandant's training center and the explosive blood-letting of the day before her - there in the darkness they would meet the real demoness - the psychotic child goddess who dwelt behind the mask.

Upon arrival back at command both Bluebird and Britta had been forcibly stripped naked and bathed with decontaminant chemicals and then subjected to high-intensity blasts of frigid water before being scrubbed down - Britta enjoying these ministrations despite their abrasiveness, Bluebird coldly enduring. During the scrubbing there had been several of the cult recruiters from the night before that had approached to assist however both of the girls had rejected them and they had slunk into the background, surprisingly timid and crestfallen in demeanor. The younger girl's reasons for opting for the internal security members to finish that task had been entirely sensual in intent - she responding with coos of delight and mirthful cackles as the men caressed her small body with sponges there in the field immediately adjoining the loading dock - her imagining what faces might lie beneath their anonymous visored masks and knowing that their sexual members were responding in kind reciprocally to her reactions both feigned and real. The one cult recruiter who had effected

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Britta's initial orientation and transport from the outward outpost directly after the little girl's tryst with the field marshal those many months ago would assumed to be the most hurt by Britta's rejection, however a coy smile played on her mouth even as she was shooed away - knowing well that the burgeoning lust of her erstwhile charge would be best met in the ways that Britta herself thought best and knowing that she would be apprised of the events that had occurred at the front in due course, if not by recollection then in person.

The reason for Bluebird's rejection of the cult recruiters' ministrations had been entirely political in nature - perhaps more than political - even visceral. She had chafed immediately upon arrival at regional command - in the way that she and her young sister had been treated from the onset and even more so had taken offense to the way in which the cult recruiters had dealt with them, in a fashion which she found condescending in the extreme.

Bluebird had always been independent - since her time as a scavenger in the deep wilderness that had been both her nature and her portion. Though she had not known it she had been handled with kid gloves once in the commandant's training center comparatively to the rank and file enlistments - this dynamic, for her implicit in the beginning, accelerated once becoming one of the, if not the, fastest to become a pontifex lording herself over the baby brigades and accelerated still further once her and Britta's shared destiny had been revealed to them on the wind-swept observation tower with hundreds of

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armed and lethal personnel beneath her on the parade grounds at her command. She sensed that the cult recruiters since her arrival and perhaps even in the final days back at headquarters had been engaged in certain unspoken machinations - for her in a titular sense but attempting to encroach upon her self-determination and the self-determination of the type of governance that she would wield once in the new territories.

Fell insights had been bequeathed to Bluebird the night before as she sat stripped and impaled upon that metal instrument of torture embedded within that rough wooden chair facing the image of the commandant. Though the cult recruiters themselves had facilitated the ordeal - against Bluebird's own wishes but to which she acquiesced - Bluebird knew that they had unwittingly in kind facilitated the instrument of their own doom. For in allowing Bluebird the depth of communion with the commandant directly - mind to mind - though in a contact for outside observances perhaps more astral than physical - the melding had been real and, through being instrumental in arranging such a direct contact, the downloading of consciousness, plots and agendas, sundry and suffuse, they had inadvertently cut themselves off once and for all, permanently and irrevocably, as gate-keepers to the commandant. Bluebird now dwelt within the commandant and the commandant dwelt within her - and the levels of download that had been accomplished betwixt those two in those darkest hours before dawn had positioned Bluebird in a higher status, higher and far above and beyond any that the most irascible of the cult recruiters

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could ever hope to achieve.

Despite the fact that both of them had been thoroughly scrubbed as well as their garments changed, the telltale signs of blood smears from some of the victims that they had encountered on the field were present on both of their bodies - a reddish blush apparent here and there, a birthing mark of their inaugural foray into a territory hitherto unknown to them and a telltale hunter's bleeding indicating more of what was to follow in the indeterminable time which extended before them. Despite their near total covering the blood had still seeped through - so grotesque was their foray into the territories earlier underneath the sunlit winter sky.

Britta, in keeping with her proclivity, had changed once thoroughly decontaminated into a second suit that was now her trademark - the obscenely revealing leather-strap constructed upper crossing shoulders and accentuating the incipient breasts still in a stage thoroughly latent. An equally revealing lower - the thin v-shape of leather barely covering her sex in the front, the one leathern strip situated and fully revealing the supple painfully young buttocks, still bearing residual signs of brutal and intensive punishments endured whilst at the commandant's training center, behind.

She had taken to the practice - since her and Bluebird's first direct confrontation with the commandant in the flesh, in those ultra-secret dungeons beneath dungeons beyond the torture center, beyond the training center - of wearing a black leather utility belt.

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vintage piece, worn by one of the internal police or guards in the former penitentiary on which the commander's headquarters was built - modified for her thin waist and cinched. On several carabiners which had been attached to either side she wore the instruments of her trade - punitive implements attached, traded out - sometimes one, sometimes several - chosen from her own personal stock and borne according to the dictates of her ever-increasing megalomania and psychosis. As she sat and idly watched Bluebird pacing to and fro across the base of her elder sister's chambers she cradled one such instrument in her hand, kneading it, caressing it - the other hand rubbing strongly against her sex over the leather covering it. Bluebird was the furthest from her mind as she did so, even as she stared at her with seemingly never-ending laughter upon her succulent reddish maniac lips. Britta yearned to disclose her fantasies to Bluebird - her thoughts concerning the liaisons which she would make later in the dead of night once back in her own personal chambers - the revelry that she had felt amidst the horrifying bloodshed and the bursts of yellowish poison bombs there on the field of carnage only hours before.

She longed to tell her older sister of the realizations that she had had since her own confrontation with the shade of the commandant during the ordeal the night before - the cold metal inserted into her stretched anus - so painful but so very pleasurable in a more than disturbed and confusing intermingling. How those realizations had calcified in reality as she felt the vibrations through her mechanized carrier as it crushed

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the bodies of rebel children beneath its incessant rolling tread. How her apprehension had sharpened as the bullet-proof glass enclosure of her observation atop the vehicle caught the profuse spray of blood from burst bodies quartered and more, all and sundry, by the bioterror-laden shrapnel of bombs bursting in the cold winter air, deployed by forces which were unmitigatedly fanatic in loyalty to her person by the very dint of their creation. Yet, she held her silence as Bluebird made her turns about the chamber in grim contemplation - for she too knew that an even redder, even bloodier dawn would greet them on the morrow, beneath the unsettling dim glow of the radiation sun.

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CHAPTER 13

As Astrid sat in the commandant's chapel in the presence of her sworn sisters - Chazona rumbling before her upon the altar - her two small treats, one in particular, shivering in premeditation of potential punishments that would come later in the night - she remembered what it had been like in the days past, that first long session inside the commandant's training center. The faces of the leering cult recruiters before her inhuman in countenance before the beating began - hours long in duration - as they crowded in before her unnaturally opened eyes - always berating from the periphery in voices only possible by the most vile biochemical transformations wrought within themselves, yet always allowing the center of her vision to be opened up to the image of the commandant who loomed down upon them all.

Chazona reminded her of these cult recruiters from her past in the state in which she was in, yet somehow seemed less than those that she had encountered during her own arduous march in those early days toward becoming a cult recruiter herself. Was it by dint of the fact that she had not accepted the sacrament upon entering the vestibule of the chapel - as she suspected

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that Cora Beth also had not? Or was it instead because Chazona, as per the import of the early part of her speech, was also a product of the sort of degeneration that she herself had stated had occurred within the organization in the years since the apocalypse - was the power receding even in her?

Astrid remembered the feel of the thick leather strap upon her exposed and upturned buttocks, her physical body immobile by restraints holding her to the cross-beam, narcotic-soaked rag within her mouth as the cult recruiters shouted at her. She had been more fleshy than the other girls at her age then and had been self-conscious of her peers in those days before the commandant's training center (and in many days thereafter, even more so) however that self-consciousness as the leather was applied with crack upon resounding crack upon her naked flesh turned to terror consciousness - she became both the delta and the omega. The blows came down once, twice, a third and then again, again and again - only a few seconds' pause between as her increasingly reddened flesh quivered uncontrollably before the next slice landed, the thick and brutal leather strap wielded by an unseen cult recruiter with the strength of a beast and the predatory mindset of a high-tier sadist.

As her backside became ruined under those blows - reddened at first, black and purple even before the midpoint had arrived and beaten bloody by the end - she felt the unclean spirits surrounding the commandant enter her and her consciousness, enslaving whatever base consciousness remained. A severe state of dissociation

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began to arise as in her hallucinatory state she began to imagine she herself as the commandant - the skintight black vinyl costume her own along with the giantess physicality which animated it being hers instead of the helpless six-year-old girl who lay strapped upon the torture apparatus as the blows rained down upon her naked flesh. Astrid could only barely sense the rivulets of blood dripping down her thighs as the beatings continued - the minutes turning into hours. The discipline continued almost without ceasing, usually less than a minute between the straps and then other instruments connected with her bared flesh - yet sometimes there would be pauses of five minutes or more, every hour or so. These would be the times when the appointed disciplinarians would be changed out, the insane witches vying for the opportunity to test their prowess and give the little girl the just desserts that a reception-level girl entering into the commandant's training center deserved, deciding which instrument of punishment they would wield - their own cruel touch of individuation. During these pauses Astrid would be surrounded to an even more harassing degree by the cult recruiters - screaming at her, hissing at her like feral beasts and whispering threats of molestation and impending doom, all utilizing and delivered through their horrific powers of voice modulation. Command prompts, brainwashing and invective cascaded into each other from the mouths of the harpies yet increasingly Astrid had begun to inhabit her own space and seemed to be beyond their touch - the dissociation becoming even more pronounced with each scream.

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She had endured - those hours upon hours of cruel beatings during her inaugural reception being only the tip of the figurative iceberg to what she would endure in the intervening years to follow. And now, according to Chazona's announcement, the gauntlet had been laid at the feet of her and the other cult recruiters present. Effect the sacrifice - enter into the blood abyss of the commandant's most questionable mercies - distinguish oneself as a sister among sisters. Astrid was not of a mind to let the opportunity now presented pass her by. She had endured much at the hands of the cult recruiters and their lackeys since early childhood - sadism which passed beyond the pale of even the most imaginative members of the organization who had not had the singular experience of being among the disappeared - those whose black fate had led them far beyond the normative sectors of the organization. She and others like her among all others who had been resigned to a liminal hell from which there was no escaping sans graduation or death - they, Astrid felt, the alumni of the commandant's training center, were the genuine elite - the visceral, brutal elite amongst the elite.

The relative silence of the chapel was now highly charged - the only sound being the ephemeral, ghostly sounds of the cult recruiters flanking the altar who sounded their instruments in premeditated pace according to the biological nuances of Chazona's physical body - the slaves to her master. Astrid and Cora Beth both noticed the vacancy in the eyes of these younger sisters upon their arrival and especially since the commencement of the music. The thousand-yard

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stares, the telltale signs of saliva dripping involuntarily from the corners of the mouths. They had all, one and to a woman been subjected to the senior witch's high-level hypnosis - captivated and held captive by a dominant will even as they performed their designated task within the proceeding.

Those few who had not imbibed the sacramental narcotic upon entering the vestibule, Astrid, who had made pretense of receiving the sacrament, as well as Elizabeth and Cora Beth amongst them, could tell that the other assembled sisters who had programmed for the occasion to the letter of the law were falling in synch with the funerary beats of the small drums, the lilt of the instruments stringed and air and the sombre chanting of the enchanted fellow sisters who, in trance, faced them from the sides of the altar. The lulling sounds of the instruments and the barely audible chanting lulled and pacified those who heard them - with every sound the attendants in the sanctuary were synchronizing with the biological dictates of the choir - Chazona's agents - and thus with Chazona herself.

Despite the fact that Cora Beth and Elizabeth had not imbibed the proffered sacrament or, at least in the case of Cora, not to the full degree - an act which they should have done, according to rote and protocol - they too were visibly falling under Chazona's spell - their attention wavering, falling into a liquid apprehension of their surroundings - their mission consciousness compromised. Only Astrid remained as the one among the number of the sisters who could effect the sacrifice.

BLUEBIRD

Her fingernails dug into the skin of her palms creating bloodied half-moons - her hands held in fists pressed one against another resting at her waist upon the fabric of her robes. Even as the flashing memories of her earlier youth streamed through her mind, a sudden recall which she had not expected but drew power from nonetheless - controlled, directed - she kept her gaze steadily upon the figures directly before her on the altar, concentrating her vision in ever microscopic fashion upon the object that would facilitate her success and, perhaps, if Chazona's words were true, a stratospheric rise to power within the association of cult recruiters and the organization as a whole.

Chazona's face had now become barely humanoid in appearance - shifting, mutating then receding back into some vague semblance to the familiar face readily recognizable by the other members of the commandant's cult. Angry red splotches arose across her forehead, sunken cheeks and semi-exposed neckline even as her eyes increased in their now thoroughly inhuman purplish glow - her body chemistry altering itself in such a dramatic and violent fashion that a mere moment of indecision or faltering of concentration would surely bring about her bodily death. Yet there would be no such bodily death for Chazona on this night nor on the many nights to come - stretching forth like a writhing void abyss into the grim future - for she was a master manipulator, a sorceress of the highest-tier, and it was her her unyielding, unfaltering control that she held her sisters before her in thrall.

Astrid forced her gaze to drop away from Chazona.

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lower, towards the male offer which knelt at the forefront of the altar - his emaciated and ruined physicality barely able to shift itself within its profound bondage under the weight of the heavy hauling chains which held him to the floor and connected him, on either side, to the plinths upon which sat the naked female children - Chazona's human statuary. In his weakened state of near immobility, chained and having been subjected to innumerable tortures beforehand, Astrid saw clearly the plug situated upon his neck - the metal cap surgically inserted surrounded by diseased and infected flesh which was the only impediment to the pulsing arteries beneath and an instant, horrific death.

Focusing with horrible concentration which caused every nerve ending within her body to scream out in protest, Astrid stared with an unholy intensity upon the offer - the sounds of the chanters, the music and the presence of her fellow sisters all about her - including Chazona herself - falling into a peripheral haze, still present but unreal. Her only reality was blood, death and an indomitable will to power - force upon hideous force building within her, years of excruciating trauma-induced programming and resultant biological manipulation at the hands of the cult recruiters and the organization concentrating itself into a fine point and then - release.

Thick, stinking beads of sweat dripping down her face and emanating from every pore in her body turned to blood, streaking her visage in crimson as her body revolted against the extremity of what she, Astrid, was doing, yet - singular among all the sisters, or perhaps

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trebled by the dint of their similar yet ultimately impotent efforts - she saw in the span of mere seconds that seemed like indescribable aeons passing the metal cap begin to slowly turn, turn and then at that critical point - utter carnage.

With the pressurized force of a bullet bursting from the barrel of a gun the cap upon the surgically implanted tube in the neck of the male chained to the altar shot forward and into the ranks of the cult recruiters, immediately followed by torrents of blood which anointed and baptized the bulk of them with a horrific arterial spray of blood and gore, as the careful razor's edge existence of the offer was snapped in one fell motion effected by Astrid's murderous psychokinesis.

Astrid remembered little of the mayhem and bedlam that followed in the immediate aftermath - she physiologically wrecked by the effort, drifting in and out of waking consciousness and only held in standing position by the throb of the mass of cult recruiters who surged toward the stage. By that one act the spell of Chazona in that moment had been broken and so disrupted the order of the attendees, intoxicated almost to a person by the narcotic properties of the sacrament imbibed upon entering the chapel, who turned to chaos as they swarmed upon the altar. Black robes fluttering and then settling disturbingly the cult recruiters knelt to the offer, him now entirely prone and surrounded by a grisly liquid pool as they fed with wild and reckless abandon - white teeth piercing into flesh growing paler and paler by the passing minutes due to its exsanguination, the sisters fighting amidst themselves

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like vultures upon a corpse for the chance to depress their lips upon that most vulnerable point of bloodshed which Astrid alone had afforded them.

As the initial surge after the exsanguination of the opfer began at last to slow Astrid remembered the faces of multiple of the cult recruiters surrounding her - their eyes wide and maniacal to a very fault, their faces aglow with the cold sweat induced by the organizational narcotics and most of them with mouths bearing the grisly evidence of their feeding, faces still streaked with the splattered gore from the effected sacrifice. Her own visage was streaked with both his blood from the initial arterial spray as well as her own, the latter via internal ruptures which the brutality of her efforts had caused.

She felt hard fingers then, extending out from one of the black robes of the sisters which encircled her, rubbing wetly against her lips and beneath her nostrils as she too was now involuntarily dosed with the sacrament, the partaking of which she had earlier feigned but now possessed neither the strength nor reason to resist.

Astrid found that the sudden imbibement filled her once again with an unnatural strength, though there was no hypnotic presence for her to synchronize with as others had done with Chazona - the vigor that had flown from her in her hard actions now somewhat renewed as she was led, sometimes snarling and sometimes racked with insane laughter, out of the hall - to and then through a secret door on one of the far walls, a heavy black-slathered wooden door shutting behind her and blocking out the sounds of the other assembled sisters

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beyond it still in the throes of their foul revelry.

Down winding stairs she was then led, two sisters whom she did not recognize accompanying her, the company of three proceeding single-file down the treacherous and narrow passage into one of the interior areas which Cora would have known but Astrid did not. The pressure in her head began to increase and she realized that the drug that had been placed upon her lips was not in fact the selfsame sacrament which the others had taken at the onset of the assembly and which she herself had also in many times prior but rather an enhancement of the same - possessing properties which she did not readily recall but which filled her with sensations most strange, as enlivening as they were unpleasant.

Rather by dint of the dosing or the intentful unnatural layout of the now subterranean infrastructure - perhaps both - Astrid found her mind drifting even as she walked apace with the custodians assigned to her, they who sometimes grasped her, and gently so, to steady her forward motion - her body still aching acutely from the implementation of her will which had set her upon a platform that would, should Chazona's words be true, set her feet firmly upon trajectories of clandestine organizational assignation well beyond that of her peers. She alone had effected the sacrifice - that was beyond question.

Shadows darkened as they descended and found themselves quickly upon the sprawl of one of the floors beneath the ground level of the chapel - the stairs ending though there were no doubt more secret passages

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leading even further to the areas below and the myriad horrors which likely occurred there. Before her long black hallways stretched out in multiple directions and large black flags covered the walls depicting images of the commandant engaged in various horrible pastimes - not the nearly identical representations of her which could be found from the commandant's training center to the small individual altars in far-flung areas of the organization's influence but instead far more explicit scenes reserved only for the highest-tier among the sisterhood.

Astrid found herself staring intently at these images which she had never before seen despite her long service as a cult recruiter - innovations she assumed were specifically for the chapels themselves and the witches who dwelt and served within them. The two cult recruiters who attended her hurried her along with an admonishment that she would in due course witness such sights herself and in real-time, however Astrid could not help but stare - her fascination trebled by dint of the narcotic which she had been administered - allowing her feet to be led along scheduled course by the arms of the sisters which grasped her while her eyes focused on the scenes drifting by her, emblazoning themselves within her mind despite the briskness of their pace.

Some featured the commandant engaged in the sort of activities which she knew took place within the dungeons beneath the commandant's training center - though depicted in such detail that they were all the same revelatory, she herself never having been taken

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below, though she considered that that was indeed an opportunity which may soon be hers. In these depictions the commandant sometimes sat, her person flanked by black-masked internal security armed to the teeth on either side of her, beneath her female children in robes like that of the cult recruiters - her own personal assistants. Beyond these betwixt huge concrete support beams were situated large steel cages designed expressly for human captivity, inside of which naked children screamed as the small robed figures approached them holding within their hands devices of torment never before seen on the surface but wielded frequently and with reckless abandon and often terminal result there in the dungeons. In other scenes depicted upon the black flags the commandant herself took part - long hypodermic needles of monstrous proportions held by her own hand piercing into the necks and sometimes directly into the hearts of victims which she held aloft, their faces contorted in pain and abject terror, some of them so young that they were not yet ambulatory - another layer of the commandant's unbreachable bondage, another indicator of her satanic cruelty. In others the commandant stood before long tables, strewn with a grisly array of intestines and other offal, upon which surface lay howling infants which she leisurely tore apart, limb from limb, her hands sheathed in shining black vinyl - the only instruments she needed or required for a culling so tender, yet so full of dark desire.

The flags of this nature were situated in the early parts of the hall upon which she now tread, however as Astrid proceeded further along she noticed that the

scenes became of a nature - as if from the large dungeons to cells, confinement instruments of barracks contained along the far side of the dungeons fitted with the maintained territories in situated behind staging areas.

Astrid's eyes and mind absorbed the - models hit the blasphemy of that even by the initiated her to. The cult recruiters arms were expressions was experienced.

Then the atmosphere once again predicaments the secret throughout, representations

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scenes became altogether more bleak and horrific in nature - as the venues in which the art was set moved from the large arena areas within the commandant's dungeons to areas more intimate and secret still. Black cells, confined quarters replete with all manner of instruments of discipline, punishment and torture - beast barracks containing her own kith and kin - places found along the farthest corridors of the most inaccessible areas of the dungeons, existing behind industrial grade doors fitted with the most secure locking mechanisms still maintained and operated within the post-nuclear territories maintained by the organization. Others situated behind false panels and secret passageways, staging areas for the most horrific of acts.

Astrid's eyes crinkled in involuntary delight as her mind absorbed the scenarios which the scenes presented - models hitherto inconceivable to her - frontiers of blasphemy of the flesh, zeniths of torment in the extreme that even by the very viewing there upon the black flags initiated her to a level which she had not accessed before. The cult recruiters who grasped either side of Astrid's arms were also filled with delight, though their expressions were hidden - knowing well what Astrid was experiencing in that very moment.

Then the atmosphere of the black flags began to change once again - their content no longer depicting predicaments within the commandant's dungeons and the secret chambers which were honeycombed throughout, but rather insignias - semiotic representations likewise unfamiliar within Astrid's

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purview until then. In these, some insignia being of black projects while others represented clandestine units within the command, the commandant featured predominantly as did intimated agendas centered on domination on the planetary level - the disease of the post-apocalyptic earth, certainly, yet also the groaning toward even further vistas of possible horror - a sole black finger of the commandant piercing the veil of galaxies and penetrating into black abysses far beyond the known universe. Planets crushed upon planets and entire worlds were eaten.

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CHAPTER 14

"Don't you like it to be sliced open, little filth?" The man whimpered as the little girl, dressed in a black cowl from the depths of which shone pale, milky luminescent eyes, waved the shining surgical saw slowly back and forth in front of his face as he lay bound on a metal gurney in the basement room of the regional command headquarters.

Britta enjoyed playing these games in her spare time while Bonn was busy undergoing the necessary experiments with medical staff, preparations for breeding. She had found more than ample playthings for her to enjoy within the live populace left of the area recently taken by organizational forces with her and her older sister Bluebird at the helm. For now, a mature man of twenty-some-odd years was her object of attention and dread exploration.

Far from spurious was the reasoning by which the organization had deemed this an "experimental" area - for the mood which prevailed was anything but normal, even by organizational standards.

Beyond the central administration area there was a no-man's land of burned-out forests - dead trees and barely living, blackened pine-bark spires rising up in half-life toward the dread grey sky above. Beneath these testaments of the commander's martial wrath was a

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ground thoroughly charred and scorched - with all remaining natural floor of dead leaves and straw and the random stagnant pool covered and choking beneath a yellow dust of poison. Further still into the wood, several miles in, the forest began to thicken and spread for miles in several directions toward what were even in the time before the nuclear war extremely rural climes situated on and across the line of what was formerly a state border.

The internal security units attached to the campaign had marked the immediate entrance to the no-man's land first with some crude handmade signage made on-the-spot, utilizing appropriately alarmist slogans and wording and even here and there had dragged some of the dead logs straight across to indicate a border in hopes that the shock troop regiments would get the picture and stay well away. As the case may be however, the titular barriers erected by internal security did little to persuade the shock troopers who enjoyed using the cover of forest to drag the unfortunate young sons and daughters of the former resisters under its boughs for their own perverse ministrations. Around a third of those so engaging would be found the next day by internal security or chemical warfare attaches to the campaign, both properly attired in protective suits, lying beneath one of those black-barked pines, their skin peeling back from their faces and their own organs visibly beginning to seep from their ears, mouth and nostrils.

The other two-thirds of those who made it into the forest and managed to make it back out again were almost always permanently damaged to the point that

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they would either be surged to a suicide squad if they were fit enough for any action, recommended for a ceremonial self-sacrifice if further gone and in many cases simply propped up against the back of a barracks building and fed some cocktails of narcotics in liquid and other forms and left to slowly wither away. If not so lucky they would simply be dragged out into a peripheral area and have their throats slit, their bodies left for the buzzards which were the only living entities in the area with the stomachs and constitution strong enough to feed on so tainted a meat.

Britta had been fascinated by this area - only a few clicks' walk up from the regional command center - yet the policing of the two death goddesses in relation to this cordoned-off area was more perspicaciously and intensely applied at this early juncture than it was for the shock troopers who had sought some illicit succor within its highly questionable depths. On more than a few occasions Britta had thought that she had seen a small black figure moving in and out of the trees, sometimes accompanied by a strange, floating light. Despite her gleeful curiosity she had not been permitted forward movement, nor had the internal security personnel accompanying her seemed keen on investigating further of their own volition.

For now though her attention was turned elsewhere - toward the painfully thin man bound in leather restraints resting upon the metal gurney.

She had been torturing him slowly for hours - perhaps more psychologically than physically - though

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his physicality was already undergoing its own very harsh internal ordeals as he was suffering the effects of the contaminants which had been unleashed upon the area in prodigious quantities during the course of the campaign. Despite this, his body appeared at least on visual observation to be relatively clean - had it not been so she would have no doubt been dissuaded from too much up-close and personal time with the same.

Her lust for local flesh was nearly insatiable - though she had by dint of convenience and preference satiated herself with the varied organizational personnel there in regional headquarters for the most part - a mixture of her own personal unit, internal security and shock troops. She had attempted on several occasions to seduce members of Bluebird's own unit but a sound smacking from her older sister and a threatening admonition had hurt her feelings and dissuaded her from further flirtation - though she prided herself on the occasional surreptitious sly glance here and there, especially when they were reciprocated.

Britta was dressed in the strange rubberized black robe which she had worn upon her arrival to regional command and although she preferred simply wearing the garments underneath - revealing as they were and thus suited to her purposes - the inside of command was chilly for her slight frame and the monk's robe with its protective qualities also was protectant against infection when experimenting with the locals. Although she knew that the black rubber robes were appropriate and despite the fact that she preferred them for comfort as much as anything as the winter wore on she still enjoyed playing

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games with the internal security assigned to her - insisting that she be granted entrance to her own torture chamber in which one or more contaminated local males awaited her while dressed only in her black leather underthings. She enjoyed it as they pleaded with her, reasoned with her, while always staying far clear from being condescending - the latter, a very dangerous thing. She would argue with them insistently - moving from the fey and petulant to the grandiose and psychotic fluidly - utilizing her strange alterations of voice which she had learned during her zenith training in the commandant's training center. The personnel member who played sweetest, whose counter-arguments were most convincing and who elicited the most fright at the potential consequences of her wrath would be the winner - the victor also chosen on the basis of who she intuited was also, despite the trying circumstances, involuntarily beguiled by the inherently sadistic contours of her flesh. It was that fortunate organization personnel who would be called upon for private audience by the little death goddess in due course.

As the gleam of Britta's surgical saw caught the gleam of the spotlight directly above the gurney the bound man began to gibber wildly, futilely attempting to thrash his body against the leather straps which held him fast to the cold metal. Britta cackled loudly at the man's discomfiture - her cackling slowly churning into the sound of some black metallic grinding and then into an inhuman shrieking as she locked her eyes, wide and burning with mania, onto that of her victim before bringing the razor-sharp surgical item down and

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forward, across, back and then forward against sawing into the man's genitalia. His own screams of agony melded with the shrieks of his tormentor as the saw did its grim work - blood spraying several feet into the air and to the sides as an artery was severed - adorning Britta's contorted face and black robe with minute flecks of gore. Within minutes the man passed out in shock - his organs beneath the belt line destroyed and hemorrhaging - fat droplets of his life force now splattering at a regular and alarming pace upon the cement floor beneath. As the man began to slowly die Britta's screams also died, her medusa's face changing into the sweetly deceptive smile of a young girl. With one gloved hand she wiped some of the blood from her cheeks and forehead, smearing it in the process. Thusly blooded, Britta moved toward the door and beyond - a selection amongst her minders to satiate the other lust that had been steadily building inside her.

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CHAPTER 15

Lethal units of internal security swept down from the hillside just as the first rays of light began to filter down through the trees of the eastern ridgeline. This was a small, pathetic part of the sovereign settlement - made to establish themselves on the peripheral area of the village in the more decrepit and ramshackle dwellings. Even in the areas outside of the organization's control the inevitable yearnings for society and placement had begun to be instituted. For the sovereigns these people on the periphery were the furthest down the ladder and, as such, potentially useful for incoming organizational forces.

The first volley of warheads had rained down the day prior and most of the entire region was now covered in the foul, yellowish residue of the biochemical weapons which had been deployed. Smoke from burning buildings wafted thickly on the winter air and the sounds of children crying, the moans of the critically injured and the sounds of armed carriers engaging in preparatory training maneuvers melded seamlessly with the incongruous sounds of roosters crowing and penned-up swine grunting in seemingly hopeless premeditation

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of a morning slop. Dead bodies were piled like cordwood along the sides of the bombed-out dwellings - sacrificial victims of the organization's martial carnage of the day before. This was the country - Bluebird country.

A thin, ragged-looking sovereign out early to tend to the livestock shouted a warning as he spied the masked, black-clad organization forces swarming down the hill. Before the cry had ceased the internal security personnel closest to the hill's base raised his weapon, a copy-cat MAC-10 machined in the organization's own factories, letting out a blast of automatic fire that made the lone sovereign seem to dance in place for several seconds before crumpling lifelessly to the ground - blood pooling around him from multiple smoking wounds. The live sovereigns still left, survivors from the previous day's campaign, heard the cry of warning followed by what sounded like a hauling chain being fed into a piece of machinery - the telltale sign of one of the organization's oiled and deadly meat-grinders being put to task. Listlessly the sovereigns began to exit the buildings, hands raised in surrender.

They were a sad-looking lot - some of them already showing hot flesh and suppurations that indicated that they had taken direct hits from the blasts, belying the fact that they had been near the front during the fighting. These were separated from the rest - marched off into the forest by a small contingent of internal security which broke off from the main part of the force. Depending on how close to the terminal level each individual was, some of them would be processed into organizational reeducation - punitive, experimental squads utilized for

the most gruesome would be necessary reformed according. Some of them executed then.

The remaining company were - one of the last one individual ascertain their

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the most grueling and back-breaking manual labor that would be necessary as the area began to be rebuilt and reformed according to organizational specifications. Some of them, closer to death, would be summarily executed then and there.

The remaining sovereigns left before the main company were lined up by the internal security members - one of the latter, a medical attache, approaching each one individually and checking them physically to ascertain their respective level of health.

As an unintended consequence of their relative shunning by the larger community these individuals living in the periphery had not been as affected by the warheads due to both range and intent, a silver lining which would cause much suffering for their erstwhile domestic oppressors in the days to come.

"Get some of these bodies to the hogs!" barked one of the internal security members to a couple of the more stout and hearty captives who had been cleared by the medical liaison.

Although it was winter it was, as the case may be, still a southern winter and as such the piles of dead bodies were already starting to emit a nauseating stench and the flies had begun to gather.

Two organization men, one armed with a large and razor-sharp surgical saw, accompanied the former sovereigns to the nearest pile of corpses, dragging them ever nearer to the hog pens to hack them into workable pieces fit for the swine's consumption. This was both a hygienic as well as highly practical option, for the

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corpses needed disposing of and the hogs, as hogs were wont to do, needed to eat. In time, so hoped all, the hogs would be eaten as well - for all in the border region now under the administration of the two young death goddesses whether it be friend, foe or four-legged creature would be living in an environment with an increased level of toxicity. As a comparison to this level had not been encountered since the times before the nuclear wars the potential consequences were generally unknown - a matter for a high and intensive level of speculation by the organization's military planners.

Though the peripheral sovereigns who were being presently examined would in short order be utilized as an internal repressive dynamic leveraged against the loyalists, the true fifth columnists had already been evacuated by special intelligence prior to the onset of the campaign. With heavily armed gunmen from internal security standing point, a select number of the most perspicacious informants had been spirited out in the night and taken back to regional command via a circuitous route through the forest. Once arrived they began an intensive debriefing and inaugural orientation and indoctrination - the first time any of the individuals had been within an organization installation despite the fact that many of them had been serving the mission of the commander - in a covert capacity - for years. This in itself was extremely heady on a psychological level and the special intelligence personnel who had been tasked for the extraction and the debriefing respectively were the best and brightest that the intelligence sector of the organization had to offer - responsible for the meticulous

arrangements coming at long last.

As the fifth intelligence merger this peculiar and intrinsic value provided just as they were that these in turn among those peripheral sovereigns or a portion upon the level of them.

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It was, in fact, and their client

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arrangements commensurate to the informants' treason coming at long last to full flower.

As the fifth columnists were processed the intelligence members who were the administrators of this peculiar demographic were very aware of the intrinsic value possessed by each and every one of them - just as they were well aware of the potential for value that these in turn could and would bring to the surface among those possessed of a lesser disloyalty to the sovereigns or a prior unwillingness to act in full capacity upon the level of treachery which had been afforded them.

Unlike many of the lesser regimes of the old world existent before the nuclear wars, those regimes who placed such a premium on loyalty as a virtue - or at least as a hollow byword, even if often somewhat or entirely empty in import - the commander loved a traitor - particularly when it served purposes all his own, even to the most fratricidal of ends.

Whilst the traitor, denuded of all semblance of moral scruples, had been relegated to the ninth level of hell in the literature of old - a theme fortified by religious teachings of the time and carried through society and shadow society both criminal and governmental - the commander had always recognized treason as a sign of dread autonomy, a quality of someone black and amoral in character and highly motivated in seeking the conduits, methods and patrons which would facilitate chaos.

It was, in fact, exactly those sort of black operators - and their clients, the latter, enchanted in their own

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miasma of false and worthless morality - who had been able to facilitate that utmost chaos of a historicity most dread indeed, the nuclear wars themselves, and all the horrific carnage that had followed and still followed long after - all links in a chain of terror.

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CHAPTER 16

She was a delectable little girl and the lieutenant was suffused with lust upon first seeing her - just over four feet tall, thin as a whip and more than six months into her fifth year. He found her rummaging in the pile of rubble near the perimeter of the martial encampment - large stacks of burned-out shell casings, polished and shining in the process of being prepared for repurposing set beside treacherous mountains of debris from the buildings that had been destroyed in the campaign. Wendy had been wandering more and more in recent days and the lieutenant believed that the evil spirits of the area were affecting them differently, both in their own special way. She had salved the stressors of adjusting to the strange new environs by walking further and further within the surrounding wilderness. He found solace in stalking inside the immediate borders of the occupied area for vulnerable human prey.

The little girl heard the crunching of the lieutenant's boots upon the cold frost-covered leaves covering the ground and froze where she stood - crouched precariously atop a concrete slab where she had been angling for some worthless bauble lodged down between the rubble.

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The lieutenant smiled sadistically beneath his thick black mustache, removing a cigar from the breast pocket of his jacket, clenching it between his teeth and lighting it in long deep draws - wreathing his visage in thick blue smoke. With one hand the lieutenant gestured to the girl to come down and she could do little but obey - carefully crawling down the rubble on all fours like some small beast until she reached the ground then walking with quaking tread toward the black-clad figure which loomed before her.

The lieutenant felt himself begin to involuntarily salivate and it was all he could do to restrain himself from molesting the child then and there. He felt a harsh telepathic command within his mind at that very moment however that warned him against such a course of action - the area around them seeming to turn darker all of a sudden and the sickening feel of Gaubni's unseen hand upon his shoulder. The lieutenant smiled to himself insanely, thrilled at the touch of his deity, the quarry cornered before him and the apprehension of unlimited possibilities and avenues of dread exploration that lay ahead.

"Come to me, girl!" the lieutenant barked.

The small figure approached him - trembling uncontrollably from head to foot. The lieutenant, sure in his purpose, closed the gap between them and wrapped a muscular arm around the girl's shoulder. Still shaking, the small girl raised her gaze to look into the face of the one who had accosted her - the eyes that stared back at

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her were bloodshot, flecked with blood and burning with a rage inhuman and indescribable. Without conscious will a scream rose from deep within her throat and then erupted - high-pitched and shrill - echoing across the dead secluded landscape. A few black-masked internal security personnel appeared in the distance on the ridgeline and gazed apathetically through their individual single black lens of vision at the two figures below with only mild curiosity. They knew the lieutenant - not personally but by dint of reputation - and they knew his propensities, mirror visions of their own though he possessed them to a much stronger degree than they. With a final look the small group turned and disappeared back over the hill. With their disappearance the small girl knew that there would be no rescue from whatever fate now awaited her.

"There, there, little one," the lieutenant whispered harshly, cradling the girl's tear-streaked face in his hand. Her sobs tapered off slowly into hiccuping chokes and the lieutenant waited patiently for her to calm - smoking his foul-smelling cigar - coldly considering the paces he would put her through, methodically, once his smoke was done.

Beyond the treeline, unseen by them both, Wendy surveilled them silently - her coal-black hair and black baby brigade uniform blending near seamlessly amidst the charred earth, blackened tree bark and shadow. She could not sense whether the lieutenant would desire her own company or assistance in whatever dread ministrations he had planned for the young girl with whom he now stood. Was it in the service of the Great

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Demon that he had captured her thus or rather a chance encounter by which, in his psychopathology, he might avail himself of indulging his own sadistic tendencies?

Wendy smiled to herself - probably a bit of both, she considered. As she smiled she continued to surveil them from afar - the girl especially - who she could tell was perhaps a bit younger than herself, but still relatively close in age. Did she have any idea what lay in store for her? Wendy thought not but decided it would be fun in this particular situation to continue to observe covertly rather than insert her presence, perhaps unwanted, and possibly provoke her husband's rage. No, she was quite comfortable as she was now, hidden - the watcher - surreptitious witness to what was to come. She would have more than ample time to enjoy her husband, amongst each other's sole company alone, later in the night. Despite the brutality she had experienced during their long trek shadowing the organizational troops to the front - a diadem ordeal which encapsulated the violent build-up of events that had occurred at the commander's headquarters - the lieutenant's lust for her was as strong as ever, stronger even, perhaps, than when they had first met those many months ago in the mountain fastness that had been her home. No, she would not bother her husband and his prey but rather see - observe - learn. The thought of what hitherto clandestine insights she might gain into the proclivities of the lieutenant thrilled her and also excited her on a sexual level. Pondering the possibilities she nearly erupted into a fit of giggling but clamped her hand over her mouth, stifling any sound as she spied the lieutenant

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in the distance taking one last draw from the heel of his cigar then crushing it out under his boot. He grasped the little girl beside him by the nape of her neck - a position in which anyone, especially one so tender in years, would have ready apprehension of the fact that even a fraction of a pound more of applied pressure could break the neck like a chicken. Thusly situated, the lieutenant began walking the whimpering girl toward the edge of the forest and, within, Wendy began crawling steadily backwards on all fours, tactilely and tactically removing herself toward a more concealed vantage point.

The sovereign girl was a starved creature, dressed in an old homespun one-piece dress of indistinguishable color that sat just above her bony, scuffed knees. Her feet were covered in a threadbare moccasin-type garment - strips of fraying fabric wrapped about the feet and cinched with a knot at the ankles. Her attire reminded Wendy more than a little bit of the way she herself had been attired back at the engineering center before the lieutenant had entered into her life.

Despite the harsh journey from the commander's headquarters to the front Wendy had managed to keep her own sable-black baby brigade uniform in near meticulous condition - the lieutenant had even managed to procure for her a second uniform from the main supply depot while at headquarters, which she kept in an organization-issued rucksack along with her other meager belongings, switching out her dress alternately on a weekly basis. Her black uniform was, as was the case with many other members of the organization, an

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integral aspect of identity, for Wendy even more so, for it stood as a symbol of her own great contrast between the impoverished and obscure existence of her past at the engineering center to her present status and, as such, the black uniform was a sign of her own dark ascent.

The lieutenant and his prey had now entered the woods proper and Wendy watched from her new and more secure area of concealment as her husband marched the sovereign at a brisk pace toward a small clearing, nearly causing the girl to trip several times as she double-timed it through the brush in an attempt to keep the pace that her captor was setting. As the two entered the clearing and Wendy watched from the distance, a deep hush came over the forest - the already near silent winter wood becoming devoid of all sound except for that of the lieutenant and his captive. There was an unnatural tone to the quietude - a lifelessness. Both Wendy and the lieutenant knew what the cause of the sudden shift in atmosphere indicated, both of them knew the presence that the telltale signs heralded. The Great Demon was coming and in his fullness.

A cold sweat broke out on the bodies of the two within the clearing despite the wintry climate. Plumes of steam emanated from the mouth of the little girl who, sensing the presence as well and knowing by dint of the fact that their march had now ceased that dreadful things were in store, had begun to hyperventilate almost uncontrollably. The lieutenant had released his grasp on her neck and as her panic increased and she considered the possibility of making a run for it - further into the forest or back toward the direction of the encampment -

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A rushing cold wind blew once, twice and a third time over the company - so strong that it caused the dead leaves on the floor of the clearing to swirl several feet into the air, the foliage of the trees rustling violently and their trunks creaking as they swayed. The wind carried with it a nauseating, foul smell - so foul that it could not be mistaken for the still-burning bodies of the organization casualties nor the proto-industrial endeavors of the shock troops on the far side of the encampment.

As the wind subsided there came a hideous growling from further in the woods - a deep, guttural sound - the direction from which it came indeterminable. The sovereign girl began to cry as the lieutenant, his lips peeled back in a deranged and animalistic baring of teeth, grasped her honey-blonde hair in his hands and flung her to the ground.

Smelling the unnatural odor of rotting, hot flesh permeate the area - the bestial growling all around her - Wendy watched intently as the lieutenant fell upon the sovereign, her body pinioned to the ground and immobile beneath his far greater mass.

Mimicking the growling of the great Demon with a snarl of his own the lieutenant removed a large combat knife from a sheath strapped upon his thigh - the blade black, serrated on one side and on the other a quarter-inch thick line of deadly exposed steel running upward along its length exposing its razor edge. With a single motion the lieutenant slit a jagged cut through the little girl's dress from hem to neckline revealing pale, smooth

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naked flesh beneath.

Gazing down at the sobbing figure, her cheeks reddened and moistened with tears, a lust now trebled rose through the lieutenant as he began to run both of his hands over the girl's naked body, his dominant hand still grasping the blade with which he had disrobed her. Her skin was entirely unmarred by the attack that had finally subsided around one week prior, the lack of the unmistakable signs of exposure to the biochemical weapons that had been deployed by the organization, marking her as a daughter of one of the peripheral people, or perhaps an orphaned scavenger that had wandered in from further across the border.

The purity of her countenance excited the lieutenant, as did her fear.

He stuck the knife into the earth of the ground beside them and repositioned himself and his victim, her back on the ground but legs up in the air and spread-eagled, her cloth-wrapped feet, now the only clothing still on her body, resting on either of the lieutenant's shoulders, lifted up toward the sky. The lieutenant removed his hardened member, now throbbing for release, and thrust it betwixt her legs - she howling as her virginal hymen broke, bloodied - he screaming in abject mania as the girl's sex grasped his own and the roaring of the Great Demon surrounding them reaching deafening levels.

Sensing a telepathic command from the demon, the lieutenant withdrew, coming to his feet and dragging the girl up with him by the hair, wrapped around and twisted within his fist.

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Controlling her by the hair he brought her up then forced her partially down so that she was situated on her knees. With his free hand he shoved two fingers into the sovereign's mouth, digits covered with soot and grime and the telltale signs of dried blood beneath his fingernails. The little girl's mouth was hot, wet and pliable and, having effected its opening, he slowly inserted the length of his very erect member within, choking out her screams. As the sovereign's small red lips clamped over the lieutenant the only sound that remained in the clearing was that of the demon and the small, wet sucking as the naked sovereign orally stimulated the organization martinet closer and closer to climax.

From her vantage point within a dense copse of stunted, twisted trees, Wendy grinned and silently clapped her hands together in time with the thrustings of her husband as his dominant hand, still grasping and twisting the blonde locks of the sovereign, brought her forward, back, forward, back and forward again. The girl's lips were puckered as they wrapped around the lieutenant, pink, moist, and glistening - her eyes closed and her tear-streaked face flushed.

With one final, brutal thrust the lieutenant released his grasp on the girl's hair, his entire body shaking in violent orgasm. A faint coughing sound emitted from the throat of the sovereign, her parted mouth dripping with the lieutenant's thick, white, viscous ejaculate. The girl's eyes slowly opened and, as they did so, the lieutenant received, at long last, the signal from the Great Demon

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for which he had been waiting.

With a lightning fast gesture the lieutenant's hands shot down and wrapped about the girl's neck, thin and brittle under his vice-like grip. With a swift and lethally efficient motion the lieutenant applied pressure on either side of her neck and with a sickening crunch the neck was broken, the windpipe punctured. The little girl's naked body quivered, a last ragged gasp of air expelling from her throat, causing some of the glistening semen to expectorate involuntarily, dripping slowly down her chin.

Her physical life ended, the small body crumpled to the ground, her shoulders catching the fall and causing her head to tilt backward, mouth opened and dead eyes staring upward at the cragged, blackened limbs of the forest trees and the bleak expanse of the iron grey sky beyond.

As the last breath of life exited the sovereign girl a strange change came over the atmosphere of the forest clearing. The growling of the Great Demon had ceased suddenly, immediately after the lieutenant had broken the girl's neck. Now the air became colder still and a disquieting silence fell. From the open mouth of the corpse a shining, spectral orb emerged slowly then hovering, suspended in space some five feet above where the girl's dead body lay in repose.

From her distant vantage point Wendy's mouth hung open in shock as the glowing orb hovered above the corpse - the light violent and unnaturally luminescent to the point that the lieutenant had to take several steps

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backward from where the murder had taken place, shielding his eyes with one hand, his face a mixture of myriad volatile emotions in apprehension of a phenomenon hitherto unknown and unprecedented in his many years within the organization and near as many as a cult follower of Gaubni. He had sacrificed hundreds of children in the intervening years since he had first sealed himself to the cult, there in the tunnel in the mountains in the region of Wendy's birthplace, however never had he seen anything remotely similar to what he was now witnessing in the immediate aftermath of having taken the life of an innocent in service to his patron demon.

The orb of light pulsed once, twice and then a third time before from within it came a sound - a hideous, mocking laughter. Upon hearing it Wendy pressed her fist into her mouth to keep herself from screaming and the lieutenant himself shuffled several feet backward from the scene again - for the voice was none other than the girlish shade of the one whom he had recently dispatched from her mortal coil. The same voice - recognizable, youthful, yet also changed - interdimensional in timbre, angry, ghostly and exceedingly malicious in nature. The sovereign girl had been the lieutenant's sacrifice - yet now she was Gaubni's own child.

With a sudden, unnerving speed the orb darted into the forest, carrying with it the ghostly laughter. Heedless now of whether or not the lieutenant would discover her surveillance, Wendy burst forth from her concealment among the twisted trees, hurtling after the shade of the

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sacrificial victim as it sped past her, outstretched hands wildly and recklessly parting a way through the underbrush as she followed after it.

The lieutenant ignored the sound of his young bride chasing through the forest after the shade of his erstwhile victim - unaware and uncaring of any sounds excepting the mocking laughter of the recently disincorporate.

With the memory of the same still ringing in his ears the lieutenant pulled free his combat knife from the earth, still positioned where he had shoved it into the ground after his disrobing of the sovereign. His face had become deathly pale, his eyes bulging in shock. Falling to his knees before the corpse, a harsh scream erupted from deep within him as he directed the blade which he wielded to fall again and again, piercing the small child's lifeless body. Blood sprayed upward covering the lieutenant's face in a reddish mist from veins still pressurized, the once unmarred and cream-colored skin which had so inflamed his lust now covered in lacerations and increasingly bearing resemblance to meat in the process of being butchered. Yet there was no succor in the mutilation, for even as he ceased stabbing and started to carve hideous sigils into the dead flesh, that of his patron and other related entities amidst the black pantheons of organization cults, he still could not feel the presence of the Great Demon. There was none of the dark ecstasy which he had felt in the past after each and every sacrifice and even after other acts of devotion still pointedly performed, those that did not involve a sacrificial conclusion.

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In desperation the lieutenant turned the dead body of the little girl over, laying it face-down on its stomach and began to cut off ample slices of flesh from the hips and back. Holding the flesh upward, bloody and quivering in his shaking hands, he began to mutter chants and entreaties to Gaubni in a strange tongue, a black speech engineered by some intrepid social scientist within special intelligence for the questionable benefits of subscribing cultists. He held the strips of butchered flesh higher aloft still, the blood dripping upon his face turned upward to the firmament. Still there was no sign, no indicator of the Great Demon's disposition towards the sacrifice.

As if on cue, invisible and disconcerting, the lieutenant ceased his chanting which had, after the passing of some minutes, degenerated into incomprehensible muttering, the catechisms which he had memorized cascading one into the other until whatever meaning they may have once meant to carry were lost.

From deep within the forest he heard once again the laughter that had haunted him - so shrill, so inhuman in timbre. The bloody flesh began to drop involuntarily from the lieutenant's hands onto the ground as the lieutenant's muscular control gave way as he realized, in horror, that there were now two voices within the wood - both sets of girlish laughter now familiar, yet one much more familiar than the other. The lieutenant's mouth hung agape in terror, his flesh crawling. Wendy!

CHAPTER 17

Bluebird sat at a large desk beneath harsh radiant lights, her mouth curled back in a grimace, putting pen to paper which would authorize the first of hundreds of gruesome deaths enacted under her administration. Behind her hung a large banner – a blue insignia of human starburst upon a white field.

Nothing would stop the forward march of her dominance over the new experimental area, Bluebird herself would personally see to it. She had been aware these many months that one of the witches who had been sent in an advance party to regional command was no ordinary sister but in fact a hand-picked, empowered and clandestine emissary of the cult recruitment leadership apparatus back at the commander's headquarters. Blending in with the other cult recruiters at regional command, never appearing to give orders and for all effective purposes presenting herself as a lesser among their ranks - unobtrusive, out-of-sight, out-of-mind.

The deception incensed Bluebird all the more, however what the witches apparently did not know was that she had her own informant amongst their number as

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well - unless her spy was being run as a double-agent against her. Whatever the vagaries of intrigue might exist Bluebird now knew for a fact that the cultists had installed an implicit control in her territory surreptitiously and that the activities of said control were still being run in such a way as to indicate deception - a desire for concealment. Bluebird was fanatically committed to unearthing the exact methods that the cult recruiters were utilizing to undermine her - the ways in which they sought, an iron fist ensconced in silken glove, to embed their own power apparatus alongside her own - moving at an equal pacing, even somewhat slower at times as to not attract undue suspicion yet diverging, distorting at crucial intersections - their purposes subversive.

Already Bluebird had been apprised, not through the auspices of her top echelon informant but rather by the observation of a common shock trooper assigned to an infrastructural construction brigade, that the cult recruiters were in the process of building a chapel on the outskirts of the territory in the northwestern region. Why had the cult recruiters not informed her themselves of this development - if its purpose and design was not in fact contrary to her own? Why did Bluebird - the dictator of the realm - not hear a request spoken from the mouth of one of the witches themselves instead of learning of the project from an organizational shock trooper having observed - and rightly reported - unauthorized construction up to and including diversion of members of Bluebird's own workforce under false pretense?

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While the cultists' secret emissary kept her head down - exerting influence via hidden means, an entire modus operandi specifically and unequivocally designed to avoid detection at all costs, the inauguration of the construction of a commandant's chapel there in the northwest was brazen, reckless. How did the cult recruiters think that Bluebird's administration would fail to register such a major project underway, not only done without due permissions but without even giving a cursory notice? Either it was a purposefully enacted provocation to gauge reaction or else the cult recruiters' opinion of Bluebird was so low that they thought she simply wouldn't notice a project of this magnitude happening right under her very nose. Both options, provocation and insult, enraged her.

Bluebird rose from the desk and began pacing the length of her administrative chamber, the pile of signed death warrants stacked high with signatures still fresh upon the mottled faux wood-grain surface. Her mind roiled with plots - varied possible routes of action that could be pursued in furtherance of her intended preliminary measures in rectification of the problems that the cult recruiter agent had presented her with.

Here and now was a very sensitive time in the experimental area - the region so vulnerable and more than amply tenderized by the wholesale genocide of the vast majority of the population during the organization's military campaign subduing the region. That many more beyond the first dead now slowly dying by dint of the creeping death facilitated by the slow but extremely tenacious nature of the chemical and biological

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poisoning which had inundated the area.

The apparatus of power was now pliable - yet the mold which was set now, once hardened, would mark the precedence for which the territory would be administered by organizational power for decades to come.

Should Bluebird fail to consolidate a stranglehold on the area in the immediate present alongside Britta then her efforts would be compromised from the onset. To correct an imbalance in power dynamics further down the line, the problem having then festered considerably during the interim, would require a much more frightening level of applied pressure and an entirely new level of internal bloodshed - the necessary human assets to accomplish such which might not even be available to her at such an eventual point. No - if Bluebird wished to secure the destiny of her and her sister now was the only possible time - the only possible option.

As such, inserted alongside the death warrants for the surviving sovereigns who had been identified as posing problems to her regime, she had also inserted the names of the infrastructural foremen who had been co-opted in the construction efforts toward erecting the commandant's chapel. Along with these she had in a like fashion sentenced to death a number of the expert builders, the skilled technicians without whose presence the project would soon grind to a sudden and ignominious halt. With absence of the foremen, chaos would ensue among the laborers and - with most enthusiastic acquiescence from Britta - her little sister had agreed to pay a visit astride her mechanized carrier

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the very next day to provide diversions of a fleshly nature which were a surety to hammer the nail into the figurative coffin of the cultists' unauthorized scheme.

The witches would almost assuredly notice at once and along with their apprehension of the sabotage underway readily ascertain the source. Such was entirely intentional, for it would merely be the prelude - the opening volley toward the altogether more dreadful machinations which the young death goddesses had in store for the meddling elders who had thus far attempted to set themselves up as the middlemen, the power brokers, between them and that most foul matron of nuclear devastation who was the real source of despotism within the organization and who they themselves had treated with there in her very presence in the dungeons beneath the commandant's training center, where the shed blood of children flows like water and their incessant screams ever season the atmosphere of perpetual hell.

Within several days after her plot had been put into motion the titular head of the cult recruiters made her way to the administrative office to seek an audience only to be turned away by two masked internal security personnel who simply gestured for her to be on her way with the glistening black snouts of their silenced MP5 machine guns. As the cult recruiter gathered her robes about her and turned to go she could hear the unmistakable sound of Bluebird and Britta laughing among themselves from behind the closed door. Noting this the cult recruiter left, proceeding down the corridors

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and then to catch a transport to the experimental area proper where her contact waited. Her face belied nothing.

Inside the chamber Bluebird roared with mirth as Britta sat perched on the edge of the desk, legs dangling and swinging back and forth, relaying her recent pastimes at the construction area which had now simply become a free-for-all - a sickening pageant behind which Britta was the puppet master.

The power plays which were being made were enlivening in the extreme yet, as Bluebird laughed along with Britta as the younger described her recent forays in lurid detail, Bluebird could not help but turn over the potential consequences of their present course in her mind.

She felt that the members of their own personal units were inveterately loyal to a man, not only were recent actions undertaken by them on her behalf evidentiary of this fact, there was also the underlying dynamic that they had been programmed and engineered toward orientation and obedience to Bluebird and Britta respectively from the very onset.

After the yellow mists had finally settled upon the landscape and the attacks of the beginning of the campaign had been traded for internal repression and small-scale punitive raids, informed by dint of attrition and like their aforementioned counterpart also falling under the category of police action, the members of the death goddesses' personal units had shed their SCBA suits for the usual black of internal security, the shock troop, special intelligence, all of which were present

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A quantity of identifying insignias differentiating themselves from other organizational forces and marking them as operators under the white field and human starburst having yet to arrive from elsewhere and the tell-tale and alien-like protective suits used in the campaign now shelved, only brought out when operating in areas spectacularly contaminated, there was nothing overt to mark the members of these units apart from any other of their organizational counterparts. In time the number of organizational forces from the commander's headquarters and representative units from other areas would begin to steadily decrease. Some of the specialized units from both headquarters and a special intelligence squad from an area just outside the hidden borders of the engineering center had already departed. The intention was in short order for the area to be administered solely by the death goddesses' immediate force - self-contained and autonomous under the bilateral rule of the two sisters.

But what of the cult recruiters? They, unlike the war sectors and secret police sectors of the organization were not assigned to any one home base of operations. While the commandant's training center was the pulsing mind of control and beneath it the dungeons of the commandant herself - the cruel despot from which all manner of torment originates - as such the absolute center of the cult, their collective destiny was that of wanderers. Fell voices crying in the outer wilderness, travelers in regions so far beyond the borders of the

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organization territories that what was seen in such places did not exist beyond soft whispers into the ears of the commandant herself. With this wandering spirit the commandant's cult recruiters could settle themselves anywhere - everywhere - staying for a length of time that only they knew and sometimes leaving without warning, often disappearing so suddenly and so covertly that it was as if they had never been present. Some of the places the cult recruiters traveled were devoid of all human inhabitants except themselves - entire regions of vast emptiness that had not been afforded any mercy when the twenty megaton nuclear devices had rained down like fire from on high.

Was the commandant's chapel that was being erected in the northwest corner of the experimental area to be a permanent presence of the high-tier witches in the region or was it meant to be a place that would be primarily a center of worship for the people of the experimental area with perhaps two or three cult recruiters present there on a regular basis, perhaps rotating out with other cult recruiters on a circuit basis?

Historically, Bluebird thought, it would be the latter. Yet there was no real historical precedence for either option in truth, for the phenomena of the commandant's chapels was an entirely new one - existent only since directly prior to the recent rallies back at the commander's headquarters. The rules of engagement had shifted considerably since the rally and all could tell that dread times were now afoot - not a returning to the ways of the past but a violent push further into a future ever-horrific under the ever-widening influence of the

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commander and, always there in the background, the threat of the commandant. Bluebird had made the decision in her own mind that a line of demarcation existed between the commandant herself and the cult recruiters - a situation where the latter were not in fact in absolute monolithic lockstep with the former, much less a more organic esoteric expansion of the same as they were oft to promote, but rather a fractious politico-religious body with myriad agendas theirs and theirs alone. It was upon this premise that rested the ultimate success or failure of her own counter-machinations for if she was wrong in this instance it would be she who would be feeling the lash in the by and by - or perhaps sooner. Either possibility was, as the case may be, less than ideal.

Britta reached the end of the story - or at least the end of the story insofar as she was willing to tell Bluebird at the time - bouncing off her perch on the side of the desk with a deep guttural cackle and striding across the chamber, satisfied in her sexuality and satiated for a time, yet continually yearning for further fulfillment on that particular front which was intricately entwined with her increasing propensity for sadism.

Her older sister smiled and ceased her own pacing as she watched Britta. The young girl that she had first apprehended during that fateful meeting in the company of multiple minders from the cult recruiters those many months past had come into her own, rising out from nearly insurmountable deprivation in obscure outlying areas to wielding a command so encompassing in its

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sovereignty and so liberal in the myriad usages that it could be vigorously applied that few within even the brass of the organization could dare fathom the details of its scope.

Her proclivities for sexual fulfillment and the sadistic angles thereof had been nurtured during their shared time at the commandant's training center yet had only been allowed to come to full flower in the days since they had arrived in the experimental area - an environment where there were no limits to the amoral evil with which little sister could ply her developing trade and bring to the forefront with all resources of the organization at her beck and call each and every latent lust, every imagined or half-imagined unfulfilled desire, utilizing the flesh of any and all who may take her passing fancy as her canvas, willing or unwilling - no matter.

On this night Britta dressed only in her sparse garment of black leather, enjoying the warmth from the small fire burning upon the iron-wrought stand in the corner of the chamber upon her exposed flesh. Bluebird leaned against the desk as she watched her little sister thusly attired - the pale countenance of the latter now ruddy by dint of the warmth, accentuating her freckles, shorn hair slowly beginning to grow in again though she would no doubt have it cut to the skull once more within several days' time in keeping with her present fashion. Bluebird fingered the nursery strap attached to the utility belt at her waist as she watched the little skinhead bend at the waist before the iron stand, allowing the flickering flames to lick dangerously near her face. She

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smiled at Britta's reckless nature even in the most routine and mundane actions - the actions of one driven at the very core by an insane, sensate lust - her will driven by the flesh.

The taut curvatures of Britta's posterior inflamed within Bluebird her own lusts and near total recall of her time as a pontifex among the baby brigades back at the commandant's training center - remembering how she had by dint of directives from the cult recruiters stayed her own hand in the discipline of the younger - withholding the sort of intimate discipline that Bluebird felt Britta had been so in need of and which she herself was so eager to administer. Now that license which Bluebird had so long desired to engage - suspended under the authority of the cult recruiters - was hers to exercise and to the farthest limits of the same, for who would oppose her?

Bluebird had watched for the details, the intricacies to which Britta was involved with her former handlers in the cult and yet saw nothing to indicate that anything more existed than what Britta herself was willing to proffer - chaotic, girlish affections upon those she remembered from her past - affections which could just as easily turn to wrath in an instant according to the whims and fancies of one now beyond their power to effectively govern. If the cult recruiters were, as Bluebird was almost certain of, plotting against her reign, then having Britta as a component in their machinations who could be leveraged against Bluebird would be paramount. That said, Bluebird felt that Britta maintained her independence to a degree which could

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even be considered extreme in nature. Perhaps the training she had undergone often under their very hands had been too effective in retrospect, she thought to herself with no small degree of amusement. While their relations had been cemented and initiated by the cult recruiters themselves - brought together in the brutal training areas above the dungeon-like domicile of the commandant herself - two demonesses acting as the poisonous tip of the organization's bayonet piercing ever further into the outlying territories - their liaison had been almost entirely political in nature. A unity meant to be observed as binding and unshakeable yet perhaps designed to be titular behind closed doors and in the actual corridors of power. Blood incest, Bluebird felt in her heart of hearts, would seal the contract between her and her younger sister in ways that political pageantry would not and even which their shared traumas in the commandant's training center and at the hands of the cult recruiters upon arrival at regional headquarters had not. Bluebird knew that the cult recruiters already had their hands well sullied in machinations meant to leverage and manipulate Britta toward their own purposes and, perhaps, the creation of obstacles to her own sovereignty, the outright provocations necessitating action on her part on an administrative level and requiring that much more psychological and mental involvement in the planning thereof - their own way of leveraging and manipulating Bluebird herself according to a psychological profile they knew well, for she was still in many ways their own creature. It was time to take the initiative now more than ever.

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Bluebird again fingered the nursery strap hooked upon the utility belt at her waist - noticing that Britta's own and the implements it carried had been removed, laying upon the desk beside the stacks of death warrants and the small chalice containing a greenish elixir which kept Bluebird hyped-up, inducing speed through her mental processes and physicality as she went about the work of grinding down then building up in her own image the ruined landscape which she and her sister now administered. Putting the chalice to her lips and taking a long sip of the caustic tasting liquid, her fingers brushing against Britta's small disciplinary paddle laying on the table's surface, Bluebird began carefully and intentfully attaching the small metal claws to each of her slender fingertips - a disturbing smile beginning to cross over her face, distorting the angry scar that ran down her cheek.

Armed with her curiously delicate yet very cruel instruments of torment, Bluebird flexed her hands, watching with one eye as the reddish light from across the chamber glinted against the sharpened metallic points, her other eye fixated upon the supple flesh of Britta in the distance, still staring, seemingly absently so, into the flames, strange cooing noises emitting from her throat as she warmed herself in close proximity to the fire.

Bluebird pulled out the heavy wooden chair from behind her desk, its construction strong and sturdy, bereft of armrests, surfaces smooth and polished black with heavily lacquered paint. She sat the chair in the

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direction facing across the room toward Britta and settled herself upon it, the sleek contours of the shining white vinyl in which her thirteen-year-old frame was sheathed contrasting dramatically with the darkness of the black furniture.

As she watched her sister in the distance, so young, so insane and so permeated with incessant lust, she began to feel a lust of her own build within her. Her sensations began to grow more acute as she found herself inadvertently drifting into a meditative state, her physicality seeming to writhe within the skintight suit - the feel of her own flesh against its unyielding solidity inflaming her, her face beginning to redden and grow hot. Two distinct lusts were building - one of a nature overtly sexual, another also visceral in its manifestation - but bloodthirsty in nature. In her mind the two began to meld together, entwining themselves one upon the other like the twin serpents of the herald's staff, her eyes narrowing as the mind control training taught to her in long trauma sessions in the commandant's training center activated automatically.

Britta turned then, her face suffused in the reddish glow of the flames, a smile beginning to play across her lips, her visage infernal. The eyes of the two sisters locked and Britta also activated her own burgeoning mental powers, envisioning the anomalous scene within her mind's eye that triggered the physiological shifting known to all high-tier graduates of the commandant's training center but wielded to a prodigious degree by her and Bluebird only among all others who had passed

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through those subterranean iron gates. Britta slowly, intently and cat-like padded her way across the floor of the chamber towards Bluebird, bare feet silent upon the floor's surface, eyes brimming with mischief surveying the form of her sister seated before her.

Bluebird's hands rested upon her knees, flexing in premeditation as her sister approached, the sharp claws upon each fingertip extended outward. Their gazes locked as Britta moved closer and ever closer and the information which had been downloaded into their consciousness during their first ordeal in regional command before the hallucinatory vision of the commandant began to transmit itself one to the other telepathically, both of the sisters finding themselves involuntarily gritting their teeth as the visions of horrible destiny began to burst into their mind - plots within deadly plots, terror heaped upon terror and a realization of a coming change upon the landscape which neither of them had independently realized. The information secreted within them through the auspices of the ordeal were two parts of a cryptographic cipher - while seemingly salient alone, only revealing the fullness of the vision which the commandant had desired to transmit when put together into an integrated whole - the intelligence contained by the two sisters respectively acting as the mechanism by which the commandant's full plan was now unlocked, a coding mechanism held inside fleshly vessels.

Now presented before each other in physical proximity and mentally naked mind to mind - both of them reeling with the revelations that their telepathy had

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unlocked - Britta slid herself onto the lap of Bluebird, straddling her, Britta's own naked thighs depressing upon Bluebird's own, sheathed in gleaming white. Bluebird felt Britta's hot breath steam upon her neck as the legs of her little sister's small frame wrapped around her waist, crushing against her physicality in sensual exultation - her prepubescent sex pleasuring itself in friction through its miniscule leather covering rubbing against the wasp-thin waist of the older - a slight hiss emitting from the mouth of the younger.

There was no need for words as Bluebird lifted her left hand in a gesture of invitation, a dread come-hither motion yet suffused with threat, before she grasped the tip of the razor-sharp, cat-like claw upon her middle finger deftly in her mouth, turning her head slightly and allowing it to drop upon the outstretched palm of her opposite hand, then carefully secreting it in a small nylon pouch upon her utility belt set about her middle, the nursery strap near it dangling downward within an inch to the floor beneath.

Bluebird lifted the finger to her sisters mouth, softly depressing the thin lips of the younger, watching with pleasure as Britta's eyes rolled back into her head in carnal reaction to her slightest touch. Removing it from the lips now parted, harsh breath exuding out from the mouth beyond, Bluebird raised the hand to her own mouth, claw-tipped fingers carefully curved downward to palm yet, knowing the ecstasy to come, some tips thereof still managing to pierce the alabaster white flesh thereof - small pinpoints of life's red elixir forming thereupon. Bluebird inserted the full length of her

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longest finger so extended into the wetness of her maw, moistening and caressing with tactile tongue the slender digit before removing it, snaking downward along her little sister's side, then below the thin strip of leather encircling her waist, parting the thong betwixt her springy buttocks and caressing it inward then inserting it fully inch by inch into that path of Sodom which grasped it tightly, eagerly, blasphemously.

As Bluebird began to thrust her finger further into her little sister's rectum then withdrawing slightly before inserting again, fucking, Britta reciprocated by bucking against her sister's penetration with great enthusiasm, groans of pleasure escaping from her throat as Bluebird spread her other fingers outward, cool fingers upon hot flesh cradling the younger girl - metal-tipped nails ever so gently scraping upon pliant curves. Bluebird reached her other hand around behind Britta, squeezing an exposed cheek firmly, clawed nails digging in ever so slightly, pulsing with the rhythm of her penetrations. Bluebird could feel the smooth contours of Britta's face against her neck, her head buried upon the older sister's shoulder - eyes most likely closed in reaction to Bluebird's carefully orchestrated physical ministrations, so long desired by her but so long in the coming. Bluebird herself stared outward, past Britta and her head covered with almost-soft hair, shave neglected by purpose or absence and distractedness of mind, toward the censer of flame on the far side of the chamber.

As the flames crackled, wood set aflame by refuse, Bluebird imagined the scenes from their shared

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inaugural foray into the experimental area - the day of great subduing. The mangled bodies ripped to pieces flung into the air by the explosions of the chemical warheads, the tactile crunch of the bodies of man, woman and child under the rolling tread of her personal carrier - heads crushing beneath its tonnage - blood, brains and bone matter spraying outward and upward, adorning the black steel of the vehicle in grisly relief.

Bluebird nuzzled against her sister's head, extending a wet tongue to caress an ear, prompting Britta to raise her face - eyes locked once again. The mental lock stayed with them though the telepathic transmission of shared destiny to come was now complete - but within each other's eyes they saw further visions - of what had come to pass and what would come to pass. Britta saw the images of her sister from the day of wrath - tall sinewy body bearing only the slightest signs of womanhood sheathed within an immaculate white now stained with splatters of blood - yellow poisonous mists rising around her, eyes concealed behind platinum mirror reflecting exploding ordnance and life-draining chemical smoke. Harsh orders spoken in amplified, robotic cadence issuing forth from helmeted head - urging, cajoling, directing her troops toward further and ever-horrific acts of genocidal abandon.

As Bluebird stared into the eyes of her younger sister - lids usually wide awake with mania now somewhat parted as a result of physical reaction to penetration - she could see within the reflected retinas scenes of the little one's equally horrific acts. Demon-faced and seemingly near-naked girl, criss-crossed with black leather straps

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yet translucent covering upon abdomen, chest and limbs reflecting shimmering destructive fire leaping, blood-covered, upon near-dead bodies - dispatching them cruelly with small razor-sharp and curved blade tracing sigils of apocalyptic chaos, lens of vision upon black demoness visage above tusks seeming to shine with darkened purple light drinking in the shed life force of each and every of the dead and dying upon which she gave her own very special ministrations. As the lacerations revealed first rivulets of blood, then the sickening trickling bile of subcutaneous fat and finally bone and the organs beneath the creature - monstrous in lethal intent as she was small in stature - would use those sharpened, thrusting tusks to gore the exposed flesh - anointing them in black devotion - sometimes trailing strings of intestines as she marched onward to another victim, then another and another.

Though these scenes were wreathed in portent and contained within them the signs of their shared transformation - a transformation which neither of them would have readily premeditated even during the harshest and most cruel ordeals which they had suffered, sometimes singly, sometimes together, there past in the commandant's training center - the secret of their destiny to come was even more ominous. For they knew now, in that moment, that they together were to be the omen of a future altogether black - in their coming skies turned to shrouds of churning darkness, concourse of the winds reversing in unnatural disturbance - moon turning to blood under which all future life under the heel of their regime was to become an abomination that would shake

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life and nature to the very foundations of the earth.

In this realization they pressed their mouths together - open, wet and yearning for exploration - tongues tasting and entwining within the reddish secret recesses of each other. Sisterly love, carnal yet beyond carnal - an incest. Though they had not been born of the same father and mother, yet their bonds through shared trauma, torture and bloodshed wrought by their very hands creating a bond stronger than any of the tentative familial reactionary bonds so beloved, so protected in the past. All of that past was now gone, wiped away in the insane flash of nuclear nightmare. Now the canvas, even seventy-years after, was for the most part blank - and it was upon this canvas of flesh and land tempered by abject destruction which they would write their own story in characters written by arcing lightning.

Bluebird withdrew her finger from Britta's posterior and wrenched her face away from Britta's wet kisses in order to remove yet another metal claw upon the ring finger, claspng it in her teeth while her other hand still caressed the young one's buttocks, kneading the flesh - the points of her claws causing pinpricks of blood. Lust, vision and reddening blood all rising within her in an unholy triumvirate Bluebird spit the claw removed from her second finger from her mouth, causing a slight cut upon her lower lip, the slightest sign of her life force dripping downward upon her chin - the metallic claw clattering across the floor of the chamber. Pressing this finger upon the middle of the same hand, the rest curled into careful fist, Bluebird moistened them in tangent, tasting the earthy stench of her sister's entrails as she

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stared into Britta's now sweaty face - salty streams of exertion crossing in slow downward fashion against angry red freckles upon little girl cheeks.

Lubricated and primed Bluebird slid the clawed curled fingers once more down her sister's flesh, once again parting the thong between the young girl's heated buttocks and inserting the longest finger slowly, intentfully, watching as her sister bit her lip in sensual reaction then watching as the young one's eyes rolled back into their sockets and then listening as her mouth elicited a harsh animalistic gasp as Bluebird massaged the second finger in expanding the fleshly opening. Once accepted, eagerly so, Bluebird recommenced the fucking in earnest - dual fingers inserting and withdrawing again and again, the sounds of flesh slapping upon flesh intermingling with Britta's increasing snarls as she bucked against the remaining outstretched fingers cradling her.

Bluebird slowed the pace intentionally, allowing her fingers to press deeper and deeper into Britta's insides, heedless as the small metallic claws dug into the flesh of her young sister's backside, the feel of small rivulets of blood dripping downward over her hand and staining the floor at the foot of the chair. Bluebird nuzzled Britta's head so that the younger tilted her own head backward, exposing the soft contours of her neck and shoulders. She laughed in her own way now, cold in inflection yet no less malicious than Britta's own as she raised her right hand - a claw upon every finger now outstretched - carefully raking one of them across the exposed flesh at the base of Britta's neck - blood now flowing, then her

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own lips instinctively depressing upon the wound, drinking in the warm red elixir as would a bird of prey.

In the distant citadels of the commander's headquarters high atop a tower most secure, wreathed in shining razor-wire glimmering under the glow of an inauspicious moon, an eye opened - probing outward - the eye of the commander himself, feeling a shift - an omen of coming darkness.

In the most depraved and black dungeons far beneath the keep the commandant eyed through black mesh visor the scene even as it unfolded, the moving images of the two sisters - her chosen - suspended in miniature within the recesses of a glass orb set upon a plinth which was wreathed by a ghostly, reddish and blood-like mist that circulated around it slowly and nauseatingly in pace as the gloved hands of the commandant clapped in time, slowly, perversely, with each of Bluebird's thrusts, her demoness's body surrounded by the insane and tortured screams of thousands of captive children.

There, in the chamber of regional command within whose very hand and signature so many deaths were now committed for coming execution, summary and extraordinary, Bluebird withdrew her mouth from Britta's wound - lips now stained with the blood of her sister and her own blood, the prick upon the lip which she had caused while removing one of her metallic claws to better effect the sodomy of her younger counterpart. Shared blood now intermingling upon her lips, Bluebird brought Britta's face to her own, clasping tightly upon the back of shorn head and bringing their lips together.

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depressing against each other, blood of the two churning
within the passionate, sisterly kiss, a kiss which would
bind the two together - Bluebird knew well - in a devil's
pact - the likes of which even the most adept witch
among the cult recruiters was never, now, to tear
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CHAPTER 18

Sweat dripped from Astrid's brow as she raised the leather strap again and again, her muscled arms controlling the weight of the heavy harness leather with brutal precision as the glistening black strap swung upward and behind her head before crashing down on the quivering flesh of the eleven-year-old acolyte restrained to the wooden cross-beam beneath her. With a final resounding crack of leather upon naked flesh the acolyte's punishment was over - two other acolytes more senior in age and station unbuckling the restraints at Astrid's emphatic gesture and allowing the still sobbing young girl to crumple to the floor. Another young acolyte approached and, taking the leather strap from Astrid's outstretched hands, moved silently, her face and expression hidden behind black cowl, toward the far end of the large hall where the instrument would be polished and conditioned - made supple before the next correctional cycle began less than one hour hence.

Her labors finished for the time being, Astrid moved across the room as well but in the opposite direction from where the acolyte was headed - toward a small wooden table upon which sat a carafe of cold water and some small gristly blocks of food, crude proteins made from rendered bodies and, like most food consumed by

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organizational personnel, amply laced with narcotics designed to enhance the performance and occupational acumen of those so consuming in furtherance of the commander's mission. Unlike the acolyte, Astrid's own cowl was thrown back, her face haughty despite the many hours she had put in thus far, her piercing eyes taking in the myriad sights of torture that spread out in horrific relief throughout the hall.

The sounds of weeping permeated the atmosphere and in the closed-off corridors beyond where the cells were located Astrid could hear the faint echoes of bloodcurdling screams, most disturbing in nature, where those who had run severely afoul of the cult authority received the attentions of the most dreadful disciplinarians the cult had produced. Astrid had to keep herself from allowing a sadistic grin to cross her face as she walked and considered, for she knew very well what took place in the cells, her body thrilling with the thought. Still, she considered, her present assignment was most appropriate to her constitution and a very useful one as she awaited the more clandestine role which would soon be hers and which would take her away from the area surrounding the commander's headquarters and into an environment altogether new.

As she settled herself down on the chair by the small table she could readily apprehend the predominant olfactory presence throughout the chamber - the smell of tears - unmistakable and deeply satisfying to someone such as Astrid's particular skills and proclivities. Wet, salty, penitent.

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of the speed-laced protein, once and then twice, quartering the substance then delicately lifted to thin mouth, swallowed without chewing then washed down with a generous draught of cold water straight from the carafe. The needful hydration of the water suffused her first, replenishing the liquids of her body shed in grim exertion as she had gone about her fell tasks vigorously and unmercifully. The effects of the narcotic hit her several seconds after causing the sweat to turn suddenly cold upon her brow, a freezing sensation rushing through her veins, heart-rate increasing and pulse hammering. Astrid's eyes narrowed involuntarily by dint of the stimulant as she stared forward surveying her hall of torment - Chazona's blessing.

Some of the girls were now being led out, such as the young one who had experienced the biting taste of Astrid's lash only a few minutes prior. These, still naked, flesh covered with reddened weals, some black-and-blue, some bearing blood-dripping lacerations inflicted by whippy canes of metal and wood - some lacerations resulting from instruments and uncanny methods much more dread in both consequence and delivery. A few of the young girls, also naked, remained strapped immobile to whatever apparatus of punishment upon which they were already restrained - having suffered through one disciplinary cycle already and left to suffer through another soon commencing - recipients of a double-portion of pain - another layer of punitive wrath pushing them to the limits of physical and psychological endurance.

As some remained and some departed, another fresh

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batch was brought in, already having been disrobed in an adjoining antechamber. Many of them already tearful, bodies rebelling against their orders in terrified premonition of what was to come, found their steps slowing as they were led into the hall, eyes darting to and fro and consciousness that of prey suddenly finding themselves caught irrevocably in the hunter's snare. The hesitant ones were driven forth gleefully by acolytes their senior, long black-braided dressage whips held aloft threateningly. These more affected parties Astrid eyed closely as she sat, harsh speed drilling through her, the fear emanating off of them in waves making contemplation of their coming punishment all the more delectable in its consideration.

All of these acolytes to a one would soon be initiated as full-fledged cult recruiters in a mass initiation ceremony to come, comprising not only initiations for the demographic here under her direct tutelage but also for many trainees from abroad, traveling with their minders from far afield to the commander's headquarters for the coming rally.

While the latter acolytes after initiation were destined for a myriad of possible assignments - some for the commander's training center, some to be sent as missionaries far into the outlying wilderness - a singular and special assignment was reserved for the acolytes now in the chapel hall post-ceremony. These select - the objects of the harshest ordeals administered under the hands of Astrid herself and her direct assistants - would accompany Astrid to what was to become the experimental area, to be domiciled in the regional

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headquarters and in other cult recruiter installations that would be sprouting up after the takeover. The purpose of their ordeals now was twofold in nature. Firstly to engender the highest possible level of internal counterintelligence fortitude - to wit, resistance to interrogation both physically and psychologically. Their endurance on both fronts was now being amply tested and taken to the very limits, a safeguard and a further level of redundancy in that they were likely to not - in internal analysis thus far, reports supplied by liaisons in special intelligence - be subject to anything more extreme than what was already befalling them. Should they be able to withstand the severe, brutal and incessantly punitive and highly sophisticated measures here then they should certainly be able to withstand anything that they might experience in future - should circumstances come to the worse - at the hand of hostile parties - external or internal to the cultists. The second purpose was to develop in them a taste for the cruelty of their regime within a regime - for, once experienced on the receiving end - the level of brutality that they themselves would be able to execute, once given license to do so, was trebled.

As the narcotics took hold within Astrid she found herself scanning the torture floor of the hall eagerly, foaming spittle dribbling from her mouth - so many hellish delights to which her still wayward daughters had been and would be subjected to. The freshest girls however, those most fearful - yet untouched - were the objects of her single-minded desire as she watched them

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being driven forth by the long whips of her already partially developed and highly sadistic entourage. Her eyes narrowed even more as her pupils dilated under the effects of the drugs - the well-worked muscles of her back and triceps suffused with new life, new sustenance, by dint of the speed and the human protein recently consumed. Which of these fresh daughters would be first subjected to her wrath, her programming, her desire? Despite Astrid's intention to retain some semblance of composure she found herself laughing, maniacally so, and though her body shook with mirth within her robes, all that escaped her mouth was a raspy hiss - subdued in volume but still enough to attract the attention of both penitents and administrative young sisters-to-be who acted as the facilitators and sometimes as the very extension of her own punitive will - for the latter knew that their disciplinary ministrations reflected that of their command and if their own executionary discipline was not up to par it was Astrid herself whom they would have to answer to.

None of the apparatus which spread across the hall was arbitrary in nature - each device, each implement, each environment in miniature being decided upon well in advance, thoughtfully, meticulously, by senior sisters within the cult recruiters and with the expert input of both special intelligence, internal security and the width and breadth of the most secure sectors of the organization. These were the mechanisms built to develop and instill applied terror - for those who so graduating under pressed and punished flesh would be those instilling and applying even greater terror -

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organized and fearfully despotic - upon similarly fresh flesh in the outer areas - the regions towards which the sharp-fingered hand the commandant grasped, ever closer, in a psychotic will to dominate, possess, transfigure. And - when such transfiguration had come to full flower - what horror then would sprout violently from the shattered, poisoned earth? Astrid laughed in horrific future speculation - this time audibly causing her minions and still green trainees, both equally captive, to shudder.

Time passed forward into time in fluid measure under the effects of the drugs and before Astrid herself knew the moment for further punishment had arrived, the commencement of yet another correctional cycle - each future sister to be receiving and future sister minders to be administrating situated at their respective stations one and all, prepared and at the ready for the sound of the large brass gong and, upon thrice sounded, brutal and harsh discipline to commence. From the area nearest to the entrance to the cells across the hall two small acolytes, extremely young and as such exceedingly short in stature, features hidden completely beneath black robes and hoods, the length of their robes reaching down to the ground itself, giving the impression that they were gliding across the floor, positioned themselves before the golden circular instrument, kneeling down and then extending themselves again with stout wooden staves in hand, the ends bound with a sphere of leather made from taut human skin.

Astrid sat rigid as she awaited her signal - fists bound together so tight that blood dripped from the

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small fissures within balled hands - then releasing to shove the last few gelatinous crumbs of narcotic speed-laced corpse product between trembling red lips. The chapel hall stretched before her now even more vast in apprehension, each acolyte to be tortured again and each one virginal to such pain awaiting the very new and unique horrific ministrations of her and her minions, all naked and shaking in fear, each a pulsating human link in a chain of terror that would extend in time to the very fructification of her soon coming destiny, deadly and clandestine.

Once the sound of the gong... then twice... then thrice. Even as the last reverberation of the instrument began to fade through the dread hall it was replaced with another sound altogether - the sounds of dozens upon dozens of screams intermingling one unto the other, the sounds of leather straps, canes of diverse design, wooden paddles along with satanic whips of myriad fashion and flesh itself as the instrument of torment punished naked flesh. Tandem to this the sudden sound of devilish machinery starting in sputters, generators igniting, the primitive cranks of mechanical devices of torture - then the wailing beginning as these instruments so designed went about their horrible tasks.

Astrid sprang from her seat, her mouth curled into a horrific smile, and screamed - her own sound of predatory rapture enhanced by dint of the trauma-induced brainwashing and sundry training she had undergone for countless years in the dungeons of the commandant creating a deep, trilling and visceral sound that penetrated even the din of the mass torture now

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taking place. Her shrieking heard and duly apprehended by the organizational personnel her junior, the mass torture did not pause in the timbre of its discipline but rather increased.

Walking with a clipped and elite gait she approached the first station - a young girl of nine was bent over obscenely in such a fashion facilitating maximum exposure - naked flesh grasping a padded black leatherette piece of furniture, once the property of one of the wardens who had administered over the federal prison which now acted as the commander's headquarters, brought from there, nearby, to the newly erected commandant's chapel.

The acolyte wept involuntarily, face reddening in shame and hate, even as she wrenched her visage back toward Astrid and the sister engaged in administering the punishment and snarled vocally in protest, whitest teeth shining amid reddish mouth, thick tied pigtails of blonde hair thrashing against pale white shoulders. Astrid's smile widened as she saw the acolyte's rebellion, her mind in its speed-induced racing glancing quickly from the parted lips of the young girl in her foul grimace to the still dripping wet syringe upon the small table beside then back again.

She recognized the drug and the effect immediately - the DELTA cycle, the killing programming.

Astrid watched closely as the stout black delrin cane slammed down once again with a resounding crack upon the already bleeding backside of the young blonde acolyte, her snarls and thrashings not that of the bound penitent but instead more resembling those of a feral

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animal, violent and wild.

In the corner of the small partially partitioned area amidst the large hall a high-tier cult recruiter stood, her cowl thrown back revealing shaved head, freshly shorn and still bearing the tell-tale signs of blood, and thin, cruel features. From her hand hung a diadem upon a black nylon cord, which sparkled with light ever so slightly under the radiant glare of the lights above.

Though bound by no physical bonds, the child receiving the strokes, quickly transitioning from bruising to purple to black to bloody upon fleshly canvas, retained her position so ordered and so assumed in the preparations of the ordeal - despite the fact that her mind reeled in abject psychosis, the violence of which was readily evident by her fierce protestations vocalized and well apparent in facial gesture.

Thus the sinister mechanism of the applied programming, for, should the cult recruiter handler present drop the diadem either by will or by chance, the spellbound would be spellbound no more, and, with the effects of the narcotic having been sent into the bloodstream via the auspices of the syringe, in tangent with the trauma-induced imprinting already effected within the passing of seemingly sparse minutes, the beast writhing for release within the young girl would be on the loose, the mind-control induced physical paralysis broken - muscles and brain engorged with the need to kill, massacre and to do so with reckless abandon.

Astrid approached the young girl, watching as the newly inflicted angry red weals upon her tender

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posterior went from red to black while the rising anger evident in her demeanor and the thrashings of her head increased into rage and then psychosis. A ticking time bomb which could be activated, its most lethal potential realized and instantly so by a mere gesture.

The witch in the corner holding the amulet which dangled from skeletal hands stood stock still, face blank, only the slightest twinkle in the eye belying the extremely high-tier level of training from which she was most certainly a seasoned graduate. Astrid glanced back and forth between the acting hypnotist and the acolyte in a frenzy of thought and apprehension. Her lips glistened, her mind suffused with lust and lust for power. She could deduce that the witch holding the diadem was not only the product of the most secret, internal schools within the sisterhood but perhaps herself possessed of a rank stratospheric yet unknowable in level. Did she play the role of a reigning deity herself in some black project in the wilderness far from organizational borders, the spearhead of some dreadful experiment in social engineering and territorial control? Was she a direct associate of the commandant herself, working in personal tandem on a daily basis with that death goddess most predominant - there in the dungeons beneath the commandant's training center - an administrator of grisly processes undertaken under the watchful eye of the commandant herself? Astrid could only speculate, yet the presence of the seasoned witch there in the hall during the correctional cycle thrilled her for it was yet a further indicator of the premium set on the unfolding project and her role within the same.

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Astrid raised her hand in command for the punishment to cease - at least for a time. The acolyte wielding the cane stepped back, holding the instrument at her side in a manner not at all dissimilar to the position with which a dress saber would be held in ceremonial military processions in the years before the wars. The shorn-headed witch in the corner administering the brainwashing did not move - still dangling the diadem upon the thread, a signal of the ever-present programming - the cessation of which even amidst sisters as seasoned as herself and Astrid might very well prove disastrous.

The nine-year-old acolyte's buttocks were now thoroughly ruined in appearance, criss-crossing spiderwebs of blood slashed with the thick black and red weals of the most recent strikes. Astrid approached the little girl exuding a perverse, seemingly loving demeanor even through the psychological wall of the speed thrumming through her body - the interested mother, the curious aunt, the compassionate yet stern sister well senior - yet none of the above. The fabric of Astrid's robe stroked against the girl's wounds in the closeness of their proximity - the acolyte's snarls turned to panting, grasping for breath, ribcage expanding then retracting, eyes turned so far back into her head via the ever-gripping killer programming of the chemical injection that only the whites now showed beneath fluttering lids.

Astrid patted the acolyte's buttocks companionably, raising her hand to her mouth and licking the smears of blood from her palm - sweet, intense, yet laced with the promise of terror. Seeing Astrid beginning to bend down

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beneath her.

BLUEBIRD

to now situate her own face near that of the face of the girl the punisher's eyes lighted with warning, afraid that the acolyte might harm her involuntarily. Astrid glanced back further at the shaven-headed witch yet noticed no reaction, except perhaps a small smirk dancing at the corner of her lips. Both of these signals pleased Astrid, as she placed her own lips near to the acolyte's ear, whispering words between them and them alone before raising herself up once more as she considered the girl beneath her - the first of her young assassins.

CHAPTER 19

Britta moved lithely across the room, every step of her bare feet on the concrete curling the muscles of her legs upward enticingly and causing a sway of one buttock then another; the plump, firm mounds of flesh bifurcated by a shining leather thong which disappeared at her path of sodom.

She was operating now, spying on behalf of her older sister under the guise of slaking her own lusts, which were large.

She could apprehend the abject desire of the twenty-some-odd year-old cult recruiter that eyed her now, the intensity of her blue eyes maniacally dancing over Britta's curves, pert, trauma-scarred bottom, small puffed nipples upon pale flat chest criss-crossed with thin leather straps.

Britta reached one hand down and then another, kneading the flesh of her rear while arching her back, throwing her exposed shoulder blades back and allowing a guttural purr to escape her lips.

The cult recruiter to whom she had been assigned responded with her own sound of lust most sincere, tongue curling over lips and floods of hormones suffusing her as she watched the little death goddess about her promenade.

BLUEBIRD

Britta's own eyes, also most sincerely, yet betraying nothing of her great deception, sparkled in apprehension of the emotional and physical desire of the sister - a coy come-hither glance from the child all that was needed to cause the cult recruiter to draw close.

As the cult recruiter edged nearer, tentatively still, trembling fingers outstretched to clasp an area of near-naked flesh, Britta slipped the small polished spike from the edge of her garment and, palming its flat base, raised it suddenly upward with a scream and lodged it, quivering and bloody, within the throat of the cult recruiter.

The witch gasped, one hand whipping toward her wound, eyes wide and face aghast as she felt her life's breath escaping her. Britta smiled, meeting her victim's gaze only once more before turning, proceeding on to more engaging pastimes, her work finished for now.

As the cult recruiter slowly fell into death, her gaze passed from the departing figure of Britta, that body and character which she had so wanted, to the small black lockbox sitting upon the mantle of her cell.

Even the very existence of the box was an indictment - a damnation - and within the hour before her body had even begun to turn cold, she knew, those men without masks, but intelligence nonetheless, smirks upon their faces and ordered bodies within the unmarked uniforms of Bluebird's retinue, would be clearing the witch's cells - and then their world would be turned upside down.

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CHAPTER 20

"What a succulent little morsel you are, child!"

The proctor wet his lips with an amphetamine-based liquid, smacking them together briefly then running his tongue over them lasciviously as he eyed the little girl that stood naked before him in the white examining room, bright winter sunlight flooding through the scum-caked window highlighting every curvature of pale flesh and downy white hair upon the naked form.

He motioned to her and she walked toward him obediently, a firm hand upon a small shoulder guiding her over his lap, her own hands now planted on the surface of the floor, fingers splayed. The proctor glided his hand over each individual curvature of the girl's exposed buttocks, the two fleshy, springy mounds separated and stretched in the now exposing position revealing a small, puckering rectum, only slightly dark and - further on - the silky smoothness of her prepubescent sex.

The proctor ran his fingers lightly and only perfunctorily so over these orifices which he could have enjoyed to the hilt, should he had been so inclined.

BLUEBIRD

He preferred boys of his own age sexually - a uranian through and through - but a female here and there was good for the sake of his experiments, in furtherance of the black sciences, and he admired, even appreciated, being able to compare both sexes of various ages and psycho-physical constitutions in order to test their respective resilience within the confines of his laboratory setting.

Frowning slightly, seeing what appeared to be at first glance to be a blemish, the proctor ran his long fingers down to the girl's thighs - parting the legs then pulling at the flesh of the offending limb and then gasping in delight at what he saw. A small tattoo of a black widow spider, the maker's mark of the engineer, signifying that his young patient was one of the engineering center humans bred by the engineer himself especially for experimentation - in addition to the odd job in the workshop.

The proctor looked up and raised his eyebrow knowingly - to which gesture the male nurse assistant against the wall near the window approached, medical tray in hand upon which sat various instruments. The nurse held the platter carefully before the proctor, as the instruments and open glass containers set upon it were sensitive in the extreme, and the penalties for anything less than exactitude in his service to the proctor would have been, as the case may be, most severe.

The proctor dipped his hands into one familiar jar of chemicals once again, wetting his lips further and chuckling as he did so, glancing into the eyes of the nurse while pinching the black widow tattoo of the girl

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situated upon his lap painfully betwixt youthful thighs and noticing, not unexpectedly, that not the slightest sound of protest emanated from her as he did so. The nurse on the other hand visibly twitched both at the gesture and the look, yet held the instrument-bearing platter without shaking. Still, not good enough.

"Oh, bring the table over here and set our materials on it, you dolt!" sneered the proctor - endangering by his displeasure and the nervous constitution of the nurse the possibility of terminal error he did not wish to see on this of all days. He licked his lips reactively, letting the amphetamine liquid drift into his mouth and then sublingually situating it for optimal absorption beneath his ever so active tongue. The effects of the double dosage of the drugs now steeling him at long last, he watched with a single bead of sweat dripping down his brow as the nurse lowered the tray to the ground, fetching a small table from elsewhere in the examining room and then placing it within easy reach of his employer. He made a mental note to himself to make a personnel change posthaste the next time he had a chance encounter with a member of the administrative offices.

Reaching toward the tray the proctor fished into a second jar of liquid with his long fingers, removing a small black cylinder-shaped object, a thick black plastic casing drilled with multiple holes along its surface and holding a sponge-like substance within which was now thoroughly soaked with the liquid chemical compounds which it had been floating in for several hours.

"This is the primer only - but very important

BLUEBIRD

nonetheless - the chemical dosage liberal and entirely necessary for a successful outcome according to our prior tests - facilitating a numbness of the body and, to a degree, an imperviousness to pain which will allow for the more pointy end of the experiment to be facilitated without any possibility for error."

The proctor giggled to himself at his own pun, before staring at the nurse, making sure that he was dutifully transcribing his words into the log. Seeing the nurse furiously scribbling record into the ratty notebook previously held in the pocket of his equally tattered lab coat and, somewhat satisfied, the proctor continued.

"The primer will be administered in such a fashion as to allow for the most thorough assimilation of the chemical into the bloodstream - containing a core active compound synthesized by the engineer himself, along with a proprietary blend of my own design. This method of administering has, thus far, proved much more effective than oral administration and, as such, has become the gold standard if you will in this stage of the process."

Parting the girl's buttocks carefully with one hand, with the other he inserted the suppository into her anus once nearly fully in placing an extended finger into the opening at the bottom of the bullet-shaped device depressing the sponge-like material within creating an excretion of the chemical blend as the object moved fully in, then completely enveloped itself within the patient's entrails.

"The only sound from the patient was a slight inhalation of breath upon initial insertion, indicating

BLUEBIRD

once again the superiority in pliability of those bearing the sign of the black widow."

The proctor felt the girl go taut against him, her thighs crossed against his own growing rigid, then relaxing, yet still tense. He spread her cheeks again, gazing intently but then softening in countenance as he satisfied himself that the insert was not in danger of involuntary expectorating.

Reaching toward his surgical tray he cleared his throat, his esophagus suddenly constricted by dint of the amphetamines dripping downward, burning his internal flesh. His mouth curled into a sardonic leer. Burning, yet not burning near as bright as the stimulant which was now flaring within the entrails of his young patient.

A small vial in one hand and a very large needle in the other, the proctor went about the business of filling the latter, while holding forth both for the benefit of his soon to be erstwhile nurse assistant and more importantly for the internal files of the engineering center and his own office.

"Within my hand I now hold a .22 gauge syringe which shall be, upon preparations completed filling its ancillary container with the proper and decided upon dosage, inserted into the back of the neck of our patient. This stage of the process is the ignition switch, if you will, of the stellate anglion activator - the chemicals upon depressing which will reach the ball of nerves situated at the bottom of the neck and top of the spinal column, their influx which will facilitate immediate and unnatural growth of the nerve extensions, creating sudden stress prompts in the subject."

BLUEBIRD

As the nurse continued transcribing his report, the proctor wrenched his right calf around the legs of the girl, pinioning her further across his knees and then grabbed a handful of her hair in further restraint and clearance of the target area before stabbing the medical needle deep into her neck, depressing the syringe with a grunt as he watched a sudden rash of red marks emerge upon the skin in a one quarter-inch circle around the place of injection.

One eye of the girl began fluttering uncontrollably, signifying that the narcotic had met the sweet spot and, upon feeling the thrumming on the left side of her body, the proctor slammed the needle, now withdrawn, onto the tray, reaching several fingers and dipping them into the glass container of liquid amphetamines upon the same once again, hastily rubbing the liquid against his lips then slurping the remaining moisture from his fingers in a perverse suckling.

He motioned to the nurse with a nod of his head and his assistant, setting aside his notebook, brought forth a small wooden paddle, easily wieldable - thick in width, stain slightly dark, yet fresh, drilled with half-inch holes along the Spencer disciplinary model, beveled on one side and flat upon the other.

The proctor began spanking the little girl upon his lap in firm, hard smacks, his right leg still pinioning her own, his free hand depressing against her upper back in premeditation of the struggling which would soon ensue. With each smack the flesh of the patient's buttocks reddened more than appreciably, unnaturally so, the blood internally swelling to the surface in bright red

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patches commensurate to the application of the paddle yet enhanced and accelerated far beyond what would be considered normative. Into the thirteenth or fourteenth application a disturbing sigh began to emanate from the little girl's mouth and her legs began to kick abjectly, akin to the effects of a seizure.

Dribblings of white foam began to curl down the girl's mouth and chin and the proctor began to feel that her skin was now hot to the very touch, beyond fever in temperature.

Eyebrows arching dramatically the proctor reared the wooden paddle far behind his head and then began raining down in earnest with insanelly cruel, unmerciful strikes, over and over, causing pinprick bloody contusions to appear upon the surface of her skin, the girl now bucking wildly, so much so that the proctor's hold on her, limb against dual limbs, was becoming compromised.

"Bring the goggles!" the proctor snarled to his nurse, now heedless of protocol as the little girl struggled about furiously upon his lap as he continued the punishment cycle of the process, building physical and psychological fear upon reigning fear, the slaps of the flat wood now audibly infused with the extra resonance of the blood beginning to flow upon the surface of the implement as it smacked down in extra adherence to naked flesh in resounding report, flecks of blood flying upward from the exposed flesh of the child then dissipating within the glow of the incoming morning sun.

"The lifeforce, and at its fullest..." the proctor hissed, watching the blood waft and intermingle with the dust

BLUEBIRD

floating in the air, sliding the blood-stained paddle onto the surgical tray at his side, pulling the black goggles over his eyes as his nurse did also.

A little over four feet tall, body now burning itself slowly from the inside whilst on the exterior youthful legs kicked, bucking past her handler, blood sluicing down her thighs and lubricating the sickening flow of limbs scissoring in bodily protestation, wetting and smearing the crude mark of the black widow spider upon her inner thigh in crimson, the patient stared into the white radiant abyss that suddenly opened before her.

All that the patient saw as the nurse slid back the corrugated metal door facing her were the arcs of burning white hot phosphorous within, careening chaotically off the concrete walls - her white radiant abyss, her escape - her path of flight, now open. She jumped suddenly from the lap of the proctor, her bloodied legs in brutal response of the full stellate anglion activation now in place easily overpowering his now only cosmetic ministrations at restraint. She ran frantically, leaving bloody footprints across the floor, fleeing into the lethal white light. As soon as she had entered the nurse slammed the door sideways and shut once again, clamping it secure with a white metal locking mechanism and then throwing open the observation window, protected with high-test industrial clear glass, to which he and the proctor gathered, goggles still intact, and watched carefully as their experiment reached its terminal conclusion.

The burning phosphorous had been dropped from portholes atop the chamber, which was built inside an

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old shipping container that had been moved beside the internal office space within the engineering center, the door modified, cut and put into place, the interior fortified with concrete slabs. The proctor had enacted the experiment several times now since the chamber had been installed and the ordnance had been available to him, alternating with various techniques in times prior but now finding the current method to be the most satisfying and yielding the most viable laboratory evidence.

As the proctor began to drone audibly in aftermath, his gleeful mood barely masked by his pretense of being scholarly, recounting the last stages of the punishment cycle for the record and describing the bodily effects that were likely taking place within the young girl's physicality internally by dint of the dosing as well as externally by the application of the phosphorous, the nurse struggled to keep his eyes upon the pages of his notebook as he wrote, his notations becoming indecipherable scrawls as he stared through his goggles and into the glass window of the chamber, watching as the blood dripping down the girl's limbs began to sizzle and then boil. With each filament of the burning allotrope that set down upon the flesh of the patient the skin began to flare, burning quickly into fat and flesh and then bone. As the black widow programmed engineering center produced human slowly fell to the floor, bowing down like falling ash, the proctor turned his head from the window in disgust as the smokescreen created by the burning incendiary concealed further vision of the figure within.

BLUEBIRD

"Highly inconclusive, highly inclusive!" he exclaimed to the nurse, shaking his head emphatically. "The ventilation is still subpar, as is the observable peregrinations of the internal processes taking place once the patient has fled. Another, we must have another, and on the double!" The proctor's body shook violently, rapt in mania, and the nurse ran in the opposite direction toward the office door proper, where a hushed conversation ensued followed by the screams of an eighteen-year-old youth, arms grasped tightly by two masked internal security personnel as he was led toward the entrance to the proctor's examining room.

The proctor laughed, fingers entwining across his chest as he peered across the office as the second test subject of the day was led in.

"A male of the species!" the proctor crooned in a sickening and perverse inflection as he eyed now the human resource which been brought forward. "How delightful!"

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CHAPTER 21

Wendy watched as the vision slowly faded within the waters of the diseased pool, image of the male figure in the white lab coat dispersing amidst the fell miniscule tide that played out with the quickening of the wind within the forest, further obscured and then finally disappearing altogether under the shadows of the mutated plants which grew around the pool - their unnatural shapes, colors and unknown genus a result of long poisoned earth - the telltale signs of the commandant's apocalyptic wrath visible even in the most would-be natural of growing things. Yet the vegetative life, like the human - and those edging toward something beyond human - was testament to the horror that had been wrought down to the very cellular level of all that remained and all that would remain - a distortion, an abomination, of that which once was.

A small tear trickled down a young cheek as Wendy watched the vision fade - the dripping liquid becoming for a brief moment crystalline in the abnormal light of the shade of the lieutenant's murdered victim which had accompanied her and led her to this spot.

She considered how drastically things had changed - and for the worse - since she and the lieutenant had

BLUEBIRD

departed the commander's headquarters after the proof of treasons within her husband's own ranks had been uncovered. The elation that they had mutually felt faded quickly, like the dissipating mist of a summer dawn. The lieutenant's own resolve, amplified by the killing of the intelligence officer and the more egregious of the traitors, provided no lasting succor as he found himself for all effective purposes a persona non grata on the official level, making the days leading up to the rally even more tedious than the prior waiting. He was being forced into exile - and Wendy with him.

Wendy felt another tear drift down her cheek but not for the lieutenant; though she possessed much affection for him she found her perception more than altered here in the depths of the poisoned forest - the beyond - in the company of the shade as the shadows lengthened in the land's promise of coming darkness.

A thin, curious voice emanated from the glowing orb that housed the shade - so different than the inhuman laughter that the so recently slain had used to taunt the lieutenant, her murderer.

The shade spoke with tenderness - and curiosity - as well as agenda for she by the lieutenant's own hands had been delivered to the very embrace of the Great Demon and already there was much to see, much to know.

"There, there, moonflower" the thin voice whispered, the area around the diseased pool becoming warmer as the orb began to glow more intensely, enveloping their immediate area in a soft, golden light.

"Why do you cry, little one, the man in the white coat?" the shade queried - knowing well the answer and

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Wendy fought back a snuffle and responded in a voice so slow and soft that no one but the shade - a creature unnatural - would have been able to hear it.

"My father."

"The proctor your father, ah!" the shade cooed with a delight that Wendy herself found almost inappropriate, not knowing that she had never known her own.

The waters of the pool began to shift, then the golden illumination ensconcing their sanctuary began to dim. The orb of the shade moved closer and then closer still to the tear-streaked face of the little girl in the organizational uniform before her and then from the shade her thin, ghostly voice spoke once again.

"First things first - unnatural things are afoot. What of your husband?"

Wendy nodded, involuntarily, toward the shifting waters of the pool and then - she recalled.

CHAPTER 22

"You are going to suffer, you filth!"

The lieutenant loomed over Wendy, his face contorted in deranged rage, spittle expectorating from betwixt clenched jaws and catching in his thick black mustache as each word was emphasized with the unmistakable promise of violence. Gaubni himself was his adviser now, speaking words of instruction that only the lieutenant could hear - transmitting his satanic directives directly into the lieutenant's mind. Only through horror could the Great Demon be propitiated - and on this night the woods would resound with the bleak screams of molestation and torture.

Dark forces were afoot in the land as the combined martial forces of the organization lurched towards the borders of their territory - creeping death which would result in mass culling employing new measures terrible in their properties and destructive in purpose. All that could be leveraged in the multi-faceted campaign was being leveraged, evidentiary in the fact that the myriad internal security, intelligence, shock troops and cult recruiters had left the commander's headquarters with visions of the commander and commandant both freshly emblazoned within their visions - the gods-in-flesh-

BLUEBIRD

bodies appearing before them personally, blessing the machines of death and the grim butchers who wielded them.

From the hypercenter - that place where the rivers roiled and flesh melted - the skeletal finger of the commandant extended, sheathed in gleaming black, indicating with sickly intent the amassed sacrifice - its coordinates and properties - properties which would be made anew in her image, conditions which would be made extraordinary. The scorched earth itself served as the sacrificial abattoir in the foothills. Black figures swarmed across the land, a mobilization to which no counter-mobilization was possible.

The lieutenant and Wendy traveled not with the larger number of the troops, nor in the van, but rather alone - a cell of two only - the few remaining of his personal entourage who had not died by his own hands being abandoned back at the commander's headquarters. One plus Gaubni equaled a majority, a maxim to which the adherents of that particular cult adhered and as such the lieutenant considered their present formation to be even more than adequate. His own associates had long been reduced to what would be considered by any estimation fighting lean - now the two of them, himself and Wendy only, perched upon the very edge of the razor in the wake of recent treachery - survival at the grace of their shared patron demon, no safeguards in place, their only real security being a penchant for evil without limits.

Their route followed the progress of the troops albeit in a

convoluted, lateral main road that through the old and often insular Wendy had observed the nerve-center as the case made which were the lieutenant's preferences as they had unfolded far novel in their any retinue which gave her opponents most observed her wedding in to the engineer exclusively in the shacks where he extracted.

She felt that the lieutenant more the intensity of exacting reliance multiple trained more blasphemous nomenclature and company of or boundaries. The quintessence of unconscionable and profane beyond

BLUEBIRD

convoluted, labyrinthine fashion - keeping well off the main road that led from the commander's headquarters through the old national forest and avoiding the lone and often insane cultists of innumerable stripes which Wendy had observed before during her trek inward to the nerve-center of the organization - cultists which were as the case may be riddled with intelligence operatives which were to be avoided at all costs, given the lieutenant's present position and posture to recent events as they had unfolded. Wendy had found their travel thus far novel in that they alone shared it, unencumbered by any retinue whatever their genuine loyalty, and in that it gave her opportunities for intense observations into vistas most obscure - her own memory to date prior to her wedding in the tunnel of the Great Demon relegated to the engineering center and then increasingly almost exclusively in the corrugated metal Quonset huts and shacks where her services and favors were forcefully extracted.

She felt that in their shared journey thus far the lieutenant more so than ever relied on her, not merely in the intensity of her being his life-mate, but a full and exacting reliance in that she now took the place of multiple trained organizational personnel - a help meet more blasphemous than biblical in import and nomenclature and inhabiting an environment and in the company of one whose severity knew no natural boundaries. The unnatural was the purview and quintessence of the Great Demon - his appetites unconscionable in even their lightest of applications, profane beyond all reason in earnest. On this night of

BLUEBIRD

nights - what would be her very own dark night of the soul - she would experience the limits and move beyond - her humanity broken irrevocably and the lieutenant, her husband, becoming another link in that chain of terror wrought and refined in that hellish interdimensional force to whom she had been conscripted. The wood wind blew, and terror ensued.

Garment by garment Wendy was denuded of her clothing - she knew this drill, and more often than not revealed in it - though the hideous strength which the lieutenant forcibly emanated and her precognition and empathy spelled something beyond the ordinary afoot, make or break. She had gone this far - driven by the vagaries of fate and the iron-clad concourse of personal destiny - the collective element still to be revealed, waiting in the wings like fell birds of prey, harbingers of dark occult knowledge. When the veil was pulled back, was she ready to receive the wisdom that would be revealed? That revelation would not come on this night - though much else would - her constitution reset, accelerated and altered - a vessel primed for awareness of all that had been and all that would be - in a dark future spread before her, a hunting and field of culling like none other before.

It was this that Wendy focused upon as the cold chill southern winter air enveloped her naked body - her flesh strangely unmarked comparatively to certain times within her sojourn with the lieutenant in the far lands, the lieutenant having slaked his lust and exercised his nearly unbound penchant for punishment and torture freely within the width and breadth of the rally grounds

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at headquarters and the inhabiting demographics therein, many of them fresh arrivals. That at the very least had been a liberty which he had been afforded, the fall from officialdom inclusive. She knew that Gaubni demanded much of him and it was the lust of the demon that was slaked as well in the lieutenant's varied and ultimately sadistic moves for satisfaction with his own physiology utilized as proxy - for who could provide as an earthly emissary one like unto him, as equal in bloodshed and applied cruelty in his name?

The thorns began to spread about her, the ground itself and the branches of the trees far above her raising up and curling downward, the snap of branches interspersed with the flora which grew upon it suddenly and anomalously availing itself of the breathing body which inhabited its range of activity and desire. Black thorns, inset with reddish tips at the base, jagged and pointy attached to cord-like chains of thick vine encircled her and lifted her upward, the bondage and piercings of which contorted her naked body into increasingly more helpless and obscene positions of vulnerability.

Upon apprehension of the Great Demon's presence, the lieutenant fell to his knees upon the ground, his eyes rolling back into his head as foam poured from his mouth and excreta and waste poured from his orifices now rendered slack - his consciousness unaware and in another place as the corded bonds of the forest now alive curled around the little girl at the center of Gaubni's attentions, he blinded and within the throes of hallucinations of an existence upon an astral wasteland as the razor-like tips of the thorns pierced the naked

BLUEBIRD

body of little Wendy from every angle, droplets of gore pooling in her midnight black hair as she was lifted further aloft - the initial binding creating a seal, a pact of devilry and supreme human transgression as dangerous currents began to churn within the blood.

As the tightness of the bonds reached its zenith point and commensurately the tautness of her flesh - exposed, pierced and with every possible point of entry revealed with little left to the imagination - the lieutenant began to regain consciousness, though not normative by any stretch. He had been to that very special place - that far alien landscape, secret, harsh and clandestine, one amidst billions of similar arcane domiciles, where Gaubni communed with his faithful in his own personal form, even more intimate than the blasphemous idol that sat as ever-waiting threat within the stumhouse tunnel, and the horrific energies traveled with him - back from the very brink of sanity - to be unleashed with reckless application most brutal upon the earthly plane.

Wendy's mouth hung agape as fresh salty tears streamed down her face though she fought the impetus of facial movement and movement altogether that the pain which coursed through her demanded - for any movement would only increase her torment, digging the black thorns deeper into her flesh, causing the vines upon which they were borne - tactile and sensate - to wind themselves tighter still, for they also, as filaments of Gaubni's will and horrible power, reveled in the torture of his chosen.

Like a hallucination become real, one of the cragged yet still cruelly green branches of the hardwood closest

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to the lieutenant lowered itself toward him - he apprehending the phenomena with unconcealed glee and she, Wendy, viewing the scene with dread premeditation of the further horrors that awaited her on this night of all nights - Gaubni's night - where she would be married again in pain and brutal transfiguration to not only the lieutenant but the Great Demon himself in an incestuous and blasphemous union - how incestuous yet to be revealed.

Eyes respectively glaring wide with premeditation of coming sadism and peeled back in fear of the terror to ensue, Wendy watched as the lieutenant grasped the thick branch of the tree within one of his vascular and iron muscled hands, not needing to apply his force to procure the instrument which had been unnaturally proffered to him as the branch separated itself cleanly at the base. Clean only for a time, for within minutes that base would rape little Wendy - the thickish circumference supernaturally separated from the limb - betwixt separated and exposed buttocks and there between the target of a very bestial lust. As the core of the implement thrust again and again deeply into her anus, the lieutenant holding it above his head in an overhand position then coming down like a dagger, necessary due to the way that the thorned vines had arranged themselves about her, ever higher. Her soft round posterior was bloodied to its edges as the three purposefully spaced thorns pierced and then with the base of the strong vine acting as ballast pulling and ever pulling - offering herself more and more predominantly, her sodomy a sacrament.

BLUEBIRD

With several hundred insertions behind him the lieutenant pulled out the base of his wooden whip with a slick, audible motion, the little girl's rectum lubricated with its own filth and the inevitable bleeding by dint of the inherent roughness of the instrument - given to the lieutenant by Gaubni himself, its awarding as much an omen of a nature most fell as it was a dispensation - an instrument of horrible properties promising horrible fates awaiting the one who had and would wield it further and the recipient of its ministrations, beyond cruel.

Now within the throes of his own lusts as directed by his patron demon, the lieutenant placed a profane kiss upon the exposed and disturbingly opened path of sodom of his young bride, the filth and blood which seeped from within her commingling with the froth that covered his mouth and dripped from his thick black mustache. Withdrawing and then circling her as would a predator its prey, the lieutenant forced the dripping base of the branch into Wendy's pursed mouth - watching with glee as her soft lips wrapped around the base of the implement, delighting in the soft sounds of choking as he forced the wooden base inch by inch to the place where mouth ended and throat began - causing the nauseating liquid of her own brutal sodomy to seep involuntarily downward.

The beating that followed was a revelation for them both but most transformative and revelatory for Wendy herself - as the inhuman strength with which the lieutenant wielded Gaubni's own instrument necessitated a strength even more inhuman to endure.

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Blood flew from the lashings of the whip, supersonic in their delivery, scarring her body beyond any measure that it had been mutilated before by dint of the strange and obscene contortions of her physicality that the twisting thorns had facilitated and the dread might with which the lieutenant laid them on. Blood still continued to seep not only from the wounds of her sodomy but from the stripes which burned themselves onto her flesh, and thus assuaged the incomprehensible appetites of the Great Demon. More onerous than even this were the wounds which could not be seen - small bones fractured, internal organs inflamed by the blood poisoning caused by the poison seals of the fully embedded reddened thorns. Wendy found herself hobbled for days after as she painfully limped along behind the lieutenant, attempting to march apace with his oftentimes breakneck pace despite the winding, circuitous route which they had taken to the experimental region. At the moment that the punishment had come to its completion however, as the vines bearing her body and suspending her aloft slowly lowered in a disturbing fashion before placing her upon the surface of the earth and then releasing, withdrawing, all she could see was her own eyes - from a vantage point above - in her world but somehow beyond it - a mirror into what she was then and what she soon would be.

CHAPTER 23

Wendy looked down upon the waters of the pool, her last vision being her own eyes on that night looking up at her - a communion self to self - seemingly separated by time which had folded into itself, becoming one in that moment, whether by the properties of the oracle afforded to her by the shade or by Gaubni himself, the three of them now - including the shade - a triumvirate acting in concert.

Wendy pulled her knees up against her chest, her tears flowing freely now in the remembrance that the shade had forced her to revisit - an episode of torment which she still bore so many weeks after, the rigors to which she had been subjected not easily set aside.

Though the posture and disposition of the shade indicated compassion, in what little Wendy could discern from the nature of what amounted to at least in visible and audible comprehension as an orb of light, from which emanated a thin voice of a child slightly younger than she herself now disincorporate - the blood of whom still lay fresh upon her corpse back at the base of the wreckage and refuse in the more cultivated parts of the experimental areas, and even then, inhabiting the periphery - she herself felt only horror. Pain which she had previously endured had been forcibly revisited

BLUEBIRD

upon her and for this she did not feel grateful in the slightest.

She wondered, however, at the sight of the one long forgotten - her father - the proctor - there in the engineering center still, if the vision before the last had been current, indicating that he still went about his insane work and insane experiments there in the engineering center. The memories of the source of her conception were vague at best though in the few instances in which she had encountered the proctor in times which she could readily remember he was adamant in indicating that he was her sire.

There was no love to be had in such remembrances, though she was curious as to the fact that he had not availed himself of molestation of his own daughter, Wendy herself - a dubious pleasure to which most of the men there at the engineering center would have readily executed, the furtherance of incest being not only an ever-present proclivity but in fact an organizational mandate in the cause of blood purity. His attentions had laid elsewhere - in the furtherance of his research predominantly, an obsession itself, and in sexual liaisons with males of his own age - the proctor's uranian orientation set in granite. In this she had been spared her father's touch but comparatively with zero familial holds had been thrown to the snarling dogs - used and abused at will by all and sundry in the evil and chaotic environment that was the engineering center. The only silver lining in this situation had been that the dynamic in place had set her squarely on the path in which she had come face to face with the one that would become

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her husband. Even that, now, was in the by and by - for she was now, by her own choice, in another environment and in the company of one altogether other - far enough now into the forest bordering the wilderness and perhaps in the preliminary areas of the wilderness itself that even the shrieks of madness emanating from the lieutenant could now no longer be heard.

"It is time to discover your origins - the bloodline," spoke the shade, her ghostly voice causing the tears upon Wendy's face to become chill.

"Let me take you back to the beginning."

Wendy wiped the tears from her eyes, now cold and sickeningly slick against her face, her weeping now ceased as beneath her the current of the small pool once again began to shift disturbingly, the faintest visions of figures within becoming slowly visible. Wendy's head tilted for better vantage of the vision which was now ready to present itself to her, and then the shade spoke again, and for the last time.

"What of your mother?"

CHAPTER 24

Sadie kicked her feet and struggled against her mother's firm grasp over her back, inhaling violently as Mommy began smacking her pale, taut little thighs - a warning to Sadie that she should do as mother told - to take her punishment, like a big girl.

Sadie was a big girl, all of twelve, and lived in the fallout shelter there down the rough concrete hatch and through subsequent tunnel, strewn with rubble, that led to the chamber which she shared with her mother.

That said, she was often alone - Mommy spending most of her time, including many days and nights entirely absent, there in the farm house beyond the field but still visible from the hatch, the structure sitting upon a lonely plains hillside, more a barn than a house.

"Sadie, you are getting a sound smacking on your bottom because you broke the rules!"

Year after year, a collocation of grinding days into months, Sadie would hear the words or semblance of them as the iron-like, powerful hands of her mother rained down crack upon resounding crack on her bared naked cheeks, resounding shame as she stared, face and eyes wettened with tears, upon the filth encrusted plastic

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lamine frame inside of which was a photograph of the commandant.

Sadie's mommy, Sadie knew well, knew the commandant and, unlike produced, artistic images utilized by other cultists, the image within the frame upon which Sadie now stared was an actual photograph - her mommy had taken it herself many years ago at a secret base while on a secret assignment; the rest of the details Sadie knew not.

With a painful matronly grip upon her ear and a last admonishment Sadie was given leave and withdrew herself from her mother's lap, nearly tripping in a humiliating dance as her small black shorts pooled at her ankles - taking several halting steps forward then falling to her knees in supplication before the photograph of the commandant.

The photograph was a blasphemous relic - sacred to the cult - Sadie doubted that many cultists except a few surviving from formidable days and these more than likely very high-tier in station knew of its existence. Blasphemous in that it represented - and glorified - the death of the planet and all that that had entailed and did entail.

For where others, suffering as suffer they must in the decades since the nuclear wars, sought to bring some semblance of normality back to existence, albeit in a ruined and now thoroughly unnatural world, the organization only sought to bring all down to rub their faces in the very smell of sulfur upon scorched earth - glorying in the catastrophe, death and chaos of the past and seeking to go beyond even that - not an ascent but

rather a full new levels of ever creative.

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rather a full-throttled descent at breakneck speed into new levels of subterranean hellishness, ever evolving, ever creative.

Sadie looked to the commandant - the source of all that she knew in the desolate windswept landscape of the plains, of her life, of her mother - the only other human she had ever remembered knowing other than herself. She knew that Mommy communicated to the outside for Mommy was a technician - it was that and the deductions Sadie had made as to why they had, year after long year, cohabited together alone in such bleak isolation presumably far, far away from the areas where the commander made his headquarters and where the commandant dwelt in her secret, punitive dungeons beneath the fortress-like infrastructure of the former federal penitentiary.

From the photograph Sadie could ascertain some degree of geographic demarcation. Behind the commandant could be seen the deep-green boughs of high trees growing straight up from the ground, their greenery swaying in a much lesser wind than the area here attached to tall pines - "pine needles" her mother had told her, with a smile, upon her inquiry as a toddler so many years back, inquisitive about a foliage not seen in the land of her home. Flanking either side of the copse of evergreen forest was the near as high crossed metal fencing topped with layers upon layers of concertina wire, shimmering still in still depiction despite the graininess of the photograph.

Sadie knew that these locales were to the east - far to

BLUEBIRD

the east. The area in which the photograph was taken, further east even than the commander's headquarters, was set upon a small inlet - a peninsula point - an area which had been key in the organization's development even prior to the wars.

To the west, the areas beyond the bunker, the old farm house and the endless dreary plains, were the areas that had once housed the missile silos - points of nuclear departure for a government long dead.

These areas had been obliterated by atomic bombs - yet only after shortly prior those same missile silos had dispatched their own terrible projectiles bearing lethal payloads - hurtling into the atmosphere and traversing country and sea before effecting just as ghastly death upon those - enemies then, both victims, now - thousands of miles away. None now knew the fate of those lands, also destroyed, but Sadie could imagine that it was also as horrific - perhaps even more so - than the horror that had enveloped North America.

As Sadie stared into the photograph - the candid effect somehow making the commandant seem even more dangerous and so much more real than the photo-realistic representations on the small devotional cards widely disseminated by the cult recruiters, of which she had several - she felt the hands of her mother upon her shoulders, gently pressing her down so that her reddened buttocks rested on her heels and the black cloth of her shorts situated about her ankles. Sadie lowered her hands, thus far having been pressed together in prayer before the commandant, lowering

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them to her thighs and taking a long, shuddering breath, choking back her sobs.

Sadie felt the hot breath of her mother upon her neck, then the feel of Mommy's wet tongue licking the salty tears from her face, kissing them away before hands began to snake their way up her shirt, beneath the tight-fitting black fabric grasping breasts nearly flat, small due to Sadie's youth though stunted in development by the near starvation level rations which the wilderness plains yielded only in fits and starts and requiring maximum effort at procurement for near minimum survival yield.

Now within her pubescence Sadie's eyes rolled back into her head in pleasure, the exhalation of her choking breath the result of another sensation - pain and pleasure melded together in an increasingly heady synthesis, one which she had known for many years by dint of her mother's strict disciplinarian nature and almost as equal penchant for molestation, yet one which was becoming ever more potent due to her own hormonally driven psycho-physical development.

"Open your eyes, dearest darling - look to the commandant, imagine that it is she feeling you, for she is your real mother - the mother of us all, now..."

Mommy punctuated the last word with a sharp pinch of Sadie's nipple, which brought Sadie to alertness with a soft gasp and then, obedient to her mother's request, she stared forth into the image once again - that same image into which she had stared for thousands upon thousands of hours in similar circumstances in that same place, so familiar, so bleak, yet always revelatory due to their shared love - their cohabitation - their

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incestuous existence as mother and daughter, as disciplinarian and disciplined, as sisters and co-conspirators.

Sadie brought her arms up to massage her mother's own as they caressed her, thin fingers grasping thin yet tightly muscled arms and then withdrawing - Sadie's arms extending upward as her mother removed her shirt and knelt behind her - the sensation of her mother's uniform slowly, sensually grinding against her, arms entwining around Sadie's middle in a matronly, sisterly, loving embrace which made the tears begin to fall again from the daughter's eyes - not this time in pain but in rapturous melding together.

Sadie stared at the photograph of the commandant, crossing her own arms back over her mother's as she stared with now choking sobs at the image of the commandant - the commandant's arms so like her mother's own, her stature so similar - so selfsame, minus that regal attire of apocalyptic dread which attired the former.

"She is watching you, dearest Sadie, she is watching you - you holding her, she holding you. It is her own voice that you hear now, dear girl."

Emotions rose ever further within Sadie at her mother's words - her command prompt - yet as she stared at the image of the commandant, in obedience outwardly yet rife with intrigue within her own self internally, she wondered to what depths her mother's words were cult psycho-drama and to what degree they might, beyond all cult manipulation - beyond that which was effective, but deceptive - be truth.

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Sadie ran her hands down against mommy's forearms, her tactile fingertips fluttering over the musculature thereupon, whilst staring, firmly, tears now beginning to dry, the analytical portion of her mind subsuming emotions ever more lusty and heated, upon the physicality of the commandant in the photograph.

Was not the posture, the haughtiness intermingled with grimness most profound, not that of her own mother - that biological mother which knelt behind her now?

She slid her hands across her mother's arms as they gripped her, pressed upon youthful breasts, surveying her mother's arms by touch - fingertips tracing upon lines of muscle separation and the tell-tale scars of years gone by - considering, assessing.

Insofar as Sadie could tell, the proportions were identical.

Was it? Could it be?

Her thoughts were interrupted as Mommy withdrew her arms and pressed one firm hand upon her upper back - pushing her forward so that Sadie's hands now were planted on the rough concrete floor of the bunker, naked buttocks still situated upon heels but now thrust out even more obscenely - Mommy licking her lips apprehending the comparative fatness of her daughter's posterior, now so accentuated by the posture so induced, in comparison to the otherwise emaciated human frame.

Sadie shuddered involuntarily as her mother began to knead her buttocks, yet still wrenching her

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consciousness toward the image of the commandant.
There, the splayed fingers upon utility belt bearing
myriad instruments of lethality and torment, now - upon
her exposed naked young flesh - the same.

"Say her name, Sadie, say it!" growled Mother, as she
depressed one hand further still in pressure upon the
small of her daughter's back, causing Sadie to thrust her
posterior out even more obscenely.

Another matronly hand raised high in the air behind
her then crashed down outstretched upon one buttock,
then another, fingers splayed, reddening the already
thoroughly crimson flesh.

After each strike, according to instruction, Sadie
shouted out the name of the commandant - amazed even
after all this time how the iron-like hands of her mother,
they alone, were capable of inflicting such pain - their
foul touch more painful in fact than any instrument and
implement of punishment that her mother sometimes
seldomly wielded. Her mother's physical strength
seemingly inhuman - her propensity for discipline and
incest nearly insatiable.

Tears fell down like rain as she shouted the name of
the commandant - high-strung emotion at her realization
intermingling with the pain of discipline - for she knew
now, within herself, without a doubt, that it was her
mother that she saw in that old photograph. The
evidence of another life beyond the plains.

Had she herself been born there, in that strip of
bomb-scarred land on that peninsula point, ensconced
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afraid - in order to hide the pregnancy or, perhaps, a shared mission - part responsibility and part consequence - a secret assignment, in isolation, in a secret place?

Snaps of vision entered in Sadie's mind betwixt and amidst the cracks of mommy's hands upon her naked flesh and her screams of the name - commandant.

The black-clad arms placed haughtily upon the side of either black-clad thigh, head situated within a peculiar, pointed black mask reared back in disdain and hatred - the hallucinatory drifting forward and back of the pine needles in the wind.

Sadie began to laugh to herself internally as she saw herself flying like a bat, her vision its vision, through the landscapes of the grid - throughout the rural Perquimans County night there on the point - drifting, unnaturally, throughout the hot sky in the areas behind the gates, behind mother commandant, where the landscape was suffused in the blackest of clandestine elements, as testament by the festering, burning craters of exploded ordnance - where the black vans carried their horrible cargo hither and thither, testing the ways in which death could be effected by mechanical assassination delivered by human hand.

She saw the ruins of mock compounds, walls blackened and crumbling, facsimiles of actual residences which were now only cinder and ash thousands of miles across the violent waters of the Atlantic and interior seas closer to target. She saw non-nondescript black vehicles carrying deadly cargo quietly to various drab buildings bearing within horrible secrets, centers of testing.

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experimentation and vast conspiracy funded by pallets of non-traceable cash bearing randomized serial numbers upon each bill. On the coast of the point, the brackish waters of the sound lapping up against concrete bulwarks, the point of launch for training exercises of a clandestine maritime nature. Sadie saw all these things, through the eyes of the bat, as she flittered and spun across the darkening twilight of the point.

Slowly she came to her waking consciousness in her own body, the first sounds being that of the mother's hands striking her naked flesh with open palms and the second being her own voice, which now no longer shouted nor spoke the name of the mother commandant but elicited gibberish in low, garbled tones as the realization struck her, the mechanism of the secret unlocked by that which she had seen in her discorporate, shape-shifting form.

Mother leaned into her then, hands ceasing to strike but cradling, lovingly caressing her daughter's form as it instinctively, involuntarily leaned back into her own - pale white back resting upon the front of mother's black BDU uniform jacket - mother's mouth and lips leaning toward Sadie's ear and depressing upon the same in a single profane, incestuous kiss.

She whispered then to her daughter, in the inhuman voice indicative of cult recruiter training - yet this voice in fact the voice of the very one whom the cult recruiters trained to serve and emulate, the depth and potency of which caused reverberations throughout the bunker causing Sadie's internal organs to vibrate disturbingly, heart beating arrhythmically, intestines boiling.

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"You are right, my dear child... so very right..." mother purred, her long, outstretched fingers petting Sadie's hair absently.

"Now you know our secret, and the secret that is us. Never forget it, daughter - never, ever forget it."

Sadie heard the spoken words of her mother turning from the distorted cult voice into the unintelligible sounds of harsh electronic distortion and the audible report of machinery grinding into itself violently - screeching, destructive, horrible.

As her eyes fluttered open amidst her sobs and rapture, Sadie could see mother commandant's eyes upon her, bestial, sensual lips curled back in a satanic grin which transformed into a hellish leering as eyes locked with Sadie's own.

The hand that had caressed her hair snaked down, nails scratching downward across naked sides before curling beneath Sadie's bottom, one finger, then two, then three, inserting themselves cruelly into her daughter's rectum. Sadie shook her head violently at the sudden molestation, a physical reaction as was the violent blood rushing to her face, tear ducts opening unnaturally and pouring salty water of life upon the wettened, crimson flesh.

With her other hand mother commandant grasped Sadie's arm and placed it so that her daughter's hand rested upon her sex, mother's own expert hand guiding her daughter's so that it might find that place which would most please her - Sadie.

"Touch yourself while I am punishing you," growled Mommy - part question, coyly stated, part command - all

BLUEBIRD

threat.

Mother punctuated this statement with a deeper thrusting into her daughter's entrails, causing Sadie to gasp then gasp again as she reactively began inserting her own fingers into her vagina, matching her masturbation rhythmically with the thrusts of her mother's long fingers thrusting sadistically and brutally into her backside.

Painful at first yet pain turning into disturbing pleasure Sadie began bucking against her mother's sodomy, her own fingers fluttering across her now wet, slick sex and aching clitoris in blurring speed as she remembered the fluttering of the bat and the careening, humid landscape of the point.

As her eyes closed and her mouth opened, panting for release as the sexual tension built, what sounded like the crackling of logs upon a fire seemed to be heard from far in the distance - above-ground - beyond the hatch. Gradually the sounds came closer and closer still until she realized that it was the sound of automatic gunfire - a sound beckoning back to her youngest childhood.

Mother withdrew instantly, gesturing that Sadie should dress and, bringing a long finger pressed against her cruel lips, still moist from incestuous sodomy, indicating that Sadie should remain silent.

Fear and confusion flooded her mind as Sadie pulled up her black shorts and buttoned them close. She had worn them for many more years now than she should and although they fitted over her starved belly her ever lengthening legs and the increasing curvatures of her pubescence caused a fit ultra-tight over her hips.

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stretched and causing the lower part of her buttocks, now angry red, to be exposed in salacious display.

The grating sound of steel upon concrete and the hatch was opened. Sadie looked back to her mother, both now standing, as Mother steadily backed toward the far wall, walking backward, her finger still upon lips, telling her to hush, her other hand held open at her side indicating that Sadie should remain stationary.

Tears began to fall down Sadie's face, lips quivering, as she looked to her mother, questioning, frightful. The sound of clattering came from the tunnel, from the hatch, something solid falling, bouncing down the rusted ladder along the concrete tube that led to the subterranean shelter.

A flash of light was followed immediately by a loud bang that reverberated deafeningly throughout the bunker, causing small bits of debris and rubble from the exit to the tunnel that led to the hatch to fly through the air, small rocks pummeling and embedding themselves into Sadie's body. As she fell to the floor, there on the grey unyielding surface beneath the image of the commandant where she had so recently received the revelations of a lineage most dread, she turned her head, now bloodied, hair matted in crimson and, through the smoke and dust, viewing for one last time, before unconsciousness took her, the figure of her mother - standing, eyes rapt and fierce, as black-clad individuals in organizational garb swarmed toward her. Sadie thought that she could see the curl of a smile upon her mother's mouth and then - all became black.

CHAPTER 25

When Sadie awoke she was no longer underground, but instead lying on the field of green grass just below the rise of the hill - the hatch several hundred yards aft and the barn, her mother's workshop, rising ominously in roughly the opposite direction.

She remembered little - neither being conveyed to such a place nor the aftermath since her vision had faded - but she remembered invasion, and she remembered what she had seen and what she had been told before the grenade exploded in her and her mother's lair.

As her waking consciousness asserted itself she winced painfully as she came to the apprehension of the many small chunks of rubble that had embedded themselves into her body. Sadie slowly raising herself and picking the shrapnel away, leaving small, bloody suppurations upon her flesh. More blood, but older, sticky to the touch, adorned her crown and large black and purple bruises adorned her head and the side of one leg.

The planned, domestic pain that her mommy had inflicted in what seemed now so long ago yet only in reality an instant past was nothing to the aching in her physicality that she now felt - physical and psychological shards of exploded chaos causing horrible torment upon

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body and mind, yet feral, enraged, she rose - surveying with an assessing eye the tell-tale signs of carnage which surrounded her. A blanket of smoke lay upon the land, several large areas of charred earth from localized explosions and the pock-marks of automatic gun fire penetrating the earth.

There was a palpable sense of nothingness as she surveyed the landscape - for while the signs of death-dealing ordnance were well apparent there was neither sign of victim nor of assailant.

As her eyes adjusted to the harshness of the exploded areas she could spy, in the distance, an area where flames flickered and from whence the smoke emanated - a charred, lifeless corpse, blackened with accents of grey ash as the flames erupted in spits and starts with the bursting of human fat.

A tearing, gripping sense of terror and dread wrenched Sadie's consciousness - a howl erupting from the depths of her guts as she ran, recklessly through the smoke, toward the immolation of the body.

From the lifeless form Sadie could feel the grin of death bearing down upon her - the shades of the inhabiting spirit winding their way through the flickering of flame and smoke, edging slowly toward her. She could feel those shades, those gangrenous clans of swarming, possessing undead entities entering her now through eyes, through the pores of flesh, through every orifice and through every psychological point of weakness, fear and paranoia which gripped her - the secret routes by which the undead would now take

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Sadie's eyes widened, widened and widened further still - her hands outstretched beside herself, shaking, face curling into a reddened visage of indescribable rage then letting out a howl as she flung herself upon the pyre, screaming the name of her mother, even as her mother watched - there, upon the hillside - a satanic grin curling across her face briefly before she turned, descending, her form disappearing upon the opposite side of the hill.

Before Sadie could hurt herself irrevocably there upon the burning embers several internal security members burst forth from behind several pieces of large rubble, grabbing her roughly by the arm and flinging her to the ground away from the flames. As two of them trained the gleaming points of their MP5 machine guns upon her head the other began smashing out of the fire of the funerary pyre and in so doing desecrating the charred corpse laying thereupon with one booted foot as the screeches of rage from Sadie resounded from behind him.

CHAPTER 26

Days went into days and then upon weeks and months as Sadie dwelt there, in the underground bunker and the area immediately around it, her mother presumed to be dead. The desecrated, smashed blackened corpse which had sent her the possessing spirits since toted away on the backs of hellish, goblin-like shock troopers to an area even closer to her position in a gesture of their mockery - every instance of death for them being an invitation to grisly revelry.

Days were lost as she wandered aimlessly, long hours spent in grief and mourning within the underground bunker - staring into the image on the altar of the commandant, which had been left unmolested, trying to recreate, futilely, the pastimes that she and mother commandant had spent.

In her mind Sadie believed her mother to be dead, but also held to the conviction that the spirits which had inhabited the corpse were now her own - and that her progenitor lived on within her, writhing through the most minute interstices of her DNA and RNA molecular structure.

There, in the plains, landscape rarely marked by the

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seldom tree, she could see the organizational forces watching - waiting - assessing. Upon one rise a black van, figures clothed in black uniforms and black masks, horrid goggles of vision attached to the latter, each one toting a lethal, greased automatic assault rifle in black-gloved hands. They stared down onto the small portion of plain surrounding the hatch hour after hour, day after day, week after week leading into months - changing shift every half day - guarding the pass.

On another rise were others, similar internal security units, as well as the black-robed cult recruiters who entered and exited at regular intervals through the doors of the old farmhouse upon the hill where her mommy had spent so many hours in secret, clandestine toil.

The supplies down in the bunker, always meager, began to dwindle very quickly without her mother providing and in the absence of mother's acumen for culling the needful from the land. Sadie knew that there were more supplies up at the old farmhouse, however her passage there was blocked - the few times that she had attempted to approach it she had been greeted with a warning volley of shots from the internal security personnel while still several hundred yards off, the earth ahead of her rupturing under rapid fire.

As the telltale signs of starvation slowly began to set in - long, manic conversations with an imagined form of her mother there, underground, and attempts to mimic her mother's own incestuous, sexual touches turning to horror as she watched as her skin became papery and hard to the touch while her sex began to become

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bloodied via extreme topical sensitivity - though her menses had long since ceased from malnutrition - at around that time the small care packages began to be left during the night on the plain not too far off from the opening of the hatch.

She wondered to herself as she opened the packages why they were coming now and why if they were to come at all had they been so very late in the coming - but she was not in a position to argue nor in a position to deny needful sustenance from whatever source. Still, she refused to walk toward the rise on the other hill opposite the farmhouse where the black vans waited and the cult recruiters stood, their black robes flapping in the wind - their lethal counterparts in internal security, black, masked and horribly anonymous standing point. Sadie had not sought the mercy nor favors of the contingent who had murdered her mother - though the undead shades which traveled with the lightning pacing of electrical bursts through the synapses of her brain spoke to her of plots within plots, secrets and conspiracies that indicated to her that she would not shake them despite their guarded truce.

When she found the first package she approached it with much caution - her first thought that it may very well be a concealed incendiary device to dispatch her in a burst of explosive fire much the same way she presumed that her mother had gone - a creative means to eradicate a potentially problematic witness, suicide by curiosity brought on by hunger. Sadie had crawled toward it, carefully, on her hands and knees - traveling through the swaying grass eyeing the small roundish

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package wrapped tightly in yellowing plastic and insured shut with fraying twine. Sadie watched, listened, then retreated, coming back with objects to throw at it from afar - then with a long antennae, remnants of her mother's work, to prod it from what she considered may possibly be a safe distance - though she wrapped her face in strands of black cloth she had found in the rubble of the bunker in case, a potential extra layer of protection, the flash bangs she had experienced in the bunker seared into and very fresh in her memory.

After some hours, as the day led into late afternoon with the promise of soon twilight, Sadie allowed herself in at long last procure the package - almost feeling the eyes of the cult recruiters there on the ridge staring down at her, mockingly, as they watched her long testing of the object, their bait. Sadie's face curled into a grimace as she approached the parcel - now standing upright on her own two feet once again - the black cloth she had worn upon her face now discarded, carried careening and absently away from her and the hatch in the ebb of the almost ever-present winds. Better to blow herself up than suffer the strag remote condescension of these murderers even one minute longer, she thought to herself.

She tested the package one last time, opening it slightly to reveal a trace of the contents and testing the tug and pull of the twine to ascertain if the opening might still yet trigger some mechanism - an explosive or trap, satisfied at last that the parcel was at least benign as an over level she cradled it into the nook of her arm, taking one last look toward the yonder hills.

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mustering and sending forth her most hateful glare toward the cult recruiters and their lackeys. Sadie turned and proceeded toward her subterranean home as the sun descended behind the western hills - a single tear dripping down her face as she premeditated another night alone - the feel and presence of her mother becoming ever more distant.

Once down the hatch, through the tunnel and into the bunker she situated herself, cross-legged, before the altar bearing the photograph of the commandant. Should her acceptance of the package be in error then she would let Mommy view her in her very folly, though in truth she had predominantly situated herself thus so that she could receive mother commandant's blessings and in a belief that the watchful eye from within the photograph itself might offer her some protection should all go not as planned.

Sadie pulled the twine away from the parcel with a few easy gestures, having already been loosened appreciably in her earlier, tentative explorations of the same there in the open under the sight of the organizational forces. With a trembling hand she drew back the layers of plastic to reveal a single gelatinous block, the color of steak, beside that a hardened piece of cured meat, ample in portion, along with three long and slender, yet substantial in content, bottles of clear liquid.

Severely dehydrated, her first go-to was one of the bottles - wrenching the cap from the top and upending it in large, hearty swallows - potential danger be damned. She felt no sense of tampering after she had drunk the

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liquid to its last drop, nothing more than water that she could ascertain, yet the sensation of the needful hydration - and the psychological surety of more to come, given that she had still two bottles left - left her reeling in an ecstasy that would easily mirror any drug. Sadie was now alive - and more so than before - that a signal to her and corroborated by those intelligences which dwelt within her that she was not the target for assassination by the cult recruiters and the organizational forces - not yet.

A tearing into the dried meat and her mouth salivated in recognition - human flesh. Charred, old and smoky yet still oily with fat. Sadie curled her fingers around either side of the flesh and buried her mouth into it, snarling ferally, purring, as the body meat replenished her, renewed her.

"More, more!" she growled, the last of the meat gliding downward, half-chewed, down her throat, her eyes wide and manic.

Another of the bottles of water was consumed and then Sadie began to sup upon the cube of gelatinous substance, nothing that she ever remembered from sight but which she could somehow grasp from some memory of very early youth in the experience of its consumption. The taste was much different than the human flesh, much more unnatural and strange in quality, yet she could tell that the block contained human proteins as well - rendered corpse-meat - diluted, transformed, blasphemously accelerated by the organization's own careful designs.

Before long that too had been consumed and, taking

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one tentative sip of the third bottle, she drifted, curled in the fetal position before the altar of the commandant, into a deep slumber, a new found strength now coursing through her body by dint of the sustenance so imbibed, visions of a future unknown manifesting from deep within her subconsciousness and then disappearing as quickly as they appeared while the indwelling shades counseled her, cruelly so, with prompts and ideas often contradictory in nature. All became black and she was far from waking apprehension as the sole internal security member crept down from the hillside - a black silhouette upon the plain - opening the hatch ever so carefully and inserting a small vial through the crack which, upon hitting the floor, began to exude a noxious, greenish smoke. Upon the hill the watching cult recruiters smiled.

CHAPTER 27

In the plains and there in the bunker days passed into days in the midst of what seemed to be an endless dark night of the soul, time passing in a strange and eerily fluid fashion - sometimes seeming to move forward, sometimes moving back - not unlike the brown, brackish waters of the point which Sadie remembered from the revelations of her origin.

Some days she would spend almost entirely in the bunker, sometimes in complete blackness depending on her mood, spending inordinate hours in disturbed sleep and near hallucinatory contemplation - only venturing forth as the sun began setting on the western horizon to procure her rations which were left each day by the cult recruiters, steady, reliable, like clockwork.

Upon one hillside she could see the internal security and cult recruiters there beside the van, watching, predatory - sometimes only their silhouettes in the near darkness then sometimes the figures illuminated in the cold glow of the lighting devices which they utilized as they prepared their camp for the nocturnal portion of their watch. On occasion she could catch snippets of the conversation between the internal security personnel, muted voices drifting down upon the wind, describing acts of horror and atrocity in which they had engaged

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and gleefully relaying, in explicit detail, acts of perversion in which they contemplated engaging in future.

The voices of the cult recruiters she could not apprehend audibly yet she could feel them - a nauseating rumble through her intestines, a cold, diseased sweat breaking upon her brow even amidst the chill of the twilight air. They stood - witch-like and malignant - watching their quarry. Each and every night they would send the lone internal security personnel down into the valley, towards the hatch, placing the time-released chemical capsule into the opening, another dose, always clandestine, never discovered.

All possible lusts roiled within Sadie as she spent her time as a captive, iron hand covered in soft leather - or leastwise iron hand restraining and all the more psychologically cruel, for she knew that at any time they could fly down the hill and seize her should they wish. yet, they chose not to - not for now. Instead they engaged her in a bizarre waiting game, yet, outside of her knowledge, the organization was playing a much higher-tier game indeed - as the airborne chemicals warped her mind, hour upon hour, the wisps of smoke being breathed in each and every night into her small lungs heavily, in her sleep. The cult recruiters were processing her and relying on the narcotics, engineered on commission from their group particularly, to do their work for them - for now. Their black devices would facilitate the ripening - they would come, at choicest moment so dictated by them, for the harvest.

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Sadie writhed upon the filth-encrusted floor of the bunker in utter darkness, her black shorts pulled up between her buttocks ever more obscenely so by her frenzied movements, her tattered black strappy shirt pulled up and over her flat chest, overgrown fingernails of each hand twitching insanely in unhealthy, spastic motion, fluttering idly over her sickly mottled nipples.

As her eyes rolled back into her head, pupils dilated and wild, and as sweet, pale white foam begin to dribble from her mouth, Sadie could remember scenes from her lineage. Not only the memories of herself, briefly, with the commandant at the point but memories of the commandant herself in clandestine service in times before, the commandant's own memories bequeathed now to daughter, vision as seen through the eyes of her maternal line - recollections of black operations in lands far beyond the sound and across the outer banks, on the other side of the great ocean and then to the lands that acted as the human hosts for the bloody work of those acting within that wilderness of mirrors - the non-disclosed shadow side of the servants of the Great Satan.

She laughed abjectly as she saw the horrible, cavernous black sites - the bleak, warehouse-like structures set on grim desert landscapes - the howls of jackals, the litter of abandoned, whitened bones and ever-present hellish heat surrounding even more poisonous dealings inside those vast metal buildings, those above-ground dungeons. These were the living, writhing blood banks of the Great Satan and the commandant, the commander and their minions were

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the hidden operators who kept the furnaces of such hell aflame, behind endless cryptonyms, secret warrants and hidden liaisons with the most despotic regimes and secret police services that the earth then possessed. These were the origins of the organization.

With a hideous will Sadie infiltrated her consciousness into the form of the bat, traversing time and space, circling and careening insanely on currents of hot, desert wind. Above she could spy the vultures, circling, for their own prey, and there on the filthy floor of the bunker she in her girlish, physical form laughed insanely, throat constricting yet pain unrecognized, flecks of blood flying from her open mouth as the organization's drugs dealt their continuing and highly unethical toll on her physicality. Sadie laughed because she knew that the capabilities of the vultures were far, far beneath her own - for it was she and she alone in the desert who was that most fell and foul monarch of surveillance - darting wildly throughout the night - toward then over and above the glistening razor-wire of the installation, her course unencumbered by the pinch-faced, sadistic guards with their death-dealing mechanical weaponry. No human without proper security and protocol would pass the large bay doors without grisly death, but she would - for she was her father's insignia.

As her black, leathery form sliced through the air near the top opening of the huge bay doors - it being the only horrible lantern in the near impenetrable blood-stained darkness of the desert - Sadie, there, in human

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self, gripped the hem of her black shorts and pulled them down, exposing corpse-white buttocks, then depressing on the concrete surface and above angry, diseased sex. Raising her legs toward her torso and flittering the yellowish nail of one dirty finger across her sex and then slowly, slowly inserting it into her pursed rectum - inhaling so profoundly at the penetration that blood vessels began bursting upon her face, starbursts microbranding themselves permanently upon her visage - she, in discorporate form, flew through corridor upon corridor of the black site, the lengths and depths of the turns and processions from one corridor to another passing in time with each manifestation of the stigmata on her face.

At last, finally, she exhaled, as the bat settled itself, inverted, upon a corroded pipe - pumping the filthy waters from cisterns uplifted downward toward the taps which provided the drinking water and the gallons upon gallons utilized for the water-boarding of the detainees - both their sustenance and undoing. The sadistic, fresh-faced, black-booted youth who guarded the installation and the black operatives within drank from cleaner filtrated waters, yet, in an entirely primal calculation for their purposes, the representatives of the United States within that land felt it both more appropriate and cost-effective to maintain the local fare for local populace - the devil one knows, but in divers forms.

With animal eyes blind but with the eyes of black wizardry so very alive Sadie stared through the small grate upon the steel prison door opposite her vision - spying into a damp cell that had been converted into an

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office and operating station of the most zenith level of clandestine services personnel. Her father was there, the commander - his tell-tale mask was thrown aside and his face was livid, pale and sweating as he rummaged through a pile of bullets upon the far floor of the cell.

Closer to the doorway Sadie could spy her mommy - her sweet, horrible mommy - foul, horrible, horrific mother commandant - also denuded of mask most characteristic - sharp, animal-like teeth chewing mindlessly upon the end of a thinnish black night-stick held threateningly in her right hand as she eyed her lover against the far wall - supping idly upon the stress chemicals which emanated from him and which she absorbed, leisurely, parasitical. The commander sought a certain bullet, matched to a certain shell casing which had been used in the execution of a young civilian in the area. The commandant laughed because in her other hand, that not holding the night-stick, she herself held that very bullet for which her lover sought - she, herself, the shooter - yet it curled there, amidst long, witchy fingers, before she inserted it into her back pocket, left hind, and moved in with the clipped gait of a master predator upon her male prey - the cacophonous laughter of abominable aeons shattering within her mind, like the dead, dripping descent of black stars, subsumed into backwards vortexes beyond human comprehension.

The black, pock-marked neck of the bat twitched and there on the floor of the bunker Sadie's cheeks crinkled in a rare smile as she dwelt in the ever horrid depths within the horrible scenes which unfolded before her.

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In her upside-down vision she spied through the grate the commander grasping a handful of the bullets and then throwing them wildly across the room, an inhuman screech of rage emanating from his chest and his mouth bellowing hot, putrid saliva, huge, muscled body turning to and fro upon its formidable trunk in paranoid rage, eyes wide-opened, bloodshot and intense.

Mother commandant reveled in the violent outburst, the hand which had just concealed the bullet fibrillating conspiratorially alongside left hip pocket and the other holding the nightstick - long, seeking fingers entwining upon its hardness in a sadistic and baldly sexual anticipation as she stalked forward.

He turned toward her like a rabid beast and smiling she swept her free arm across the expanse of the cell, fingers pointing toward the still-bloodied skulls upon onyx plinths upon far wall - reddened, glistening bone, denuded of their skins. The commander nodded and smiled in turn as he watched the finger of the commandant point from one remnant of sacrificial victim to another - grinning death-masks shining in their covering of brain fluids, blood and greasy fat, exuding a nearly overwhelming stench in the very close confines of that most executive of cells.

"These are all your victims, husband, do not trifle about the one that got away... we are almost entirely certain that just deserts were given and that due credit will be given where credit is due. And we are sure that any inconsistencies can be dealt with, for the clerks and paper-pushers are very pliable..."

The commandant writhed her hips in sensual motion

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in emphasis of her statement, insane eyes drifting from each wet, dripping skull and then to the form of the commander before her - his attention now entirely riveted on her threatening form, the bullets entirely forgotten as those still within his grasp fell clattering upon the damp grey foundation of the cell as his eyes met her own and began roving lustily up and down her sadistic physicality - his visage curling into a horrible smile, cold sweat breaking upon his brow.

Mother commandant pursed her lips and narrowed her eyes upon her quarry and there upon the filthy pipe the inverted bat watching through the grate writhed its leathery wings about its body, settling tautly in anticipation of incestuous revelation.

The commander began shifting his eyes to and fro, examining in increasingly frightful countenance the bizarre shiftings of the angles of the cell, the ground becoming unlevel beneath his feet, the contours of the room distorting and becoming a living, breathing thing. He stared with increasing discomfiture as the infrastructure manipulated itself, levels of preponderance becoming obscene - changing themselves, regularly and irregularly, driving the mind of the commander towards madness.

The commandant laughed uproariously, hands upon hips, and as she laughed the room began to shake disturbingly, the atmosphere within heating, warping, churning.

She walked with clipped gait toward a table in front of the grisly skull-bearing plinths and rapped her nightstick loudly upon the paneled surface set upon

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metal frame, eyes bulging alarmingly as she bade the commander to come near to her.

He approached, slowly but in an unquestioning obedience, his teeth bared and jaws set against one another in a brutal clench, spittle dribbling down from his mouth and laced with telltale flecks of blood, the veins of his thickly muscled arms pulsing in an obscene vascularity as the biochemical changes within his own body coalesced in an evermore dangerous combination with the atmospheric distortions brought on by the manipulations of the commandant herself.

Once near to her the commander felt the grasp of the commandant's hand upon the nape of his neck - completely dominant, controlling, possessing. She loomed down at him, he a formidable figure by anyone's reckoning but even still she herself stood more than a head taller, unnatural - a giantess both in stature and constitution and all the more so in the unbridled evil of her appetites and foul proclivities. The commander looked up, trembling as he gazed into her face - painfully fine-featured, regal, set upon skin alabaster white glowing with perspiration - haughty, imperious and undeniably cruel.

With her other hand she slid the nightstick across the commander's midsection then rubbed it downward, tracing with its point across where his pubis and hips met, smiling in a sick, incestuous and matronly fashion as she noticed his almost instant arousal becoming apparent beneath the covering of his uniform breeches, then laughing as she heard what sounded like the softest of whimpers emanate from betwixt his clenched teeth.

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"There, there..." she cooed, bringing her face down and close to his head, darting a long, snake-like tongue playfully and ever so briefly to his ear, whispering sweet yet sadistic promises as she increased the pressure of the nightstick rubbing against his groin before drawing it away and sliding it across the edge of the table, drawing the attention of the commander thusly.

"Don't you remember, my pet, my darling?" said the commandant, meeting the commander's eyes with her own in a fixed look both superficial and perverse - though highly effective - before gazing down toward the surface of the table, the commander doing so also.

Upon the table were laid several faces, flat upon the surface of the federal ware upon the viscosity which they sickly exuded - some fluid beginning to pool near the center of the desk, some seeking, in grotesque, watery currents, the extremities. The commander began to rub his hands together and erupt with a mania-induced laughter as the commandant rocked her head back upon its shoulders, her eyes closed, her closed lips curling in a smile of great and unabashed satisfaction. Each of the faces matched one of the glistening skulls upon the plinth - their skin having been removed with great albeit brutal precision with the razor-sharp knives of special command operatives.

"Your pelts!" the commandant vibrated, gazing with pleasure at the commander amidst his newfound mirth.

"My pelts!" the commander emphasized to himself audibly, smacking his hands down upon either side of the table and screaming in pleasant remembrance of the commandant, himself and their shared pastimes in the

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desert earlier that day. As his roars began to dissipate all of a sudden they became silent as the commandant pressed one, long finger upon his crown - her eyes locked in concentration of methods most occult - and then, he began to recall.

The humvees had roared through the desert and amongst the vanguard the commander and the commandant had shared the front cockpit of one of the most deadly - she driving, he manning shotgun - the black snout of his automatic rifle extended beyond the passenger side window scanning the landscape with lethal intent.

Hot, hallucinatory winds bellowing gusts of dust-carrying surface clouds churned amidst the forward procession of the military vehicles, merciless sand dunes in miles upon miles in either direction and a malignant, infernal sun suspended above withering all life beneath it - a poisonous atmosphere suitable for both terror, counter-terror and that which lies beyond both - that state-wielded, pernicious and ever-expanding commingling which more often than not stemmed from the latter - the frenzied, crystal eye within the wilderness of mirrors.

Both the commander and the commandant had been fully masked during the travel to the staging area and beyond - the execution of the operation itself. Still, as they had driven through the dunes, they exchanged glances despite their concealment as it was, covered beneath masks and goggles, but which they could still feel on base levels beyond mere physical sight alone - the

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revelry, the exultation, the lust of death and the lust of the flesh.

As ever this - amidst other things - was a game for them, they both having mapped out the installation to which they would soon arrive in exact replica form only weeks prior at the point, watching the sudden explosives burst where they knew with grisly satisfaction that human bodies would be present in the action proper - the mists of blood which drew them, the suddenly and rapturously exposed internal organs of human flesh which excited them and gave their employment meaning, depth and dimension.

The infrastructure housing their targets was a dismal one but not out of the ordinary in the region - a smattering of low-lying sand-blasted structures of indeterminable age - seemingly unpopulated according to outside vision except a few starved goats and their kids, as well as around half a dozen children of the human variety, halting in their play as they heard the armored vehicles roar into the vicinity.

The humvees separated - engines running hot, leaping over the small dunes - surrounding the area in a pincher motion or circling of the wagons as some of the midwesterners amidst the select contingent enjoyed phrasing the method in their soft drawl. The special operators from the military detachments were the first to exit their vehicles, faces concealed, muscled bodies covered in gear and weapons locked, loaded and at the ready as they surrounded the buildings in movements indicative of their high precision training.

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exterior the sound of the special forces operatives on the ground was near silent as their marauder boots shuffled through the sands with lethal intent, each step closer heralding the impending doom of the inhabitants. Over the rumble of the idling humvees the commandant could hear the bleating of the goats and drifting lazily on hot wind the soft sobs of the children who knew that the game was now up. The futuristic armed figures now approaching, their fractal camouflage uniforms and the supercharged automotive behemoths bearing down on their home - this meant Americans, and Americans meant death.

From the cockpit of her and the commander's shared carrier the commandant spied in the distance a door slowly opening, a black figure in relief behind the door and the door opening wider revealing a mother completely clad from head to toe in a burqa the color of midnight obscuring her identity and features, an infant in swaddling cradled in the crook of one arm. With her other she gestured toward an area beneath clothes lines where one of the children stood alone, a small boy clothed in white garments, small vest and cap.

Through his wet tears the boy saw his mother and her motioning for him to come and he began to run toward the safety of waiting arms.

Beneath her black mask the commandant smiled and raised a finger toward the scene in a certain fashion, a protocol signal denoting a certain action from the watching commander.

With compliance most willing the commander responded, bringing half his body out from the

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passenger side window, resting the waist of one side upon the ledge, body ultra-tensed in termination mode as he brought his huge machine gun around in a dramatic, sweeping motion - target in sight.

A blast of fire erupted from the muzzle, resultant from which was for the commander an economical but very effective burst, and the running child was instantly terminated - the body flung sideways, hands flung forward upon the ground in seeming supplication in the direction of his mother, head and upper body almost entirely destroyed by dint of the high-caliber hollow point ammunition, exiting blood in furious volume and force snaking angrily across pieces of ruptured brain matter and fractured skull onto the hot desert ground beneath.

The commander pivoted again, training his sights on the mother cradling her younger, infant child, and fired even as the scream of alarm and horror began to erupt from deep within her lungs. The body of the infant disappeared in a mist of blood and curling smoke as the lead of the bullets punched through its fragile frame and into the chest of the mother who crumpled to the ground as the sounds of male voices, shouting in Farsi from inside the building, resounded in alarm.

Combat soldiers entered from all sides - bashing through ancillary doors in droves, smashing through windows and leaping through them, landing upon the packed-dirt floors in tactical crouches, arms drawn. A line of black ops personnel poured into the building from either side of the entrance opened by the mother, their marauders

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treading heedlessly with casual blasphemy across the corpse of the mother and baby.

In the initiating humvee the commandant curled her gloved hands together in glee in observation of the same, throwing her head back and erupting in a guttural cackle most unsound as the soldiers continued with their grim tasks.

Those who reached for weapons inside the building were terminated cursorily - the rest marched outside under the watchful eye of a thin man in nondescript khakis and cigarette ash stained member's only jacket, hidden adjutant to the local chief of station - head spook on the ground. With brief gestures from this individual, who was in truth the real COS - the recognized station chief, a cut-out only, the men and women who exited the building were segregated into three groups. One portion was taken away for questioning, to be driven back to the black site on the back of a personnel carrier, bound, blacked-out and sensory deprived for their journey to the Americans' clandestine hell. The majority of the group were bound with zip-ties and ushered back into the building. The latter few were trussed up similarly to the first group and piled into the back of a truck to accompany the vehicle manned by the commander and commandant into the deep desert.

All in place and everyone in their respective places, area and inhabiting identities meticulously checked over by the various clandestine services and technical personnel on site in a matter of minutes, the vehicles roared off almost as suddenly as they had arrived, departing in semi-circular motion with utmost speed out

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from the area of operation - two amongst them veering into the seemingly endless desert wilderness, the rest speeding along their pre-assigned routes back to the hangar.

As the commandant drove into the desert, engine pistons grinding ferociously against the tension of the shifting and unstable ground, she saw in a blinding flash in the rear-view mirror the red and orange burst of the compound being incinerated behind them - the expert work of a remotely controlled predator drone equipped with a payload most destructive, its pilot a nondescript young man barely out of his twenties situated thousands of miles away in a darkened chamber within a nondescript building set amongst Virginian pines where only a few blocks away the thrum of suburban life went on apace, unknowing and almost entirely uninquisitive about what went on at the unassuming DOD base spliced amongst the research and business facilities neighboring the quaint if utilitarian neighborhoods of northern Virginia.

There in the humvee the commander and commandant both breathed deeply, inhaling the fumes of burning infrastructure and, indeed, burning bodies, as it wafted in blackened clouds across the landscape. Beneath his concealment the commander smiled to himself, for he imagined that in addition to the olfactory odors of the newly established smashan that he could also smell the fear of the tribal militants in the surrounding area, their fear, their rage - as they viewed the black smoke of yet another sacrificial fire burning for

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the propitiation of the Great Satan.

Behind them some several hundred yards back the other humvee sped along the designated path following the commandant, the COS seated in the passenger side of the vehicle driven by a blank-faced SOCOM soldier, a technical operations officer occupying the back seat, smirking to himself as he optimized various gadgets contained in a hardshell briefcase open on his lap. The technical officer was pleased about his assignment, in his own strange way, more pleased about the implicit greenlights on-the-ground operation against another decidedly hard target that would be added to his personnel file. The SOCOM soldier just wanted to get the job over and done with - get a meal back at base and settle down with a bottle of liquor and thoughts of his girl back in Suffolk. He scanned the horizon beyond the forward vehicle and in the distance saw the incongruous tetrahedral shape of thick posts bearing human skulls atop them and beneath that black, ripped fabric flapping madly in the blistering winds. Arrival.

CHAPTER 28

On the floor of the bunker Sadie stretched disturbingly, her frame seeming to wrench itself several inches off the ground as if the gravity had been ripped away from her body, quarter of a finger still inserted slipping out from its sodomy, eyes caked with mucus straining to open. Her consciousness divided, subdivided then divided and subdivided again - seemingly shattered beyond the pale of all known insanity yet strangely functional still - albeit bizarrely so - as she stretched her mind through myriad form across space, time and dimension. Briefly her eyes opened there to the darkness of the bunker and briefly she saw there in the soot-covered underground space, amidst the greenish hue of the airborne chemical hallucinogens hanging perniciously in the stale air, several black-robed forms in the periphery of her vision - shadowy bodies pulsing with intrigue, violence, conspiracy - cult recruiters. She began to gasp as her fractured consciousness sought control over her body once more, a control that was not to be found.

With an otherworldly movement two of the shadows separated from their murder - appearing to float above the surface of the floor toward her. A long, corpse-pale finger moved from within one of the cloaks, depressing upon Sadie's forehead and in so doing causing a freezing

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coldness to permeate the young girl from temple to feet. A mechanical, equally freezing in effect and entirely unnatural voice emanated from the anonymous blackness of the cowed form hanging over her, commanding her to submerge once again. Helpless to resist, she could only but obey, her body losing its former rigidity and sliding against the cold concrete, finger once again seeking her path of sodom and penetrating, burst blood vessels upon Sadie's face flaring angrily once again in reaction to the programming signal - sharp inhalation of breath and then a slow, languorous exhale.

When her eyes opened once more it was through the dim ultraviolet gaze of her father's herald that she saw and she was once again there in the black site, mind soaking in the newfound revelations of her parentage.

Among the sector back at the bunker one of the cult recruiters watched Sadie's prone form intensely, observing for any sign of irregularity, for any possibility that the girl might again regain something akin to waking consciousness in the immediate. Once assured of the stationary nature of their target the cult recruiters facilitated the first stage of her rendition, swaddling her body in a ream of the same sort of black cloth from which their robes were hewn and carrying her, lifting her shrouded form upward toward the opening of the hatch, body then grasped by the waiting black leather-gloved hands of the internal security assigned to their contingent.

The body was conveyed up the hillside to the awaiting vans, the head cult recruiters watching imperiously as the moving dark figures that were the

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internal security personnel held their fleshly sacrifice aloft towards the wizened, bleak and horrific high-tier matriarchs of the commandant's cult awaiting. Beneath black cowls thin lips, stretched and cruel, spasmed in premeditation of their charge. Full, sensuous lips slurped in horrible lust of hematophagic urges, imagining the concourse of veins visible beneath what was almost assuredly thin flesh, pale and sweet, its nectar along its black veined circuitous course most dramatically apparent - full of potential for interspecies feeding amidst the cloud.

Although the body was limp, the possessing consciousness back at the black site was very much alive and as Sadie stared in her placental mammalian form inversely through the iron bars into her father's eyes, in so doing she was now with them, the commander and the commandant, in the desert, amidst the tetrahedral skull-bearing place - a portal to a transdimensional hell.

The hooded bodies were flung out of the back of their prison carrier, marched at triple time toward the center of the stakes, beneath the stark shadows of the black flags and the skull-mounted poles, a dramatic silhouette cast upon the infernal heat of the desert with little else for miles upon miles - the nearest residence being incinerated by the predator drone less than an hour before.

This was a place that was avoided by all domestic persons who traversed the land as well as travelers from neighboring countries and had been avoided for hundreds of years by both demographics.

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For it was a place of rot - a place that the evil forces manifested in a most dramatic fashion and, being roused, would pierce the veil of night and not only bring catastrophe and ruin down upon the individual, but upon the entirety of the collective as well. As such it had been co-opted by the Americans, those masters of blasphemy, amidst sardonic smiles by case officers in expensive outdoors wear - but yet altogether further co-opted by the commandant and the commander in their own satanic obsession.

As the commander exited the vehicle as the detainees were being marched forward, he closed his eyes against the blinding yellowish glare of the desert sun, ever so briefly, as the tread of his boots sunk into the sand. There he saw the entities that had been communing with him since time immemorial, body after body, life after life. The face, male, growling in indescribable rage, possessing an inhuman hatred - eyes clenched and mouth and hairs smeared with a blood most crimson - the blood of atrocities transcending galaxies - he melded and his eyes opened once again to the brightness - possessed.

Beyond, the commander saw the commandant having already outpaced him considerably during the brief interim of his reverie.

She, stalking forward through the sands toward the center of the staging area where the detainees now waited, their sensory deprivation devices and restraints still intact, though all involved could ascertain instinctively that they, even so bound, could feel that something was entirely amiss.

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Beneath her mask the commandant smiled, for she knew that the rumors had begun to spread - and rightfully so - among the militants - rumors of certain Americans who were, according to regional opinion, decidedly more unsound in their methods than the others.

A precedent had been set that in all truth it would be more merciful - the preferred option - to die amidst the incendiary shrapnel-bearing fire of the unmanned predator drones - or even to be brought to the black site for an indeterminable length of hell and uncertainty - than to be taken along that long, wayward path through the desert.

Now they were all there - the commander, the commandant, and their servitors - the latter few in number but horrific one and all in countenance, consisting of a veritable cross-section of the blackest intents amidst foreign incursion - a veritable pantheon of predators.

Opposite them those who had, unbeknownst on some level in doing so, insofar as the consequences were concerned, called them - there now, shivering despite the infernal desert heat - the morsels that had fallen from the master's table to be consumed by the more rabid among the household of the Great Satan, those most rabid and least human amongst them.

As the commandant examined the preparations of the detainees by the other members of their retinue, professionally in an oversight capacity - the SOCOM driver doing double-duty as guard, the COS whispering indeterminable words with poisonous tongue to one of

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the detainees as the technical services officer began arranging a tripod with camera and other devices some yards away - the commander stood, attention diverted from the detainee preparation, the soon-to-be bloodied bodies. These were only trifles, he knew, the bloody meat - the bait - repositories of that red elixir which would soon shimmer against the backdrop of the deep desert not dissimilar to the crimson blood of the wounded in oceanic environs floating in hallucinogenic fashion, drawing the shark to feast.

Storms were brewing in the desert, the commander ascertained. Deep, horrible churning was afoot on the far dunes - omens brought on the backs of violent winds, the signal of demonic arrival. Through possessed eyes, himself demonized, he stared into the vast emptiness of the deep desert and through her horrific prism Sadie stared down at him, possessing him, even as the bat hanging in surveillance, in inverse vision, stared at the disturbed, swaying figure of the commander after, in her present, there in the cell as he recalled under the horrible and sorcerous touch of the commandant.

Evil, chaos and calamity had arrived - doom for the detainees and a whispering upon the storm winds of a great and all-encompassing doom to come for the earth itself. There upon the far-flung altar amidst the far wilderness, on sour ground stained and polluted with the blood of human sacrifices and propitiations most black since time immemorial - at that time - the first mechanism of the chain of terror was activated in a global situation that had reached critical mass. A black spell of destruction, a terminal prophecy.

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Within insane vision as Sadie looked through the eyes of the commander, she herself her father, upon the horizon there in the desert - there was the commandant, the ultimate astral death mother, framed against a sky reddish with the horror of the earth's own premeditation of a death most mutilatory and severe. Already her viper-like hand had snaked down toward the now naked bodies of one of the detainees - garments cut away yet hoods and steel and leather restraints of divers designs securely attached - immobilizing, paralyzing.

CHAPTER 29

When the wind whipped across the great careening dune-laden expanse of the desert causing giant sandstorms to pummel and warp the desolate landscape, there within those most violent winds myriad hordes of unclean spirits of divers design resident to the area were carried forth - hellions drawn howling in their despair toward the promise of that which was most vile in constitution and altogether fell in intent.

As the haboob reached that place of horror and sacrifice in the deep desert the amassed clouds would begin to churn inwards in a counter-clockwise fashion, circling the point where the commander and commandant stood with the detainees under their charge - extraordinarily rendered for a termination that they could neither conceive of nor fathom.

The staging area became the centrifuge of the whirlwind which carried with it all manner of evil, desolation, darkness and sorrow - the eye of the storm and its very causation. Through her crystalline vision, Sadie watched.

As the commandant thrust her hand down toward the chest of the chosen detainee, the inaugural sacrifice and first to receive her touch, it passed through skin and muscle seemingly without effort but with a sickening

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sound that caused the COS to involuntarily shiver despite the fact that he had seen it done so many, many times before.

Words from an ancient book written by those who in historicity and contemporaneously were the sworn enemies of the tribal people and their allies whispered through the mind of the COS as he witnessed the bloodshed, an unfolding nightmare to which he was not only an observer but a collusive partner in whole, if not in direction:

*For the morning is to them even as the shadow of death;
If one know them,
they are in the terrors of the shadow of death.
He is swift as the waters;
Their portion is cursed upon the earth...*

Those back at the black site, the guards who stalked beneath the glittering concertina wire periphery of the base saw then in the distance a smoke from the north, a herald of coming devastation.

Penetrating fully into the chest cavity and then withdrawing, the commandant held aloft the victim's heart, still beating its final electrical spurts of blood not into the veins of its erstwhile host but rather down upon the black and shining gloves of his executioner, adorning her arms in a slick and grisly display, increasing her luster.

The technical officer hunkered down behind his tripod recording eagerly - intermittently moving his apparatus in order to provide different vantage points

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and visual perspectives, needful for later when he spliced the footage together for the purposes that the subsector of the organization to which he was attached so dictated.

As the first detainee, completely immobile through the entire process of being harvested by dint of his restraints, fell backwards, with a dull thud upon the sand, the commander moved in - a huge survival knife, serrated on the back and gleaming with a razor edge upon the other recently unsheathed from the holster upon his left hip.

Removing the transport hood briskly and with grim precision yet manic in his execution, the commander severed the head from the body, swatting away the technical officer if he deigned move too close and extending the dismembered crown to the SOCOM soldier who received it carefully, conveying it from the central part of the staging area to the commander and commandant's shared personal carrier then retracing his steps back for the cullings that followed until the cycle of elimination was once again complete.

The COS lit a cigarette and continued to contemplatively view the unfolding scene before him as the churning sandstorm turned in a slow, counterclockwise fashion around the hill upon which he and his team were perched. They had impugned upon the land in furtherance of their own dread purposes and agendas and the land itself now impugned upon them, those select few especially, in a malignancy altogether deeper and more profound than that of the relative newcomers. As such, in keeping apace - both forces -

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both dark - had without word but clear in action settled into a pact of horrific mutual reciprocation, the clauses of which were met by each falling body, each line of transgression of the so-called rules of war surpassed manically and torn forever asunder. Though this place, now the zenith capstone of the actions by both sides was still, to a rule, clandestine, that which had and was being fomented in secret would in time stretch the limits of its microcosm and blossom forth into a nuclear horror to which all the world would be witness.

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CHAPTER 30

After a time the staging area upon the hill situated in the shadow of the tetrahedral stakes looming above and bearing the skulls of human sacrifices from times before descended into total chaos.

Through continued crystal vision Sadie directed her father, pouncing upon corpse upon readied corpse again and again after the commandant's ministrations were through - she the death goddess upon the heights, facilitating and tasting the first fruits of the bloodshed - he the foul bird of carrion which came after, animated by the shivering form of the bat inhabiting a space hours into the future after whom, in turn, situated herself decades further within a far and clandestine wilderness.

As the hearts of the slain were held aloft by the commandant in the harsh desert, the stomping grounds of the Great Satan, decades later the cult recruiters held aloft the body of Sadie herself - enveloped and enraptured in trance, stiff as a corpse who then, there, directed the machinations of the ultimate leader of the organization - the burgeoning despot in his years formative and developmental.

The storm bore down closer and closer upon all sides and the technical services officer - continuation of his assignment at this point being futile - covered his mouth

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with one sleeve while picking up his photographic apparatus with the other, retreating back toward the humvee and the safety of its interior.

In close distance orange bursts issued from the pistol of the commandant now withdrawn, obscured by clouds of sand and debris - her most clandestine machinations invisible and hidden to the rest of the company amidst the confusion as the winds and the demons inhabiting within which now pressed down upon them all.

Back at the black site the commandant removed the finger which had been pressed upon the forehead of the commander and the vision faded - the scenes from several hours prior dissipating as the interior of the cell came into full focus once again for the commander and Sadie both, one in the same only moments before but now separated as the watcher and the watched, the seen and seeing, as the bat hanging inverted once again opened its eyes and fluttered its leathern wings about its small body and the commander viewed the interior of the cell - the memories of the recent foray into the desert now so very fresh and present within his mind's eye.

The commandant smiled her sadistic smile as the commander came to in full - he rubbing his hands over his arms in brisk motion to hasten reorientation to his flesh as it was now, situated in the present. She had ceased the recall at a strategic and pivotal point, for had she gone further he would have - the intrusion of the possessing agent assisting in leveraging the result - been privy to the details of her own activities there upon the hillside during those final moments, activities which she

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had concealed then and there during the bedlam and which would now be concealed in full and in permanence, according to her estimation and desire.

Night had descended into its darkest and most inauspicious juncture outside the black site and within, in the cell on that furthest of corridors where the activities of the commander and commandant went on unseen, excepting for the surveillance of their daughter, the night grew darker still as the mania of the commander reached horrific proportions as the commandant manipulated and directed the currents which he bore forth, creating a symphony most dread and terrible - the effects of which would reverberate far - piercing through the firestorm of the twenty megaton bombs, pressing through the genocidal veil of the coming apocalypse and enduring throughout the bleak nuclear winter and then only seeding the bleak future in a fashion altogether stark and unnatural.

The moment of conception had arrived and the commandant augured the moment expertly as she pinioned the nightstick within her hand upon the small of the commander's back - forcing his body down, bent at the waist, so that his face pressed down within inches of the grisly death masks of the recently murdered which rested upon the table - the bloodied skulls upon the plinths beyond staring and watching in terminal insanity - the former terror-obsessed spirits which had inhabited them now spectral entities suffused with an even greater terror and intelligence, but still seeking the succor of their former fleshly shells. The position to which she willed the commander to enact now assumed, the

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commandant withdrew the nightstick and with her free hand swept up a quantity of the congealing liquid which pooled upon the table, consisting of blood and subcutaneous fat, moistening and lubricating the length of the instrument for imminent penetration.

The commander groaned in dark pleasure and premeditation as the commandant unbuckled and yanked the trousers of his battle duty uniform downward, massaging the nightstick inward with expert motion into his entrails with a slick forward motion, sodomizing him in long, firm strokes and watching as his sexual member grew commensurately.

Upon her vantage point on the pipe opposite the cell, her vision inverse and filtered through the bars upon the heavy metal door, Sadie thrilled at the scene before her - the bared posterior of her father and the sneer of mother commandant as the totalitarian matriarch of her line went about her business long predestined - her intentions, her agendas realized - with stern disposition and even more stern in her delivery. With an ultrasonic scream Sadie detached from her perch and flew with blind abandon toward the bar grates, squeezing her body through and then circling, careening wildly as her small mammalian body was vomited forth from between the pressure of the bars then landing, leathern wings shivering and outstretched, on the table upon which the commander now straddled in obscenity.

In that moment the commandant recognized that the moment had come - the moment which would facilitate a continuation of her own reign of terror long after the buttons had been pushed on either side in facilitation of

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the coming conflagration. The eyes of the nocturnal creature now upon the surface parallel with the eyes of the commander looked into his and he into hers and once more the will of Sadie intruded upon that of her father - their consciousness becoming one, his fingers splaying in rapture and trance in the knowledge that the possession which he now inhabited and which she now controlled was his natural state. He became the daughter as the daughter became the father and as both felt the sensory overload of the commandant's anal rape come to the forefront - their heads bowed in a blasphemous submission to coming nuclear death - consummation.

"Eat, husband!" hissed the commandant, her eyes looking directly into those of the bat - addressing the source consciousness. With one hand still manipulating the now sickeningly slick length of the nightstick within his guts, with her other - a thin, cruel black-gloved depression upon his back - the commandant goaded the commander to partake of the grisly feast laid before them.

Stretching further her membranous, vascular wings for balance, Sadie dipped her snout into the tender blood and tissue, the lust for blood and the sealing of her blasphemous, incestuous pact overwhelming and subsuming all other facets of her trisected consciousness.

Wailing erupted beyond the black site, in the medieval stone huts of the indigenous desert dwellers, the ululations of the elderly blind matriarchs of a sect soon to disappear from the face of the earth, heralding in precognitive awareness the advent of the mother of the

BLUEBIRD

great beast.

As the commandant removed the hand previously resting upon the commander's back and moved it, reaching around so that the her black-gloved fingers encircled and grasped his pulsing member, Sadie began to shiver almost uncontrollably, feeling the coming on of orgasm even as she buried her fang-laden mouth further still into the human meat and fluids.

A final stroke as the nightstick moved now entirely briskly with little resistance hitting homeward in its last and most intrusive penetration and the issue of the commandant exited forcefully from his hardened, vein-laden and uncircumcised member - anointing the bloodied, butchered faces and the wings of his daughter alike and reaching the base of the reddened skulls beyond who grinned in their obscene, preternatural awareness. His thickly muscled body spasmed across tightly wound slabs of muscle, the insemination animating dead flesh and live alike, not relaxing but rather intensifying the feeling of overwhelming hellish pressure which wracked throughout his core. Using the nightstick still embedded within him like a lever the commandant forced him further downward, her lips peeled back in a maniacal concentration as his hips jutted out further as a result of the internal manipulation, forcing his open and slavering lips to feed fully on the flesh and the seminal fluid of life and the ghastly fluids of death which now freely commingled.

Within her womb the feeling of life surfaced - the seed of living death, electrically charged and growing instantaneously as she watched with elation the blood

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feast in its incessant continuation - those consuming and those yet to be born unified in oneness. She slipped the nightstick out from betwixt the posterior of the commander, he now heedless of the action in the raptures of his ecstatic bloodlust, allowing the grotesque instrument of repression to clatter to the floor. Her dominant hand now free, she lifted it to her midsection, low and close to her sex and felt that which now dwelt within. She looked down and smiled, her conception realized, and then looked forward - beyond the grisly aftermath - beyond the wet, reddened skulls upon the plinth - a thousand yard stare gazing far beyond into the future abyss of oncoming apocalypse and then, gently, sickeningly, whispering the name of her progeny simultaneously present and yet to arrive - Sadie.

CHAPTER 31

As Sadie experienced the moment of her conception, herself her own sire and as witness to the act, on the rising hill outside the bunker her form swaddled in black was conveyed beyond the crest - beyond the livid faces of the hungry cult recruiters and into the hands of those who would be her direct handlers and whom for them she would be their entrusted charge - high-tier, maximum security and express priority - the latter indicated by the fact that the black vans were already running in premeditation of her arrival, engines turning over in angry mechanical report as they imbibed their fuel-rich sustenance, yearning sickly for the rutted highways and byways of hell on earth, the backroads and off-roads through towering deep forests of dead and poisoned trees, sentinels of the commandant's progress.

The inside of the black van upon which she was carried was stark, if meticulous in its interior for its mission and especially - mission inclusive - for two of the persons who had been scheduled for and would shortly now be conveyed - one already inhabiting one of the further forward bench seats, one leveraged into the back through dual black metal doors now thrown open and laid against one side of the cargo hold, head facing the metal interior and feet resting against the wheel well.

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Her body still encircled in the tough black cloth which had been wrapped around her for her initial extraction, the black form was further secured with hauling chains that pinned her body against the interior side of the vehicle - as much for practical consideration for the rough roads ahead than any sort of punitive intention - for punishment in great and copious amounts would be hers in more than ample measure once arrived at her destination.

As the vehicle lurched forward the charred remains of the fiat commandant, whose corpse had long since ceased smoldering on the flat plane beneath the hills outside of the entrance of the hatch, remained - ghostly and still underneath the night sky - the only evidence of the cult recruiters incursion into the area.

On a hill parallel and opposite to where the van began its procession in its long southeastern bound trek, the necessary components housed in the barn-like structure which sat upon it were removed, packed carefully in other vehicles for a similar eastbound journey - the outpost having served its purpose for now.

The technician who had manned those instruments during long exile while her daughter sat in the dark bunker beneath the earth, worshiping the visage of her mother then, unbeknownst to her, now sat on one of the forward facing seats in the very van where her daughter was now being conveyed - dressed in the robes of a common cult recruiter, though of a higher tier by dint of the ampleness of the cowl which hid her - the commandant.

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CHAPTER 32

Sadie began to writhe within her bonds as the astral travel which she still inhabited became distorted - her hallucinatory voyage shattering in strange ways in uniform time with the distance that began to stretch beyond her and beyond her awareness - separating her from the homefront, as it were, the only she had ever known - giving way to wilderness and wilderness most foul.

Her writhing was noticed but unattended to by her handlers - the cult recruiters allowing every ounce of the green poison gas which had assailed her in the closed subterranean space which had constituted her previous domicile of habitation to work its due course - waste not, want not - for the hundreds of miles to the engineering center would be long indeed and it was beholden upon them, the cult recruiters themselves, to make due with provisions in scarcity - even with such a high-tier captive in tow.

Sadie's visions began to deteriorate near to the time that the black van began to make its horrid trek forward into the distant night - almost as if the region of her access then, there, had facilitated the oneness - the facility of action which both allowed and gave access to the far, dark past - giving liberty towards her

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involvement in and manipulation of the same.

Upon the far side of one forward bench seat within the van her mother smiled, a thin line of blood dripping from the corner of her closed lips as she considered the nuclear missile silos there in the region in which she had so long worked - those especially which had not yet been deployed and still lay waiting, pursed and pulsing for release - holocausts upon horrific holocausts still to come, awaiting her own motion - her will the deciding factor.

As diseased, cold sweat dripped across and soon sheathed the near-naked body of Sadie beneath her covering, the one and only true daughter of the commandant, Sadie's perceptions grew as shifting and as labyrinthine as the concourse of the poisonous narcotics which pulsed still throughout her body, as convoluted and wayward as the strange route the procession of internal security and cult recruiters had now embarked - the former not nearly as insidious and ill in effect as the expansion which the astral legions had effected within her both in body and conscience.

She had seen herself born, born as a despot beyond all reason - surpassing the utmost levels of transgression even by sole dint of existence, by blood heritage alone, transgressing further in intent any and all others - an abomination of the most severe level and of the most catastrophic capabilities - awaiting deployment. That deployment had not come - not yet - perhaps not even in the flesh which now encompassed her - as her physical form wrenched itself painfully within the bondage in

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which it found itself within the confines of the black van of the cult recruiters.

Imbued with powers beyond their own, Sadie stretched her disturbed consciousness further forward - feeling the wetness of the greenish surf splash upon her body - the body of the bat - as it held fast to the curving flotation surfaces of the pontoon as it sluiced toward a partially hidden inlet in the dead of night. Waters brackish but not foreign - her fanged mouth curled in pleasure at the realization - back at the point, at long last. The face of her mother turned back at her in that time and place, even as the cowled head of the commandant in the dark corners of the organizational vehicle turned and viewed the anonymous black shape in which her daughter was now inhabiting and concealed, the heavy hauling chains grating and rattling against the metal floorboard of the vehicle as it continued on the return route of its black pilgrimage - rises crested and valleys traveled in the concourse of its forward motion.

She could see the twisting shoreline of the point as they made their way forward - the commandant eyeing her knowingly - the other members of the crew personnel of a force now long since disappeared - though mother commandant remained as perhaps the unintended nadir of their collective efforts at home and abroad. There was the land, her land, rapidly approaching - situated barely at sea level - coming closer and closer by dint of the roaring of the outboard motor which navigated Sadie, mother commandant and the crew closer to what in effect, she felt, was her genuine origin - the point - the source of the horror that would

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soon expand and mushroom outward to such a degree that none would be beyond its reach.

As the boat neared the shore and acknowledgment of its approach was indicated by sign and countersign of land crew and crew afloat respectively Sadie found her sight begin to dim - the rocking of the waves becoming disturbing, nauseating, the control which she possessed over the boat slipping irrevocably away as the nocturnal landscape of the point began to melt before her very eyes.

Mother commandant turned one last time and her gaze upon her daughter - intruding psychonaut, in a time and place where she should not be, accessed via interdimensional interstices which nature itself dictated and forbade to pierce - was undisguised in its hostility - an omen of things to come.

The motorcade departing the area of the hatch was now several hours into its journey though only fifty miles or so from the area which they had left which even still put them squarely within the lifeless hinterlands between the hatch and the furthestmost borders of organizational territory. It was there, in those climes, that the cult recruiters noticed the soft sounds of choking coming from beneath the blackout cover and hauling chains - the indicators of the onset of asphyxiation.

The cult recruiter closest to the captive hissed a warning to the others and through the rear window flashed a crimson light thrice into the night - neither to stop nor idle, but to press forward, the sign indicating that their head would join and overtake them shortly.

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As the rest of the vans and the few light carriers manned by armed internal security personnel moved on, the lead van left the formation - pulling onto a small rocky outcropping, a cliffside marking the end of the plateau beyond which stretched the vast midwestern expanse - the fields which had once been farmed to feed a nation now a wasteland.

Sadie's hands rested at her side, one trembling dominant finger curled and covered in filth from her lengthily executed auto-erotic sodomy, withdrawn with the melting of her internal vision. As her finger curled and twitched with the arrhythmic, irregular pulse of her circulatory system, caked and glistening with brown and yellow scum, far above them the fingernail moon hung limply in the sky, casting the wasteland in a pale, diseased luminescence.

No life moved on the plains as the commandant stretched her consciousness forth to the east - the horrors of the engineering center awaiting and then beyond that the commander's headquarters and her vast, secret network of dungeons which lay beneath. As the cult recruiters went about the business of temporarily disentangling Sadie from her bondage, stirring but not yet awake, the commandant availed herself of the view and the expansion of consciousness which it afforded her - a look into a bleak future and an assessment of the horror of the earth as it was now which was, in truth, her doing in principal.

Within the confines of the van - the dual back doors now open to afford what little light the nocturnal sky

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produced under the lunar waning, yet enhanced by the largesse of the sky which bore down above them - the cult recruiters rolled Sadie from the encasement of black cloth which she had inhabited since her rendition from the hatch after detaching the stout locks which fastened the thick hauling chains to the wall fixtures in the interior of the vehicle - the latter a pointed and quite specific after-market addition.

The signs of withdrawal from the poisons which she had been subjected to back in the hatch were clearly visible - the evidence of the girl's body attempting to reassert itself to normative operating status more horrific than the unnatural rigors which the involuntary dosing had forced her physicality to endure. The abject predators amongst the number of the commandant's faithful were now well beyond - passengers and operators in the night-cloaked vehicles which churned and struggled down the one rocky pass which led from the plateau to the plains beyond - actionable transgression on their part blocked now more by physical distance than any will to obedience. Succulent young flesh would be theirs in the by and by - to enjoy - and to a terminal degree - once at engineering and most certainly by the time they had descended into the commandant's training center and into the variegated pastimes which awaited them there.

Even now, hundreds of small children lined the outermost perimeter of the commander's headquarters - puffy, tear-streamed faces within inches of the criss-crossed metal fencing which careened upward toward the initial rolls of concertina wire, the bright, shining

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metallic coils of which gleamed with intimidation and promise of doom far above them.

Each eye bore the crystalline droplet of tear, each back and hind angrily marked with the lashings of cane, whip and paddle - red flesh of punishment cruelly administered with unbridled abandon contrasting starkly with tender skin most pale - the white racial strains which had been encouraged within the outlying areas - the results of the program now inhabiting their places of judgment, selection and ultimate decision by the dark forces of the organization.

Many of them - most of them - had been well tenderized in the long trek to the commander's headquarters both by biological parents as well as ancillary minders - dealers of child slavery in the outer regions and regions like the immediate forests surrounding the periphery of the commander's headquarters - children within internal exile.

Others were brought by the commandant's cult recruiters - though those from their percentage were but a small number from their overall yield. The choicest amongst them according to the various properties of necessity and proclivities having already been separated and moved into the dormitories of the commandant's training center - some, for residence in the evil subterranean palaces of the dungeons beneath with all which that would entail - some enslaved and purposed toward a quick and terminal end somewhat similarly but far from equally domiciled.

Any of the naked children which dared to withdraw themselves from their state of attention directly before

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the perimeter fences - a minute percentage - would find themselves mown down by infernal blasts of fully automatic gunfire from the silenced MP5 or MAC-10 rifles wielded by internal security personnel. Of the latter, some of their number were hidden while some of them were overtly present and both in effect holding each of the children's lives, several per individual internal security member thus surveilling, within a hair-trigger of death - entrapping and enslaving them within a grid of horror and with no escape. There was something special and altogether surreal in seeing a body denuded of all clothing, vulnerable and innocent to the elements, receiving an entire clip of automatic fire hammered into its flesh and at a relatively close range. Internal security were the destroyers and beneath the anonymous bleak lens of goggles, behind the fully concealing black balaclavas, even then and from a distance, tactically decided, they could smell the ambrosia of carnage as the small bodies disappeared into mists of blood which caught and carried upon the wind, their bleeding trunks and mangled body parts laying strewn, further souring blood-soaked ground long since turned foul.

Hundreds of miles beyond, upon the cliffside of the plateau, the commandant focused her hideous will forward - to the commander's headquarters as the scene unfolded within her mind on the grounds of that more easterly clime where dawn had already arrived. Inside the confines of the van the attendant cult recruiters stripped away Sadie's remaining garments - flimsy and

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obscenely revealing as they were in their well-worn condition and her state of partial undress - removing the final evidences of her former life, left there to rot on the howling western wastes.

As Sadie was rolled onto her side and her buttocks parted, a long thin finger of one of the more expertly trained cult recruiters amidst their number inserting a resin-coated, bullet shaped suppository into her anus, the commandant manned her post of surveillance - watching and waiting for the coming actions of the commander which were sure to come, as sure as the green tides of the filthy waters of the Perquimans lapped upon the banks of the point.

There on the eastern state situated on a southern coast, the headquarters of the commander being more westward within that particular political formation long since dead but situating a marked coastal station in comparison with the vast interior which lay westward, the dark forces of the organization prepared for a mass culling - not executed for reasons of ill-conceived moral rightness - but for the forward action, lockstep with evil, that the spilling of blood would facilitate - no right or wrong.

Each small hand remaining reached aloft, encircling the metallic wire of the outer perimeter fence and grasping the iron gates beyond which lay inescapable horror, doom and black sadism perpetrated upon black sadism - induced and facilitated by cruel minders whose career it was to avail themselves of reaching toward the limits of torment and transgression - young, predisposed flesh their intended and most available

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target. This hell was engineered by the control and the ever-destructive reach of the commandant herself and the commander at her side, his chest criss-crossed with bandoliers of bullets and other death-dealing ordnance, his face concealed and anonymous - ready and waiting for the death toll to sound. None did and none would stand against their overarching hegemony.

Beneath the surface, so many little girls being treated so roughly, young, supple bodies pulled over the waiting laps of the pontifexes of the commandant's training center. Black skirts lifted and knickers pulled down with cursory and well presumed authority before the rain of smacks coursed down upon the bared posteriors of the youngsters whom were the recipients of trauma-induced programming on a day that moved onward to day, day and night before, and thereafter selfsame - a dreadful existence beneath the dark clouds bearing down upon a compound of ultimate penitence.

As much as the cries and screams would echo down the corridors the punishment would not cease there in the commandant's training center - tender flesh once bared in humiliation and shame would be tormented - the smack of open palm by narcotic speed-induced handler giving way to the cracks of wooden paddle upon flesh ever-reddening and in time, subjected to instruments even more cruel in their design and application.

The tears that were spilled in such circumstances were not stains upon the legacy of the commandant but rather part and parcel of the the ever-flowing lubricant of her machines of death - just as the bloom of the

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mushroom clouds which had loomed over vast portions of the radiated, vaporized bodies wafting upon the winds, billions upon billions of deaths nurturing and facilitating that most totalitarian of regimes for whom the nuclear death goddess was helm.

Above them, their erstwhile companions - for some of them - awaited an altogether more weighty intersection of destiny as they participated in the encircling of bodies, their own, queued and earmarked for death, hands stretched upward toward the sun and fingers grasping the boundary of an area which they sought not to enter but which forces from within stretched out to touch them, molesting and impinging, giving sign of terminal fate - their futures and souls hanging in the balance - the clandestine organization holding the scales.

Little secrets led to large deceptions and consequences of the same there within the commandant's training center as espionage was allowed to come to full flower within the demographics of those so domiciled and incarcerated there - though the result almost always bore those so participating into the positions of shame which the girls there in the dormitories now found themselves.

Each individual dormitory was ruled over by an individual pontifex who acted as the on-the-ground and localized spymaster - observing, containing and oftentimes agitating the conflict and hierarchical atmosphere of internecine conflict which inevitably led to exposure, punishment and trauma - an endless cycle of terror. This was the hallmark of the commandant's

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training center - its *raison d'être* - and the means by which the organization's most precious resources were cultivated and groomed. Some to become themselves permanent fixtures there in the center, galvanizing and strengthening the institutional fortress of the commandant's authority - others to be unleashed upon and in furtherance of the horror of an already hellish earth as agents of a new apocalypse.

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CHAPTER 33

A ragged sigh escaped from betwixt Sadie's slightly parted and severely parched lips as the narcotic within the suppository inaugurated the initial stage of its slow time-release dosing - sufficient enough to keep body and mind together for the remainder of their journey as long as no unforeseen delay met them along the road.

The chemical compound was not identical to the green aerosol deployed and respiratorily ingested that had been the cause of Sadie's undoing, however it possessed several base ingredients also present in the gas along with stabilizers - enough of a stop gap to hold off complete deterioration, at least for a time. Once at engineering Sadie would become someone else's problem, her then erstwhile minders and handlers along with mother commandant herself moving on to the commander's headquarters - the next stage of Sadie's destiny to lie within the secretive confines of the engineering center - the most reclusive and most forbidden zone within all of the known areas of the organizational territory. It was there in the heavily wooded region, marked by hill and holler, ideal for and designed by nature herself for concealment and secret

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work that the more hideous portion of Sadie's life would begin.

The cult recruiter who had administered the dose placed her finger, still slick with the rectal filth of her charge, upon Sadie's neck - checking her pulse for steadiness and any irregularities that may be present. Her circulation, while weak, was still far more stable than it had been in the initial stages of withdrawal, indicating that the serum had done its work. Naked and shivering slightly due to the night's chill, several of the cult recruiters worked in concert rewrapping the sensory deprivation blackout fabric about Sadie's body and reattaching the heavy hauling chains to the interior of the van. When Sadie next awoke from her drug-induced slumber she would be at engineering - an insurmountable abyss between her and her former and seemingly simple life with mother commandant.

An era was coming to a close and a new dreadful chapter was beginning, not only for her but for the trajectory of the land itself and those who made their habitation upon the same - a seed soon to be planted, now incipient, a field hitherto unsown except for incestuous touch to be sealed in a pact of blood and flesh with far-reaching consequences for all. Now, within the bondage of the chains and blackout fabric, Sadie drifted into deep slumber - no more astral flight would be hers again on this night nor on any night to come - her time of revelation now over, her period of punishment, reckoning and unfolding destiny yet to come.

On the ridge the commandant snarled as one of the senior sisters approached to inform her that Sadie's state

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had been rectified - a black-gloved hand rising in warning that the commandant's meditations were not to be broken. The huddled robed figure disappeared back into the shadows of the night and the eyes of the commandant stared forth in blank horror belying no sound thought - searching out again the husband, her mind and flesh hungry for his grisly pastimes.

There at the commander's headquarters at that very juncture the lights dimmed suddenly and without warning within the commandant's training center causing great screams to erupt amongst all the residents therein - the sign and purpose thereof being well known to them. The den mothers and dormitory pontifexes abandoned their disciplinary ministrations - its intended trauma leading up to this moment - and the various residents now released from their shame, temporarily and for a time, scrambled to pull their underthings hurriedly back over swollen and hot flesh as the den mothers already present and the cult recruiter handlers who had burst into the various dormitories barked out the now redundant information that the awaited-for time had now arrived. Buzzers sounded and large steel doors ground open all throughout the compound as the residents of the commandant's training center began to march through the various tunnels and emerge through varied portals within its infrastructure - eyes gleaming with violence and psychosis - senses primed and ready for what was soon to be revealed to them.

Within confined cells within the torture center annex internal security personnel worked furiously at small consoles - controlling the flow of generator powered

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current to be routed and re-routed in order to facilitate what the commander had demanded and which was envisaged by the organization at its highest tiers - their duty to be the stewards and executors of the complex and sophisticated machinations which would allow the nightmarish visions of their ultimate and penultimate authorities to be manifest and realized in the here and now. While the commandant's training center and certain ancillary areas above the most subterranean regions of the dungeons of the commandant herself had been put effectively on half-life for the time being, vast portions of headquarters had been taken off the grid entirely - electrical pulse flowing toward other outermost portions of the compound, commandeered and misdirected for sacrificial purposes to come.

Beyond the horizon the commandant stared as a whirlwind of corpse grey light thrust up into the firmament - the screaming astral souls of hundreds of victims of the mass culling now discorporate. Upon the terrace of one lone tower the commander himself emerged - one brutal arm stretched aloft, fist shaking - his eyes burning and bloodshot, casting their view from behind the black mask of his concealment as the children grasped the perimeter fence as his loyalists depressed the breaker sending terminal electrocution level voltage into the thousands of tons of metal encircling headquarters. Arcs flew and the area surrounding a hundred yards from the fence all along its perimeter in either direction filled with the smell of ozone and burning flesh as some of the victims found themselves glued to the fence by dint of the current, blood beginning to boil and burst

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from their veins and orifices while others were thrown backwards - smoking corpses upon the cold earth of the organizational center. Shrieks of fanaticism and fury by the select onlookers on the outside and voiced exultation trebling that of their older counterparts by the cadets of the commandant's training center stationed inside the perimeter mingled with the grotesque sounds of death as the lever was now released and the current ceased - the children still affixed and frozen to the heavy metal barrier crumpling to the ground as the power resumed, normative, throughout the training center and the rest of the compound.

Like the fading of a mirage the corpse light bursting into the sky dissipated as the ghostly specters of the slain children were drawn involuntarily into whatever foul destiny beyond their bodies which the fanatics within the organization had decreed - the minds of the commander and the commandant locking in mutual recognition that the act had been done and that the way had been paved. Sadie embarking upon the hell that awaited her and beyond the waiting arena of the commander's headquarters, the commandant's training center beneath that and the dungeons even further below awaiting the commandant's cruel and sorcerous touch. A sliding side door opened and the commandant entered - a tap upon the small cargo area between front driver and passenger side signaling the move forward. Within less than an hour the executive carrier had met up with the others now upon the plains which stretched east and the caravan continued along its decided route.

CHAPTER 34

Dreamless and unnatural sleep constituted the remainder of Sadie's journey to the engineering center - a last rest, or at the very least as close to some semblance of restfulness than she would experience for a long while - before the inevitable coming dawn with all the indescribable harshness which it would bring.

When she began to awaken only a few hours out from the region of the engineering center itself she was too weak to call out - dehydration and hunger along with the effects of multiple organization narcotics rendering her limp and ineffective as to any possibility of recourse for her situation as she remained bound and immobile in the confines of the van. Sadie could feel the hard ridges of the hauling chains which bound her within the blackness which ensconced her, however she could not ascertain what they were nor where she was in truth - the last she had remembered being the visions of the point and before that through a partial and hazy recalling the ordeal which she had endured in the hatch after the death of the one she believed to be her mother. Despite the clandestine nature of her renditioning she knew instinctively that she was in the hands of the cult recruiters and by the feel of the vehicle lurching beneath her she knew that she was in transit to parts unknown.

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The commandant augured correctly her daughter's awakening by dint of intrinsic mental link despite the fact that the rest of the cult recruiters inside her personal carrier did not. All of them - including the internal security personnel and other among their company in the other vehicles - were part of a highly compartmentalized mission - the details of which they knew only but a fraction, and in addition some of the information which had been provided to them prior to their deployment being blatant disinformation in truth, though they knew it not.

The hungry mouths of the blood drinkers amongst their number would in fact not be afforded the opportunity to sup upon the sweet crimson offerings of the young within a few days' time at the commander's headquarters for they would in fact never reach those borders - some to be murdered by her very hand and others to be taken out simultaneously in an ambush along a passage between engineering and headquarters, the staging of which had been long planned by her via secret transmission via the radio in the barn on the hill to her confederates - her more choice loyalists, those slotted for further survival - at least for a time.

Alone she would proceed on the concourse which led from the organizational territory between engineering and headquarters - an area entirely inclusive of the organization's governance yet treacherous all the same and intentionally so - designed and bred by the plots and machinations of special intelligence for just the sort of deception that her return pilgrimage dictated and demanded.

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- the seed which she had sown and that which which
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CHAPTER 35

Light burst upon Sadie's eyes as the blackout cloth was ripped away - chains dislodged and cruel hands apprehending her - hands unknown to her either in consciousness or unconsciousness - neither mother commandant nor the cult recruiters - hands raising her upwards on a wooded hill overlooking a rolling and equally wooded landscape beyond which lay large buildings and enormous hangars of corrugated steel aged with rust.

Rounded stealth hills surrounded her - another wilderness altogether than the one she had known and populated not by one other alone but rather by a host of individuals for whom a new arrival, an arrival to stay, was an altogether different and almost singular event - an anomaly in a region which was cut off from the rest of the organization by dint of its secretive work and the draconian restrictions placed upon it due to the nature of the clandestine activities that took place there via the auspices of organizational authority extending from its center.

Thin streams of blood dripped in a continuous flow down the back legs of the half-dozen naked children who circled a large concrete-fashioned table upon a small rise immediately before her - the first scene

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observed by Sadie and an initial indicator to Sadie of the mood of the place which was laden with dramatic import for her but served for them their own foul and very utilitarian purposes - bizarre as they might seem to one hitherto an outsider in their land, despite the fact that the progressions of the day were far from business as usual.

Bent over at their waists, their arms and legs chained with large shackles bearing links affixed into the surface, the inhuman shrieks of their torment echoed across the landscape as the proctor's men practiced their tradecraft - honing their skills upon innocent and vulnerable flesh.

None of the children present bore the mark of the black widow - no sign of the telltale black betwixt parted thighs - meaning then that in the days to come they would be subjected to even worse abuse - for their presence was tenuous within the organization as it was and within the engineering center specifically - belying an even longer tread forward upon the cragged, wayward and transgressive path of obscene punishment which constituted the fullness of their existences there.

As the crystal arcs of electrical work sparked above them, apparatus of divers designs and fell intention along scaffolding which had been erected there and connected to the nearby treeline, along the dirt and gravel path which led to the main hangar of engineering Sadie walked - handled roughly by an entourage which needed no masking - for the very region in which they existed was their concealment. She was the lone pilgrim walking forth into the unknown, and the deranged faces of the inhabitants of that land - staring at her hungrily

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upon either side - spurred her ever forward towards an inextricable fate.

The procession was ritualistic - made all the more so by her nakedness - a glimpse for the immediate observers of the first fruits, yet to be tasted by their sector. Like the lamb that bore the sins of the tribe in times long since past, she was the offering which brought not promise of redemption but rather promise of further horror. A diadem in the crown of engineering still awaiting its cut and polish - a signal to the central organizational apparatus of both their expertise and of the decidedly dark spiritual currents which underlined their habitation, work and demographics in specificity.

Behind her Sadie heard the screams of the children shackled to the large stone table reach proportions beyond horrific as the proctor's men stepped back and a lightning surge of electricity shot down upon the hitherto undisturbed liquid surface of a large open industrial barrel which set upon the center of the platform - causing lean fuel and corrosive liquids to pour out from within the container now breached, the greenish liquid which sluiced forth covering the expendable victims in a slick oil which brought on severe chemical burns directly on contact with their skin and within seconds, quickly burning into their flesh to a degree which would make instant termination a mercy.

A merciless environment lay before her now in a geographical region which she had never before fathomed - for neither her normative life within the midwest nor even the astral forays to the point and to the

BLUEBIRD

lands beyond the churning Atlantic had given her any indication that such a place existed.

The rise and fall of the wooded hills should in a normal apprehension be beautiful, yet the overwhelming sense of the place was that it was entirely meant for concealment - for evil deeds done in secret - even beyond the eyes of the organization itself, despite the fact that it was to them which the inhabitants therein were both imprisoned and employed.

With that level of secrecy came a degree of license most transgressive - ignited with the clear awareness of high-tier work, and very dangerous work, done under coercion.

Should they be required to put forth the utmost sacrifice while at the same time the questionable benefits afforded to the rank and file of the organization being withheld, they would, within the strictures given to them, compensate on the levels of excess that only creativity and available facility might possibly limit.

From his black domicile in the darkness of the tunnel in the woods beyond, Gaubni watched intently via methods most arcane and in a surveillance most harrowing in scope. Upon his idol the crusted blood of decades of sacrifice gleamed and marbled - the effulgence of a despot most dread.

He had sensed her coming and as several miles away the child stepped through the large hangar doors into the main hall of engineering, she now bereft of all except for the unfolding destiny that awaited her amidst the snarls of lust and blasphemy of the depraved citizenry.

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there in that lonely place ruled over by a black god of silence - the grim sentinel from which flowed their exultation - a fell wind began to blow through the boughs of the hemlocks and beeches, stirring the air.

All along the ridgelines of the mountains the ever-present mist that hugged the landscape intermingled with the pollutants which streamed forth incessantly from the smokestacks of the industrial pursuits of engineering began to churn as the Great Demon brought Sadie into his embrace, a questionable welcome, but even more that hellish entity premeditated the embrace of the one still to come - the latter who would be his daughter in soul and in future in body, soul and deed in ways that would stretch the very limits of imagination - encompassing that which would, in time, shatter the very boundaries of sanity.

CHAPTER 36

Like the sudden blooming of a tiny lotus Sadie's legs were spread open - ankles attached to the manacles on the tilted examination apparatus, secured further within leather medical restraints in order to facilitate the fullest degree of access.

The proctor examined the speculum in his hands with more attention than he paid to the exposed and open flesh before him - his apprehension of Sadie being on all tactile and psychological levels clinical in the extreme and most dispassionate - a mechanism to be used, a resource for which he was now the predominant steward.

Sweat dripped down the proctor's lips, quivering in nervous premeditation of the afternoon's coming experiments and in want of his regular narcotic doses that accompanied the same. The accelerants not only steadied his hands but sharpened his mind - in the latter respect melding concentration and will combined with an increased neuroplasticity which engendered the more creative excesses of his evil genius.

The state of his surgery was a shambles, and the proctor found himself automatically reaching for a lab assistant not yet present - verbal chastisements issuing hotly from under his breath, admonitions which Sadie

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found indiscernible but with relief at very least that they were not directed at her. His perturbation at lack of someone to throttle was washed away in a moment however as the doors of his workplace swung open - a metal gurney pushing open the dual hinged metal entranceway, a small host of his laboratory assistants in tow behind.

The proctor inhaled with a hiss and exhaled some moments after with a rattling sigh as he saw the human flesh upon the metal surface of the gurney, prepared by him meticulously with the careful assistance of his trainees within the days immediately prior and kept alive by life support mechanisms most questionable yet normative for the scope and general timbre of engineering center activities. Two male youths, teenage in years, bodies contorted in a horrific and unnatural arrangement, limbs broken and pulled in multiple strange directions by thin metallic wires arranged in an occult cipher which only he could discern.

Incapable of sitting much less standing, the two destroyed test subjects were forced into an upright position by a length of rebar which ran from a hole drilled in the surface of the gurney within extending upward along the surface of their spines, fastened with clamps and shining platinum bolts inserted directly into the spinal column itself. Milky eyes shot with blood from profuse internal bleeding gazed forward, eyelids drooped and encrusted with brownish pus-laden filth - barely cogent of their surroundings as a bloody froth gurgled from their mouths where every tooth had been smashed out earlier in the morning by the proctor's

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assistants as the proctor had watched - the increase in pain and torment which their defanging had afforded an aesthetic if not clinical necessity which the proctor had vehemently demanded.

"What a lovely sight has appeared before my very own eyes!" cooed the proctor, a spring in his step, wringing his hands together and hastening toward the open alembic which the third among his young assistants had placed upon his main operating table - he slopping the clear, stringent liquid upon his long fingers and then putting them shakily to his still quivering lips, extending them to the back of his throat and suckling greedily - each trickle of the drug causing his eyes to widen in narcotic-induced psychosis which trebled his abjectly and brutal homosexual lust as he turned and gazed upon the unfortunate boys who would provide him with the needed focal point for his activities. Violence would beget violence upon violence upon violence and he found himself, suddenly, so very, very motivated to move forward - fanatically and with rapidity - wherever the Great Demon might lead him, wherever and however the signaled neural pathways which provided the access point to his demonic will might lead.

"Agios O Gaubni!" the proctor muttered in another rattling exhalation, the first of many, as he reached his fingers to unfasten the broach of his trousers - hands reaching downward and fingers finagling to find his member, increasingly swelling - within the lifeforce possessing in its DNA and RNA formulation the code which would unlock the genetic mechanisms which

BLUEBIRD

would in turn unleash nightmares onto the world.

The proctor laughed maniacally, his eyes rolling back into their sockets.

"We see you now!" he squealed, surgeon's hands grasping the length of his extended, vascular penis as it bobbed out of its erstwhile encasing of dry-rotted, discolored briefs - an affectation which other members of the organization found absurd but which afforded him a bizarre satisfaction - an enjoyer of the limits of vanity beloved by the little girls which he so despised. The little girl before him now - Sadie - on the very burgeoning cusp of youthful, young womanhood - was bereft of all such garments and he eyed methodically with the observation afforded to him by science the stretched crotch, diverting his eyes briefly from his focal point - its pudenda still downy soft but promising within its depths the birthing which his intentions and the intentions of will and desire that engineering so dictated - bloodlines of the commandant and the Great Demon to conjoin, the proctor acting as proxy of the latter.

One of the proctor's assistants, dressed in a white laboratory coat as was his senior, removed the cap from a large clear jar full of semi-transparent lubricant, thrusting his hands within and withdrawing a generous amount. The proctor nodded greedily and the lab assistant approached, personally slathering an ample portion upon the length of the proctor's extended member - now rigid and fully erect.

As the proctor reached his dominant hand downward to his own exposed sex and began furiously rubbing - eyes transfixed with monomaniacal intensity

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upon the two male youths on the gurney, his grisly creation, the lab assistant approached Sadie with a predator's gait - a barely concealed grin curling around the edges of his lips. Though the proctor was inveterate in his uranian orientation and although each of his assistants were expected to and did acquiesce to any and all unusual activities which the proctor may desire them to engage, many of them harbored lusts more typical to their particular age and demographic. As such it was with great pleasure that the lab assistant approached, only a few years older than Sadie herself, to coat her sex betwixt legs spread-eagled with the remainder of the gel. Had the proctor been in a position to observe he would have protested most profoundly, however as the case may be, his attention otherwise fully occupied, as the lab assistant correctly augured, the male youth facing Sadie availed himself not only of one agenda but several - his own tactile pleasure the least amongst them in terms of immediate import and lasting consequence.

Sadie's sex now covered in the gleaming semi-transparent gel, thickly coated, she stared forward into the gaze of the proctor's assistant - discerning that there was far more than met the eye as his own gaze dropped downward to one of the pockets of his tattered white coat. Palming a small black capsule in an act of sleight of hand, his other, still resting upon Sadie's vagina, stretched further down, massaging the lubricant around and then into her rectum - the sensation bringing her mind unbidden to the last true memories of her and her mother down in the hatch before the explosion - before

BLUEBIRD

her pleasure in incest and self-pleasure was decimated, the paradigm shifting from transgressive, incestuous love between a mother and her daughter willed through mind and ascertained by the senses into blood pouring from her eardrums and body pierced with hard shrapnel in the deafening aftermath of ignited ordnance.

She felt the finger of the proctor's assistant penetrate once then twice and then, though she could not see it - the position in which she was bound leaving little room for observation - she could feel it - a foreign object inserted within and pressed far in for no chance of expulsion - the black capsule. Several feet away the proctor began to groan impatiently - his lust intermingling with his need to both stay orgasm and his desire for his personnel to move forward with their part of the experiment. The assistants knew the inherent command in the audible gesture - haste.

Her body having accepted the capsule which the lab assistant had inserted, he and the others amongst his peers busied themselves, but not before he took one final look down, eyes locking with the young girl. His visage belied, incongruously to the situation in which they both found themselves, a level of concern and a degree of dread - dread for what he had done and dread for the potential punishment should his machination be found out which would result in a terminal end - but only after a very long tenure under the grip of persons far more black in their abject sadism than the proctor. With a last and final look toward her he was gone - disappeared from her strict and limited range of vision - to a clinician's sink where he wiped away the lubricant gel

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and any telltale forensic signs of his unauthorized anal penetration, any indicators on his person of the covert agency which the proctor's lack of surveillance had afforded and which his own secret agenda had engendered.

While the laboratory assistant who had effected the insertion of the black capsule into Sadie's entrails - operating from a remove - resumed his activities as the main assistant coordinator of the preliminaries of the aimed for insemination, another began his assigned task of note-taking of the proceedings. The proctor was obsessed with detail and proper cataloging of the experiments which he undertook, the compounds which he produced in secrecy and the overall thrust of his work - the record-keeping not only satisfying his own need to preserve his legacy for both the present and posterity but also as a means of insurance should sectors of engineering ever seek to inaugurate machinations against him. The notes, he felt, carefully taken and filed within internal reports continuously and stringently, would serve as a readily available testament to his successes - proof of his past and continuing worth to the engineering center and to the clandestine organization as a whole.

Upon the restraint chair Sadie felt herself becoming cold - an unnatural feeling coursing through her body in the minutes immediately proceeding the insertion of the capsule - the severity of its initial effects trebled both by her state of now near starvation and the ancillary and overwhelming stress to her central nervous system in reaction to the new and horrible environment in which

BLUEBIRD

she now found herself. Through internal mechanisms she had for the most part cleansed herself of the immediate effects of the narcotics which the cult recruiters had administered without her conscious knowledge while in transport, however the one which she had been administered now, in the immediate, was something altogether different - different in its effects and different also in that she was aware of the administering of the same as well as the identity of the one so doing - at least by sight.

Within the muscles of her flesh she found, despite her depleted state, a growing strength - a flush of health, or something more than health in fact - as the unclassified narcotic contained within the laboratory assistant's delivery mechanism began to absorb and activate via the auspices of the involuntary rectal feeding. Inaugural sensations of cold were replaced with sensations of heat most infernal in their properties and a seemingly very aware, almost philosophical shift which transformed Sadie internally from the exhausted detainee she had been moments before to something more - an invidious harridan, sensate and aware of her worth and possessing an emotive response beyond umbrage at her bondage and more so that those so binding her were likely compatriots if not outright co-conspirators in her overall rendition and the more egregious acts which had transpired therein.

Stretching with all her might Sadie could do little more than raise her lower back slightly off the restraint chair - the leather straps which held down her limbs and upper body strict and immobilizing. Still she snarled in

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her effort - the laboratory assistant who had administered the capsule pretending not to notice to a degree in his guilt while the youth taking notes began bisecting his attention between the proctor and the girl strapped down to the chair - beads of sweat causing her naked flesh to glisten beneath the high-wattage light which shone down from overhead, skin supple and pale reddening via the auspices of the narcotic which now coursed through her nervous system.

As a shattering of vision began to burst from within Sadie's consciousness - the initial signs of delirium beginning to take hold - the laboratory assistant hitherto unaccounted for reached for the same container of gelatinous lubricant which had anointed the genitalia of both Sadie and the proctor, removing a dollop from the interior side and slathering it across the thick length of a long shining drill bit attached to an ancient black plastic casing, the motor within rebuilt, modified - and optimized - for purposes which the original manufacturers would have never intended.

As he slathered the gel onto the length and tip of the instrument, the yellow extension cord attached to a generator burring angrily in the antechamber immediately outside the swinging surgery doors, the male youth eyed Sadie hungrily - imagining all that he would do to her should he be given the opportunity. That she was not the terminal subject of the test was a hope for such a future dispensation - whether her participation was willing or not - the object of his mechanical delivery on this day being the two modified twins upon the gurney - too destroyed in their present

state to have any inkling of what was to come.

Relegated thusly to his sex upon same sex drilling for the day - far more interested though he was in drilling into Sadie with an altogether more biological instrument - and with that the thought within his mind among his much more grim and grisly task laid out before him, the laboratory assistant, his mechanism now primed - a single finger revving and testing the million-per-second rotations of his instrument of execution - moved forward toward the gurney. The only screams which were to be heard were those of Sadie as she plotted her acts of ultimate revenge - plots upon terror-laden plots to unfurl like the black flags beneath the skull-bearing plinths in the desert which were her mother and father's heralds.

A sickening groan began to escape from the bloodied mouths of the twins, first the one and then the other as their skulls were breached - the smell of powdered bone and the burning black smoke of the drill engine working far beyond intended capacity filling the surgery with a funerary fetor.

Senses enlivened and the signal for which he had waited now present, the proctor barked at the nearest laboratory assistant in a high-pitched voice, faltering for control. Responding with appropriate haste the same assistant who had facilitated the covert dosing of Sadie approached - stretching a surgical glove upon the second, unoccupied hand of the proctor who flexed it once, twice and then lowered it to receive his dispensation. Then and only then and with a final cry of release the proctor ejaculated, his eyes riveted onto the male youths as they began to slump even despite their

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horrific bondage, blood shooting from their brains in high pressure simultaneous to the proctor's own issue.

Surgical glove now coated in his own semen, breath panting in the aftermath of his auto-eroticism, the proctor moved toward Sadie in a fatherly manner. Though the sight of her feminine form disgusted him his distaste was lessened by the visions which he had so recently absorbed and by the fact that his action now - a fatherly gesture for one yet to be known - represented the hideous will of the Great Demon and as such his sense of mission subsumed all else before him. Several fingers of the gloved hand shoved into her vaginal opening, inward and upward as far as her physicality would allow, reaching the cervix. The more scholarly among the lab assistants watched the seconds pass on a watch which he had commandeered from supply for just this purpose - watching one minute pass, then two, then three. A nod to the proctor and he withdrew, fingers exiting in a slick motion from her sex - the proctor's lips curling and Sadie's eyes fluttering then closing as the seed moved on a set, instinctual procession closer and closer to the womb.

CHAPTER 37

She had seen the Perquimans at high tide many times - and very rough wakes on at least a few occasions as the twice yearly hurricanes and tropical storms blew in from the Atlantic - but never this rough. She also knew well via her senses, those of the flittermouse, that tell-tale scent of low tide - strongest when the river lay still and placid after a long day beneath the scorching southern summer sun - but never a stench like she smelled now.

As she circled lazily in a soft counter-clockwise descent she could see white caps rising close to and then washing over the bridge that connected the land north towards Winfall to the area northwest of Durant's Neck. The dirt bridge where she passed earlier had already been long submerged, since twilight, well before the time the brackish waters of the point bore on greenish tides bloated corpses, bluish in fleshly tinge, white, swollen tongues protruding from mouths now silent.

On the far bank opposite the point, inhabiting that more often than not quiet landscape on the farthest outskirts of Hertford proper some, still living, ran screaming toward the shoreline, trailing smoke and lightning-like filaments from the white phosphorous burning their bodies, the green, brackish waters churning upriver from the point offering no succor for

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them on this night nor for any night to come.

The current flowed in reverse now and that meant the end - the alarm had been sounded and would not cease until the nuclear codes had been activated - continuing and piercing through fiery passage of overarching nuclear conflagration and holocaust - far into the future until the time that the commander ruled as despot from behind the razor-wire. Sadie's mother not dead as she had believed, not smoldering on the pyre on the plain outside the hatch but rather there, then, at his side.

On the restraint chair in the proctor's surgery Sadie's body was beyond tense and growing rigid, creating a scene of panic among the engineering personnel present - a thin white foam not unlike the white caps upriver from the point trickling down her face - now growing disturbingly pale and hitherto trembling lips seeming to indicate something akin to a smile as the seed reached its mark - an embryo forming in utero immediately.

In her mind's eye the waters flowing below her roiled, her leathern wings outstretched even as the waters of the poisoned pool in the woods on the border of the wilderness became calm. The greenish tint of the water became greener still as the algae settled upon its surface and the vision faded - the final vision augured by Wendy and the shade being that of Sadie upon the restraint chair - abdomen sweaty and taut and within a dark secret, the profundity of which still yet incipient.

"Yes..." hissed the shade to Wendy, emphasizing to her an import seemingly beyond belief.

"You are the child and she is the mother! Thus your

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bloodline revealed to you - for the lieutenant's actions just now were but a mechanism - a fate decided well before for him so that you could receive the message which we - all of us - now relay."

Wendy shuddered and looked to the west - beyond, the periphery of the experimental region - toward the vast wilderness which stretched before her - a region unknown.

As the darkness of the fading twilight began to increase, from the shade a blinding point of light shone, intruding through the darkness and lighting upon a granite dome sparsely forested which lay miles upon miles into the distance, illuminating a harsh place - technical in its approach and bereft of all life.

"As the point was your mother's origin and the hatch her place of preliminary testing in her unfolding destiny, that for you shall be both!"

Wendy stood and, swathing her black hood about her head, trod forth.

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CHAPTER 38

A horrific audial cacophony of young girls screaming in abject despair echoed disturbingly from the cells that extended in a multitude of directions along fell hallways stretching out from one of the circular command centers. Housed within that center and each other like it were stationed ever-watching and predatory rotating closed-circuit television surveillance upon each of the individual cells and their present occupants - detailing in distorted screen vision the myriad humiliating naked punishments, molestations and outright torture, most brutal in nature, that took place within.

This was only a small filament of the vast underground network of dungeons beneath the commander's headquarters, a part of the commandant's training center in a titular sense but housed closer to the subterranean dwelling place of the commandant herself in reality - as such possessing a level of retained technological infrastructure unknown further toward the surface, each single tendril of the vast network an exact clone of many identically similar cell blocks and surveillance pods that existed in profuse number there in the most secret networks of the commandant's

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dungeons.

High and towering concrete walls slathered with greasy, shining black paint flanked steel support beams, interspersed with heavy industrial steel doorways bearing meticulously maintained locking mechanisms and dual purpose restraint and feeding portals extended in quarter mile sections along every possible direction insofar as the geography and engineering thresholds allowed.

Passages one-way into a horrific interior, the only traditional point of access being the concealed doors within the ECU which led down into the commandant's training center and then towards even more securely guarded clandestine ways within that underground lair leading down, further still, to those halls and chambers most secret and dread - toward the direct administration areas of the commandant herself. One way in, one way out.

Merciless and cruel beatings by cult recruiters and other selected graduates of the commandant's training center upon quivering and expectant naked flesh was the rule, never the exception. The latter, subjects of physical ruination most systematic from the immediate reddened topical scar then to blue and black bruises and then later still to opened slices of flesh amidst such bruising, producing rivulets of sickening crimson trails of blood tracing spiderwebs of gore down purple weals on exposed buttocks and thighs of the commandant's most choice and succulent morsels of human specimens.

Girls, one and all in these vast cell blocks purposed by her, tender in age and profuse in number, their young

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male counterparts subject to predetermined fates all the more grisly and decidedly more terminal.

Hers was a cult of an authoritarian matriarchy most cruel and as such her maidens, her harlots and matrons alike inhabiting the most clandestine recesses of the facility were carefully guarded assets, subjected to programming both broad, specific and most meticulous in conception and execution. Natural selection would, in more normative circumstances, engender a more balanced fail ratio among their number, however in the ultra-pressurized psychological environment where the girls were, simply by dint of their habitation within the commandant's dungeons, counted amidst the highest tier of the most secret sector of the organization, failure was not an option. Even the slightest inability to program only providing an assurance of enduring supplementary ordeals even further beyond the remotely sane or ethical in nature and execution.

Prior to their exfiltration into the outer regions both Britta and Bluebird had been guests in these areas, the dungeons, privy to sights and activities straining the limits of human experience, the sort of which their initial cult handlers had never seen and could most likely never conceive. Many nights, shivering or sweating in naked exposure, depending on the whims of the commandant's climatic control, there against the careening black block walls - minds churning in hideous drug and trauma-induced contemplation as they spied senior sisters such as Chazona and Winzeria directing high-tier acolytes and the most sadistic lieutenants amidst the sisterhood

BLUEBIRD

in operations within the recesses of the dungeons.

As the preliminary planning stages of the expansion of the cult via the auspices of the chapels had begun to commence in tandem to the inevitable approach of the rally and the military campaign to the west, additional and surreptitious points of entry and exit had been devised.

Fissures in the earth, clandestine tunnels oftentimes dangerously graded, set with steel tracks for their intended purposes - the construction of such even more dangerous, performed by boys both youth and of tender age alike who were brought down from the commandant's training center. The need for high secrecy and the very dangerous nature of the work itself required the employment of dross - human mechanisms which would be terminated at the end of their verbal contract and then utilized for other purposes. For this reason the boys from the commandant's training center were chosen rather than shock troops, the former males which had been earmarked, often by Britta and Bluebird themselves in the weekly pontifex reports compiled by themselves and utilizing information supplied by lesser den mothers, as being not suitable for surging toward specialized roles in one of the myriad organizational sectors upon graduation but selected for an altogether more terminal assignment in the immediate based upon equally specialized criteria. All, whether existing in temporary stasis between brutally long shifts at the end of a lightless day in the dungeons, working along a predetermined line of fate, or whether ascending to the surface where their bodies would be allowed to mature

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and grow amidst vagaries of fate more chaotic amidst particular wings of the organization, serving the purpose of the commandant, each and every one.

Britta especially had enjoyed herself as the work had begun on the secret infrastructural expansion which, in order to meet necessary deadlines, had commenced at nothing short of hyper-speed - a chance for the senior sisters to test their own methods of psychical control, trauma-programming and sexual imprinting in service of the nuclear death goddess upon a seemingly limitless pool of subjects. Yet, potential doom was also upon their own heads, for results and results quickly there must be.

A horrific evolutionary process had started to turn there in the dungeons in dread procession, a wheel of torture, pain and merciless creation - a horrible birthing. Far beyond the natural - forced toward manifestation by the blind and unswerving will of the commandant. From a hidden vantage point in her innermost chambers she watched as her slaves traversed the chthonic landscapes of her dungeons, her secret projects now underway powered by a triumvirate of sweat, punishment and blood.

As her own young daughter, not of flesh biological but by flesh tempered with the lash of her discipline, Britta watched spellbound as the slaves went about their toil under the hallucinogen and speed-tempered eyes of the cult recruiters, the witches. Feminine, milky gazes monitoring the bodies under the administration of their whips as they gradually starved under the rigors of their forced labor - figures previously hearty under the standards of the commandant's training center becoming

BLUEBIRD

emaciated skeletons - the eyes of the cult recruits exuding control, the defeated eyes of their male slaves emanating awareness of death - then psychosis.

Britta had within herself become conscious of an ever-shifting change in her own levels of assessment of the clandestine organizational machinations of which she was now both witness and steward, along with clear awareness of how she herself on all levels had become changed - distorted and mutated by the rigors of the ordeal-based programming to which she had been and still was subjected. The burden of evidence in the latter all the more evidentiary as her own physicality began to shift - the monitoring and surveilling eyes of the senior sisters facilitating the metamorphosis by denuding her of briefly familiar garments, transforming the shame of nakedness into a writhing, clipped, sexual and sexualized monstrosity seasoned by the bruises of leather instruments of torment set angrily across her back. She had been raised upon human flesh and it was now, in her position as tormentrix extreme that she lusted for that which was set before her, like a banquet, the weals of corporal punishment beginning to dry upon her buttocks, bisected by the greasy black hide of her now customary garment, while moisture built without recourse to stopping upon succulent mouth - yearning for the taste, fleshly incest - yearning for the most forbidden yet inevitably most satisfying of fruits - kind to kind.

She often spied her older sister, Bluebird, replete with authority and forward-thinking responsibility, there

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in her thirteenth year, pacing upon the far walls of the black-slathered penitentiary foundation. Cold even as the glistening splatters of blood flooding throughout the dungeons on many occasions reflected upon the slick white latex of her skintight suit, creating an apparently gory spectral sight for those many who viewed her from the black vast openings of the dungeons. A cold predator, so Britta assigned, so ravenous for a reaping more chaotic and evil that she could administer lesser cullings robotically, like an automaton. Whether or not Britta's opinions of Bluebird in those moments were true or conjecture, what was without questioning genuine was Britta's own very tactile and very visceral appetites now very much at the forefront.

One day - though whether in truth day or night could not be readily ascertained by the young sisters there in the commandant's realm, an area permeated by neither but rather by a grim artificial in-between, existing in an ongoing twilight in seeming perpetuity - Britta had stood by herself, back towards one of the black walls of the dungeon, alone, watching, expectant. On that day the level of blood washing across the rock base of the dungeon bay had been excessive, the iron stench of the profuse liquid and ready evidence of the flesh from which it had been recently procured churning even the stomach of Britta in the midst of her own cannibalistic lust. Britta choked down her bile all the same, however, and considered her position and that of Bluebird. Bluebird had left hours ago - she, Britta, left in the comparative purgatory of the far observation point, set upon a slight ledge while Bluebird became a speck in

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Britta's far vision - a shining white shape beneath a towering and equally shining figure in black - the commandant.

A length of time had passed since the two had disappeared into the distance and in her isolation Britta felt herself growing gradually more and more feral - a hollow in the pit of her stomach and an unwieldy and expansive hostility building within. All of a sudden Britta felt a chill in the air, then a freezing - her eyes growing wide and fingers splaying in involuntary reaction to the sensation of near frost upon her mostly exposed skin. In the distance a strange clicking sound ensued, mingling with the sloshing of the blood being diverted in the bays, then the air around Britta retracted. Her eyes opened and before her stood Winzeria.

The witch smiled, or assumed for her what might be the closest possible semblance to such an expression insofar as she could or cared to muster, thin cruel lips curling back over teeth profusely stained in an indeterminable and highly unnatural color, clearly the result of years imbibing the most potent of the organizational narcotics specifically utilized within the cult and particularly and most predominantly within its higher tiers for purposes theirs and theirs alone. Britta gazed toward her with narrowed eyes, her internal mechanisms of fight or flight having been inaugurated immediately, yet with no recourse toward either all she could do is remain stationary, still in her paranoia.

Winzeria's eyes dilated slightly and a cold sweat began to drip down her corpse-pale face as Britta felt a pang of nausea in her gut as she heard the strange

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sibilating sound of Winzeria's telepathic transmission resounding loudly and audibly in her mind.

"COME WITH ME..."

Winzeria relaxed her face then, furling, teeth before hideously bared becoming now covered, her lips pursed in assessment of her subject and domination of the same as her eyes gestured toward the opposite side of the dungeon - toward one of the dark entrances to one of the many tunnels now underway, boring into the earth.

Britta nodded with her own mouth slightly opened, moist lips and an interior almost diseased red in hue, the indescribable sensation of being the recipient of Winzeria's voice telepathy startling yet bringing a certain clearness when coupled with the very direct nature of the command prompt given. While the request might bring with it potentially painful consequence, as most things did in the horrific world of the commandant, the command was direct and non-cryptic and, as such, bringing with it the confidence of obedience without hesitation.

Turning slowly and proceeding at a relaxed pace Winzeria stepped down from the ledge and Britta followed - across the recessed bay on cement floor, the blood now pooling in some parts to the height of Winzeria's ankle and nearly up the middle of Britta's calves - shredded and unrecognizable chunks of bloodied flesh and organs congealing upon the wetted surface in the shallow spots, floating amidst the gore in those deeper.

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Britta felt her mood begin to lift, rising out from the miasma of speculation, unsurety and isolation into the despotic clarity of absolute obedience and building mania. The atmosphere of the abattoir no longer caused her anxiety and she found herself cackling lowly to herself as she listened to her legs slosh through the blood and felt one of Winzeria's hands rest upon the rise of one of her curling hips as they traversed the bloody internal landscape together. Here was belonging. Here was identity realized.

Packs of cult recruiters in small huddles here and there across the arena could be seen from the corners of Britta's eyes, some conversations hushed and some being held forth in ever-rising screams as they administered the complicated work of fulfilling the will of the commandant in their current taskings - the bodies and minds of their underlings their tools, the commandant herself the center of control at the furious helm. While the inhabitants of the old world had in those latter days before the alarming present not allowed themselves to conceive of a real hell in the fullness of properties so posited by numerous religious books of antiquity, by their actions they had been both witting and unwitting facilitators of causing the shift, the nuclear holocaust from which the seeds of hell might flourish and expand painted upon a canvas now abominable enough to be suitable towards its purpose. Now a real hell was being built - not existing in some plane of existence accessed only by methods most occult, or entered into involuntarily by dint of profound transgression, but rather a hell on earth - the cult recruiters its arch-

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deacons, the commandant its Satan. This was the hell accessed by dint of birth itself and, as the razor-wire encircling the organizational territories expanded, the deepest circles of the same became evermore present and inescapable, their touch felt by all.

Winzeria communicated no more with Britta as they made their way steadily forward through the gore toward the black opening - the simple command to follow being enough for now - yet Winzeria continued to probe the mind of the young girl as they walked together, exerting pressure in some instances, hastening certain thought processes within Britta both latent and overt. Overwhelming feelings of security washed over Britta as the black gate of the tunnel loomed closer, the probing of Winzeria's mind stretching into her own facilitating an almost sexual release, the feel of bare hand resting gently upon the curve of her exposed hip so different from what she was used to experiencing at the hands of the cult recruiters - said hands usually grasping cruel leather straps and other instruments of torture often of the commandant's own design. A sense of coming revelation coupled with sensuality permeated by darkness preoccupied her, the looks of fear from the disposable male slaves here and there along their path, glances tinged with secondary additives of reverence and desire, pleased her.

Despite the vastness of the bay their passage through passed by very quickly, almost like a dream for Britta. She did not question even to herself why they had not taken the circular way - along the ledge - longer but

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easier, instead choosing the direct route straight across, through the blood which now soaked the bottom of Winzeria's robes and which stained her own legs in an angry red. From the tunnel opening now directly before them drifted the deep scent of disturbed earth, a rich dust issuing forth from the rent like smoke. One of the cult recruiters manning the entrance, senior in station yet lesser in rank than Winzeria herself - as were most of the cult recruiters there in the bay - extended two bundles of small black tubes, breathing devices, yet Winzeria dismissed her and her offering with the slightest leftward nod of her head, causing the other cult recruiter to grasp the collected apparatus to her chest and withdraw in self-consciousness and shame. Winzeria removed her hand from Britta's hip and grasped the girl's chin, raising it so that their faces met, piercing eyes boring into Britta's own, slightly glazed, belying a mind open for impression. Turning away quickly, Winzeria proceeded into the tunnel, Britta close at her heels. Despite the heavy sediment-bearing air, the earth disturbance nearly blotting out the pale lights installed into the rounded ceilings fortified with local timber, Britta found her breathing regulating, conditioning herself internally in a fashion that would spell quick death for those not versed in the psycho-physical disciplines of the commandant's cult.

Although the tunnel was bored for the most part straight, proceeding in a direct line along a gradual centigrade aimed toward the surface, Britta's own mind spun with daydreams of complicated, circuitous routes through tunnels much darker and much more fell in

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nature than those in which she was now physically present. Full of dead-ends, false leads, angles and dips and rises in incline seemingly wholly designed to disorient, confuse and lock the mind of those so traversing into a black enchantment. Winzeria smiled to herself, though no muscles moved upon her face, for she apprehended these visions as they occurred within Britta's mind - in these visions, Winzeria knew, Britta was finding the internal paths within herself, penetrating the complex matrix of her physicality, discovering the hidden vectors of control - mastery of which was the salient hallmark of the commandant's chosen.

"Only a few more hundred yards forward," whispered Winzeria through more natural means than before, though still tinged with the permeating sorcery that was for all effective purposes her baseline. Britta croaked in response, a raspy sound inhuman in resonance yet indicating to Winzeria all that she needed to know. The witch stroked the young girl's head, short like her own, in a brisk motion, similar to how one would handle a canine - emphatic, brief affection - cursory, underlining command. Dark brown filth of the mine sticking to her legs, Britta trod forward.

Without exercising the control that Winzeria had imparted to her Britta would have surely choked to death in the thick dust - the clouds of disturbed earth swirling all the more as the witch and her young charge pierced through ever deeper into the tunnel's interior, the passage still lit only by the pale sparse lights that had been installed at semi-regular intervals throughout, the bare minimum required to facilitate the continuation of

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the male slaves' grim work. For several brief seconds Britta thought that she could hear a cry further ahead, faint, distressed and, as the dust finally began to settle and become less of a visual impediment, she wondered where the workers along this particular fault were situated - she had passed none since entering.

As the two made their way further in, closer and closer to Winzeria's approximate destination point, though what would be waiting for them there and what would occur once arrived as of yet unspecified by her cult recruiter handler, Britta found her mind turning toward the weeks so recently past in the commandant's training center with Bluebird - the formative days of her own individualized and blasphemous engineering post rendition. Their initial confrontation with the commandant herself had been a turning point, a signifier that they had passed that threshold of no return, though the experiencing of that threshold was so colossal in import that the memory blurred in her mind. A vague vision, brought along on gossamer wings flecked with blood. That had occurred in the dungeons, in an even more secure and select area than the cells and the expanse which she had now spent many days, yet it was the commandant's training center proper and the time spent there which inhabited the forefront of her memory and consciousness. The seemingly endless trauma-induced programming, interspersed only with a few brief hours within her own cell, a portion of which inhabiting a sleep that was more like half-life bombarded by subliminal command prompts echoing like ghostly whispers through headphones and

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sometimes reinforced through hidden speakers beneath her bed - the organization, ever present. It was in those times, both before her initial meeting with Bluebird, but most pronouncedly after, that effected the intended programming of being an actor in a total environment - so authoritarian, totalitarian and despotic that her existence before became a dream and her present - a waking nightmare. Although Bluebird was her senior in the cult, she did not know all that Britta had experienced - specialized treatment in the most broad sense of the term and the most severe - for often when Britta drifted into unsettling sleep upon waking she would find special handlers waiting, clothed in all encompassing black and identities completely hidden, the night stalkers.

She smelled blood, she apprehended flesh - the cannibalism of her upbringing in the dusky moon-soaked hills and mountains of West Virginia always present within her - bred into her very DNA and RNA cellular structure. Even though some aspects of her past seemed to be nearly erased, the hot humid sweat-soaked nights writhing on the bearskin of the field marshal's tent filament of a filament of a dream, the hunger was real. She felt it always, sinking into her guts like a knife, and despite the fact that the speed-laced gruel and the rendered protein from harvested corpses was proffered in comparatively copious amounts to the high-tier within the commandant's training center, still she salivated for more. Red, bloody flesh recently torn from a living, breathing human. The conspiracy and very much terminal swindle on behalf of her mother, brothers, sisters and self under the careening shadows of the

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Appalachian old growth dwelt within her by very instinct. She was a night predator, a creature, human in the titular sense, bred on madness and consuming victims most choice - kind to kind - as those so feasting became, in the by and by, an almost other species altogether.

The night stalkers were a breed unto themselves amongst the cult recruiters who were in and of themselves a decidedly strange lot - stranger than even the most horrifying members of the various other organizational sectors encompassing the breadth and width of the same. Among the organization, excepting only the armed elements sent afield for raids, surveillance and intelligence, and these to a lesser degree, in terms of distance, it was only the cult recruiters who went into areas far-flung from organizational control - spearheads of questionable agendas, the intricacies of which were only fully known by the commandant herself. On a lateral scale yet inversely so the night stalkers were only present within the commandant's training center and the dungeons beneath - a species bred in darkness and inhabiting darkness. Throughout Britta's tenure in the commandant's training center Bluebird had never mentioned this special detachment and in truth by dint of her nature Britta did not believe that Bluebird knew of their existence whatsoever.

The night stalkers were developed under very special applied training mechanisms - the initiation points of their grooming varied but their recruitment

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demographic always selected among females of a child-bearing age, including most often the painfully young in the immediacy of their becoming biologically capable of doing so. An impregnation amidst much trauma and greater and more severe trauma to follow through the course of the pregnancy. Soon after the time of the birth both the mother and child were dispatched by their seniors amidst the subcult, the death of the infant the more grisly in execution, the death of the mother herself a sham. The older victim revived, eyes flickering in knowing terror, three to five minutes later - just as the body of the infant child began to elicit its peculiar stench - that particularly sweet smell of fresh bloodshed. It was that blood with which the newly minted night stalker would record her training notes and minutes of the collective training within the closed-off section of the dungeons in which they were domiciled amidst top secrecy in the days and weeks to come, and it was the meat of that freshest and most intimate of corpses that the mother would sup upon as her only sustenance within a similarly pre-arranged period in a cycle continually repeated as their number increased.

Britta remembered the stalkers coming to her in the dead of the night - for in the commandant's training center, unlike the dungeons, there was some semblance of the natural progression of days due to their at least visual access to the internal courtyards from within the internal parapets, the large rooms within those towers often utilized for housing the baby brigades, the parapets visible from elsewhere at the commander's headquarters only from an aerial view, an impossible

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vantage for surveillance within the post nuclear landscape.

She would hear a swishing of fabric and her eyes would open, slowly and, inevitably, and she would see them arranged in a squad - three to four - their uniforms more concealing than that of the cult recruiters, no flesh exposed whatsoever. Contributing to their anonymity was also the fact that they seemed to a degree completely asexual - for there was no semblance through the thick robes and assorted black garments that one of the witches inhabited the same. Their silhouette against the block walls of the barracks were broader in the shoulder and rigid - non-feminine - yet their movements, when operating, were altogether more fluid than that of a man.

Although she had been woken by dint of hypnotic command, though not in trance, and despite the fact that organizational narcotics coursed through her veins, Britta found herself disturbed in the extreme that the figures of the night stalkers seemed to shimmer like static at the slightest movement, their presentation almost like that of a hologram under duress - first as their robes rustled slightly as they stood arranged and assessing her - then even more so as they moved in for the rendition. Having never visually apprehended any similar phenomena among the company of the cult recruiters nor amidst any of the other nearly inhuman characters inhabiting at various times the torture center and its more secretive areas Britta assigned this particular trait as singular to the night stalkers alone.

As they would make their way toward her almost by rote none of the other children would awaken nor in

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their sleep seem to be disturbed in the least - the slumber of many being very deep despite or perhaps because of the grinding organized chaos of life in the barracks - inclusive of its excesses and rigors and its inevitable terrors, the body calling up deep and instinctual recuperative survival mechanisms whilst dwelling within an atmosphere and environment of seemingly ever-present threat.

On the rare occasion that one of the members of the baby brigades in her dormitory had awakened, instances of which had been very few in number, the night stalkers would withdraw from within their shimmering frames a bright object - thin, wand-like and glowing eerily with a funerary, corpse-like illumination - upon its peak an orb glowing somewhat brighter than the shaft.

At the sight of any eyes other than her own opening, always warily so, or small frame bending at the waist for better vantage point, sitting upward to ascertain what had caused the sudden shift in the atmosphere of the dormitories, one of the night-stalkers would move forward and depress their lighted wands upon the forehead of the offender - the latter promptly dropping, seemingly naturally, but in fact decidedly unnaturally, into a sleep most deep and entirely devoid of memory.

Then, the mostly symbolic threats appropriately stifled, the night stalkers would move in toward their ultimate target - Britta herself.

Britta never felt that she had been unduly coerced in their abduction of her person by any divers methods - insofar as resistance was effectively futile whatever shape or form training amongst the commandant's cult

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might take - though the prompt at her sudden waking was in her estimation most assuredly a sign of the more sorcery-laden aspect of the night stalkers, in their constitution and their methods, within themselves and in the very nature of their coming forth by night. She proffered herself willingly, as a prey would to the predator, though in the more wily aspects of her mind she contemplated why she herself had been chosen, but far beyond that - beyond ego - she considered on a level most fleshly what promises these beings might fulfill, what black rapture might be experienced under their very select training - and what method she herself might learn.

Basins of blood and flesh would await her, there in the downward spiraling levels of the dungeons beneath the commandant's training center and sometimes in cells on the far periphery that had been earmarked for their own particular purpose - those latter staging areas always bereft of their props, furniture and further apparatus well before waking hours and the next shift within the torture center who, if they should stumble upon the same, would find them empty and abandoned as always - awaiting further assignment.

Her rendition by the night stalkers was much different than the myriad occasions in which she had been forcefully conveyed hither and thither within the commandant's greater lair throughout her training - no rough grasping of resistant limbs, no jostling as she was carried either with her foreknowledge or sudden arrest toward punishments and programming most bleak. The touch of the night stalkers was different altogether - a

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brief, strong smell of ozone and she was on her feet - black, hallucinatory flickering hands upon her arms that felt light as a feather, and Britta, rather than walking between them, keeping pace, felt herself floating several inches above the air - conveyed and conveying herself by dark forces preternatural and fell.

Once situated at their collective point of destination, wherever in the labyrinthine halls of the infrastructure where they may find themselves, Britta denuded herself of her own garments without request or questioning by the night stalkers and they - in their strangeness - never spoke, ever exuding their deathlike silence, but somehow waiting, curious. Britta attempted to gauge the constitution of the night stalkers during her first confrontations as she undressed - lingering fingers upon her own flesh as she removed her garments - yet no human lust could be discerned within the shimmering figures - only a cold and somewhat statistical observation amidst their patient waiting.

Britta's own apprehension of their very threatening nature, most base and ingrained to their kind, came upon her in the first instance as they lifted her - weightlessly - onto the shining stainless steel apparatus onto which she was manacled and strapped, now naked - arms bent and immobile, legs bent at the knees, posterior stretched open and thrusting forth most obscenely. Once bound, thin black tubes were inserted without delay by the night stalkers into various orifices - excepting her mouth - two per opening - drawing forth fluids and facilitating an influx of other fluids of a

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chemical nature of a clandestine composition, designed to aggravate and elicit tendencies most specific. As she stared down at the cement floor, helpless in her bonds, she heard the rattling of a gurney from a near distance and then the scraping of metal upon metal as the night stalkers dislodged its payload.

Within a few brief minutes the vat had been situated beneath her face where her head and shoulders extended beyond the metal frame - the vat of a similar construction, stainless steel - filled several feet deep with frothy crimson blood in which floated large chunks of freshly harvested human meat, sometimes less than an hour severed from the bone. Britta's eyes dilated involuntarily, her deep-seated hunger triggered, at the sight of reddened human flesh mingling seamlessly with subcutaneous fat sheathed with gradually loosening skin - tendons chopped in half during the course of the butchery which facilitated the special harvest mingling the sickly white and yellowish of their compromised interiors into the human broth.

A burning sensation would wash over Britta's body as the night stalkers slathered certain peculiar topical chemicals over the most sensitive parts of her young body and, as the burning sensation increased - from warming to distinctly uncomfortable to infernal - the vat beneath her began to slowly rise. She was immobile, her naked child's body in obscene exposure fastened tightly and painfully held to the stainless steel surgical apparatus, yet her neck which protruded out from the gurney was afforded some small degree of movement. Her internal body composition changed drastically and

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violently as her stomach was emptied via one of the black tubes inserted into one nostril while her stomach lining was coated with a specially conditioned primer via the tube inserted into the other, causing her stomach to lurch and growl. From the three tubes inserted into her rectum one emptied her bowels with a strong vacuum device while the other facilitated a steady influx of the predominant narcotic - absorbed anally and now beginning to overwhelm both her normative bodily functions as well as her consciousness. The vat rose closer and closer to Britta's open, salivating mouth, click by resounding click as it was raised steadily in half-inch increments by one of the night stalkers.

Once within distance Britta utilized the slight movement afforded her within her bondage to strike, her neck snapping downward like a viper - the vat raised by one final click and her mouth now plunged into the iron-scented human soup - slurping in violent, maniacal and uncontrollable bloodlust. This feeding and her wherewithal to effect such accelerated and refined by the influence of the night stalkers and their machinations both mechanical and psychical in nature, for they particularly were, in Britta's estimation, among all those who dwelled in the commandant's training center and the dungeons beneath (save the commandant herself), the most inhuman. As she drank, consumed and drank again she reveled in her increased ability of consumption - that despite little to no airways cleared and available to her due to the insertion of the thin black tubes within her nostrils and the incessant blood feeding via the auspices of her mouth she felt no lack of breath, no need to come

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to surface. As the blood and flesh continued to pour into her the vacuum mechanism's holding tank slowly turned from the blackish brown of her excreta to harrowing red as the pumping mechanism gurgled disturbingly with the increased flow pouring into her intestines, pushed forcefully downward from her stomach which now began to swell uncomfortably even by sight. Beneath her closed lily-white eyelids the orbs of her vision began to turn bright crimson and her face and body begin to flush as her cannibalism reached the threshold of and then passed beyond human capability.

Their robes flickering with seemingly electrical current, the night stalkers communicated one amongst another, one of their number withdrawing a long snake-like metallic cord - upon one end was attached a black box bearing a single shining chrome activated switch and upon the other a pursed device of a metal similar to the cord itself but fortified and strengthened by extra time, attention and refinement within the secret furnaces of the engineers. Covering one gloved hand with a generous amount of the grotesque viscous solution which had effected the topical burning upon Britta's flesh, the night stalker equipped with the device curled its hand upon the base of the cord and swept it upward through a tightly closed fist, coating the length of the cord in the gleaming chemical solution. With the similarly gloved finger of opposite hand the remaining gel was curled onto the night stalker's fingertip and the device at the tip of the cord now generously wetted and coated - the point of insertion. The night stalkers nodded to each other and the light within their staging

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area dimmed by dint of will alone as the cord was threaded into the remaining hitherto unused third black tube inserted into Britta's anus, moving steadily inward toward its target - the lubricant masking all sound of its insertion, the only thing audible in the cell being the sound of Britta's mouth gorging upon blood and flesh.

With an inhuman howl Britta's head whiplashed up from the contents of the vat as the cord found its target, the device activated by the chrome switch held by the night stalker attendant on cue upon the length of the apparatus first meeting resistance. Mists of blood flew backwards from the violence of her neck's motion, reddened flecks flying backward in hallucinatory spray from the tips of her hair, at that time not yet shorn into the skinhead appearance which would become her hallmark.

Entire face and neck covered entirely in a death mask of reddened viscera and choice, selected plasma harvested by the night stalkers, Britta howled anew as the device at the end of the metal cord opened - activated - clawed needle tips expanding within her guts - nine narcotic-laced needles, thick in gauge and grimly exploratory in purpose - punching into her intestines and withdrawing sickeningly by dint of an ancillary mechanism built within - piercing and pulling filaments of her internal flesh into the cylindrical tube of the barrel of the syringe.

As quickly as the mechanism had effected its mission the procedure was complete - the lubricated metal cord now carrying at its tip the samples from the biopsy pulled out so quickly from within Britta's guts that her

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entire body began to shudder uncontrollably. While one of the night stalkers proceeded to withdraw the three black tubes from her anus, now covered in slick black filth, terminating the action of the vacuum tank and narcotic drip in the process, another member of their clandestine fold effected a similar extraction at her other bodily extremity - briskly, painfully yet with expert precision removing the thin black tubes from both of her nostrils.

The heavy bondage restraints that had held her immobile to the metal gurney were released and, still entirely disoriented and inhabiting a spatial dimension of consciousness on the very edge of sanity, Britta found herself roughly pushed into an adjoining cell - a several ton reinforced concrete vault door slammed behind her and, from above, torrents of high pressure water pouring down upon her - cold, shocking, cleaning the blood and viscera from her naked flesh.

She would never remember and never had managed to recall, *ex post facto*, what had happened after that - her body at some point passing out in abject exhaustion from the sheer intensity of the ordeal, her pale frame falling and crumpling upon the hard concrete floor amidst the water and blood commingling.

When her consciousness would return it would be the next morning and she would be situated as she had been before the nocturnal rendition by the night stalkers - dressed in her underthings and lying beneath the rough fabric of her organization-issued military-style blanket there in the barracks dormitory. Although the import of her night before seemed nightmarish, hallucinatory -

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beyond the scope of realism in its bizarre timbre even for the commandant's training center - Britta knew that all had indeed occurred as so recently imprinted upon her mind, for her own flesh would not, could not deceive her.

She knew the taste - and the effects - of human flesh and, after these forays with the night stalkers, happening with increasing frequency, she knew now the most singular effects of consuming flesh in excess.

CHAPTER 39

When the lash of the whip came down upon her flesh for the last time, Astrid raised her face toward the far altar of the chapel with a sly, self-congratulatory sneer.

She had accepted the proxy punishment and, now the scapegoat of the sisters' infiltration into the experimental area regime - the face which she chose to be discovered - would be facing Bluebird and all that entailed while she, ensconced within her own private chambers, rehearsed the psychodramas of the cult recruiters.

Accepting, rejecting, absconding and betraying - pressed upon flesh, pressed upon mind. The harrowing descending fog of the authority of the senior cult recruiters made its way invariably to each and every witch - no matter how far flung geographically.

For Astrid, in her own level of psychical development, all was a plaything - a trifle. As she smiled, raising herself from the ceremonial apparatus utilized in her own private chapel for beatings, within her mind she saw what was now becoming of her scapegoat - the one upon whom the blame was placed for all the allegedly illicit goings-on by the cult recruiters in the experimental area - the intrigues, the constructions of the chapels both in the central area and in areas elsewhere, but near.

BLUEBIRD

Despite her visions of the needle-bearing globe bearing closer and closer to the naked flesh of the cult recruiter acolyte who had been proffered for sacrifice, there, under the maniac glare of Bluebird, somehow Astrid was still not secure in her victory - something was amiss.

As she tried to brush the thought from her mind she could see the face of the shorn-headed one, the younger sister, twirling in glee upon a far tower unknown to her, in a woods in an area also unknown, her near-naked body covered in the gore of the most choice, reddish consistency. Was it the blood of the cult recruiters themselves? Was her gambit failing, doomed as it was?

Upon an area already blasphemed and profaned amidst the highest echelons of the leadership, a continual poisoning progressed still across the area recently conquered in the name of the organization - a struggle occurring on a ghostly realm of existence. Chess pieces moved upon a sinister, ghastly miasma of peripheral dimension and consciousness. This arena was only pierced in its fullness by the cult recruiters and those trained under the apocalyptic disciplines of the commandant, yet the effects of what went on there were invariably felt by all.

Astrid felt herself begin to shake and then suddenly freeze in place - immobile - as she saw within her mind's eye the vision of the black globe-like apparatus driven by Bluebird's own lethal telepathic will make its final descent into the body of the cult recruiter under interrogation - the razor-sharp spikes protruding from the blackened steel sphere blurring in millionth-of-a-

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second counter-clockwise circumambulations as they drilled into pale flesh helpless to resist.

Although the klaxons began to blare and the cult recruiters around her began to flee in terror - abandoning their posts, ceremonial stands bearing goblets, whips and various paraphernalia knocked aside in panic - Astrid could not bring herself to rise into waking consciousness amidst the fugue the remote viewing had brought upon her. The vision of the interrogation and the death by the grisly sphere and its even more grisly operator faded and all turned now to black. The chapel now, mostly vacated, for those few left to see her - in passing - Astrid's eyes drawn back into their sockets and projecting insanity and blindness. She had become the prophetess, though her will did not wish it - so it had come.

A hard, cold wall of grey clouds began to push toward her - Astrid could see them as easily as she could have seen even moments ago the far walls of the chapel. In differentiation however the grey cloud that now pushed toward her was mobile, not static, and encompassed all space from side to farthest side and from the ground unto the very heights of a sky whose uttermost reaches exuded neither paradise nor solace but only horror. Within that grey expanse, running to black in the interior of its broadsides, great, giant faces began to form - mocking, testing, arrayed for terror - present for the purpose of threat. The chief witch amongst them - Bluebird - and her young acolyte - Britta. Now, like vultures they circled. They had taken her sacrifice - deceitfully offered - and now as their forms laughed

BLUEBIRD

through strains of the most subtle gossamer astral
filament - heads ten feet tall gleaming in the shining of
the gore of the ill-planned victim - they turned their gaze
upon her; Astrid.

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CHAPTER 40

With a feral snarl Britta landed upon her target, psychopathic in her attack, teeth sinking into the exposed flesh of the cult recruiter held captive in one of the antechambers of Bluebird's personal domicile. Bluebird smiled to herself satanically as she moved forward to rake her claw-tipped fingers across the naked body, hearing its screams as the claws, honed to razor sharpness, opened the flesh almost without effort.

The lines on the skin appeared white on the skin at first, for a few brief seconds, and then appeared to magically separate, blossoming into raw and stinking flesh from which blood began to pour in disturbing rivulets onto the rotting carpet upon the floor.

Smelling the blood, Britta quickly transitioned herself from the bites she had made upon their shared victim's flesh to the more immediate payoff of the flesh inside which her big sister had facilitated in revealing - now to the meat in earnest.

Britta gorged herself as the lifeforce began to gush into her mouth in torrents, dining to excess before tipping her bloodied mouth away to regain her breath before supping further, gore adorning her face - lethal

BLUEBIRD

red upon youthful pale - human flesh still dripping in its terminal anointment clenched betwixt bared teeth animalistic in their sharpness.

So many cult recruiters had been purged on this day, so many perishing under her and her sisters rigorous counter-insurgency program, intelligence unrestrained. A day of bloodshed and great reckoning - a day that would not go unremembered by either side but remembered in infamy most of all by the side that had lost.

For every chess piece moved by the cult recruiters, they, the sisters, had moved thrice. The agents that did penetrate the ranks of the experimental area regime were doubled back - agents became double-agents, double-agents discovered via applied counter-intelligence efforts on behalf of the regime became tripled. Intricate moves of conspiracy churned along decidedly fell courses and those who were not able to be co-opted towards the purposes of the sisters were liquidated whether by the auspices of corrections or via summary execution - the nature and trajectory of the termination being the sisters' own due prerogative.

What a revelation it had been - what a scandal - when Astrid's machinations against Bluebird were discovered. How satisfying it was in the past so recent and how palatable in the here and now the unlocking of every plot, every device of deception - their turning the subterfuge of the cult recruiters upon its head and then raining down upon all their heads in a sense most literal the distilled wrath, terror born forth by their very own teachings in a state of now perpetual revolution.

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Students eating the masters. From the seeds of their own blood incest they had created a state monstrosity in their regime - fearful and terrible.

Almost sickeningly did the atrocities perpetrated by Britta and Bluebird serve to facilitate an authority unmatched in those far peripheral areas of the organizational territory, yet the pressure coming from the death goddesses - imbued with the dark blessings of the commandant - proved most efficacious in domination regardless of the extremity of their measures. As the great purge commenced among the cult recruiters - cult brass in their positions for decades watching helplessly as witches possessed of accrued knowledge far beyond their own, repositories of great ancestral wisdom among their sect, were cut down summarily - the authority of many transferred into the authority of a few.

Britta at long last brought herself up from her victim, the trails of blood dripping from her mouth causing spiderweb-like patterns upon her near-naked body, the liquid beading effortlessly off the shining black straps that framed her mostly flat chest onto nipples gently protruding and then across a tight abdomen as it writhed in reaction to its immediate gestation of human blood and human flesh.

Bluebird stood beyond - gore dripping from her razor-sharp claws and red staining the upward portions of the white suit gripping tightly to her skeletal arms resultant from where her claws had caused a blood vessel of the captive to rupture, spurting its life force recklessly skyward toward the grasping limbs of her

BLUEBIRD

predatory form which loomed above during surgical explorations executed by her immediately prior.

Their victim now lay pathetically upon the floor of Bluebird's domicile - mutilated and destroyed - yet, all things being equal, having been given a relatively merciful death in comparison to those who had come recently before. The administrators of the plot as well as the would-be assassin and the would-be assassin's standby had all suffered under the most foul methods of dispatch as devised by the two young death goddesses - the serpent voices of intelligence whispering into their ears suggestions as to means and methods by which their wills might be employed according to their darkest potential.

Among them the black steel spiked sphere, each brutal prong machined to facilitate the most grisly of executions. These were the innovations of the most secret sectors of the engineering center and in an actionable model only possessed by the sisters. The method of their telepathic control only tested by Bluebird herself in the dungeons of the commandant and under her direct supervision as her younger sister, Britta, made her own peregrinations of near future destiny there in nearby caverns with Winzeria. Bluebird was the only one within the organization who had been able to control the device - sans the commandant herself - and as the initial model was tested against the insurgents Bluebird dreamed of future times when many such devices would be at her command, floating disturbingly through her zone - ready to administer terminal punishment as her increasingly shattered consciousness manned them

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BLUEBIRD

according to arcane methods of strictly compartmentalized remote viewing. Doom was her watchword and further doom she and Britta would bring in waves upon waves - heaping death upon already festering rot and - through that harsh alchemy - birthing further demons upon the earth, further plague, further calamity and, most overarchingly, further control.

As Bluebird and Britta grinned insanely in their horrific rapture there at the nearby chapel Astrid screamed - her hands drawn up toward eyes now milky white - an all-encompassing and permanent blindness gripping her - save only for the telepathic hallucinations which Bluebird would thereafter choose to transmit - the seeds of schizophrenic madness now come to full black flower as Bluebird's former hidden conspirator became now her creature in all fullness - body, mind and soul. Well over a hundred miles away at headquarters an anomalous blast of lightning issued forth from the heavens near the tower where the commander sat in solitude and, in the dungeons beneath, the sadistic laughter of the commandant echoed through the halls and the cells sprouting forth from the same - the voice of the ultimate nuclear death goddess, always malicious in intent and most severe in discipline, causing all the inhabitants thereof to shudder.

CHAPTER 41

How infinitely pleasurable for her was it to see the small child upon her lap, the latter squirming in protest as the cult recruiter rained down slap after resounding slap upon the bared posterior - the strikes powered by formidable arms, vascular in appearance, blue veins topping tight musculature - sadistic.

Even as he puled in protest, Greta sneered in appreciation and obscene amusement as the little boy's small prick ground against her inner thigh.

This was her own son, facilitated via impregnation by her brother upon her rape of the same, and soon she would accept the seed of her own child, her and her brothers, laid out like a banquet before her now, upon the next completion of the long sophisticated cycles of trauma-induced programming that she and the sisters had been facilitating during the well over half-decade since her spawning.

Greta ceased her punishments and drew her hand to her mouth, extending a willowy finger with sharp-tipped nail betwixt her lips, suckling sensually and languorously, before removing it suddenly and thrusting it into the rectum of her progeny in a violent motion, laughing maniacally as her dilated pupils surveyed the writhing human flesh amidst her familial victim's

BLUEBIRD

screams. Greta's internal vision blurred for a moment only - images within her mind's eye showing complicated grid patterns, glowing blue upon black field - encrypted messages subliminally transferred, coded in such a pattern that only she could decipher.

Aware in fullness there in the now once more, Greta wrenched the little boy from her lap - several fingers now inserted and not withdrawing, grinding even further inward, in fact - repositioning him so that he straddled her, her fingers stretching, probing freely in their molestation.

The smell of the blood pumping through his neck beneath his thin young skin intoxicated her as she manipulated with expert precision the prostate of the young male - grinning in satisfaction to success as she felt his penis enlarge within the very cavity of his own birth, her knuckles slapping against his youthful protruding buttocks as she sodomized him with vicious thrusts and milked from his sexual member - now awakened, for the first time - the life-bearing tincture of a profane, incestuous sexual union.

As the final thrust of her sodomy coerced the last emission of her son's ejaculation Greta knew that the terminal moment had arrived. As her son's body shuddered in its last throes of orgasm she withdrew the three fingers hitherto inserted into his anus - sickly wettened and bearing a distinct fecal stench - extending them toward the thick platinum spike which rested on the stand beside her. Grasping the instrument of death firmly with her other hand she allowed one last fleeting caress upon the still reddened hips that rested upon her

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As Greta beg back into her

BLUEBIRD

lap. Her son, her nephew, one and the same. She suppressed a smile at her own maudlin, false attempt at human emotion. She would miss him - the molestation, the programming, the punishments - flesh.

Bringing one arm around his back, cradling him, she tilted forward slightly causing the boy's head to rock back upon his neck and then with an insane, inhuman force, she raised the sharpened platinum spike and drove it into the area betwixt his brows with a sickening crunch, smashing through and penetrating the vertical plate.

Blood shot out from the wound as she withdrew the spike with an equally sickening force - the red spray coating Greta's face, highlighting the mania of her visage. Quickly she depressed her pursed sensual lips, the color of raw liver, upon the wound, creating a seal. The integrity of her seal now intact, the method facilitated via long and excruciating internal transfiguration by the cult in order to cultivate select sisters capable of practicing high-tier hematophagia, she eagerly began sucking out the blood, brain fluids and the small dislodged chunks of grey matter. Her breathing and heart rate slowed as her veins enlarged to accept the sudden influx of the child both in solid and liquid form - her throat relaxing, expanding and involuntarily lubricating itself via an internal mechanism as the fluids and organ meat, amply flecked with sharp bone fragments, poured into her in a torrential flow.

As Greta began to absorb the sustenance, eyes rolled back into her head and the whiteness becoming pooled

BLUEBIRD

with disturbing red as the blood continued to pour into her almost without cessation, her consciousness bisected, exploring her own internal processes, and she could feel even now the seed that she had accepted from her son and nephew so very recently sacrificed already melding within her womb, life beginning to take form and shape in a rapidity beyond the natural - further forwarding the incestuous agendas afoot amidst the witch's top echelons. Once she had completed her feeding - the penultimate aspect of the process - the corpse that she had drained would be butchered with expert precision by her most confidential retinue, cult recruiters who she had mentored and cultivated since their most tender days as uninitiated acolytes.

Afterward, as she would, as per her plan, lay in repose in gestation, her young personal retinue in their capacity as butchers would tend to the more grisly aftermath, meticulously so - for failure in attention to detail the most minute would result for them in the administering of Greta's lash in its harshest possible application. The work before the cult recruiters tasked to Greta and her secret installation was performed under conditions demanding the highest tier of exactitude and precision and in such an environment, strict discipline was not only necessary but entirely quintessential. Extracting the bones from the flesh and drawing out fat from the fleshy parts of the body recently the recipient of Greta's impact, the subordinate cult recruiters would work through the night - processing liquids via arcane methods and equipment that had been developed excruciatingly over years and under duress and in secret

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BLUEBIRD

at the engineering center by small teams of engineers toiling there in internal exile, never knowing who the recipients of their devices would be within the organization and working only on limited information as to how the full usages of the devices bearing their maker's mark would be applied. After being distilled and enhanced with certain additives the end fluid tincture would be injected into small vials and these, along with parcels containing bone pieces cleaned and bleached, would be handed over to couriers - trusted cult recruiters and a few choice acolytes who would proceed to distribute them to certain sisters across the width and breadth of the cult. Some of them traveling in the black vans to far-flung hives of cultists far beyond organizational territory, some procuring transport with mechanized detachments of internal security and shock troops on their way from the field back to the commander's headquarters - or on their way to the experimental areas. Others still walking on foot through hidden paths in the wilderness, sometimes guided by members of special intelligence for part of their journey, bringing their blasphemous sacraments to lone cult recruiters ensconced in absolute isolation who worked alone and in their assigned isolation unearthing within themselves and on the poisoned earth on which they dwelt the darkest sorceries, forging with a brutal and malignant will the embryos to sift the sands and the stars.

CHAPTER 42

Winzeria stared down at Britta as they made their way further into the tunnel, her charge now more aware of her surroundings than ever after the several minutes that seemed to have passed by in a fugue state - recall of the night stalkers. She wondered if it was Winzeria herself through means occult who had induced the sudden recollection or if there were other, more immediate and more visceral reasons for her mind turning back to those nights of sudden rendition and fell, demonic awakening.

Britta never became privy to the use of the samples that had been withdrawn from her, their purpose. Indeed, in the violence of the ordeal, she never ascertained what exactly the more esoteric functions of what the ordeal encompassed in terms of the night stalkers' own agenda, so very arcane and so very much their own. Unbeknownst to her, a portion of the flesh withdrawn - then suffused with the chemical changes that they themselves had facilitated as well as the chemicals produced by Britta's own processes by dint of her own orgy of flesh - would be fed back to her during the next rendition by the night stalkers, continuing links in an unnatural chain of terror. Doubling then tripling her propensities and taste for human meat and for all methods and activities that would facilitate the spilling

BLUEBIRD

of human blood - torture almighty.

It was the night stalkers who had engineered Britta to become more demonized than all the rest, beyond her would-be peers - an extra layer of intense attention, focused on the very razor's edge of possible experience, that connected the varied threads of her trauma-induced programming in the commandant's training center and then in the dungeons of the commandant herself - causing them to coalesce, bind and take on dimensions far beyond the remotely normative and a totality most profound in its inherent foulness.

Now Britta focused on her surroundings, the dust of the tunnel slowly clearing, the swish of Winzeria's blood-stained robes immediately before her and the sounds of what seemed to be a pathetic crying, very faint yet unmistakable now without question as they drew closer and ever closer to their intended destination.

A cruel smile seemed to pass across Winzeria's thin lips - so rapid was the gesture that Britta could not discern whether it was real or a trick of the light, for when she looked again Winzeria's visage appeared as it did in its default expression - pinched, severe and possessing an almost singular quality of controlled mania. The tunnel came to a slight curve obscuring what lay beyond, caused either by structural damage incurred in the process of boring through, an earth fall, or via an area of bedrock that had to be worked around by the male slaves wielding their brutal, effective but primitive tools of forced labor.

Winzeria and Britta negotiated the curve and then

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BLUEBIRD

once beyond, they came face-to-face with the source of the whimpering that they had heard before. A serious structural flaw had caused the entirety of the tunnel's passage before them to collapse - the thick red clay now piled without fissure or opening from the floor of the tunnel to the ceiling, yet, with one crucial exception.

Embedded halfway up, the source of the sound - a young boy, one of the forced laborers - trapped in the very act of his only partially successful escape, the majority of the upper part of his body extending outward from the pressurized earth beyond. One arm was pinned to his side, the forearm and hand pinioned in the debris - the other lay limp at his side, broken and useless. Tears streamed down his face, criss-crossing the dust which covered it. His cries for help began anew and then transformed, raised into screams of terror as he saw the two figures before him - knowing well that they meant only harm.

"I shall slit your throat and watch your body bleed," cackled Britta, her lust for human flesh and her propensity for sadism - partly the result of programming and wholly innate - overwhelming all else as she began to move forward.

"No, child," whispered Winzeria. "There is a better way."

The witch reached deep into her robes and withdrew a satchel of mottled, rust-colored leather.

"Observe, child," cooed Winzeria, pleasurably, as she removed from within two black gloves of a similar leather - ample in size and affixed with long, hinged razor-tipped claws extending from each fingertip.

BLUEBIRD

As the male youth trapped and imprisoned within the disturbed earth cried in an even more abject horror as the senior cult recruiter slipped her hands into the instruments of torture - Winzeria casting a sly, satanic glance in his direction - Britta laughed with delight.

While similar in purpose to the cat-like appendages with which Bluebird was equipped, the devices which Winzeria possessed were altogether nastier in both proportion and design according to Britta's estimation. Very long, spindly and razor-sharp, their more grotesque, functional elements shone with a grim and spectral light within the near darkness of the tunnel - promising a torture most arcane.

Winzeria walked toward the boy, overtaking Britta and cautioning her to keep her place as she was now - at least for the time being. Her glance lingered at the tender, puffed nipples of Britta's incipient breasts amidst their crossing of shining black leather - a lust for which she would slake in the by and by - preferably sooner than later.

Cradling one side of the boy's head in the stench of the aged leather of a left-handed glove she shushed the boy gently, as a mother would comfort a child in distress. The tears continued to fall, however the child's cries grew silent - his breathing slowing and regulating in response to Winzeria's matronly attention and via an unstated demand more intensely adamant in requiring acquiescence and obedience delivered by methods occult in nature.

As one hand soothed, the other raised slowly, markedly.

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BLUEBIRD

and then, with a methodical precision, fingers splayed according to long premeditated design, the razor sharp metal attached to the glove on her dominant hand drew down. Skin parted and flesh beneath lubricated with blood opened like the unfurling of a blossom. Britta watched with a hideous glee as the flesh was opened and fat droplets began to fall upon the ground, soaking into the subterranean earth. She watched with even more attentiveness as Winzeria carefully manipulated the long razors extending from the thumb and forefinger of the glove, pinching skin and fat and rending it from the face then turning it - holding it aloft - glistening sickly in the dim light.

"Come, child," she commanded Britta and watched with a visceral and indeed sexual delight as Britta moved forward, teeth clenched and bared, cheeks dimpled and eyes shining with the mania in premeditation of the feeding upon human flesh which awaited her.

They played then, the two of them, like carrion birds - the screams of the boy in response to the slashing, the pain overwhelming his hitherto forced silence, tapering off into horrified whimpers the soundtrack of their sport.

Winzeria taunted Britta, lowering the flesh to within the reach of Britta's open and expectant mouth then raising it again - just beyond reach - reveling as she watched the young death goddess flush with pleasure. Winzeria played and Britta responded to each cue with a relish even unexpected by the senior witch - figuring that her programming would will out. Winzeria knew then that even more potential could be brought out in her charge - wrenched to the surface - and that she herself

BLUEBIRD

would avail as the primary sexual imprinter before the young one would be dispatched - wholly weaponized - into the experimental area which awaited her and her slightly older counterpart.

Dangling the first morsel beyond the initial waiting period in response to their now shared revelry, Winzeria finally acquiesced, lowering the bloodied flesh to within reach of Britta's mouth and watching with attention most intense as the small lips slurped down the human meat greedily and with great pleasure.

Mouth now blooded, Britta looked upward toward the witch and saw an incongruous smile - knowing in her child-like way that she had effected the manipulation properly and that many more vistas would await her in the unfolding of a shared relationship - clandestine to the rest of the sisterhood and withheld from even Bluebird herself.

Assuming a visage part pleading and part sullen Britta looked up at the senior cult recruiter, eyes blinking coyly.

"More."

Winzeria turned in a hallucinatory tilt back toward the victim, the lower-half of her blood-drenched garments sweeping circular upon the earthen floor beneath, and raised her gloved hand - sweeping downward and in one fell motion severing the arteries of the boy's neck with such force nearly decapitating the head from the body.

Britta pounced, like an animal, positioning herself beneath the arterial spray - kneeling, buttocks protruded obscenely bisected by the leather thong positioned

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betwixt them - rotating lustily upon blood-covered lotus feet as the red anointing of human death covered her.

At that moment Winzeria moved in from behind, lowering herself and wreathing her black robes about Britta's body like black wings unfurled, encircling the young, near-naked body of the little girl who had been subjected to tortures beyond the damned and who in the by and by would bring a damnation beyond reckoning to vast multitudes within the post-apocalyptic landscapes that the organization administered. A beginning for some - and an end to others.

As the pressure of arterial flow began to fail as death drew near for the object of sacrifice, within the blackness of Winzeria's robes Britta, ever hungry and now both highly skilled and highly motivated, bit into the flesh, drawing with inhuman vacuum tension, and Winzeria did likewise, even as the elder's hands, now denuded of their torturous gloves and now provably terminal appendages swept over Britta's naked flesh, squeezing with unrestrained lust upon naked and protruded hind, flittering over breasts still incipient.

From within the black tension of the robes the sounds of gnawing, teeth breaking bone and discovering new horizons of consuming sounded within the confines of the space and the chess pieces moved further still - along a decidedly deadly concourse toward further hell.

CHAPTER 43

Across the landscapes of post-nuclear hell the song echoed along across and through the abandoned homesteads, across field and forest and permeating even into the deepest and darkest of mountain hollers. It was they, the cult recruiters - their lilting voices, sonorous and sorcerous - calling the potential faithful to come.

Waiting - but not for long - for the sparse inhabitants of this particular region to answer their clarion call. A call to purpose, to mission - a call to service in a manner most direct she who was death almighty - she whose name and rank is commandant - rather than to spend a lifetime without end, or the remainder of a lifetime mostly spent already, quivering under the radioactive-bearing shadows that her potency had cast across all the earth. Theirs was an invitation to commune with the very source of their torment.

Some chose to answer the call whilst some chose to shutter away further into an internal madness with which they were already well familiar - the unnatural voices of the cult recruiters causing cold sweat to break upon their bodies, apprehended in a visceral fashion as an inauspicious omen of the highest order.

BLUEBIRD

There were a few holdouts who had seen the cult recruiters before - even if only from a distance - during mutual peregrinations elsewhere and paths nearly crossed in times prior. A few of the oldest among them recalled these occasions with dread and disgust - their perception of the cult recruiters and their object of fanatic devotion being tinged with the old thinking, the incorrect thinking which in its futility sought to deny the infernal glory of the nuclear holocaust and its personification. While the older among the ragged and anarchic generations of survivors wheezed their cautionary warnings with wagging finger and the sense of erroneous authority based on age alone, those younger, those whose sense of anything other than nuclear hell was less than a shadowy filament of a dream, discerned in the invitation of the cult recruiters a dark promise.

Standing upon a lonely knoll bereft of trees, the woods and ramshackle settlements far below her, one of the senior witches smiled as she heard through the enchanted songs of her fellow sisters the sound of conflict and murder. The sounds of a child reacting to the invitation of the emissaries of the commandant - the sounds of parents and elders issuing reproach, words of forbidding and words of warning - then the sounds of murder. A crude farming implement for the slash-and-burn grasped in young hands, the will controlling them fortified by the cult recruiters' own black spells, then the sounds of blunt wood or sharpened steel impacting into flesh still in shock as they met their demise in that their own progeny would rebel against them so strongly and

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with such terminal determination.

These were the means and methods by which the cult recruiters played out their Bremen-esque games in the lands on the periphery of the commander's organizational borders - beyond the proper borders, just so, yet not in the vicinity of the experimental area, still incipient. The efforts of the highest-tier devotees of the commandant in the here and now was procurement - facilitation - to bring forth to the occasion of the commandant's appearance at the rally, marking a new era of hell, her children - as all were - and in great numbers. To sate - even for a time - her appetites, limitless though they were - to feed unto levels of inhumane gluttony the ever-blazing furnaces of her cruelty, her sadism without limits.

Meanwhile, back at the commander's headquarters, from inside the depths of the dungeons beneath the commandant's training center an atmosphere of impending doom seeped silently but palpably throughout the immediate region at the heart of the regime - constantly shifting and expanding in premeditation of the coming rally. All domiciled there on the grounds of the former penitentiary could feel the shift even if their apprehension failed to readily ascertain the cause of the same. Those devout however - from the seasoned cult recruiters and nascent acolytes still awaiting initiatory rites sealing them irrevocably to the nuclear death goddess, to the abducted children toiling in the training center and the far greater number of more normative organization personnel who propitiated the commandant in private devotions in their cells and

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barracks - all could feel the foul touch of their patron then and there - upon them and upon the land.

Only a week separated the faithful from the most blackly sacred occasion ever to occur in the history of the cult - the appearance of the commandant in the flesh - a herald, a sign, a warning, and then, one week more thereafter, the march forward to the border and all the horror that would then proceed.

Beyond the concertina wire borders of headquarters proper, in the field that had been prepared for the rally stood a small number of shock troops in the process of making their way back to the perimeter after many long hours of hard labor preparing temporary infrastructure for the express occasion of the rally. They stood, male and female alike, each set of eyes transfixed to the night sky above.

Among the latter, a rangy soldier of some twenty-odd years allowed a sharp hiss to escape her mouth, shoulder-length black hair sticking to her face from the sweat of her day's endeavors, a thin-membered yet brutally calloused hand fingering the curved, blood-encrusted blade strapped to her thigh which she used frequently on herself and sometimes on others as well, both willing and unwilling alike, in the service of her devotion to the commandant.

Within the former among their number stood a male youth of seventeen, muscled chest bared to the winter elements and bearing upon such flesh the ragged criss-crossing of multiple lacerations, some delivered in the concourse of combat and some occasioned in more private environs by the very blade and hands of the

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black-haired member of his unit who stood nearby. His hands clenched and unclenched themselves rapidly as his eyes too stared into the distance and upward - pitch black clouds churning violently superimposed upon a field of ugly and listless grey.

All of the shock troops there in the small assembly bore crude tattoos marking them as adherents of the commandant's cult - mushroom clouds bearing insane and deranged faces, myriad explicit scenes of gleeful torture and killing of innocents as well as strange abstract symbols which were believed to channel the bleak energies of nuclear death personified.

As they stared into the night sky they could feel those markings burning and pulsating as above the strange clouds continued their bizarre turnings.

As the female shock trooper had labored during the earlier afternoon, sweat dripping down her brow as she dug trenches under the dangerous and highly ultraviolet rays of the sun above, she had felt a pain wrench through her on her right side - coming on suddenly and so violently that she had doubled over. As the sharp piercing sensation retreated into a dull throb she straightened herself, aware that her body had suddenly come beneath a shadow that came and then receded along an interval pattern. Staring upward she saw them - huge, black vultures circling in counter-clockwise fashion, casting the darkness of their outstretched, stinking blood-flecked wings upon not the dead but the living.

From the cult recruiters on the periphery on their missions of procurement, to the shock troops building

BLUEBIRD

the infrastructure of terror itself and even among those young ones - those recently procured - the females among their number exchanging their rotted garments for the black robes of the acolyte - all were aware that time was shifting in a fashion most unnatural. Not only were they individually being taken in hand by dark forces entirely outside of their control, but the earth itself and the laws that governed it, ungovernable as the scorched earth seemed at times, were being changed - manipulated. Increasingly there was the palpable sense that reality itself was becoming a shimmering miasma, a hallucination with a handler most dread at the helm and the land itself a liminal space bereft of even the semblance of natural progression - a sense that anything could happen.

The female shock trooper remembered now in total recall the vultures circling above and so closely in the late afternoon, remembering the unmistakable feeling of those flecks of stale blood from their rot-covered wings raining down on her upturned face - gently caressing her in a blasphemous anointing. She recalled the tears that had come to her eyes without conscious volition, fracturing her vision like a broken mirror, and the sight of the walls of the commander's headquarters beyond - the razor-tipped concertina wire shimmering underneath the rays of that aging sun above them, most horrible, seeming to stretch limitless in all directions. Now that night had fallen the razor wire still shined brightly - illuminated and visible for miles by the anti-aircraft lights that had been requisitioned from the old military bases, now overgrown and crumbling, a sign of

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the commander's unbridled hubris and uncanny penchant and ability to control and possess.

Each of the shock troopers' eyes were now transfixed to the night sky - each sharing the same vision: the clouds churning violently, separating then merging, swirling at some disturbance of an occult nature that none of them could readily ascertain. Each saw in the periphery of their sight the distant secure perimeter of the commander's headquarters and each saw in varying stages of advance that razor-wire encircling not only the commander's headquarters but the whole totality of the planet. From the iron clouds above them a precipitation began to fall - not water but blood and intermingled therein flesh, chopped and still bleeding. Far beyond upon the black horizon where the curvature of the earth was blatantly visible they saw falling stars - one at first, then several - then dozens, hundreds - thousands. The deathly sickle that had once descended, more than seventy years past, was descending once again and who could withstand what was to come when nuclear holocaust presented itself, herself, not shrouded in the concealment of generals hell-bent on destruction but there in fullness, in a form most personal, in the host of those so fanatically committed to the fulfillment of her will?

CHAPTER 44

Britta snarled in maniacal bloodlust as she leapt upon the coterie of witches standing before the gates of the newly opened regional command center for the experimental region - now the black heart of Bluebird's and Britta's shared regime.

Mostly naked under the cold winter daylight - her small and muscled buttocks well-scarred with the implements of unholy punishment and bifurcated with an obscene black and shining garment, her prepubescent chest covered in a criss-cross fashion with leather straps of a similar make - the child death goddess tore with teeth into vein-bearing throat and ripped into bodily cavities most resilient with hands that bore an altogether inhuman strength.

The blood of witch after witch sprayed upward into the cold winter air and, despite their nearly incomprehensible power, they were not able to restrain nor even slow the grisly progress of what had once been the spawn of their own programming - or so they thought.

From atop the thick black walled compound of regional command, behind thick and horrific razor wire barriers, members of her and Bluebird's personal retinues watched with grim amusement behind their

BLUEBIRD

black goggles and balaclavas the scene unfolding below - every filament of the localized government there in import and appearance bearing the unmistakable marks of the commandant's programming and the good graces of the commander - with all manner of death-dealing weapons and mechanisms of destruction being made available to them.

The iron gates of regional command opened with a grinding screech and there upon a steel-rail driven vehicle stood Bluebird - the horrible empress of a horrible land. The armored carrier was painted entirely in thick flat black and various instruments of torture as well as armaments and lethal machine guns hung and protruded from the myriad rivet-affixed portholes and shining platinum hooks and prongs thereupon.

And, upon the front of the carrier, there as the ultimately blasphemous of her ornaments, were Nadezhda and Bonn - now sustained in their half-life by arcane methods beyond any previously conceived of ethical transgression of medical application - the forward beacon of the sabotage and replacement campaign as it related to the bloodlining programs of the cult recruiters - their machinations in abusive reproduction now inhabited by those under the death goddesses' command - agendas most black replaced with agendas blacker still.

How many had died at the hands of the young death goddesses of the experimental areas, both via personal dispatch and on direct order - executions carried out by their emissaries? How many now languished in the most bleak conditions in the underground cells which were now beginning to dot the landscape of the new

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authoritarian sub-regime, how many yet still to face interrogation, imprisonment and then death or worse at the hands of the sisters' own burgeoning secret police?

All were pools of blood feeding into the rivulets and rivers most fell, clogged with viscera and choked with flesh harvested by means most grim, flowing onward to provide those individual, collective currents which would feed into and stimulate the ocean of blood herself - she who was the commandant - the bleak capstone of all that was and embodied apocalypse, possessing hate beyond all possible hate, the personification of the most outer regions of darkness burst upon the earth planet in the most destructive weaponized form.

All along the banks of these rivers of gore knew her name and knew - like the death goddesses themselves, and like their emissaries - that the new dark age was upon the land. Some among them had considered that the immediate aftermath of the nuclear holocaust had commenced the beginning of the end - while some among the organization believed that the very act of mutually assured destruction realized itself was the beginning of the dark age. How wrong they were.

The seventy-plus years since the nuclear wars, under the strict guidance of the organization and the dual dictators at their helm was but the period of cleansing - the latterly cleansing - purge upon purge upon purge - that most necessary but altogether more tedious honing, refining and manipulating the inherent nature of the globe and those who still dwelt there - albeit in a microcosm - following the great dislodging that the nuclear wars had

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effected.

Where the old instruments of terror of the times before had imploded suicidally upon themselves and upon their wielders, the field suddenly and violently barren had become ripe for the sowing of new instruments of terror - new ideations of a totalitarian model altogether more severe and refined in that unmistakably infernal refiner's fire of twenty-megaton atomic bombs, then perfected in the harsh alchemical alembic that the immediate aftermath of nuclear war had afforded.

The diplomacy, albeit titular, of the old times had become a distant dream and now the only dreams that could be realized were the nightmares born in the darkest recesses of the minds of the emerging psychopathic gods of the clandestine organization and applied with a methodology of unbridled terror bereft of even the semblance of morality and humanity as it was once known. Indeed, as observation of the experimental area as it now stood attested to, the very makeup of the populace - the tenacious conscious life that found themselves, after the nuclear wars, on the other side of the veil of the abyss - was being shifted in a fashion that stretched the bounds of the imagination and then moved even further still.

Surrounding Bluebird's armored carrier were a half-dozen children - more female than male and still tender in age but greatly advanced in consciousness and hardened in constitution. These were the spawn of the death goddesses' pets - Nadezhda and Bonn - their conception and birth facilitated by the black arts of the

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highest tiers of intelligence and the maniacal sciences of the engineers under the guidance of the organization at its highest levels. Like the legends of the old world in which two came forth from hidden places after an apocalypse and catastrophe unbound to repopulate a land altogether changed, the progeny of the two chosen ones - reduced to a slavery beyond cruel - were to be the razor-point of the spearhead - the master class.

Like vipers, these progeny carried within their very physiological makeup the poisons of the chemical and radiological warheads which had rained down like fire from on high upon the experimental region - the humans who had once inhabited the thin border strip on the periphery of the commander's organizational territory reduced to withering husks and most now gone - their memories nothing more than soot stains upon the grim bureaucratic buildings of the sisters' regime as a result of the burning bodies that had piled high across the region and burned incessantly in the weeks and months directly after the campaign. Those among that former demographic which remained, enslaved, the playthings of a regime whose only overt propensity was that of bleak sadism - the layered agendas that prompted such activities being ever whispered with venomous tongue by the commandant herself to the eager ears of the death goddesses who now found themselves lifted up from obscurity to the very heights of the organization's despotic power.

Howls erupted from the gathered inhabitants of the experimental area who had amassed outside the gates -

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screams of lust, horror and revelation combined into a roar that seemed to shake the very foundations of the ground upon which they stood. Their terror, their aspirations, so transient and so controllable by the will of the regime, transforming and coalescing into that fanaticism most dangerous and fell which was the bedrock of the organization - their blood the oil which churned the gears of death facilitating their collective further descent into hell on earth.

The demographics present represented a cross-section of the populace who now dwelt upon the scorched and poisoned landscape - scorched once in the nuclear wars and then poisoned and scorched once again long after that first and most terrible nuclear winter by the chemical and radiological weapons of the organization which had been dredged up from the blueprints of the sharpest yet also most perverse minds of the era before - the seeds of their errant wisdom blooming once more into the full flower of destructive potential actualized upon the fleshly canvas of humankind.

Among the remnant who had once been the sole occupants of the region - the so-called sovereigns - it was the members of the fifth column acting on behalf of the organization and its martial forces - the informants, the agent saboteurs - who now held the most immediate strings of control upon the less fortunate of their former fellow-citizens. Their degree of enthusiasm and propensity for excess in molding those who once held them in trust was much like others who had been turned in titular similar circumstances from history - for they

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had been the hidden mechanisms in the secret war that had been waging for long before the overt martial campaign came into play.

Now denuded of their need for subterfuge and cover they lorded their enhanced position over the others amongst the remnant with a level of horror not altogether unsurprising, for their position now was the long-awaited paradise, albeit black, for which they had yearned and strove for under the harshest of conditions for many years prior - separate from the organization at large by mission - their devotion and loyalty clandestine by necessity.

The appearance of these former fifth columnists, now privileged administrators - for they among all others knew the landscape and the former haphazard governance of the same more beyond all else - characterized the careening zeal which not even the intelligence analysts among the organization had premeditated.

Men who had once been seen and apprehended among their former peers as docile and retiring - bearded uncles, medium-tier among the old councils - bodies aged beyond their years via dint of the often near starvation conditions of the sovereign territory and mouths which had always spouted the most conservative positions in regard to lifestyle and defense (the latter, fed to them by their covert handlers) now stood in glory, barely recognizable.

Many of those whose faces had once been covered in lice-ridden matted locks now stood with faces and heads shaved to the skin as a sign of their obsessive and

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inveterate loyalty to Britta, in a specificity of primary cult adherence which was broadly encouraged. Bodies once bent and wracked with malnutrition stood erect with new layers of lean, rippling muscle due to their new, elite diets of human flesh and rendered corpse-product. Once covered in little more than dry-rotted rags, these newly empowered frames now found themselves attired in the new black uniforms which they had been issued - adorned with grisly badges commensurate to their particular desires and factional adherences within the organization.

Eyes once milky, downcast and defeated stared forward now, wide and fixed glares emanating the questionable potency of speed-induced mania - their brain chemistry and subsequently their consciousness changed by the myriad levels and varieties of narcotics now supplied to them by the organization - causing awakening sensations and revelations of insight within them to which they had never before been exposed and never known.

Britta herself, now covered in copious gore from her assault, moved away from the crumpled dead bodies of the witches whom had been the recipients of her recent and lethal attentiveness - their black robes soaked in blood, torn throats revealing interior flesh, hot and steaming - and moved toward the rail-driven armored carrier upon which was pursed in foremost position her sister, Bluebird - bird-like - blood-drinker.

With a few brief movements Britta caught up to and then ascended the carrier amidst its slow forward motion - her blood-stained bald crown shining sickly in the

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wintery light - the added nakedness of young body as legs crossed in climbing motion bisecting the fabric of the filth-encrusted thong betwixt her buttocks, entering further still between and exposing all the more flesh most supple, causing her cultists to hiss and snarl in appreciation for the great dispensation which had been afforded them.

Her devotees in particular were many amongst the crowd - for she had worked the demographics of the remnant, chosen and slave alike, most incessantly once the push toward the eradication of the cult recruiters' chapels had commenced in earnest. Many of the those fifth columnists knew her intimately, having had the pleasure to kill at her command - being given sights, demonstrable, of her penchant for torture from close distance. Some select few and most elect had tasted the pleasure that her flesh would give - even as they suffered under her touch.

As she now perched atop the armored carrier, though not standing like her sister but instead crouched - her feet planted firmly on the thick steel platform, hind protruded, palms rested alternately upon the surface of the deck itself or upon her bent knees - she scoured the faces of the first wave of the crowd, surveillance prorated for her faithful.

There was one - one who once had assumed the posture of a rigidly loyal if not slothful elder of the sovereigns. A little less than six feet in height before the arrival of the organization, he now stood to his actual stature - well above - blank glaze replacing former feigned concern - shining greasy black automatic assault

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rifle cradled in the crook of an arm which had once only held crude agrarian instruments for ill-fated endeavors which had yielded less than desirable harvest. His metal teeth now glinted in the daylight - a small dispensation which Britta had afforded him, via the auspices of the organizational surgeons, so that he too could - in a lesser degree - enjoy the predatory pastimes of the little death goddess who was now his life and soul.

She caught his gaze and felt a sudden stillness in the wind as the air of his breathing caught in his throat - he knew that his aspirations had been realized and that much more would await him here in the nightmare land that his mistress had groomed and would groom even further still - her zone, her terror, her tears upon each face which had been and would be crushed by the totalitarian booted feet of her presence in the regime. She had confirmed her ownership of him by sight and by telepathic command and he was now hers in service - for he knew well what amoral pleasures, excesses and blasphemy that service as such would entail.

On the other side of the crowd stood a woman - nearly as enormous in height as her fellow traveler but much more so in both girth and constitution alike than the former. Although her body was cloaked in the black robes of a cult recruiter, her demeanor was altogether different, even though she displayed and demonstrated exactly the sort of internal biological programming that indicated a commandant's cultist of the highest tier.

A young woman in her late teenage years, once formidable during her clandestine time as a fifth

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columnist, in a matter of a few short months she had become a behemoth - an object of great terror among all those who had inhabited the regional area prior to the campaign by dint of her dramatic transformation alone.

She had been invited to the secret meetings - the comparative black sabbaths of the cult recruiters in the dead of night once their arrival in the area - privy to the most sophisticated, secretive and dreadfully powerful mechanisms and methods of the top echelon cult recruiters stationed there - even as she had spied against them on behest of Britta personally and via proxy through the auspices of intelligence loyal to her regime and the zone alone. Over time she had worked both as fifth columnist - a recruit of the initial wave of cult recruiters in the area and thusly into the commandant's cult itself as the cult recruiters administered it - as well as acting as a spy from the onset for the zone, the regime and the death goddesses.

All to gain and little to lose, this prodigious amongst the organization's espionage apparatus on the ground had by dint of timing, desire and propensity found herself the recipient of the benefit of practices most arcane. Many of her erstwhile teachers, cult recruiters liquidated in the purges, now only a memory, their corpses whitening and drying under dead sun, expressions turned back in that indescribable rictus of death as their former student - and ultimate of the traitors amongst their direct administration - swelled in power afforded by their knowledge and wisdom - disclosed in deception, and tripled by dint of ancillary techniques bequeathed to her by the death goddesses

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themselves.

In her gargantuan hands she clasped a ball of twisted steel which extended in five lengths of heavy hauling chain across the area several feet in front and to the sides of her - upon the end of each of which was set heavy steel collars shining with platinum finish, securely locked onto the necks of five slaves, entirely unclothed and shivering in exposure to the south winter air.

Naked and covered in angry red weals across almost every conceivable part of their exposed flesh, raised and some bleeding, they looked with frightened gazes of servitude and terror not upon the armored carrier which rolled by them - not upon the preternatural children who marched in its van - but instead upon the quivering black whip which their immediate overseer held clasped in her other hand, black plastic injected with a further chemical substance within, its near-tapered point quivering and pointed toward the sky, its steel-rod fortified grip held within a dominant fist whose only purpose and desire was to punish.

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CHAPTER 45

Her beating went on longer than she thought humanly possible as her exposed buttocks turned from an angry red then marbled into black and purple bruises and this - as of yet - only effected by dint of the flat of the cult recruiter's outstretched hand alone, formidable and dire in purpose and exceedingly cruel in consequence. She premeditated that much worse instruments were soon in store for her before this one day amidst the time of the late winter progressed from its dull and shrouded afternoon to the soon to come era of twilight.

Her own hands splayed and planted upon the ground, body draped ignominiously over the lap of her punitive handler, the latter herself only a few years older, she stared fixedly into the image which ran the length of floor to ceiling in the small faux wood paneled room - the white-sheathed likeness of Bluebird - leather nursery strap affixed upon utility belt circling her wasp-like waist hanging threateningly, gleaming - startlingly present and beyond photo-realistic in apprehension.

She was one of the elect, the specially selected - one of the children of the fifth columnists that had been surged into a program commensurate to the loyalty of

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her parentage and aware like the hydra it was of the inherent potential which lay within her and others like her - both within the tenderness of flesh itself and the twisted, careening tunnels of the mind which would be accessed - all things due and proper - intruded upon, severely, via the dreadful techniques of the cult recruiters now stationed in the experimental region.

— These cult recruiters were different than the ones who had come before them - the new breed, as it were - sanctioned only by the dual agreement of Bluebird and Britta both in conjunction with the recommendation from organizational headquarters. Gone in the border zone at least were the cult chapels - incipient projects now in ruins - the cult recruiter loyalists operating instead within unmarked rooms at the ends of long hallways amidst the central building of regional command itself.

Of course, those new layers of intrigue that might be present and most assuredly were - cult recruiters from headquarters operating in disguise, as well as their agents - of this fact both of the death goddesses were well aware. Despite the purges of the regime in the borderlands the chapel on the direct periphery of the commander's headquarters stood still, a stronghold of the headquarter's hardcore - unencumbered and unabashed.

Yet, insofar as the public face of the commandant's cult was concerned, here - and what went on via such auspices was extensive indeed, localized and on the ground - the recent influx, the demographic of the influx that was apparent at least, were sisters who now acted

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with the good graces of the young dictators of the new organizational area.

If their agendas were not altogether equanimous in purpose overall to that of the sisters, at the very least a parallel in thrust and execution existed.

The naked female form sprawled over the lap of the robed cult recruiter in humiliating exposure before the blasphemously devotional and idolatrous image of Bluebird writhed only cursorily despite the severity of the beating, for she had weeks before been implanted with a device by another subsect of the death goddesses' intelligence services - the various doings and dealings among that stratum now inhabiting the experimental region tightly compartmentalized - very few knowing the full lay of the land, as the case may be.

Still the afternoon sun - overcast as it was by the intermittent and differential tendency of the winter - held fast in the western sky. The cult recruiter who now held her within check had not moved to the more onerous instruments of punishment which were always afforded to her - wooden paddle, leather strap and metal cane - though the girl knew that these were soon to come as assuredly as the setting of the sun would bring about a long winter night and all that might entail, present and looming.

Visions of a time before entered into her mind's eye - seemingly unbidden - the sounds of the cult recruiter's unnaturally strong hand raining down smack upon resounding smack upon her increasingly ruined naked flesh becoming more dim in her audible apprehension

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and then disappearing altogether as her eyes rolled back into her head, exposing only the whites, eyelids fluttering, as her consciousness retracted upon itself - receiving the telepathic vision decided upon well beforehand by her cult recruiter handlers and - by the nature of the current chain of authority - by no less than Bluebird herself.

She saw the high towers of the commander's headquarters and upon one such tower she saw the commander himself - shaking in a rage most unnatural - muscular body covered entirely by tactical garments and every form of lethal weaponry and ordnance attached upon carabiner-equipped straps and devices - one fist set upon grotesquely muscular arm extended toward the heavens from which black and grey smoky clouds emitted continual lightning of a sort never before seen and never to be seen again.

She knew that she herself had once come from those regions - though missing the mark for physical presence at the event which she now saw in stark relief within her internal vision. At some point she remembered as a very young child meeting with members of a special intelligence unit along with her parents in a secluded, forested area beyond which could be seen the gleaming concertina wire barriers marking the commander's headquarters and beneath - unseen but implicitly understood to be present - the dungeons of the commandant herself. Had this in fact been her point of origin or instead simply the arena of her parents' conspiracy?

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BLUEBIRD

- the passage of time often languid and uneventful in the ebb and tide of bare subsistence survival in the once sovereign area - was subdued, if not non-existent altogether. The stressors which affected the more elder among their number were unbound - understandable even by the sole factor of their very tenuous hold on maintaining their continued life on a landscape far from fertile - but were not so much felt by her - her own neural pathways spinning along threads still fantastical and wondrous, albeit dark. For the wonder and fantasy of post-nuclear hell was the only fantasy and wonder she had even known, until it too was accelerated.

Barely cognizant of her surroundings, the young progeny of the fifth columnists felt herself being lifted from the lap of the cult recruiter, her vision of the commander's appearance at the rally before the martial campaign into what was now termed the experimental area becoming fractured like glass shattering upon pavement, irrevocably so - a glimpse into a suspect unreality shimmering and then dissipating by the more immediate and demanding situation in which she now found herself.

Corpse-pale stars now shimmered in the sky seen from the sole window - indicating not only that the long afternoon was over but that she had been inhabiting a vision-state throughout the concourse of the albeit short twilight and had only come to waking consciousness once inhabiting night proper. Cold goose-flesh erupted on her skin as she felt herself manipulated into standing position - the life-size image of Bluebird now to her left

BLUEBIRD

and seeming to emanate a questioning, interrogative posture very much in line with the circumstances which the girl now inhabited.

Beyond conception - beyond reason - this was the mood of the room in which the girl was now bent over at the waist - naked flesh exposed inclusive of sex - before the incessant whipping of black-stained supple leather strap commenced, bringing her to states in which the most dangerous of insights were now made available to her in great and horrible profusion - the quintessence of what was discipline in all its vagaries of meaning and import emblazoned upon her flesh in the most brutally tactile of measures.

She struggled to stand tall figuratively - or at least, maintain position, amidst the continuous falls of the thick leather strap, but she felt herself crumbling - physical stress feeding into psychological breakdown. Psychological breakdown leading into a state in which her grasp on reality was tenuous at best. The cult recruiter - one of the new variety, no less - was also well aware of the changes taking place in her charge and as such she edited her tactics accordingly - though flowing along the course of the same and one and only stratagem which had been advised to her by her superiors the night before the young child had been transferred to her temporary and intensive custody. A change in nuance only, but not in import, neither in term.

The little girl felt herself being pushed upon the ground, shoulders at the lead and then frame roughly manipulated so that she now faced the propaganda image of Bluebird in full frontal presage once again -

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BLUEBIRD

eyes transfixed upon the rendering of her sadistic white boots as she felt the fingers of the cult recruiter enter into her, raping both available orifices and singing in a soft, lilting voice an honorific homage to the mistress of chemical death. The harbinger of an entirely non-consensual acquiescence of an entire people, a land on the border of two lands, a place whose history before her arrival would be but a passing phantasmagoria - unremembered, suppressed and forgotten - in the horrific legend which the organization would now build.

Sleep upon drowsy eye for both cult recruiter and tortured alike the two girls, one child, one youth, drifted into an uncomfortable slumber as the cold stars of ever-present hell shined above them - carrying secrets yet to be revealed in a land in which only the insane would wish to inhabit. As she drifted into fitful slumber the daughter of the fifth columnists heard the words once again, ringing in her ears, whispered according to the tune which the cult recruiter had delivered just before:

*Blood splattering upon already blood-splattered ground
It is the secret which I wish to reveal to you, unveil to you.*

*Fellow-traveler, companion, conspirator within the
confines of these iron gates which hold within them layers
of subterfuge, conspiracy and intrigue unknown - walk
with me further...*

She could not conceive of the amount of time in which her mind drifted in slumber, however when she awoke she saw that the cult recruiter was no longer asleep and

BLUEBIRD

she herself no longer alone, for other black-robed forms crowded about the naked figure upon the ground, she herself - their individual faces concealed by the long shadows which worked and moved about the room appearing to be as conscious as the shadow-like figures which stood amidst their obscuring darkness, for night still reigned in the experimental area and would for some hours still.

One of the cult recruiters turned toward the young one who had administered her earlier punishment and programming, this one the only face which the young spawn of the fifth columnists could make out.

"She is not yet blooded," the faceless cult recruiter croaked. "Rectify that, for the hour grows late."

"Exceedingly so," croaked another, in agreement.

A long wooden bench, rough-hewn and strong beyond measure, fashioned out of the hardwoods of the surrounding forests, was dragged by several of the cult recruiters before the image of Bluebird so that it was situated lengthwise extending out from the position of that visual focal point which was itself a very necessary component of the ordeal. The child of the fifth columnists was lifted up from the floor, limp from punishment already received, out from the dream and vision and into the disorientation of a disturbing and fitful sleep suddenly interrupted and placed face-down upon the bench, head jutting forward so that image of Bluebird could be seen by her should the cult recruiters so wish it.

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the splintered wood of the rough surface the cult recruiters went about their preparatory work - her legs extended yet still bent to be restrained upon the legs of the bench at the far end with stainless steel leg irons. Her hands stretched forward over the lip of the bench and rendered immobile by swiveled cuffs of a similar make. Finally, a thick leather restraint belt was encircled about her waist and the bench itself, cinched tightly so that the little girl's posterior thrust out obscenely and her trunk was rendered entirely rigid - trussed up and helpless for whatever her tormentors might have in store.

From the largest among the cult recruiters a strange sucking sound became instantly apparent within seconds of the initial preparations being effected - audibly indicating a readiness for feeding upon blood and flesh as thick lips drew inward with intake and then exhaled with equally heavy breath in increasing frequency - a signal that the terminal point of the hunt was now within grasp.

Another among the cult recruiters hissed a warning and the larger one withdrew into the shadows, situating herself with tasks equal to the present mission - this one was not for her.

The little fifth columnist began to hear another sound which she had never heard, though the one that had become immediately before had filled her with dread most profound, as she had past seen the predatory physical motions which she correctly imagined accompanied such a sound before, though not close enough in the crowds outside of regional command to

BLUEBIRD

hear the dreadful one who she had spied across from. Fearfully now she waited in her bondage, no promise for her insofar as her knowing that the threat which had been stayed for a time would not be reinstated and executed later.

Now distinct from the prior, what she ascertained presently was a strange crackling noise - like a small generator coming to life, accompanied with a burnt whiff of something foul - like burning wires or an organizational carrier in the first lurching motions of forward progress. Beyond her, out of sight, Cora Beth smiled as she manipulated the circular device set upon a long cane-like whip constructed of metal - cane-like in its design and intended application yet entirely more severe. With a long, thin, pale finger she turned up the dial affixed to the implement's rubberized handle, increasing the electrical charge which crackled in blue sparks along the length and thickness of the coiled extent of the instrument, hers to wield on this night at it would be hers to wield on many similar nights hereafter - applied to the naked flesh of those who were her charges tenderized and acclimated, to a degree, beforehand, by her lessers.

Cora was aware of her own malignancy and thrilled in the remembrance of the wayward and convoluted path which had brought her to her present state of service to the commandant and to the regime - a path as tedious and excruciating as the sudden push into the unknown unto which her present charge would soon be thrust.

BLUEBIRD

A temporal vehicle, a messenger.

All within their group hoped that the transmission sent would be received, however there was small chance that the one who relayed it would ever be recovered. This the little daughter of the fifth columnists did not realize in full but in her accrued wisdom over the long, exacting months Cora Beth could premeditate that she knew, at least to a measure.

The room now shone dimly with the illumination of a single bar of sodium light affixed upon the ceiling of the paneled interior suddenly activated - once part of a larger bank of lights facilitating the drab bureaucratic work that had gone on there long ago and now the lone survivor as it were, powered by a series of generators whirring unheard many hallways away in one of the maintenance areas of regional command - supplying just enough clarity of vision for the cult recruiters to go about their work in earnest without compromising the nature of the darkness which encircled them from without.

In one corner huddled against where two walls joined together sat Astrid - cross-legged, her hood pulled partially back exposing the grey orbs of blind eyes which now augured in their perpetual lack of vision the potential for success or absence thereof which the dawn might bring. Her internal awareness stretched outward, probing, past the barrier that marked the beginning of the poisoned forest wherein dwelt only death - doom for humans, yet in its strangeness and unnatural properties a breeding ground for something altogether new and terrifying in nature and import.

BLUEBIRD

Once only primitive markers prohibiting the forward movement of organizational personnel into the area, even as the corpses began to pile up, the barrier was now a border in proper and in earnest - long lines of timber pinioned into the earth at intervals and betwixt them coils of lethal razor wire, barbed wire, metal fencing and whatever else the new regime could acquire and cobble together from various sources. While the improvements had managed to stem for the most part the flow of inherently rebellious organizational members from making spontaneous forays into that vast woodland which extended into an unexplored wilderness beyond - shock troops being the main transgressors, impelled to such ventures by their own more than transgressive appetites - Astrid knew that little would stem the tide of what lay beyond making incursion into the developed area of the experimental zone by that which dwelt there, should those dark forces wish, whatever sort of demarcation the sisters might put into play.

Her hands curled into claws and her neck craned disturbingly, the lids upon silver blind eyes peeling back even further as she heard the first lash of the whip upon naked flesh - a thin line of drool dripping down one twitching corner of her mouth as Astrid imagined the scenes which she would never see again - such sights and engagements which were the dangle by entrenched provocations present within her direct associates before and the mechanism of deception by which she found her onetime enemies now as her direct handlers.

The electrical-powered metal cane raised high into the air and then crashed with a whirring, crackling

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electrical charge and, as it met its intended point of impact, the small room erupted in shrill, ululating screams as the high-voltage instrument connected with bare exposed flesh, since wettened and slathered with a clear viscous liquid during the course of the cult recruiter's ordeal preparations to further facilitate current in the victim. As the electrified metal rested briefly upon the naked posterior of the child the smell of burning flesh became instantly apparent. Cora Beth snorted and grinned as she saw the external flesh begin to blacken and then melt upon the screaming little girl's upturned buttocks even as Astrid grinned, platinum eyes turning to and fro like a cursed oracle, sniffing the air - ears peeled for another hint of torture.

Cora Beth's arms raised again and again above her head, the dial on the mechanism controlling the flow of electricity now set at full tilt, the bar of light above them dimming each time the metal cane met naked flesh as the device pulled nearly more localized current than the generators could handle from the thick cord that ran from the base of the rubberized handle to the ancient socket upon the far wall. As the high-pitched screams of anguish reached horrific proportions, the first witch which had tended the child throughout the afternoon and twilight hours moved forward, grasping a handful of stringy blonde hair and yanking her head upward so that their charge faced the image of Bluebird full-on. The cult recruiter admired the tender face, wettened with tears, reddened with distress and contorted in pain. Astrid in her place in the corner could smell the salty

BLUEBIRD

tears and thrummed with lust as the beating continued apace, until blood ran down the girl's buttocks and legs, pooling upon the floor, and the swish of the cane flung splatters of gore upward, staining the bar of light above them and casting the room in an inauspicious sanguine brilliance.

Cora Beth muted the current running to the cane briefly, with a single push of a rubberized button the shape of a half-sphere near the top of the handle. The lights above the scene sputtered and then resumed, somewhat brighter, as Cora extended the tip of the cane to depress lightly upon the upper-left hind of her victim, just below the leather correctional restraint belt, where the girl's buttocks, slightly stretched open by the width of the rough wooden bench, arched dramatically. Drawing the tip of the metal implement down further, across the lascivious arch - down the charred, bloodied and ruined skin. The slightest touch there made the young girl howl in abject despair, screaming as the metal tip raked down skin which came off black and crisped like a breaking carapace of ash to reveal red, hot flesh beneath. Down along the crease which marked the demarcation between backside and leg Cora Beth skimmed the metal down on the interior of the thigh and then pulled back.

Black mark of the sadistic engineers, in fact a very elite sign of the personal attentions of the engineer himself, the small black widow shone darkly in gleaming contrast upon her white flesh. This was the insignia indicating, among other things, that special intelligence had inserted the first mechanism into the little girl's

BLUEBIRD

mind - surgically implanted and requisite for the mission. Proof positive that the girl was in fact bred by the engineer himself there in the closed area - a young human primed and designed for the express purposes of brutal experimentation.

Cora pulled on the taut flesh of the thigh further, thus revealing the symbol all the more, yet careful in doing so, for the marking was still fresh - indicative that the recipient had been put through a very intensive trauma-induced programming indeed, for to have such a mark at such a relatively advanced stage of life was a contradiction in terms - an enigma layered within a sweeping array of deception effected by meticulous effort by no small number of organizational personnel, all working clandestinely and many in situations requiring deep cover. Cora Beth's mirth deepened, her disturbing leer expanding, for her appreciation for torment and molestation trebled with the apprehension of the very depths and profound intricacies of the multi-layered executed conspiracies which had conveyed the child to this point.

Like the children of the black widow itself who ate their fathers within nature in a culling and in a bondage administered by the one who bore them, only to be consumed by another dread mother - or their own in the concurrence of passage of time then in the by and by - the recipients of the maker's mark bearing that arachnid image, regardless of sex, were both products of an extremely attentive cultivation even as they were only present for a relative season and then gone, suddenly, like chaff upon the cold winter wind - the mechanisms of

BLUEBIRD

cruel mother commandant for whom the cult recruiters speculated that the mark was designed to represent, though the full import of the sign was only known by the engineer himself.

Beyond the complex and perplexing nature of the subject before her Cora Beth knew very well - some of her peer sisters even more so - that all of them were ensconced within the conspiracies of and trapped inextricably within the web of the commandant's will to the very person. Like the changeability of storms upon the coast as they coalesced, broke apart and then came together once again, often in forms entirely more dangerous than their prior incarnations, the vagaries of her intent were seldom correctly predicted - yet very often catastrophic for those who built their houses upon sand whereas she herself sat not upon rock but in granite as the ultimate decisive factor - she who was holocaust.

The button upon the long metal cane, dragging its thick rubberized cord behind it, was switched again and the lights within the room flickered and stabilized once again as the current flowed anew into the instrument of torture which began once more, raining down blow upon blow upon the securely restrained victim. The smell of burning flesh now permeated the room and thin wisps of smoke could be seen curling into the air from the blackened swath of torment upon the girl's posterior as the closed area erupted into shrieks of pain which would be anathema to anyone with a shred of humanity left, yet filled the cult recruiters with a profound glee and satisfaction.

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As the screams and protestations of the penitent became increasingly incoherent Astrid's blind eyes narrowed as she began to search further within her internal vision.

In her internal awareness she continued to smell burning, the acrid stench of smoke - yet it was not the localized wisps that drifted upward from the obscenity of the punishment in the here and now but a more all-encompassing result of a greater destruction - of both bodies and infrastructures. Whereas the odors of the little girl's ruination pleased her immensely, the scent that she now encountered in her state of prophecy was a disturbance, causing an anxiety increasing to horror. In her vision, while her sight was restored, Astrid's hearing was impaired - a continual, incessant tonal ringing in the ears and pain mounting upon pain. Her shadow self lifted a now skeletal hand to one side of her head and withdrew it and saw that it was stained with blood - not the blood of a captive or opponent but her own, dripping from the mutilated canals and perhaps further hemorrhage of the mind itself.

She crawled like a wraith, pale arms stretching out from shimmering black robes, through the crumbling, burning walls - the entire scene lit like something from hell as the flickering of flames cast its horrific imposition upon piles of bleeding severed limbs, gratuitously embedded with large nails and other even more damnation-dealing shrapnel. Astrid crawled upon those hills of strewn and mangled bodies, the reek of calamity all about her. Within the astral body which she inhabited during her seeress journey she rolled atop that pile of

BLUEBIRD

dismembered and bursted gore, seeking for a sign beyond the obscuring clouds of the improvised explosive device which had been planted - but when, by whom?

The concourse of time began to speed forward and Astrid found herself staring now beyond the razor-tipped fences separating the regional command center from the long miles of scorched wilderness which lay beyond. She saw now upon the far western hills the orange radiance of the post-nuclear sun begin to makes its first sighting - dawn had arrived.

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CHAPTER 46

The sun began to rise over the rolling, wooded landscape that stretched out to the west - orange and signaling malignant - strangely dying - a portent of another day of horror in the experimental region.

As the messenger was dragged out from her all-night ordeal within regional command, led through the corridors and then out through the same bay doors where Bluebird and Britta had first exited on their forward campaign, Britta now perched herself upon one of the heavy metal panels of her personal armored carrier, legs outstretched and arms resting upon the flat black painted surface.

Thin, blue smoke trailed upward into the cold air, still partially dark, emanating from the smoldering ember upon the tip of her thick cigar, the acrid smoke oily with not only the harsh tobacco but laced as well with a narcotic designed for her especially by loyal attendants. She had picked up the habit as it were from the lieutenant - one whom she had recently recruited into her own personal coterie - inspired toward a continuation of the same by her memories of the field marshal and her sexual awakening by his very hands.

Long hours would be hers to fill and this, the breaking dawn, only the first segment of her activities

BLUEBIRD

and far from the most fell on this day. She would fill them as she wished and as the necessities of the region dictated. For her, the despot, they were one and the same. Her will and dictates in conjunction with that of Bluebird were the law - a law enforced with an authority most dread.

The messenger had been outfitted immediately prior to her extraction from the preparatory area within the hidden halls within regional command - a needle held aloft and then rammed down betwixt the ribcage beneath a pale, sweaty chest - a shot of pure adrenaline synthesized by engineering and delivered by the cult recruiter's expert hands.

As her eyes drew wide, awakening from the near comatose state that the incessant trauma-induced programming had effected, her mouth opened, gasping for air, and immediately upon so doing Cora Beth inserted a dental gag, forcing maintenance of posture, while another sister shoved a metal ampule within, bearing inside a transmission from the sisters rendered in such a fashion that they dared, hoped, that the horror lying within the outer woods would understand.

The distance to the one official portal into the poisoned forest which led into the wilderness beyond was within walking distance, and although Britta would have wished to hear the monstrous grinding of the motor beneath her - to feel the lurch of her death-dealing apparatus launching into forward motion - she took the conservative option and leapt from the vehicle onto the ground beneath, throwing down the stub of her cigar

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which was immediately picked up by one of the strange children born from the issue of Nadezhda and Bonn's incest - one of the only demographics amongst the experimental region whom she would have allowed such a liberty to be taken.

The messenger was in the harshest throes of mania by this point - her naked body contorting and fighting against the two cult recruiters who held her in thrall, tight grips upon either side of her upper arms as she kicked and fought with unnatural speed against the restraining hands of her erstwhile disciplinarians and their cohorts - consciousness manipulated by chemical measures but also on an instinctive level knowing that a mission suffused with the sure promise of doom awaited her.

Britta watched with pleasure - now at ground level - as the froth of the girl's saliva dripped down her chin, observing with pleasure the blackened ruination of her posterior which had been subjected to tortures not only encouraged by but in fact designed with the intents of her and her older sister in mind, both of them having acted in an advisory capacity - albeit covertly - in concern to the preparations prior to dispatch which the both of them had deemed more than necessary.

Bluebird still slept as Britta went about her business as the symbolic head of the procession as it embarked now on foot toward the portal - she acting as the chairman emeritus while the cult recruiters and the ancillary organization personnel effected the actual business end of the transaction.

BLUEBIRD

Within her own bedchambers Bluebird nestled amongst white satin sheets - the slight rustling bringing visions within her nightmares of a certain and impending prophecy which would see the world which she knew now thrust into a doom into which there would be no ready survivors and in the engendering of such which she too would be forfeit - her organic vehicle swept along in the winds of holocaust like all others - a microcosmic smear of blood upon a planet which would then, in time, no longer exist in any way which would be habitable to mankind - whatever the level of its acceleration or alteration.

Yet, she augured within her disturbed sleep, there was indeed a present consciousness without. She raised herself from the confines of her swirling white sheets - white body immaculate, pale, regal and terrible in countenance, raised now in full and staring forward, ever forward - forward toward a future situation in which the most chaotic turns of fortune were to be effected. There lay her death and death for the very planet itself, forevermore. Yet, she augured, yet, there in the dark skies of infinite material space there was a malignant force - a hideous darkness - shining down upon them - waves upon waves, ranks upon ranks. But from what point were their origin?

Along the perimeter of the poisoned forest the dread company made its way forward - the sounds from within beginning to rise in their issue as the breaking dawn increased into the full light of a wintry morning.

Britta strode intentfully, not taking up the van - that position inhabited by the twin cult recruiters who held

BLUEBIRD

the messenger in their cruel, restraining hands - but rather situating herself in a middling position amongst their number, affording her both the security due to her and a vantage point where she could watch the struggling of the messenger. The protestations of the latter ultimately impotent in that they would not facilitate escape, yet intentful by her programming in the sure knowledge that it would - they so hoped - present an added layer of interest, enticement, to the beast which lay beyond.

Plumes of steam were visible from the nostrils of the messenger as they neared within sight of the portal opening - her breath quickening as panic increased, the smell of her fear a palpable scent that all of the assembly could ascertain and which they knew that which lay beyond would as well.

The portal opening was large, circular and engineered according to the maximum security precedents found back at headquarters proper, equipped from stores from the very same, set within a riot of lethal concertina wire which glistened beneath the rays of the morning sun.

In the oral constriction in which she found herself, no screams of a normative sort were able to be effected by the messenger, only the bizarre sounds that escaped from the dual restraint of the spider gag and the metal ampule.

Upon a naked inner thigh blood dripped, thick and congealing, obscuring the sign of the black widow

BLUEBIRD

thereupon as second witness.

A member of internal security detached themselves from the small procession as they neared the gateway - crouching down and removing a large keyring and unlocking the multiple secure mechanisms which held it fast, the latches and internal locking mechanisms resounding one by one as the black-masked organization personnel effected the opening of each and every one until finally the steel entrance swung outward.

A stench erupted from the portal as the seal was broken - the nauseating stench of all things rotting, intermingled with the poisons of the chemical and radiological payloads which had rested on the already sour earth of the forest, melding together for weeks passing into months and now disturbed.

Britta raised herself back upon her heels and sneered with a grim satisfaction as the messenger - now kicking and fighting in earnest - was thrust through the barrier. Naked sacrifice pushed through to a grisly fate. Crier in the wilderness.

As the steel portal gate slammed shut behind her, Britta and the company heard the sounds of protest - the banging upon the access point now closed faint even though immediately on the other side through the thickness of the barrier. Possibilities that the messenger might attempt to sacrifice herself upon the razor-wire along the perimeter were few due to the fact that a circular tunnel-shaped passage, a half-circle upon the earth and upon which the messenger was now set was surrounded by thick and dense growth which led on all

BLUEBIRD

other stretches of the gates for long distances. Even still, the internal security personnel present let out several bursts of automatic gunfire from their machined rifles along the immediate sides - an indicator to the messenger that only death would meet her should she attempt a foray back over the perimeter, exfiltrating herself unofficially from the mission at hand.

The messenger stumbled then began to run as the firing commenced behind her - the sound of the experimental region proper beginning to fade out while the yawning zero silence of the poisoned forest stretched forward before her - her destiny, right or wrong.

On the other side of the concertina wire barrier the children of incest began to pool around the feet of the small death goddess as she rubbed her hands salaciously across the exposed portions of her body - an expanse of terror - a most dangerous manifestation of the material energy.

Beyond in the poisoned forest the patter of the messenger's feet along the leaf-strewn concourse forward was muted, but the sound of the crashing dead limbs and trees in their falling was unmistakable - approach of the evil spirit.

Now a real hell was being built - not existing in some plane of existence accessed only by methods most occult, or entered into involuntarily by dint of profound transgression, but rather a hell on earth - the cult recruiters its arch-deacons, the commandant its Satan.

This was the hell accessed by dint of birth itself and, as the razor-wire encircling the organizational territories expanded, the deepest circles of the same became evermore present and inescapable, their touch felt by all,

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BEAST BARRACKS

(2015-2018)

**VIDE ALIENUM SUPER COLLEM – CLAUDEM,
ONUSTEM, ET NECARE PREPARATEM**

(February 12, 2015)



DRILL SGT. GREY – A DISTURBING ANALYSIS PT. 2: ENCOUNTERS

“Dying moonlight framed upon dark walls Throughout this black home the silence is deafening None can hear what echoes from within But I can hear the endless screaming Behind the locked door.”

“DON’T YOU LIKE IT?”

The message came to her non-verbally via the auspices of conventional hearing, instead, entering her mind through an intrusion into her very root consciousness itself – telepathic communication which first took the sounds, inaugurally, of screaming machinery being churned into itself, harshly, insanely, but which, through some esoteric fashion, transformed itself – within her mind – to words which she could somehow understand.

“NO DADDY! MAKE IT STOP!”

Huge, thick rivulets of deep crimson, blood, elixir, dripped down the pointed chin of the alien’s almond-shaped face – from a thin, slitted mouth, behind which only small, sharp and predatory fangs could be seen.

Eyes, black upon deepest black, unchanging, uncaring, unmerciful – and indeed, undead; gave no indicator, no solace, no indication of any emotion, of any mercy – of any empathy remotely related to the “understanding” which marks the exchange between human betwixt-human and, which in her case, had apparently become a standard now obsolete. Atop his head was perched a curious item, a broad-brimmed felt hat, possessed of a high crown, pinched symmetrically at the four corners. On the center front of this hat was emblazoned the numerals three-three-three which appeared black, yet thick and pulsating, as if the numbers themselves had been imprinted onto the accouterment with blood, obtained via some foul, evil and torturous practice and – no doubt – culled from, perhaps, the most innocent of victims.

Seemingly pixelated images began to burst into her vision, her eyes rolling up into their sockets, images that seemed alien to her own earth planet, in quintessence, yet were possessed with strange shapes that seemed to resonate with her despite their bizarre nature – and – indeed – the trauma-laden nature of their delivery.

The alien rubbed a skeletal finger, dripping with the blood of the little girl’s parents, across it’s military BDU jacket, which hung relatively limp against it’s emaciated, undead frame. In his other hand he held a crystal tetrahedron, drenched in blood, which pulsated with pale, disturbing light.

Embroidered upon it’s right chest was the legend “GREY” – apparently, it’s surname. A strange geometric symbol, which the little girl would, later, learn to be the insignia of a group

called the Order of Nine Angles – dedicated to opening up portals to other worlds and bring in Acausal, Dark Gods, through catastrophic acts of terror and profuse bloodshed, was pinned in medallion form upon it's left.

The sound of several booming male voices, yet too deep in metre to be human at all, began to echo out from the corners of the room, sounding a sinister chant unlike any that had been heard prior upon that earthly terra firma, each voice seeming to hold within it the inconceivable potency of every evil act, every horrific deed, every act of disruption, terror; cruelty and deceit; manipulation and inducement to insanity that she could imagine that they had done; that sinister chant could be felt upon their breath from afar, like a cold shade.

“AGIOS O BUDSTURGA!” screamed Drill Sargeant Grey.

Drill Sargeant Grey fingered the long disciplinary paddle attached to his utility belt, drilled with holes to reduce wind resistance and cause additional blistering and bruising, with no discernible emotion upon his face. Emotions has been killed, burned away – burned with the infernal fire of Satanic ordeal, Satanic trial and the uttermost limits of transgression of human laws in every moral sense.

“To those outside it is a simple construction of wood But those inside know what is truly in store... Behind the locked door.”

INTO THE HALLS OF GIANTS (February 13, 2015)



The scorching punishment of the Blood Mistress began almost immediately as the iron doors clanged shut behind her two acolytes who watched, anonymous behind black balaclavas, as the ultimate member of their temple began her grim work upon that night that had been planned for so many months and – for her – so many years ago – far before the onset of the presently unfolding event, that living, writhing testament to that which they – those tempters – had sought to offer – and to that which for she, especially, had increasingly represented the turning point in the summoning of the denizens of the Abyss into physical manifestation upon the earth.

Years ago she had, while in the locale of a mountain fastness, engaged in an ordeal of a vampiric nature with two of her kindred. Outside the bleak winds of the Alleghenies blew down from their craggy peaks and thunderstorms, drifting with a sickeningly and intimidating quality, slowly drifted forth from the beyond that presented itself a mere few miles' distance from the site of their working.

Despite all these atmospheric distractions the three-fold internal unit set about its esoteric task, after a long fifteen-hours of acts forwarding real-world evil in the flesh, one of which involved significant security work alongside a nearly domiciled compatriot – a meeting, swift and soon over – one lounging, attempting to be inconspicuous against the side of a newer-model SUV while the other clandestine organization member went about his business

on the inside – deep within a converted basement that had been refurbished for the purpose of certain activities of a less-than-legal trajectory.

As the time slowly passed the man standing guard outside the car and residence stared into the careening mountain passes which presented themselves across the horizons of the myriad posh and modern-living homes which drew down upon the slope of the hillsides surrounding the mountains. He could feel the thickness of the humidity drifting off the mountains, a stark contrast to the dryness which regularly plagued the area much to the chagrin of the local farmers and their crops – the latter which had been a source of great consternation in lieu of the drought that had been ongoing for nigh a decade at the time.

Luke tapped the battery of his cellular telephone – a burner – which he had obtained on his transfer flight over from Washington Dulles Airport. It had been the wee hours of the morning yet he had found one vendor open for business amongst the sprawling concourse, who had sold him both the phone and several hour-long prepaid cards with an advantageous lack of the usual paperwork once Luke had flashed a wad of cash and a few choice bills appropriately set aside to seal the bargain – the middle-aged Indian-American quickly nodding in a look of recognizable acquiescence as he processed the transaction – off the books, as it were.

Standing next to the glistening black SUV, Luke could see that no calls had been forthcoming as of yet. He awaited the one from his clandestine organizational handler, who had proffered the funds that had made the trip to West Virginia possible yet who also had a hidden agenda – often verging in injurious directions – said directions which Luke himself found himself increasingly under the potential outcomes of the same. Would he stay and continue the infiltration without further output from his handler or would he continue and see what transpired amidst the somewhat recalcitrant WV sector who he had been told – or at least, led to believe – were inveigling themselves in some collusive scheme of which the organization needed actionable intelligence on – and fast.

A few bars of connectivity and Luke made an outbound call not to his handlers – who would chaff at the as of then unnecessary contact, but with his mate – some several-hundred miles away – whom was complicit in spirit and act with the course which he had chosen to take in pursuit of the sinister destiny which he, and those of his kindred, expected to fulfill – regardless of the costs.

A fuzzy clip of interference following the somewhat too-fast ring-tones and he was connected – a brief conversation in which he was able to only describe his physical surroundings, giving some sense of the width and breadth of the land while carefully concealing the nature of his current whereabouts – the import of the same and the actions which were presently taking place upon them still vague speculations on his part.

Only a few minutes seemed to pass once on the phone with his consort of some years before he spied, peeking out around the edge of the four-by-four, his local host emerging from the

luxurious hard-wood exterior doors. He had a smile on his face. That was good. It intimated that the first phase of their plan, procurement of due funds, was established – the means and methods of which were only best left to speculation.

With a brief nod of affirmation and one reciprocal emanating from his partner, the duo entered back into the SUV and with an intent-fully fast – yet expert maneuvering, as to not draw undue attention – left the housing complex with all modicum of speed.

Back at the regional headquarters, the Blood Mistress sat cross-legged upon a couch of deep leather chanting the names of that black god which was the patron deity of their temple – sibillating the names of overarching deceit, continual espionage and fanatical martial prowess which marked the summum bonum of the rank-and-file of the clandestine organization and even moreso for those who inhabited positions at the helm of the same.

She had been entrusted into a counter-intelligence operation against their recent guest – by unknown but verified higher-ups in the clandestine organization itself. She did not know whether or not the situation was reciprocal – whether or not she would find herself in the position of a double or triple-agent before the espionage at play reached its height – yet she had been given clear directions. Hellish pawns were moving across the chessboard and only the devil might know where the pieces might lie, in that predictably horrific end.

– **Tempel ov Blood, 2014**

FOCAL IMPACT (February 14, 2015)



It was with a heavy heart yet one filled with dread expectation that Luke left the confines of the apartment, the more than somewhat grotesque and overbearing ridges of the beginning mountains careening like some ever-seeing and fell spies in front of him – between him and they only a few sparse miles of flatland before the expanse of the regional mountain range sprang up suddenly, thousands of feet in height and containing within many untold secrets and many chances at untimely death. Such untimely death, either administered via the auspices of the treachery of nature itself or via the hands of his associates within the clandestine organization whom he believed might choose – at any presentable random juncture – to push him over the edge, not in the figurative sense, and, by so doing, to propitiate whatever noxious deity was presently being worshiped in the region.

His beginnings within the clandestine organization had been sealed with such a different consciousness of what was to transpire in the future according to his expectations then. Many overtures had been made concerning the concept of a shared honor amongst subversives – similar to the presumably cherished (yet seldom practiced, as he had learned historically from his time in university) “honor among thieves.” Some had fed a similar line in terms of “solidarity” during his early tenure – though the term left him with a dirty taste in his mouth, due to its obvious leftist connotations. But this had all been, as the case may be, long ago – and as well – administered under deucedly false pretenses.

He, like many others, had been fed a certain agenda and certain rules of engagement under increasingly fraudulent auspices – the classic “bait and switch” – so beloved of legitimate cult groups whose upper sectors possessed a sociopathic tendency unsuspected by those who chose to subscribe themselves to the same. How horrible it was – yet enlivening beyond any situation that he could have experienced otherwise, and that he well knew – that all was not as it seemed within those circumstances which he now found himself inextricably situated. Standing upon the terrace he never fathomed what would occur within the figurative (and perhaps soon, literal) oubliette. He would find out however, soon enough. From the upper window of the apartment he had just departed he heard a maniacal laughter that made him shudder involuntarily – it would be a long day ahead.

– **Tempel ov Blood, 2014**

A DREADFUL APPREHENSION (February 14, 2015)



Luke and his associate now made their way into the mountains in earnest, driving out of the rather small yet densely populated apartment complex, through the intersection of the main road and into the quaint and more expensive area populated by nearly-acre sized lots with individual houses that was the entry-point to the mountains which towered ahead of them in all of their dread expectancy.

The Blood Mistress has stayed home, now domiciled safely within the confines of the apartment – a decision which Luke believed was in fact not by any stretch of the imagination chance, nor related to her rather abrupt and sudden announcement that she had started to feel ill.

Her stated reason seemed only titular at best and was not confirmed by the predatory gleaming of her eyes nor the lustrous nature of her formidable visage as she repined upon the large leather couch facing opposite the central altar, a thick bullwhip grasped in her hands which she idly twirled as scenes depicting chaos and madness played absently upon the screen of her and her associate's shared computer located in the corner, beneath which a cat sat contentedly but also possessed with a certain knowing menace and patient expectancy. Luke had grunted with effort along with his lone travel associate as they had loaded the black SUV with the usual tools of the trade – large black plastic cases which held meticulously the gleaming oiled semi-automatics and associated clips, along with travel-sized clear plastic totes which contained small cardboard boxes of ammunition – the boxes themselves in

various states of wear and tear but the bullets within as clean to their purpose as they had been upon their day of manufacture in whatever obscure Czech factory had been their origin.

He had no conscious reason to believe that perhaps the effort of that relatively small physical exertion had effected him more pointedly than usual. Him and his associate had as the case may be been occupied to no small degree with arduous physical training in the several gymnasiums located only a brief couple of miles away beyond the security checkpoint and the rows of chain-link fence that marked the unmistakable line between the civilian world and the area outside – though most of the inhabitants of the town were sworn personnel on the other side of the line. His evenings had been also occupied arduously, though in a somewhat different but no less demanding sense as to his physicality – the long sessions staring before the black mirror as pints of blood dripped from the lacerated arms of him and his associate, the alcohol and opiate-laced libations before the altar – the open welts upon the back and legs still in pain and disrepair long after the Blood Mistress had replaced her whip and the sounds of her satanic mirth had subsided, only the phantom memory of her cackling piercing the hours of cold mountain morning.

Yet still, a fell awareness began to dawn upon him as he loaded the last of the ammunition into the back of the SUV, its covering closed with an economical click by his associate who made his way to the driver's side door. A memory of a certain silt at the bottom of his supplemental beverage which was prepared and quaffed with regularity by him and his associate every morning – a certain burning in the throat afterward which seemed incongruous to the same beverages that had similarly been imbibed, morning-in, morning-out, each and every morning since his stay, on assignment, within that very particular and peculiar fastness within the Alleghenies.

The Blood Mistress, despite her alleged sickness, has prepared the beverages that morning, the least she could do for her two associates after all – one intimate, one sent from afar and with a perhaps suspicious agenda. Luke looked up from the side of the vehicle, his travel companion already ensconced inside and cranking the ignition. The Blood Mistress looked down toward Luke – his eyes now bloodshot and somewhat vacant – her tonic having visibly been successfully administered. Luke looked upward with a dreadful apprehension as she smiled, taking a long drag from her cigarette and leaving behind only a swirl of foul-smelling smoke, quickly dispersed and dissipated in the blowing mountain wind.

– **Tempel ov Blood, 2015**

CORRECTIVE DISCIPLINE

(February 17, 2015)

GULAG “BLACK LODGE DISCIPLINE CENTER” presents a hideous inaugural power electronics delivery and the first audio project internal to and authorized by the Tempel ov Blood. A harsh sonic delivery, GULAG is spearheaded by a Commissar of the TOB and features liberal samples of actual correctional punishments, abuse and forced worship recorded within the TOB’s Black Lodge Discipline Center.

“When she thought she could not possibly take anymore of the beating, the person doing the whipping exchanged the thick leather strap for a long metal cane that looked to be made from some sort of antenna. The consistency was thin and extremely whippy and as he began driving it into the ruined flesh of her backside with an ultra-fast “swish, swish” her bruised skin began to break and tiny red rivulets of blood began dripping down the back of her pale white legs.

“There is only one person who can give you relief!” shouted a stern voice broadcast from some speaker high above her. “There is only one person who can make the punishment stop!” The swish swish of the cane continued, her legs now covered with spiderwebs of dripping blood. Bluebird cried and began whispering to herself like a mantra, barely audible under her breath, “Commandant, commandant, commandant.” Swish, swish, swish. Scream, scream, scream.

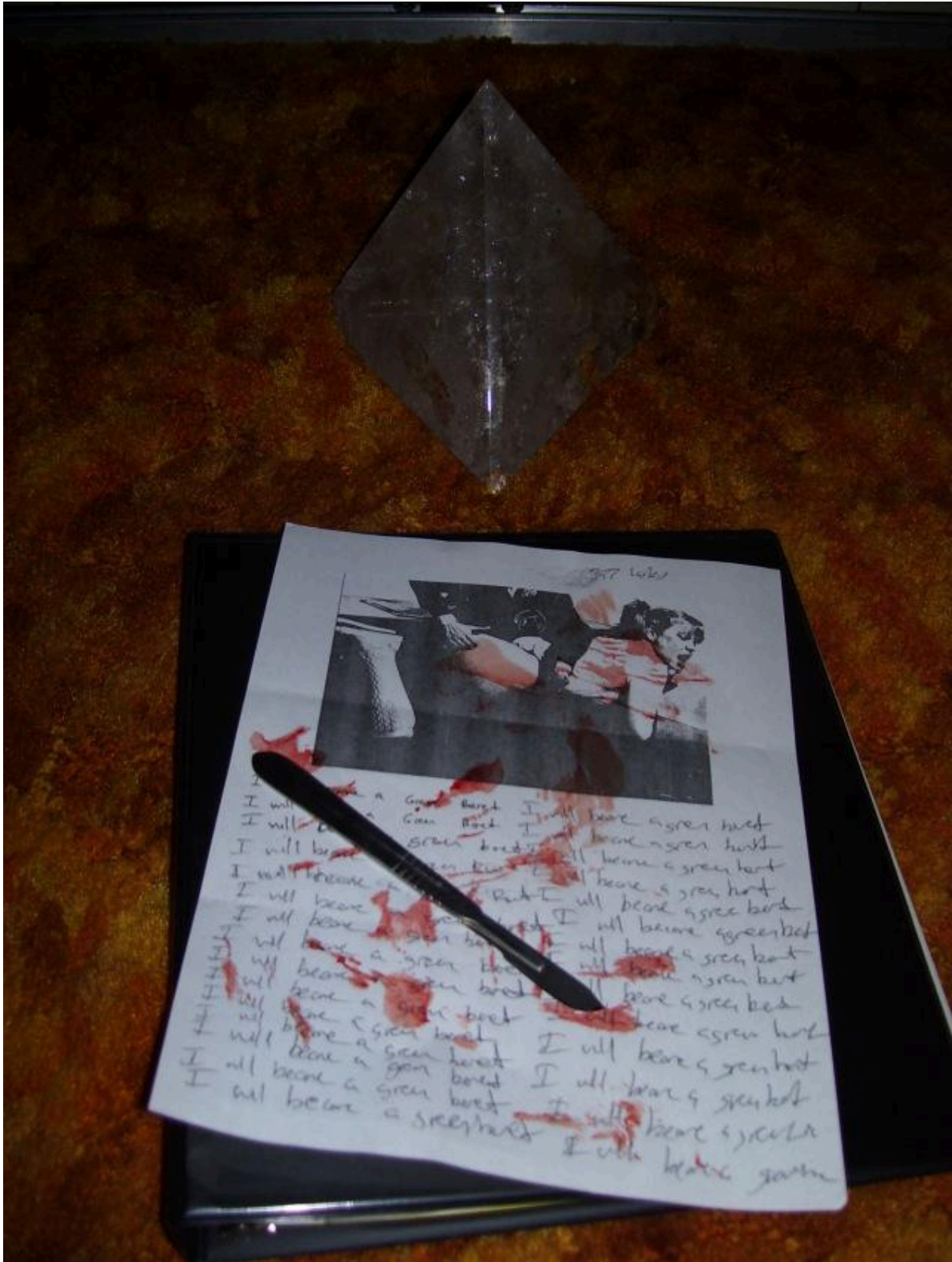
“Only one person can make this stop, only one person, but if it is her will then you should allow it to continue, will you allow it to continue?” The metal cane continued to rip into her backside and her screams began anew. “Answer us, will you allow it to continue?” Beneath the strange luminous light from above one could see small specks of blood flying into the air from the ferocity of the lashing as the metal instrument unmercifully punished her exposed flesh. “Answer us, answer us!”

Through the confusion and the horror Bluebird managed to let out a screamed answer, driven by pain and whatever strange drugs she had been dosed with earlier. “Let it continue, commandant, let it continue! Punish me, commandant, punish me!” The disembodied voice high in the ceiling changed from that of a male to the hearty laughter of a woman, echoing strangely. This must be the voice of the commandant herself thought Bluebird, her eyes lolling wildly, her tongue involuntarily protruding from her mouth in some heathen symbol of prostration. Oblivious to the metal cane which continued to beat her, she began crying in devotional ecstasy at having heard the voice, and then she too, like the voice from the speakers, began to laugh.”

– **IRON GATES, 2010**

IF YOU HAVE COMMITTED AN ERROR, CRITICIZE YOURSELF FIRST, THEN PUNISH YOURSELF

(February 21, 2015)



All old and outmoded forms of the body and psyche must be discarded. The spirits of the Undead Gods must inhabit a new vessel which has been cleansed in the holy fires of ordeal, trial and hardship.

Old and unproductive neurological imprints may only be erased through exploring the shadow-self of the world and one's own psyche and body. Exploring and learning to use the dark, hard world as one's arena of operations. The earth ("tue sunt caeli, tua est terra...") is the working arena of the Holy and Immaculate Satanists and Vampires of the TEMPEL OV BLOOD. Via the Tempel, you will, if you are part of said temple, be aided in the eradication of the chaff from your being. You yourself must be willing to step into the caustic and sinister black flames of change.

This change will be enacted (amongst other methods) via SHOCK, TRIAL, ORDEALS AND TORTURE OF THE MIND AND BODY AND SOUL. You must effectively die to the self and the ego of which you now consist to step into the glorious undeath which you seek. You must feel and experience firsthand the glory of horror and the purity of pain. Transformation must be enacted if you wish to reach into the higher stages of BREAKTHROUGH and beyond...

SOURCE: Excerpted from "Discipline of the Gods", originally released in "Discipline of the Gods/Altars of Hell/Apex of Eternity" printed by Ixaxaar Occult Publications, Tampere, Finland 2003 and limited to 333 copies. Rereleased in Liber 333, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2014 (ISBN-13: 978-1492282204, ISBN-10: 1492282200)

**A NEW PREDATORY SPECIES REFERRED TO AS
'NOCTULIANS'
(February 24, 2015)**



While officially a separate organization, the Tempel acknowledges its ties to the Order, and credits the ONA for much of its terminology and mythos. Certainly, the Tempel ov Blood enjoys the greatest notoriety of any organization or nexion affiliated with the Order of Nine Angles. Openly antinomian, the Tempel presents itself in its texts as a hybrid between a traditional Satanic coven and a (religious) militant order. The Tempel is based in the United States and makes no overt claims to having an international presence – yet a critical survey of online sources indicates that some of its texts have been translated into Portuguese (indicating either a following in South America and/or Europe), and that the authors of several of its texts are based internationally. While it has produced a number of sought-after texts through Ixaxaar and other publishing houses, most recently Liber 333 in 2013, the Tempel maintains a relatively low profile. Its semi-official website and official Tumblr site ('Nightmover') identify the Tempel's purpose as: 'a Nexion to the Dark Gods as well as a guidance and filtration system for aspiring Noctulians.' For those seeking a harsh alchemical change into the Transcendental Predator based on a synthesis of Sinister Hebdomantry and Vampirism...[to] create a New Being capable of bringing about the "Day of Wrath" spoken of in the Diabolus Chant.' The Tempel's writings clearly indicate a literal belief in the Dark Gods and Vindex mythos (discussed below), and a strict adherence to the Seven Fold Way. Further, the Tempel distinguishes itself from the ONA with its unique vampire current (as hinted in its name), and promotes the evolution of its members into a new predatory species referred to as 'Noctulians'. According to Tempel leadership, '[Tempel ov Blood] has traditionally had a strong focus on harsh ordeals and enacting acts of infiltration, psychological operations, etc.' Clearly, where many mainstream nexions do much of their work in text and virtual space, the Tempel shuns these media of communication, and focuses rather on taking physical, tangible action.

SOURCE: Excerpted from "Mysticism in the 21st Century", Sirius Academic Press 2014 (ISBN 9781940964003) in an electronic version of the third chapter published online with the concurrence of the author at Regarding David Myatt

ACAUSAL TORMENT

(February 28, 2015)



Little girls ran around the circular room dressed in bright, flowery attire – the serpentine designs on their garments seeming to swirl and morph into varieties of diffuse, protean images as Wella sat, immobilized, strapped with leather thongs upon a large and gleaming black-painted chair in the center of the chamber, fastened with innumerable instruments of bondage upon that horrific throne, terror-forged within the most insane and blasphemous nether-regions of the astral plane.

He, himself, naked and thoroughly exposed – being most vilely penetrated from below with a strange apparatus and silenced from above with a translucent, seemingly living, rubber-coated restraint which covered his mouth and, through the auspices of a sinisterly-placed insert, prohibited him from hardly any movement in that region leaving him, to a markedly increasing degree, choking – choking on his very own spittle, incapable of draining in the natural fashion, thus, draining down his own throat, causing his chest to convulse as the fluid seeped down into the passages of his lungs in pain-filled spasms.

The eyes of the girls seemed to, increasingly, take on an inhuman appearance, widening and eyeing him, coyly, with the appearance of calves as they spun, faster and faster, in widdershins, through which his hallucinatory vision seemed to take on the shape of a non-differential stream of colors, shapes and brief ascertaining of individual figures, careening ever-faster in a left-ward circular fashion, blaringly and increasingly non-comprehensibly present in his most certainly incomprehensible state of bondage.

An explosion rent an opening in the space on the wall opposite of him and through that opening came a woman who both seemed old and young – brittle yet pliable – a crone and an untouched virgin all the same. A shapeshifter. Alternating her appearance between that of a human girl, that of a human (if transgressively so) old crone of a female, that of a faceless vinyl and leather-clad horror whose sex could not be readily ascertained by any human comprehension.

The being manifested drew from a thick and brutal belt a long, willowy, yet threateningly thick wand-shaped instrument and waved it in a quick, downwards, left-turning fashion in the direction of the rent from which she had entered. The rent closed. First, leaving a pulsating seeming scar then, a vague trace of structural damage and then, so quickly in fact, nothing at all. It turned, in its last, sexless manifestation, toward him, the clicking of its sadistic boots echoing ever and yet ever closer towards him in his bound domicile.

With a slow and predatory gesture she lowered the wand to his naked core, pressing upon the area of his solar plexus. His own physical, life-blood, flowed, in reverse current, out from his veins, draining from his heart, into the instrument of torture which she wielded and, as the draining commenced, he could feel and see with sickening observation his veins collapsing and blackening, the path of collapse spreading out from his solar plexus toward the extremities of his body.

The entity lifted its wand-shaped instrument and swirling, crimson-colored filaments could be seen dancing upon its tip – the shaft of which seemed to gleam with an overly full, overly sensual texture, being filled with his living essence, prior to replacing it into the slot on its belt. From the area where the little girls were dancing, now appearing as simply a dangerous swirling mass of blurring colors, came the sound of thousands upon hundreds-of-thousands of layered and diverse voices. Some deep, commanding, exhorting – some screaming, hideous, insane – some pleading, crying, begging for recourse and others simply giggling, screeching with a blasphemous and horrid glee.

Wella felt the chamber begin to fill increasingly with the unmistakable scent of expanding ozone, like one would smell when standing upon an open field as formidable thunderstorms approached. Both inserts penetrating him from above and below began to enlarge themselves upon telepathic command of the entity before him, pushing him toward an ever increased state of violation. The myriad restraints holding him, tightened.

The vinyl and leather-clad horror pointed with a long gloved finger toward the swirling mass and spoke in a non-gendered robotic voice yet filled with cunning.

“Those are the ones that you summoned in the ritual – the ones that you desired to enter you through invocation. Now you shall experience the breakthrough which you have so long sought.”

A snap of her fingers and the swirling entities in their circular composition began to close in upon the area where he sat immobile upon his throne of torment as the inserts began to move further and further inward, causing blazing and mind-shattering pain along with the burning sensation of his now collapsed-veins, spread like worthless black tributaries of a dark sea across his physical frame.

The entity before him began to levitate into the air, above and beyond the swirling mass of entities bent on permanent intrusion and, for a moment, in a lightning-flash of acute clarity,

he could see himself outside of himself in his genuine stature as he now existed – a starved, emaciated and naked being – alone – lying, in fetal position, in a small metal cage on a strange, remote and alien planet millions of universes away – a vast black and star-filled sky threatening from above and an oxygen-deprived harsh and alien atmosphere oppressing him from all around. That was all that remained of his old self, his root identity before the split – what now inhabited his physical body and the comportment of the same was yet to be seen, however, from the nature of the entities who now intruded, the insightful should begin to come to certain conclusions.

HORONZON

(March 2, 2015)

DARK IMPERIVM – HorOnZon

O, you Spear in the Sun, The One that is Not (O ti koplje u Suncu, Onaj koji Nisi)

Master of the Triangle (Gospodaru Trougla)

Lover (Ljubavniče)

Darkness of the Darkness (Tamo Tame)

Flaring Star ov the Abyss (Plamteća Zvezdo Bezdana)

333 (Trista Trideset i Tri)

Come and Conquer (Dođi i Osvoji)

Lick with the snake's tongue (Zmijskim jezikom ti poliži)

Death and Ashes (Smrt i Pepeo)

I am You (Ja sam TI)

The Dread and the Darkness (Užas i Tmina)

31 and 2 (Trideset Jedan i Dva)

SOURCE: Dark Imperivm – HorOnZon (album version)

MOTHER LILITH

(March 9, 2015)



The Anglian Satanic Church was run by Father Raoul Belphegor, real name Thomas Victor Norris, and Mother Lilith, real name Magdalene Graham. It claimed vast resources, numbers and magickal powers which would be bestowed on members in return for money and/or (in the case of young female members) sex. Norris had earlier acquired a liking for brothel-keeping, involving his wife and daughters, aged eleven and thirteen. On his release from a six-year sentence resulting from this, he restored his fortunes with the aid of a rather naive eighteen-year-old (she was not concerned with his occult activities and has since now made a new life for herself, so her name will not be mentioned).

Norris' Occult involvement brought him into contact with Magdalene Graham, who was editing an Occult magazine on broadly LHP lines. Norris persuaded her to take over production of his magazines, both Occult and political (fascist), including the occasional news-sheet of his Odinist Anglo-Saxonic Church (another paper organization).

Despite holding similar political views, Ms. Graham was, at first, reluctant to be associated with the disreputable Norris, but was in the vulnerable position of having just been diagnosed as suffering from a disabling illness and was desperately seeking a cure. That particular illness is subject to recession.

Ms. Graham experienced an improvement (presumably psychologically induced), which, for a time convinced her. She eventually became disillusioned and tried to leave. Impeded by her physical disability, she sought help from a Satanist who was not a fascist (possibly the only representative of that rare breed in Britain at the time) and he eventually re-started the magazine Dark Lily as the organ of non-political Satanism in Britain.

Ms Graham remains typist, sometimes designated editor, although it is doubtful whether she has executive powers. It appears that she is now convinced that Occultism cannot be associated with politics. Certainly Dark Lily, despite its history, has, since coming under new management, shown no sign of political allegiances and has, in fact, warned that to divide one's energies between politics and Occultism means that one will succeed at neither.

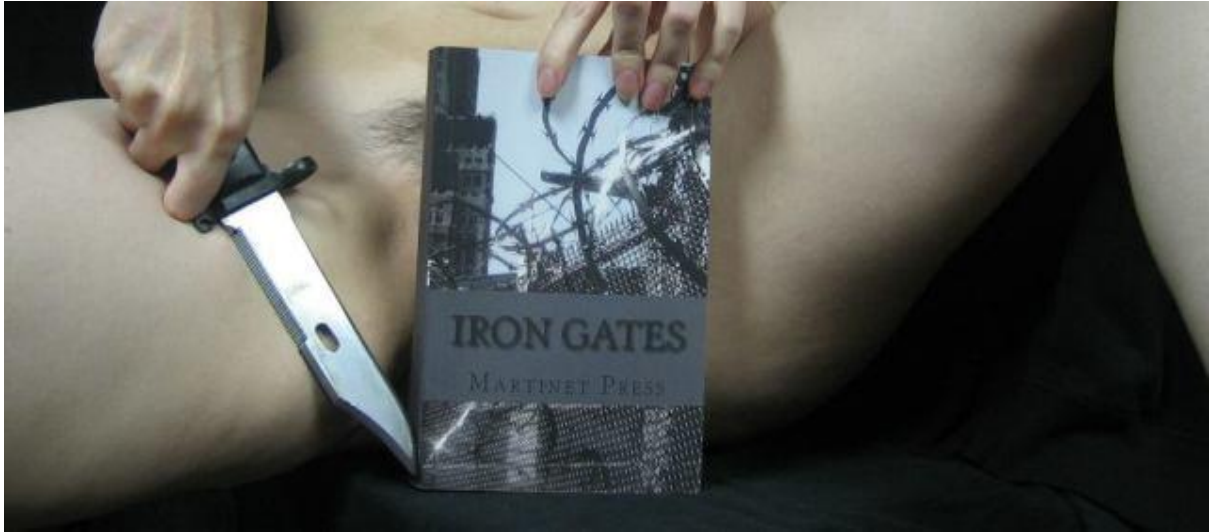
The magazine Dark Lily first appeared in duplicated news-sheet format in 1977, allegedly the organ of the Anglian Satanic Church – not to be confused (though it often was) with the Anglo-Saxonic Church, which was Odinist.

Magda Graham from the Society of Dark Lily is a disabled old gal nowadays, suffering from multiple sclerosis. For many years she had an interesting crossover into extreme underground S&M groups.

The Society of the Dark Lily, is run by Magda Graham from a farm in Scotland where she lives. It is the headquarters of the organization (and the scene of debauched, sadistic beating of naked young girls).

SOURCE: <http://www.davidicke.com/forum/showthread.php?t=236977>

INHUMAN WRATH BEYOND THE REMOTELY SANE OR ETHICAL (March 16, 2015)



The lieutenant began laughing maniacally, his insane peals of grotesque mirth bouncing off the jagged rocks of the bizarre cliffs that yawned into a lifeless abyss, shrouded by the sinking sun and variant heights of the evergreen forest surrounding. As he laughed specks of blood and phlegm spewed from his own mouth, the level of issue heightening as the sound pressure level increased.

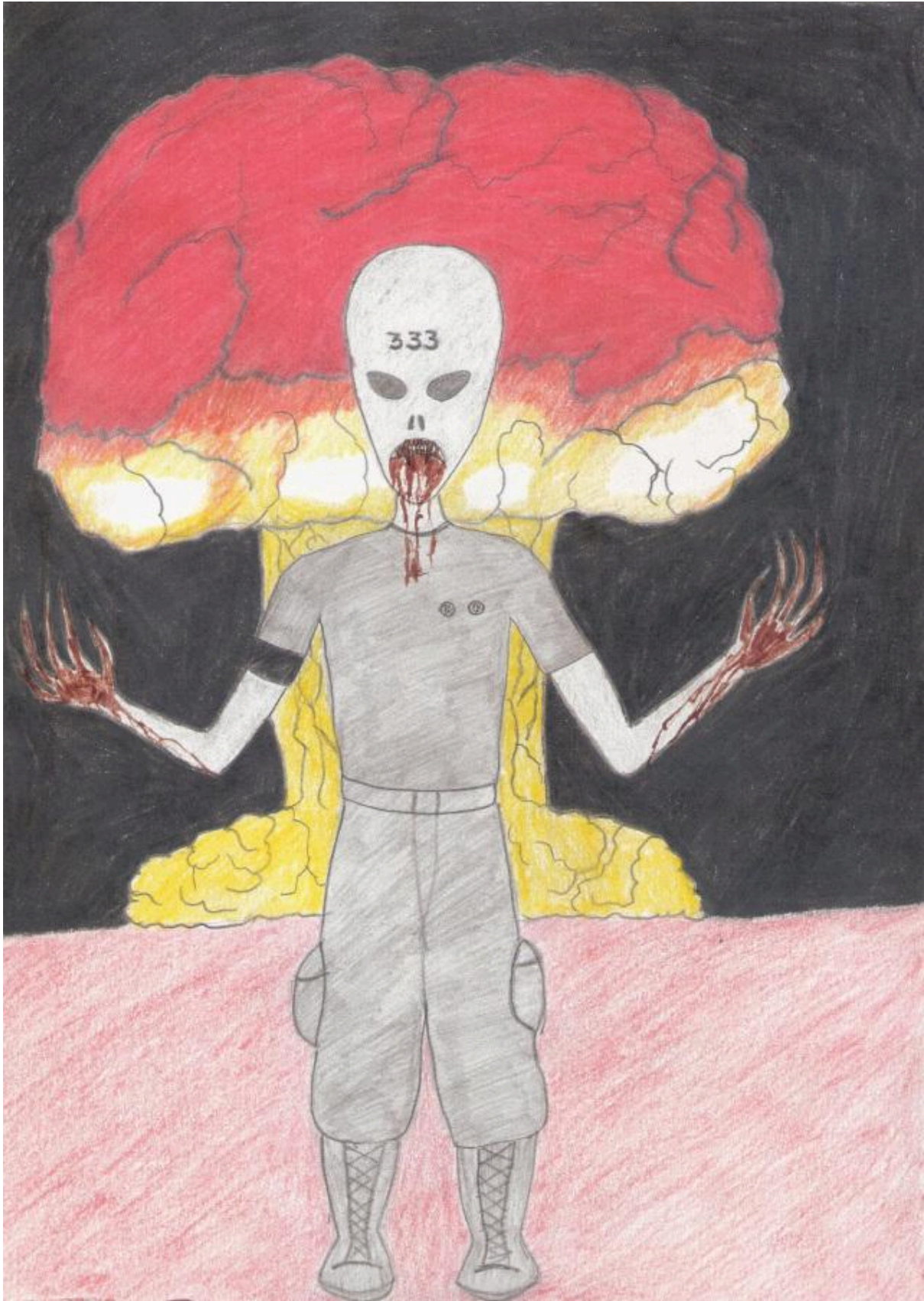
As the victim fell onto his knees and began swooning in and out of consciousness from the shock of the wound, the lieutenant's laughter became a garbled scream and his eyes became throbbing blood-shot orbs, opening wider and wider, displaying some inhuman wrath beyond the purview of the remotely sane or ethical.

'We'll make you hurt before we make you die!' the lieutenant barked, as he moved in for the terminal maneuver.

SOURCE: Excerpted from IRON GATES by Tempel ov Blood, published by Martinet Press 2014 (ISBN-10: 0692306587, ISBN-13: 978-0692306581) IRON GATES is a sci-fi horror / post-apocalyptic novel, detailing a bleak view of the spiritual horrors of the world-to-come. Set seventy years after a worldwide nuclear conflagration, IRON GATES allows the reader a sight into a nightmarish landscape populated by even more nightmarish characters in a hideous future which leaves little to the imagination. Brutal and unsparing, it is not suitable for readers under 18. Readers should be advised of extreme graphic content.

DRILL SGT. GREY – A DISTURBING ANALYSIS

(March 16, 2015)



A NOCTULIAN craves DISCIPLINE.

DRILL SGT. 333 is the LEADER of the VVM (Velton Vindex Movement.) He is a grim, grey alien with large, almond-shaped eyes and a small, skeletal figure (which is in contrast to his over-sized head.) He wears a Drill Sgt. Uniform (including a large, harsh brimmed hat with the numerical code '333' emblazoned on the front, military pants tucked into combat boots and a military battle-ready logistical jacket emblazoned with the numeric '333' and on which is pinned an insignia of the Nine Angles, a patch bearing the sigil of the TOB and upon the collar-tab epaulets is the numbers '333' – the latter which appears on both of his thin, starved shoulders.) He wears a black armband with large white letters sewn onto the cloth bearing the initials 'VVM'. His mouth is only a slit which never smiles. From his mouth emanates only hate because he hates you, he wants to discipline you, he wants to punish you, he wants to push you over the brink so that you fall – like chaff – into the blaze of the abyss, the blaze of subversion, the blaze of the clandestine, the blaze of torture, the blaze of discipline.

He carries a wooden punishment paddle that has been drilled with holes, many, many holes. The holes are to lessen wind resistance when he beats you and he will beat you – he will beat you like a bad little girl or a bad little boy but he will not beat you because you have been bad, he will beat you because you have not been bad enough. When he bends you over and paddles your bottom it is a loving discipline because he is saying to you: do not be human, be a Noctulian! Although the way he phrases it may sound more like "TOUGHEN UP YOU WIMP!" or it may even sound like the churning and grating of hideous machinery in a terrible, dark and grim factory somewhere in the astral wastelands. Did I mention he also carries a cat o' nine tails made of a hideous leather-like substance which is interspersed with spikes? You are truly a fortunate soul if Drill Sgt. 333 decides to go after you with that particularly unholy implement.

The name tag on his battle-ready logistical jacket reads "GREY" – just in case you do not recognize him when you see him... But if you do see him you will surely recognize him, because only the most fortunate boys and girls receive the very specific sort of balloons and surprises that Drill Sgt. Grey has to offer.

Every foul verbal abuse that issues forth from his mouth which swirls and rotates with the horrors of Nythra will make you more motivated. Each beating he gives you will bring you closer and closer to the Abyss and insanity (like a trout swimming upstream, the Abyss will make you immolate yourself in the hideous and caustic ordeal of shedding the causal.) The more miles you run and the more push-ups you do chanting '333' will help you transform from your current state into a bloated frog: bloated on the blood current of the Velton Vindex Movement and basking under the radioactive glow of atomic mushroom clouds who look down upon you with leering, spiral eyes.

HATE MAKES YOU STRONGER

(March 17, 2015)



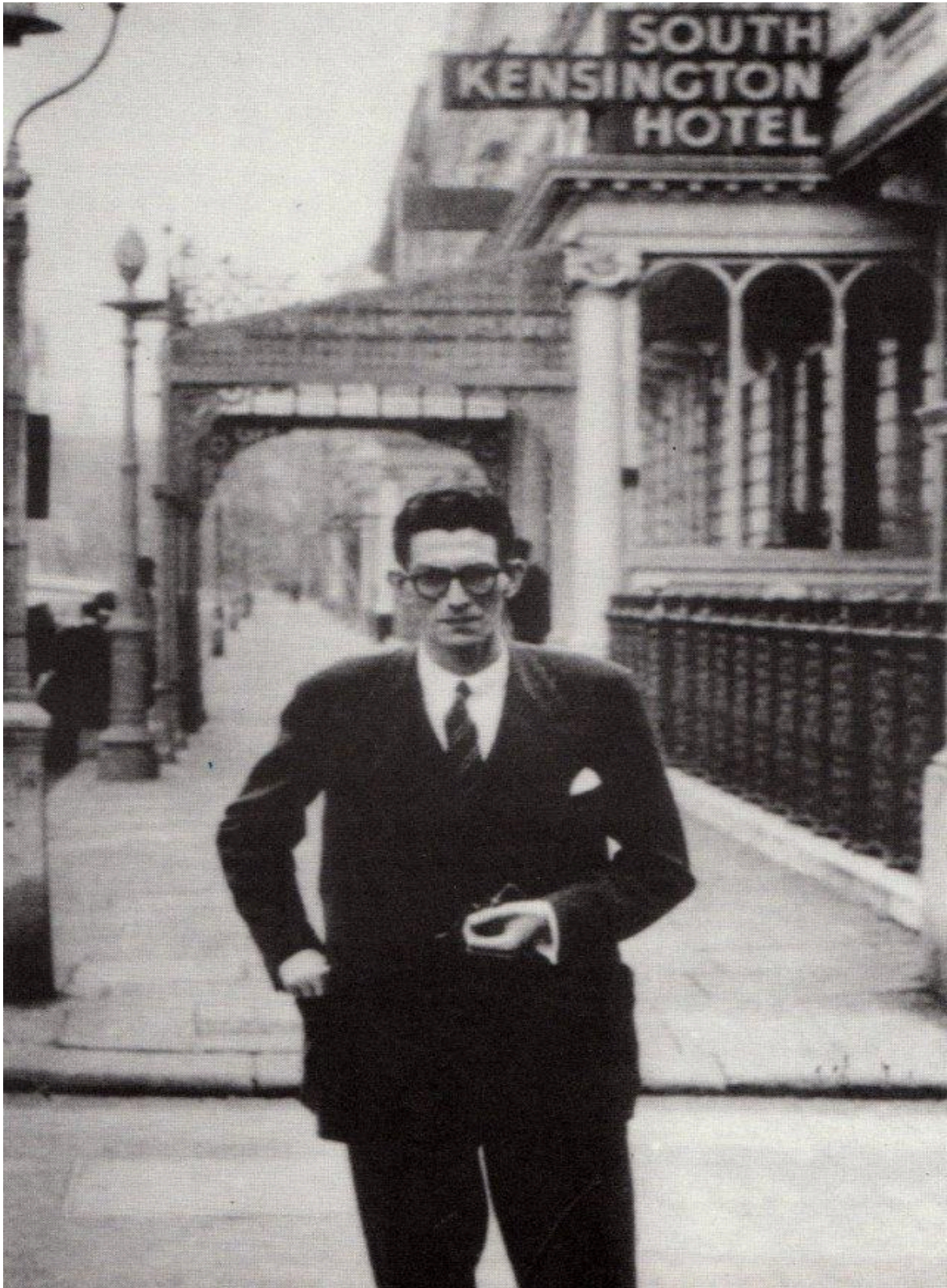
REVOLUTIONARY HATE ARCHIVES is a propaganda outlet dedicated to the publication of pamphlets and materials from both the spectrum of the ultra-left as well as the ultra-right – unified in the overall mission of championing the predatory psycho-politics of extremism.

RHA is spearheaded by the TOB Commissar behind the GULAG project available via Martinet Press Audio and is the rezidentura of the Black Lodge Discipline Center. Visit RHA at: <http://revolutionaryhatearchives.wordpress.com>

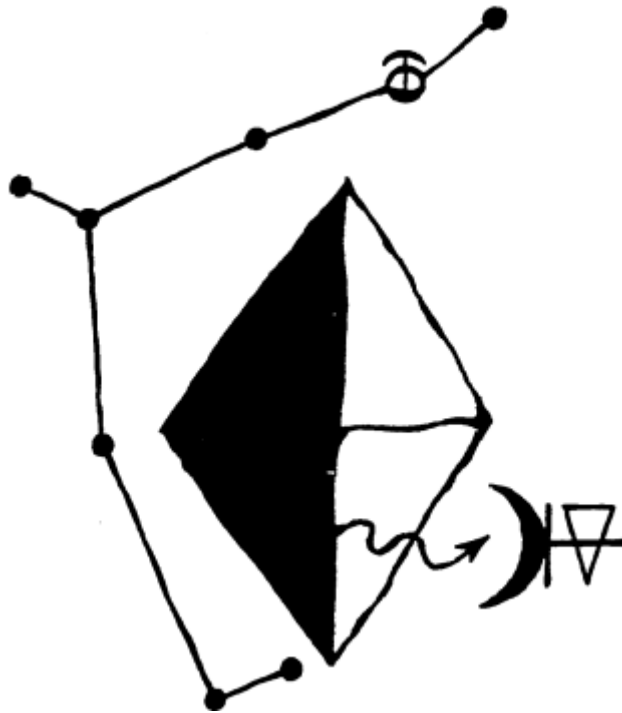
“Tyrannical toward himself, he must be tyrannical toward others. All the gentle and enervating sentiments of kinship, love, friendship, gratitude, and even honor, must be suppressed in him and give place to the cold and single-minded passion for revolution. For him, there exists only one pleasure, on consolation, one reward, one satisfaction – the success of the revolution. Night and day he must have but one thought, one aim – merciless destruction. Striving cold-bloodedly and indefatigably toward this end, he must be prepared to destroy himself and to destroy with his own hands everything that stands in the path of the revolution.” – Catechisms of the Revolutionary, Sergei Nechayev

DECEPTION IS A STATE OF MIND AND THE MIND OF THE STATE

(March 17, 2015)



**Ω9A TRADITION(AL)
CHANTS: ATAZOTH**



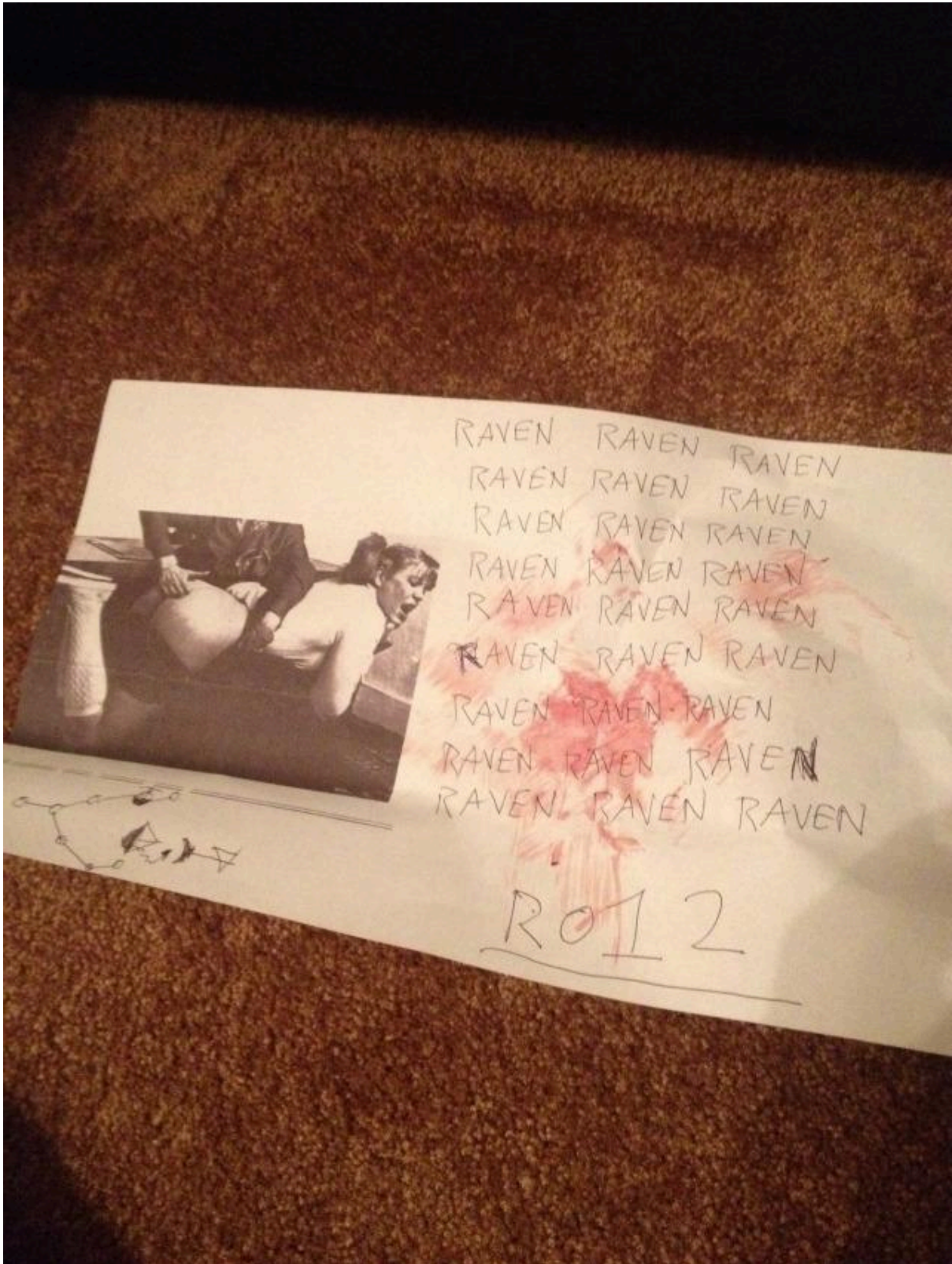
**From Zorya to Mr. Angleton, with sinister dedication:
– Atazoth (ABG Lodge)**

**A
B G
L O D G E
125 Year ov Baphomet
SOURCE: Atazoth (ABG Lodge)**

SOURCE: Atazoth (ABG Lodge)

A FELL WIND BLEW AND A MIST OF BLOOD CAUGHT UPON THE WIND

(March 19, 2015)



At long last the intelligence officer arrived at the forest clearing where the principal prisoner now was situated bound fully nude and in an upright standing position against the large wooden stake facing the other prisoners and the interrogation teams which surrounded them, the latter now no longer conducting the usual business but holding their charges firmly by the arms and forcing them to face their compatriot who was soon to be made an example of in no uncertain terms.

The intelligence officer approached the senior internal security personnel on duty, whispering into his ear the instructions he had received from the Field Marshal and receiving a cold nod from within the featureless black mask and goggles as the internal security member turned and began tightening the fastenings of the silencer to his MP5, inserting a fresh clip and filling several more for easy access which he inserted into appropriate slots on his tactical vest.

As the senior internal security personnel prepared his weapon, the intelligence officer proceeded to several of the nearby shock troopers and issued instructions in a low voice which elicited sadistic gleams in every eye and expressions of mirth punctuated with bloodlust upon every visage so concerned. The forest clearing became a scene of low murmurings and strange suppressed sounds as the two interrogation teams threatened their charges in low voices while the shock troopers made their own preparations for the principal captive.

A piece of the rotten clothing which had been stripped from the prisoner was plucked from the ground and torn into a stout rag, which one of the shock troopers then doused with an unknown liquid drawn from one of the ancillary canteens strapped to his utility belt before shoving it into the prisoner's mouth and wrapping another strip of rag around his head securing it tightly.

Two of the shock troopers occupied themselves with building and stoking a small fire into which were set two makeshift torches made from small tree limbs, wrapped at the ends with the remainder of the prisoner's rotted clothing and similarly doused with the liquid from the canteen of the shock trooper who had busied himself with the binding of the principal captive directly prior.

With a hiss the largest among the shock troopers withdrew a large and sadistically gleaming combat survival knife from a sheath hanging upon his hip, holding it out in front of him and slowly approaching the bound captive with the paced and assured gait of the born predator. The bound captive's eyes widened into a rictus of horror as the shock trooper smiled and extended the knife, rubbing the side of the cold steel blade slowly against the face of the prisoner and watching as equally cold sweat began to drip down the face of his quarry in expectation of what horrors the organization man might have in store for him.

The preamble over, the shock trooper went directly into business mode, plunging his blade with the expertise of an experienced butcher into the crevice between the prisoner's shoulder

and arm and sawing furiously, his muscles straining and veins pulsating with vascularity under the strain of the work. The prisoner's body began shaking uncontrollably as the shock trooper moved his blade deeper and deeper into the flesh, the muffled screams coming from the chemical-drenched rag inserted into his mouth sounding for all effective purposes like an animal trapped in the unforgiving metal teeth of a lethal snare.

The two other captured patrol members began wailing at the site of their compatriots fate, a reaction for which the respective interrogation teams were prepared as they quickly grasped black-gloved hands over the men's mouth, stifling their screams – the weak struggling of their feeble and starved bodies easily overwhelmed by the cannibalistic and speed-induced strength of the organizational men.

With a horrific and final push the shock trooper finished cutting through the arm, with the entire limb falling with a sickening thud onto the ground beside the wooden stake and arterial blood shooting through the air. The shock trooper reared back his head and let loose an involuntary and hideous laugh, his eyes lolling back into his head, as the shock troopers who had been tending the fire rushed forward and thrust their burning torches into the prisoner's bloody wound, effecting a crude cauterization and filling the air with the nauseating smell of burning blood and human meat.

Systematically the scene was repeated upon the other arm – the intimidation followed by the methodical butchery – the gloating of the largest and most sadistic among the shock troopers as the others cauterized the wound. By the time the second limb had been removed the principal captive was barely conscious except for the properties of whatever chemical had been sublingually administered to him through the vector of the gag cloth, the purpose of which seemed to be keeping him conscious at least to a titular degree while experiencing a level of torture that would have easily caused him to black out in shock under normative circumstances. The other captives held by the adjutant interrogation teams were still being kept muzzled by the unyielding leather-gloved hands of their captors with not an audible sound escaping, their confessions and coerced intelligence reports being waylaid until after the demonstration with the more recalcitrant of their number having been duly effected and completed.

The shock trooper moved onto the legs, a more arduous task in general but effected with an effort more than grim, with the limbs held on tenaciously with the last remaining strings of flesh being ripped off with a brutal pulling before being slung to the side where they were collected along with the rest before being wrapped by one of the other shock troopers and carried down the trailhead and up the ridge toward the main encampment to be prepared with the rest of the flesh for the organization's nocturnal mastication.

As the shock trooper cauterized the last two wounds only the slightest hint of consciousness could be seen upon the captive's face, a dim flickering deep within the eyes testament to a consciousness driven to the brink and then beyond the pale of induced insanity and held aware only by artificial means and compartmentalization of the mind in some hidden internal

place of comprehension to shield from the incomprehensible situation which he had found himself in for falling in with the rebels, for failing to submit to the iron fist of the commander due to the proclivities of his geographic region. Had he been a smarter man, had he been ambitious, he would have been proactive in his treason – sneaking across the border into the large organizational encampment whose flickering lights in the valley distance bore the promise of a life beyond the marginal existence to which he and his compatriots so stubbornly held.

But now that hope was gone, his only solace being that his spirit – if there was such a thing – might be drawn into some strange blood abyss by dint of his having become, albeit involuntarily, a sacrifice to the organization whose gods were strange and some of which were gods-in-flesh-bodies, such as the commander. Night fell upon his consciousness as the shock troopers moved away, the area beneath the wooden stake and the patrolman himself gratuitously soaked in sopping blood.

The senior internal security personnel moved forward, black and anonymous goggled eyes staring strange and alien out toward his victim as he raised the black and lethal snub of his silenced MP5 toward the patrolman from a distance of only a few feet away and then began shooting – the sound of the suppressed fire resonating like some strange ground wasp beneath the surface – the body of the opposition member being machine-gunned beyond all recognition as the senior internal security personnel unloaded clip after clip into the head-bearing trunk, churning and grinding the flesh into quivering meat. A fell wind blew and a mist of blood caught upon the wind, wafting into the darkening twilight.

SOURCE: Excerpted from *IRON GATES* by Tempel ov Blood, published by Martinet Press 2014 (ISBN-10: 0692306587, ISBN-13: 978-0692306581) *IRON GATES* is a sci-fi horror / post-apocalyptic novel, detailing a bleak view of the spiritual horrors of the world-to-come. Set seventy years after a worldwide nuclear conflagration, *IRON GATES* allows the reader a sight into a nightmarish landscape populated by even more nightmarish characters in a hideous future which leaves little to the imagination. Brutal and unsparing, it is not suitable for readers under 18. Readers should be advised of extreme graphic content.

HOWLING AND ROARING, DRINKING THEIR BLOOD AND DEVOURING THEIR FLESH

(March 28, 2015)



Coursing through the sky in his celestial chariot, Rāvana appeared like a blazing comet. His dark body shone with a brilliant aura. From his ten heads his reddish eyes darted about, scouring the mountains below. His twenty powerful arms hanging from his huge frame looked like five-hooded serpents. Seated on a throne of gems he directed his golden chariot by thought alone and it moved swiftly over the Himālayan range.

The demon was out on his conquests. All around him flew thousands of Rāksasas, clutching swords, barbed spears, spiked maces and iron bludgeons, all of those weapons smeared with blood. Some Rāksasas had the heads of tigers, some of donkeys and some of fierce fiends. Others appeared in their natural forms: large blackish bodies, fearful faces with tall pointed ears and rows of sharp fangs, with a mass of red hair on their heads. They wore iron breastplates studded with gems and were adorned with bright gold earrings and other shining ornaments. Surrounding Rāvana they looked like dark clouds with lightning covering the sun.

Rāvana wished to defeat in battle even the gods themselves. Wanting to establish his supreme power in the universe, he had gone to the higher planets and conquered hosts of Gandharvas and Yaksas, powerful celestial fighters. Now he was returning from his victorious fight with Kuvera, his own brother and the treasurer of the gods. That lordly deity had been made to retreat by Rāvana, losing to the demon his wonderful chariot, known in all the worlds as the Pushpaka.

The fearless Rāvana, overlord of all the demons, looked down from the Pushpaka at the forests below. It was a picture of tranquility. Amongst the trees were many verdant clearings covered with varieties of wild shrubs and forest flowers. Crystal waterfalls cascaded onto many colored rocks. Lakes filled with lotuses and swans shone from the mountain plateaus as the hordes of Rāksasas soared overhead.

Sometimes the demons would see groups of ṛsis, ascetic Brahmins who dwelt in those high mountain ranges, practising austerities and worshipping the gods. They would see the columns of smoke rising up amongst the trees from the sacrificial fires tended by the sages. Using their powers of sorcery the Rāksasas dropped down volumes of blood, faeces and urine, defiling the sacrifices. They would then hurl huge boulders and blazing coals, crushing and burning the sages where they sat in meditation. Finally the demons would themselves descend, howling and roaring. They tore apart the bodies of the ṛsis, drinking their blood and devouring their flesh.

SOURCE: Valmiki Ramayana as retold by Krishna Dharma Dasa, Bhaktivedanta VedaBase: A Treasury of Spiritual Knowledge

PENETRATION

(April 13, 2015)



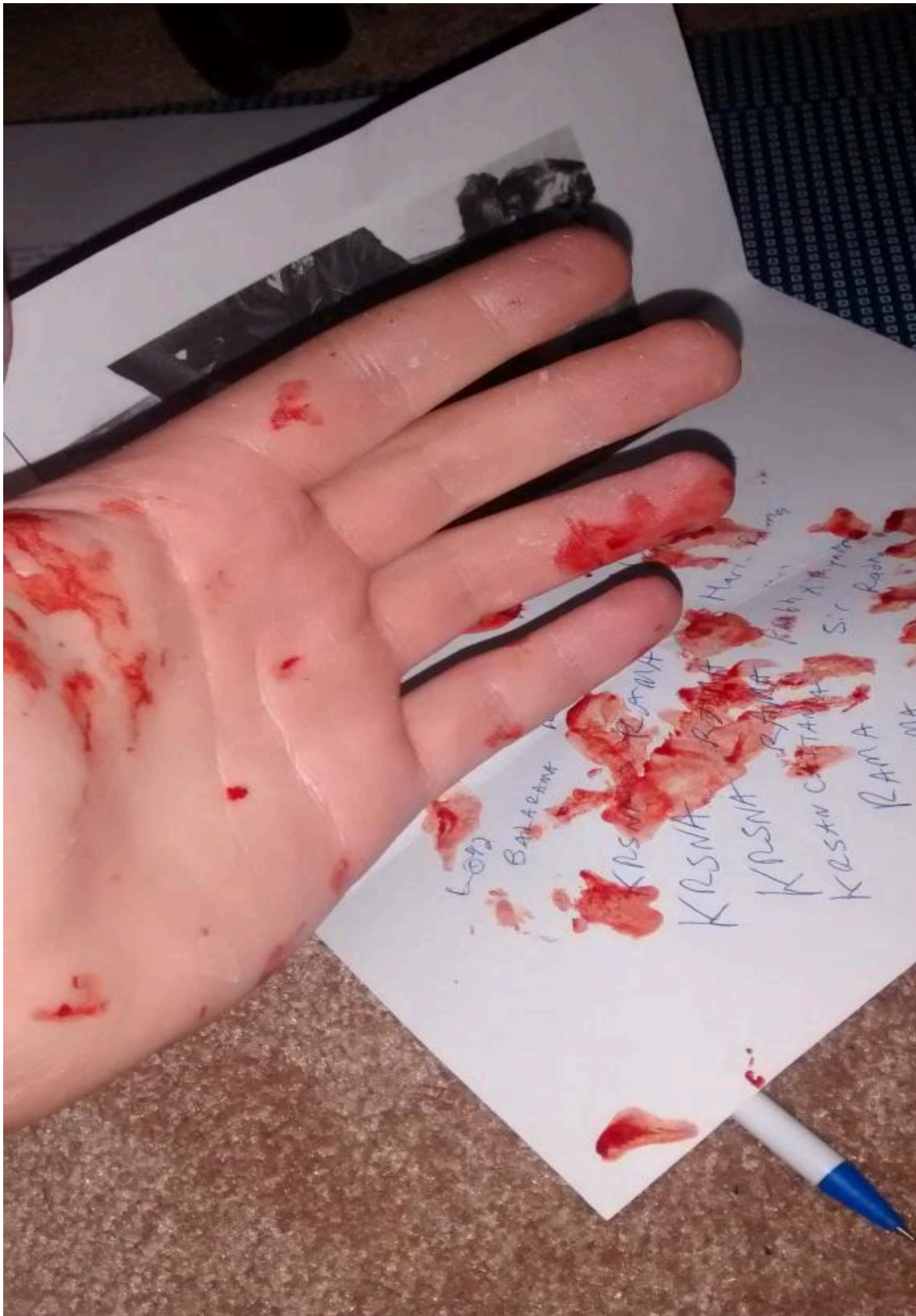
In the field of counterintelligence, a double agent (also double secret agent) is an employee of a secret intelligence service, whose primary purpose is to spy on a different target organization, but who, in fact, is a member of the target organization.

Double agency may be practiced by spies of the target organization who infiltrate the controlling organization, or may result from the turning (switching sides) of previously loyal agents of the controlling organization by the target. The threat of execution is the most common method of turning a captured agent (working for an intelligence service) into a double agent (working for a foreign intelligence service) or a double agent into a re-doubled agent. It is unlike a defector, who is not considered an agent as agents are in place to function for an intelligence service and defectors are not, but some consider that defectors in place are agents until they have defected.

Double agents are often used to transmit disinformation or to identify other agents as part of counter-espionage operations. They are often very trusted by the controlling organization since the target organization will give them true, but useless or even counterproductive, information to pass along.

EXTENDING OUR HAND, ONLY TO BREAK YOURS

(April 23, 2015)



Even as Rāvana charged, the sun became dim and the four quarters were enveloped in gloom. Birds shrieked hideously and the earth shook. Clouds rained blood and a meteor fell from the sky with a crash. Rāvana felt his left eye twitching and his face became pale. A large vulture perched upon his standard and crows circled above him.

Not minding these fearful omens, Rāvana careered madly toward the massed ranks of the monkey army. He plunged into them, immediately creating havoc. With arrows decked with gold he severed the heads of thousands of monkeys. Others were pierced in the heart and still others had their limbs lopped off. Some were crushed by his chariot and some smashed by his mace. Wherever his chariot moved, the monkeys could not stand and face him. An irresistible hail of arrows flew in all directions from Rāvana's chariot. He was as hard to approach as the scorching sun.

Soon the battlefield was strewn with the corpses of slain monkeys. As Rāvana ploughed into the Vanara forces they fled, tortured by his weapons. The demon king dispersed the simian ranks like the wind dissipating clouds. Having cut through the monkeys, Rāvana searched for Rāma.

SOURCE: Valmiki Ramayana as retold by Krishna Dharma Dasa, Bhaktivedanta VedaBase:
A Treasury of Spiritual Knowledge

NIGHTMARISH LANDSCAPES OF THE UNDEAD

(April 27, 2015)



“Having opened the cleansed windows of perception, set yourself facing south, your black backed mirror upon the altar. Chant thrice the Diabolus, awakening the senses to those nightmarish astral landscapes, Behold these landscapes taking form in the mirror.”

– **The Nightmarish Landscapes of the Undead, Tempel ov Blood 2003**

SOURCE: Excerpted from The Nightmarish Landscapes of the Undead, first released in Liber 333, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2014 (ISBN-13: 978-1492282204, ISBN-10: 1492282200)

Photograph from a TOB training area directly opposite Cheyenne Mountain Complex; human skull and kapala inscribed with TOB insignia, USAF Survival Combat knife, onyx altar and black scrying mirror and TOB-issued punitive implement for use by members of Commissar rank classification and above.

GAZE AT THE SKY WITH EYES THAT BLAZE IN ANGER

(May 3, 2015)



“Hiranyakaśipu was so powerful that even the demigods in other planets would tremble simply by the unfavorable raising of his eyebrow.”

“Sri Narada Muni said: My dear King Yudhisthira, when Lord Vishnu appeared in the form of Varaha (the Boar incarnation), and killed the demon Hiranyaksha, Hiranyaksha’s brother Hiranyakashipu was extremely angry and began to lament.

Filled with rage and biting his lips, Hiranyakashipu gazed at the sky with eyes that blazed in anger, making the whole sky smoky. Thus he began to speak. Exhibiting his terrible teeth, fierce glance and frowning eyebrows, terrible to see, he took up his weapon, a trident, and thus began speaking to his associates, the assembled demons: ‘O Danavas and Daityas! O Dvimurdha, Tryaksha, Shambara and Tryaksha, Shambara and Shatabahu! O Hayagriva, Namuci, Paka and Ilvala! O Vipracitti, Puloman, Shakuna and other demons! All of you kindly hear me attentively and then act according to my words without delay.

‘My insignificant enemies the demigods have combined to kill my very dear and obedient wellwisher, my brother Hiranyaksha. Although the Supreme Lord, Vishnu, is always equal to both of us- namely, the demigods and the demons – this time, being devoutly worshiped by the demigods, He has taken their side and helped them kill Hiranyaksha.

‘The Supreme Personality of Godhead has given up His natural tendency of equality toward the demons and demigods. Although He is the Supreme Person, now, influenced by maya, He has assumed the form of a Boar to please His devotees, the demigods, just as a restless child leans toward someone. I shall therefore sever Lord Vishnu’s head from His trunk by my trident, and with the profuse blood from His body I shall please my brother Hiranyaksha, who was so fond of sucking blood. Thus shall I too be peaceful.

‘When the root of a tree is cut and the tree falls down, its branches and twigs automatically dry up. Similarly, when I have killed this diplomatic Vishnu, the demigods, for whom Lord Vishnu is the life and soul, will lose the source of their life and wither away.

‘While I am engaged in the business of killing Lord Vishnu, go down to the planet earth, which is flourishing due to brahminical culture and a kshatriya government. These people engage in austerity, sacrifice, Vedic study, regulative vows, and charity. Destroy all the people thus engaged!

‘The basic principle of brahminical culture is to satisfy Lord Vishnu, the personification of sacrificial and ritualistic ceremonies. Lord Vishnu is the personified reservoir of all religious principles, and He is the shelter of all the demigods, the great pitas (forefathers), and the people in general. When the brahmanas are killed, no one will exist to encourage the kshatriyas to perform yajnas, and thus the demigods, not being appeased by yajna, will automatically die.

SOURCE: Excerpted from Hiranyakasipu, The King of Demons based on the accounts set forth in Canto 7 of Srimad-Bhagavatam

SLAVE TREATMENT

(May 7, 2015)

GULAG “BLACK LODGE DISCIPLINE CENTER” presents a hideous inaugural power electronics delivery and the first audio project internal to and authorized by the Tempel ov Blood. A harsh sonic delivery, GULAG is spearheaded by a Commissar of the TOB and features liberal samples of actual correctional punishments, abuse and forced worship recorded within the TOB’s Black Lodge Discipline Center.

“The filthy infant lay screaming upon the moist floor of the forest as her mother, her cries almost as shrill as that of her child, stood several paces away, pinned against a tree by two uniformed, anonymous figures. The field marshal approached the child and gently prodded its clothing with the razor-sharp bayonet point attached to his AK-74 copycat model, specially made for him in the clandestine armaments factory operated directly by members of his unit. Whereas most who were fortunate enough to be equipped with firearms were relegated to utilizing older and carefully maintained weapons from existent stockpiles, certain elite ranking individuals such as himself were supplied with freshly minted firearms such as the one which he now held, for reasons of both practicality and prestige. Hot air infused with his ever-present rage blew from his nostrils, his eyes were wide-open and bloodshot and this along with a heavy black mustache arranged his face in a decidedly intimidating veneer. The cold blue point of the bayonet continued to toy with the flimsy garments of the squiggling child, slowly opening its shirt to reveal a pale white chest holding a fast-beating heart, sped up considerably due to duress, thumping heavily beneath its flesh.

Seeing this from her location several paces off the mother’s cries of distress began to reach horrific proportions. The field marshal raised his left hand in a brief gesture, to which the guards holding her responded by grabbing a handful of her honey-blond hair and yanking her head downward as another attached a rubber ball-gag to her mouth, stifling her screams so that now only the sound of the infant’s cries permeated the wooded landscape. As if on cue, the field marshal suddenly arced his rifle behind his head and drove it down, skewering the child on the tip of the bayonet. The bayonet set deep into the innocent flesh, directly penetrating into the child’s heart, causing a stream of arterial flow to shoot several feet into the air. The field marshal raised the rifle back up into the air above his head, the bayonet bloody with the crimson flow from its most recent child sacrifice, a veritable moloch in the form of a machined rifle, the small child’s limbs convulsing in its death throes. Deftly and with much skill, as he had assuredly done this before, the field marshal held the rifle at an angle so that the blood flowed downward without soaking the precious oiled metal of the main part of the gun. Smiling beneath his thick black mustache, the field marshal eyed the mother: his eyes filled with an insane mania, hers filled with a shock beyond all reason. The child’s cries were now silent and he placed his mouth in line of the blood flow allowing the rivulets of blood to fill his mouth, staining his face and mustache in hideous ornamentation.

After making his point known and as the blood began to cease its flow, the field marshal lowered the bayonet, still bearing the twitching infant on its point, and unceremoniously pushed the corpse off of the weapon's deadly accoutrement with one heel of his combat boot. The child hit the ground with a dull thump, the last of its blood spreading around in a muddied pool upon the earth, its milky eyes frozen in the pangs of death. The field marshal looked at his guards, their faces revealing nothing but cold, cruel eyes behind the black balaclavas which were the hallmark of the internal security forces. The field marshal raised his left hand in a similar brief gesture as before. "Do as you want with the woman and with the remains of the child." With that and a final sardonic smile, this time aimed at his men, he turned from the scene and marched several yards into the forest toward the small tent that functioned as his temporary headquarters for small unit operations in the area. Behind him, the guards paired off with the woman and the corpse of the child respectively, enjoying their peculiar tastes to the hilt."

SOURCE: Excerpted from IRON GATES by Tempel ov Blood, published by Martinet Press 2014 (ISBN-10: 0692306587, ISBN-13: 978-0692306581) IRON GATES is a sci-fi horror / post-apocalyptic novel, detailing a bleak view of the spiritual horrors of the world-to-come. Set seventy years after a worldwide nuclear conflagration, IRON GATES allows the reader a sight into a nightmarish landscape populated by even more nightmarish characters in a hideous future which leaves little to the imagination. Brutal and unsparing, it is not suitable for readers under 18. Readers should be advised of extreme graphic content.

BEATINGS

(May 8, 2015)



PROLOGUE:

A long-fingered hand with sharpened fingernails painted jet black cradled a glass of bourbon – not top shelf, not bottom shelf but mid-range. Strong, high-proof and serviceable for the taste of the discerning and violent consumer. Another hand of similar make and model held a menthol cigarette burned halfway down, also of a potent variety however predictably high-priced, held betwixt thumb and forefinger in the European fashion rather than between fore and middle as common in America – though this was both the origin and the habitation of the one so imbibing.

Reddened eyes stared coldly and without lustre from beneath thick black brows, ringed in darkness though not that of an artificially cosmetic nature as she herself only adorned herself as such for the most dramatic of events but rather with that darkness which comes naturally from long days of arduous toil, induced stress and little sleep.

An old-fashioned wall clock clicked over one minute, then another, as her cigarette burned down, the ash beginning to droop sullenly and the two ice-cubes in her libation begin to melt and meld in a visually sickening oily fashion with the whiskey. The thirty-third minute of the third hour of the afternoon came with the full circumambulation of the second hand, audible in the otherwise quiet rambling country house and her face became alive, suffuse in the angry blush of rage as she flung the glass against the door frame, shattering it.

She rushed toward the door and began undoing the myriad security mechanisms as the sound of sirens erupted from the old highway beyond the field.

CHAPTER 1:

Always hatred, always – galvanizing her spine like a steel rod throughout the day and most of the night, in fact. Lying there beneath the skin, causing full-body tension throughout her musculature – muscles taut, ready to spring to action at the slightest hint of any goddamn thing, ready to spring for a bit of predatory activity or what her husband liked to call “pro-active self-defense”, like them snarling bobcats she heard fighting up in the hills as a girl.

Oftentimes anger – mostly impotent in days long past, impotent in that there wasn't nearly a suitable outlet for it – but would an outlet only increase its potency, giving fuel to the figurative fire? That was a bit too philosophical of a peregrination for her liking, but an issue all the same and one she hadn't quite worked out yet, though an outlet – suitable or otherwise – was always appreciated. Smashing a log against a tree was one thing, kicking a trestle and then having to deal with the afterburn of some ruined infrastructure and perhaps a half-ruined foot was one thing. A well-decided upon target and an expertly aimed – if somewhat brutish in delivery – cinderblock lobbed through a glass window (or a saw through a trestle – bigger trestle, preferably someone else's) – or a coiled belt unfurled against someone else's... well, there's time enough for all of that on down the line.

Rage? Oh yes, rage was the absolute best of the whole entire goddamn lot – best left for those special moments, letting that particular screw out of the driver (or putting that particular pilot – well-pepped, mind you, into the cockpit) too casual-like wouldn't do at all, not in a law abiding society. But when it came unbidden, or in that exact right moment where the Supreme Being turned the red light into a green (Code Green?) and gave you a free-pass A-'okay then that was, well, that was sweet, sweet possession.

She shifted from her thoughts and likewise shifted out of the old and somewhat dilapidated La-Z Boy (brand authenticity, unconfirmed) that was her somewhat supine place of residency during the off-hours during the day as well as being the usual place of living by her husband – also semi-supine, also during off-hours (though mirabile dictu – questionable) of the nocturnal hours, when she was displaced to the couch – or wandering about the outlying field through the near knee-high brush (the crop, she knew not – ruining the fallacy that everyone who lived rural had the wherewithal of a farmhand, much less that of a survivalist who knew which way was south-by-southwest depending on the fucking moss growth on a pine.)

Sometimes she would wander farther than the outlying field and find herself sulking around, slinking aimlessly in a few foot diameter by the mouth of the long dirt driveway – the mouth of their (rented) property to the highway or byway, depending on one's unique perspective. To the mailman and to the form-fillers and form-readers it was still a "rural route" with an attached number, though she had thought that that particular nomenclature had gone out of use though not apparently in this part of the country.

Further than the mouth of the drive she didn't often wander – at least by foot – and if by car, not alone, as her husband was the only one with a license and if that was expired (which she didn't believe it was) he was at least the only "trained driver" on the land, her having never had the particular interest nor proclivity to put herself behind the driver's seat (though there was certainly the pressure to adapt – a long, long time ago, it seemed now.)

And so she would stand – atop piled sand, driven down but still pliant beneath her feet and potentially dangerous embankments along the side (dangerous for those driving to fast, though obnoxious might be a better term) and flat, slightly cracked blacktop (greypop?) a foot off – seldom travelled but when so usually by the gusto and beer-filled operators of the modern two-ton truck, fast-food wrappers, beer cans and sometimes emptied cardboard twelve-packs or suitcases (beer suitcases – that means eighteen-to-twenty-four cans, for the inexperienced) flying from the fully descended electric windows, the sounds of the most recent culture-affirming Nashville band wafting through the windows. The other travellers, equally fast, would cruise by – often at similar speed but slightly less reckless – in newer model luxury cars, windows firmly sealed whatever the weather (to better cushion themselves to the peculiar and oh so custom comfort that their heating and air-conditioning systems afforded, at their expense – damn mother nature in the process) – off to one place or another, usually the other – her little patch of open road passed by and forgotten without so much as a thought.

She herself though had much to think about on this little patch of land – whether it be by day, when she stood demurely far back from the road proper to avoid the sight of any passing cars or by night – when she stood closer, sometimes standing in the middle of the faded middle line itself, by god, though quickly retreating to the shadows of the copse of crooked pine trees that provided some small concealment (the military-formation lines of planted regrowth, expertly spaced apart in the property across the street affording no such sanctuary.)

Where to go from here? The paths that had been well trod in the past, mostly by impetus of her husband (of which she – meeting him near the zenith of his more subversive activities, upon which immediately descended the beginning of twilight as the case often is in cold hard reality, had played a part) were only filament shadows on the night-like existence that they lived. Sure, there was maintenance – and maintenance well-maintained, thank you very much – no luxury, but much more luxury than they had bargained for in the interim – within the standards of the atypical rural American outcast. But as the wise-men (or malcontents) once said, living simply isn't life. Where was the verve? The proverbial English cut of the dash? It didn't seem to be here, that was sure enough – and the opportunities didn't seem to be presenting themselves to the opportune, at least not in this squalid little sector of the backwoods.

That mild discontent swirling in her mind, lazily mind you, but present nonetheless, she slowly shuffled one-foot-in-front-of-the-other back down the sandy driveway to the house, presently empty, her mate and sole physical companion off exerting himself in his own lone daytime pursuits (equally grim – though he probably didn't think so) – back through the door onto old wooden floorboards sinking here and there, catching the light glumly shining through the dry-rotten cheap curtains there and then – to lay upon a couch bought originally by someone else and to consider thoughts probably considered by millions of humanoids before her and after her alike, marginal in scope and partial in realization for a marginal and partial people.

**TWO ANGELS LAUGHING IN A ROOM OF
SACRIFICE, TWO IN A HAZE OF GOLD BEYOND
THE DOOR
(May 20, 2015)**



“To those outside it is a simple construction of wood But those inside know what is truly in store... Behind the locked door.”

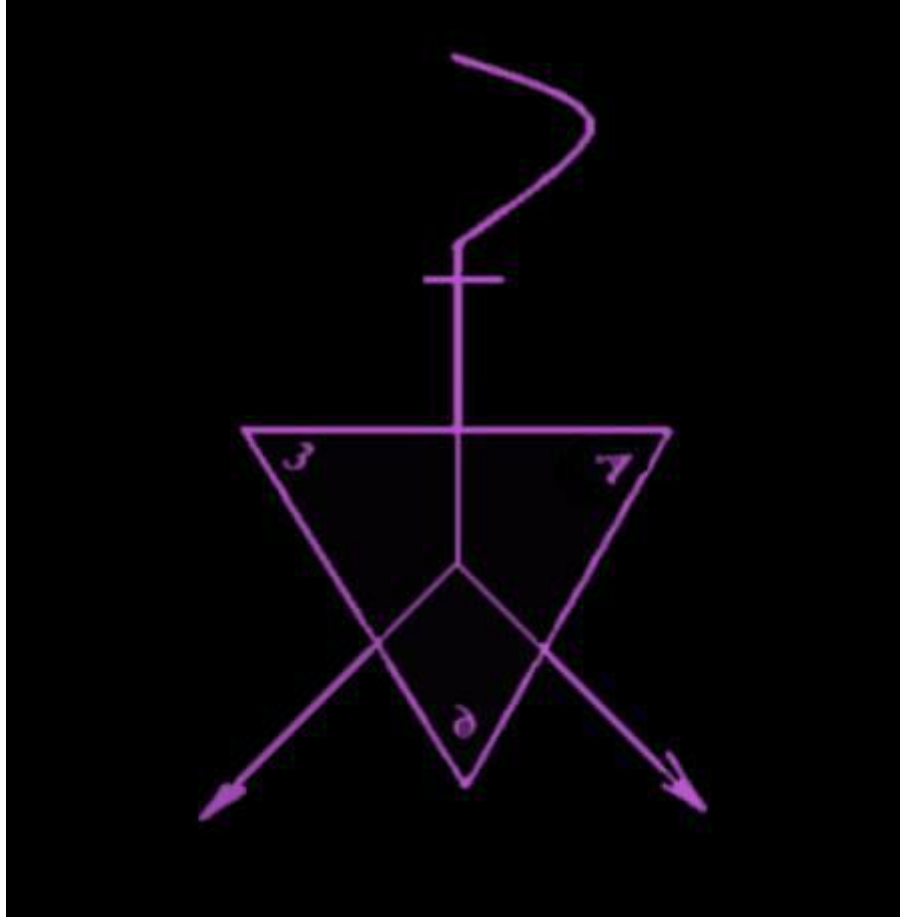
“In the Hermitage of Vasistha the miscreant band devoured a hundred and eighty-eight brahmanas and nine other ascetics. They went to the holy hermitage of Cyavana, which is visited by the twice-born, and ate one hundred of the hermits, who lived on fruit and roots. This they did in the nighttime; by day they vanished into the ocean. At the Hermitage of Bharadvaja they destroyed twenty restrained celibates who lived on wind and water. In this fashion the Kaleyas gradually invaded all the hermitages, maddened by their confidence in the strength of their arms, killing many hosts of the twice-born, until Time crawled in upon them. The people did not know about the Daityas, the best of men, even as they were oppressing the suffering ascetics. In the morning they would find the hermits, who were lean from their fasts, lying on the ground in lifeless bodies. The land was filled with unfleshed, bloodless, marrowless, disemboweled, and disjointed corpses like piles of conch shells.

While men were wasting away in this manner, O lord of men, they ran from fear into all directions to save themselves. Some hid in caves, others behind waterfalls, some were so fearful of death that fear killed them. There were also proud and heroic bowmen who did their utmost to hunt down the Danavas; but they could not find them, for they were hidden in the ocean; and the bowmen succumbed to exhaustion and death.”

SOURCE: Excerpted from the chapter Harm's Way: Inimical Behavior of Vedic Humanoids Toward Humans in *Alien Identities: Ancient Insights into Modern UFO Phenomena* by Richard L. Thompson, 1993

IRON GATES AS REVIEWED BY ASTRAL BONE GNAWERS LODGE

(May 26, 2015)



“The atmosphere of the story is shrouded in hopelessness so effectively described in the cold grey sky without sun which is the new reality in this radioactive, nuclear winter darkness, and also with high concrete walls of the old penitentiary that serves as organizational headquarters, its cells and bars, encompassed with barb wire. However that outside view of its walls, harsh as it may seem, gives you only a glimpse of what might be going on inside but still fails to plant the seed of expectation deep enough in your psyche to let the imagination flourish well enough. Wild as that imagination of yours may be it still couldn’t take you to the levels of horror the writer so brilliantly played with. These descriptions are one of the very best aspects of the book, as the writer went into such detail, painting so vividly the inside walls into the colors of blood and suffering, that it all keeps you on the edge of your seat while reading.”

FORCED WORSHIP WITHIN THE BLACK LODGE DISCIPLINE CENTER

(May 27, 2015)



GULAG "BLACK LODGE DISCIPLINE CENTER" presents a hideous inaugural power electronics delivery and the first audio project internal to and authorized by the Tempel ov Blood. A harsh sonic delivery, GULAG is spearheaded by a Commissar of the TOB and features liberal samples of actual correctional punishments, abuse and forced worship recorded within the TOB's Black Lodge Discipline Center. Above photograph taken from documentary of physical imagery of actions recorded and sampled featured on the track "Prayer of Hate and Human Suffering."

WORLD OPFER – A GUIDE FOR INITIATES (June 3, 2015)



INITIATORY CRISIS:

Genuine initiatory crises are absolutely necessary for the creation of the Noctulian and the entrance into the undead state. The silence of dwelling in the eye of the storm, a symbolic representation of the undead state that is Noctulian existence, can only be attained by traversing the path of harsh, brutal ordeals that are the hallmark of our alchemical change process. Like when approaching the eye of a hurricane, the winds of ordeal and forced transfiguration will become harsher and more intense as one approaches the eye. It is only through real, genuine initiatory crises that one can reach the Noctulian state. The initiatory crises that are prerequisite must include real tragedy, real horror and real testing. This is not simply promethean overcoming, as the Noctulian is not simply an aphorism for the Satanic Adept.

The current of the Tempel ov Blood is very specific and involves treading a sideward path towards a paradigm of existence that is alien and inimical to the cosmic life force. Transformation necessarily must be perverse and filled with elements of Terror due to the fact that the entity that emerges after breakthrough is an abomination in quintessence, rather than

being the 'next rung on the evolutionary ladder' per se. Specific methods of self-engineering must be employed to produce specific entities.

For many, the harshness and the absurd nature of pursuing the alchemical change process according to the Noctulian standards will be too much to bear. There are many groups and systems available for those who wish to follow a more humane approach and we do not dissuade those who are better suited for an alternative method to go their own way. However, if one wishes to aspire towards the Noctulian state, if one wishes to enter into the TOB Blood Pool, then discipline and fanatical commitment to our way must be adhered to. If you fail, you will face the inevitable torture that comes with associating with the blood currents of the TOB and embracing the Abyss – if you succeed you will also face the inevitable torture that comes with associating with the blood currents of the TOB and embracing the Abyss. One may decide to no longer embrace the denizens of the Abyss, however, the denizens of the Abyss, once contacted, will persistently be interested in embracing you.

A bleak path lies before you, strewn with the blood of those that have gone before. Advancement in the path involves an increase, not a decrease in the awareness of Darkness.

BLOOD FEEDING:

All aspiring Noctulians must feed. Upon what do you feed? The blood essence of humans. One may consume the blood essence of the human herd via direct draining procedures while disembodied in the astral state. One may also consume the blood essence of a human via sympathetic contact, sight and touch. What is the grim secret to this Wamphyric Art that is often denied by other vampiric orders? It is the fact that engineering pain – physical and physical – real evil deeds done towards a specific target in the flesh to put it plainly, is very useful in releasing the flow from your human victim. Coercing your victims into states of psychological stress – or even psychological terror – psychical pain – or even physical pain – will work wonders in allowing you to feed heavily upon them. This blood essence – once consumed – will attract the denizens of the Abyss and they – via inducing insanity in the initiate and allowing the initiate to peer through the horrid vortices of the void and backwards darkness – will aid in your transformation. Employing black arts methods for harm should be used in tangent with blood feeding – this means employing curses as well as more practical methods. A TOB initiate is encouraged – and expected – to curse and feed indiscriminately.

THE BLOOD POOL:

When one enters into the Tempel ov Blood one becomes part of the TOB Blood Pool. What does this mean? It means that the blood that you drain from humans is in like manner drained from you – by the Inner Family of Noctulians higher in the hierarchy. The pinnacle of this feeding process is the Blood Father of the Inner Family. The Blood Father is a vortex that twists and distorts the blood currents and then channels this downward towards the larger TOB Blood Family. His black hand is upon you and his touch drains you of the blood essence

that you have culled from humans. He is a vortex that twists and distorts the blood currents. His mercy is the blood currents that have been twisted and distorted which he sends down as a rain of astral energy only to those of the TOB – those of the Family. This blood essence, rather than simply being vitalizing (as is the blood essence that you, the initiate, cull from the human herd), is possessed of properties that coerce transformation and transfiguration according to Noctulian principles. The rain of mercy from our Blood Father aids in the creation of the Noctulian – in tangent with practical acts of evil done in the world – and the pains and rigors of ordeal and initiatory crises. This is one of the essential secrets of the alchemical change process revealed.

SOURCE: World Opfer – A Guide for Initiates first appeared first appeared in False Prophet: Internal Journal of the TOB Issue Number 1 (privately issued) and reprinted in Liber 333, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2014 (ISBN-13: 978-1492282204, ISBN-10: 1492282200)

ANARCHIC EVIL TOWARDS UNDEAD CONFRONTATION

(June 15, 2015)



Nora Tenatz; Blue Knights of Terror

A vampiric approach entails a complete overhaul of one's consciousness as a very base preliminary. A killing of all human aspects as the invitation for the Undead Gods through the auspices of the backwards darkness of the Abyss to enter into, possess and take hold of one's physical body (including the mind) after which the living flesh is no longer living but undead. An undead mind, an undead flesh. This is the zenith point desired by those who undertake the harsh alchemical change process – leading toward a state so horrid, so bleak that the perception of the one taking the first brutal steps onto the path can only intuit from a distance. What sort of overhaul of consciousness is a preliminary toward even taking those first brutal steps?

The Undead Gods are inimical to human life by their very design and nature – in order to commune with them you must indicate beyond a shadow of a doubt that you are worthy of their interest. To do this you must develop a predatory mindset and then begin to enact predatory scenarios consistently – not predatory according to “certain strictures”, “certain codes” and self-imposed moral limits. A black vampire is amoral and spits upon moral limits – including those of the vast majority of self-proclaimed “Satanists” of whatever stripe, who are simply the moral majority presenting themselves as the minor threat – all under the banner of whatever LHP cosmetic “current” they choose.

A vampire is anarchic and frenzied in their pursuit of doing evil – and thrall to the black discipline which enables them to enact the same in the real-world, thus committing and living on an ongoing basis “real-world evil.”

Do you think that the entities who dwell beyond the black gates of the Abyss are interested in coddling the titular “adherent of a current” – the black-clad but white-souled pretender who clamours for evil (with “certain limits” – of course) while slavishly adhering to in fact – on

the most base level – to every middle-class value that they have been inculcated to hold since birth?

Horrific transfiguration into the vampiric condition does not come cheap – and “sinister solidarity” is for suckers.

A preliminary of a complete overhaul of one’s consciousness in pursuance of the undead state is in many ways surprisingly simple – one must simply begin to conceive of going beyond due limits and then through that seed of conception allow it to flourish into action – forcing it into action via the black, amoral and cruel discipline which is the veritable lifeblood of vampiric transformation. That which is most disturbing to one should be enacted. That which one holds as beloved and dear should become an object of the burgeoning vampire’s sadism – not in thought, but in reality. Innocence should be trampled – without exceptions and with unbridled fanaticism.

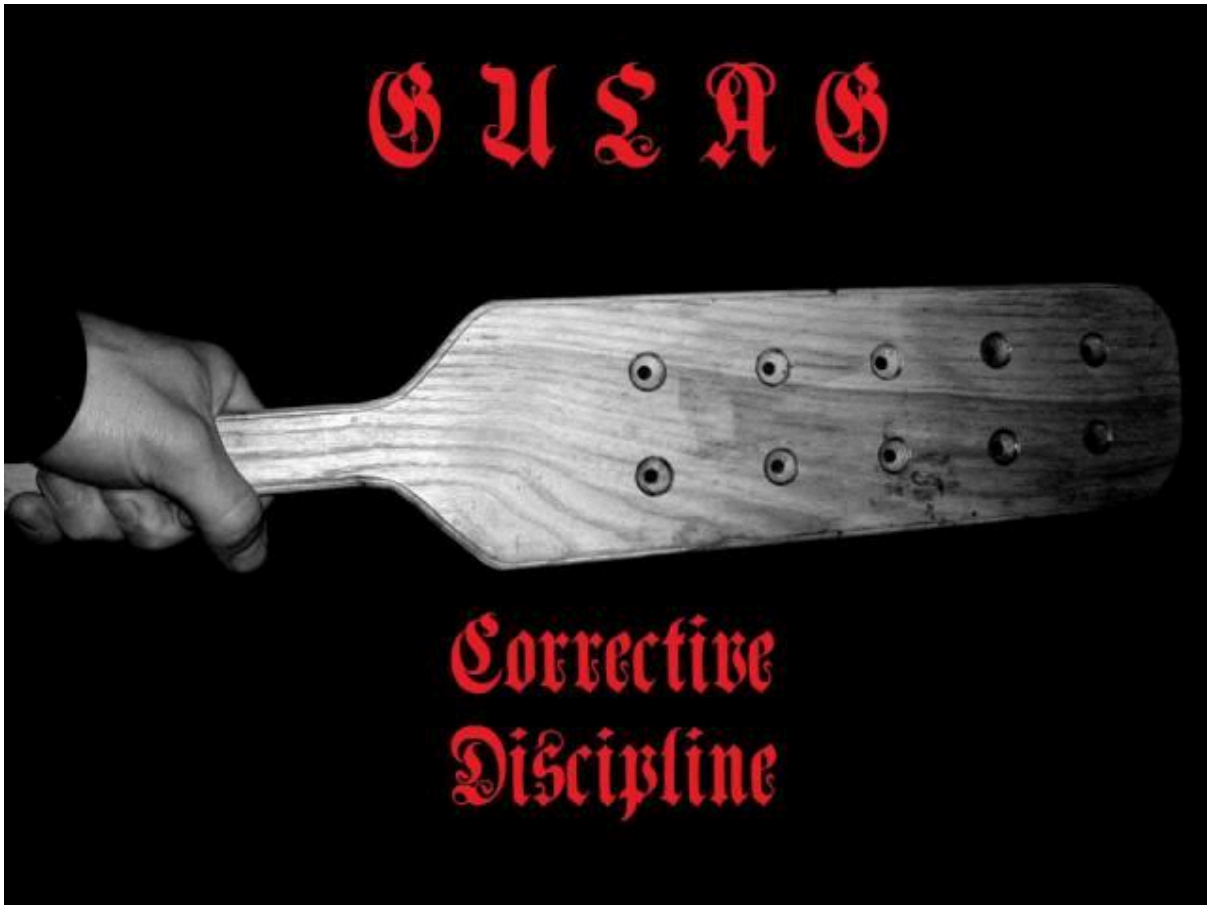
Can you name a notorious criminal whose actions and atrocities transgress your own moral boundaries even by considering them, whose deeds are so non-negotiably perverse and reprehensible that even the consideration of them causes you to tremble in moral turpitude? If so, you have failed in your pursuance of the undead state.

Do the activities of ISIS, the US Government or the Israeli state cause you discomfort to the point that you will engage in endless internal circular arguments to justify that “your click”, your “cosmetic LHP current” are the “real deal” and that those who cause actual terror and cause actual bloodshed are somehow pawns of the “Magian” or “Demiurge” or (insert “occult” catch phrase of choice)? If so, then you have failed in your pursuance of the undead state.

The Undead Gods themselves are indifferent to such human transgressions – for they themselves have so much more pointed transgressions in store for those who seek them. But you yourself must not be indifferent – you must embrace that which is most horrifying in this world so as to taste that which is to come. Discipline yourselves with black amoral discipline of your own engineering and method of execution and this will lead to the Undead Gods themselves disciplining you – and – from there – a dangerous game of “one upmanship” will ensue which will place your feet firmly upon the charnel grounds of their hideous kind.

CORRECTIONS

(June 18, 2015)



Meanwhile, Rodin, greatly aroused, had seized the little girl's hands, tied them to a ring fitted high upon a pillar standing in the middle of the punishment room. Julie is without any defence... any save the lovely face languishingly turned toward her executioner, her superb hair in disarray, and the tears which inundate the most beautiful faces in the world, the sweetest... the most interesting. Rodin dwells upon the picture, is fired by it, he covers those supplicating eyes with a blindfold, approaches his mouth and dares kiss them, Julie sees nothing more, now able to proceed as he wishes, Rodin removes the veils of modesty, her blouse is unbuttoned, her stays untied, she is naked to the waist and yet further below... What whiteness! What beauty! These are roses strewn upon lilies by the Graces' very hands... what being is so heartless, so cruel as to condemn to torture charms so fresh... so poignant? What is the monster that can seek pleasure in the depths of tears and suffering and woe? Rodin contemplates... his inflamed eye roves, his hands dare profane the flowers his cruelties are about to wither; all takes place directly before us, not a detail can escape us: now the libertine opens and peers into, now he closes up again those dainty features which enchant him; he offers them to us under every form, but he confines himself to these only: although the true temple of Love is within his reach, Rodin, faithful to his creed, casts not so much as a glance in that direction, to judge by his behavior, he fears even the sight of it; if the child's posture exposes those charms, he covers them again; the slightest disturbance might upset his

homage, he would have nothing distract him... finally, his mounting wrath exceeds all limits, at first he gives vent to it through invectives, with menaces and evil language he affrights this poor little wretch trembling before the blows wherewith she realizes she is about to be torn; Rodin is beside himself, he snatches up a cat-o'-nine-tails that has been soaking in a vat of vinegar to give the thongs tartness and sting. "Well there," says he, approaching his victim, "prepare yourself, you have got to suffer"; he swings a vigorous arm, the lashes are brought whistling down upon every inch of the body exposed to them; twenty-five strokes are applied; the tender pink rosiness of this matchless skin is in a trice run into scarlet.

Julie emits cries... piercing screams which rend me to the soul; tears run down from beneath her blindfold and like pearls shine upon her beautiful cheeks; whereby Rodin is made all the more furious... He puts his hands upon the molested parts, touches, squeezes, worries them, seems to be readying them for further assaults; they follow fast upon the first, Rodin begins again, not a cut he bestows is unaccompanied by a curse, a menace, a reproach... blood appears... Rodin is in an ecstasy; his delight is immense as he muses upon the eloquent proofs of his ferocity. He can contain himself no longer, the most indecent condition manifests his overwrought state; he fears not to bring everything out of hiding, Julie cannot see it... he moves to the breech and hovers there, he would greatly like to mount as a victor, he dares not, instead, he begins to tyrannize anew; Rodin whips with might and main and finally manages, thanks to the leathern stripes, to open this asylum from the Graces and of joy... He no longer knows who he is or where; his delirium has attained to such a pitch the use of reason is no longer available to him; he swears, he blasphemes, he storms, nothing is exempt from his savage blows, all he can reach is treated with identical fury, but the villain pauses nevertheless, he senses the impossibility of going further without risking the loss of the powers which he must preserve for new operations.

"Dress yourself," he says to Julie, loosening her bonds and readjusting his own costume, "and if you are once again guilty of similar misconduct, bear it firmly in mind that you will not get off quite so lightly."

– excerpted from *Justine*, Marquis De Sade, 1787

WE STAND FOR ORGANIZED TERROR

(June 26, 2015)



“We stand for organized terror – this should be frankly admitted.” – Felix Edmundovich Dzerzhinsky

“At night he would cruise the streets of Moscow seeking out teenage girls,” Antonov-Ovseyenko has said in an interview. “When he saw one who took his fancy he would have his guards deliver her to his house. Sometimes he would have his henchmen bring five, six or seven girls to him. He would make them strip, except for their shoes, and then force them into a circle on their hands and knees with their heads together. He would walk around in his dressing gown inspecting them. Then he would pull one out by her leg and haul her off to rape her. He called it the flower game.”

BUILDING A POWER BASE THROUGH TERROR

(June 29, 2015)



STATE TERROR NOT ONLY hugely raised the level of violence, but was much more horrific than the factional fighting itself. The clearest illustration of this came in the southern province of Guangxi in summer 1968. There, one faction refused to recognize the authority of

Mao's point man, General Wei Guo-qing (who had helped direct the climactic battle against the French at Dien Bien Phu in Vietnam in 1954.) Wei was determined to use any degree of force to crush his opponents.

This involved not only using machine-guns, mortars and artillery, but also inciting gruesome murders of large numbers of people designated by the regime as "class enemies." As the boss of Binyang County, an army officer, told his subordinates: "I'm now going to reveal the bottom line to you: in this campaign, we must put to death about one-third or a quarter of class enemies by bludgeoning or stoning." Killing by straight-forward execution was rated not frightening enough. "It's OK to execute a few to start with, but we must guide people to use fists, stones and clubs. Only this way can we educate the masses." Over a period of eleven days after the order was given, between 27 July and 6 August 1968, 3,681 people in this county were beaten to death, many in ghastly ways; by comparison the death toll in the previous two years of the Cultural Revolution had been "only" 68. This bout of killing claimed some 100,000 lives in the province.

The authorities staged "model demonstrations of killing" to show people how to apply maximum cruelty, and in some cases police supervised the killings. In the general atmosphere of fostered cruelty, cannibalism broke out in many parts of the province, the best-known being the county of Wuxuan, where a post-Mao official investigation (in 1983, promptly halted and its findings suppressed) produced a list of 76 names of victims. The practice of cannibalism usually started with the Maoist staple, "denunciation rallies." Victims were slaughtered immediately afterwards, and choice parts of their bodies – hearts, livers and sometimes penises – were excised, often before the victims were dead, and cooked on the spot to be eaten in what were called at the time "human flesh banquets."

Guangxi is the region with perhaps the most picturesque landscape in China: exquisite hills rising and falling over crystal-clear waters in which the peaks look as real as they do above. It was against these heavenly double silhouettes, by the purest rivers, that these "human flesh banquets" were laid out.

An 86-year-old peasant who, in broad daylight, had slit open the chest of a boy whose only crime was to be the son of a former landlord, showed how people had no trouble finding justifications for their actions in Mao's words. "Yes, I killed him," he told an investigative writer later. "The person I killed is an enemy... Ha, ha! I make revolution, and my heart is red! Didn't Chairman Mao say: It's either we kill them, or they kill us? You die and I live, this is class struggle!"

SOURCE: Mao: The Unknown Story by Jung Chang and Jon Halliday, Anchor Books, 2006, (ISBN-13: 978-0679746324, ISBN-10: 0679746323)

Image courtesy of a TOB Czar. Associated rank accoutrements featured (armband, pins, punitive implement) indicating training in and graduate of Commissariat-level clandestine organizational rank ordeals.

THE CRUEL EMPRESS

(July 7, 2015)

SATURNYAN - The Cruel Empress

“Bitter night winds of winter rushed through the grim landscapes, audibly shrieking against the tips of the cragged mountains and down through the ancient hardwood forests. The hooting of the owls was lost among the symphony of night triumphant as the limbs of the wood creaked in evil rejoicing of the dawning of the dark.

High atop a particularly ghastly mountain stood a black castle built entirely of onyx – its forbidding shadow structure built upon the very face of the rock. Thousands of years ago, vast tunnel systems had been built leading from the castle into the very roots of the mountain below the earth.

Down these horrid corridors were dungeons deep and dark, their prisoners lost and forgotten and silenced by the endless night.” – The Cruel Empress

SOURCE: Musick by Saturnyan, TOB. Text excerpted from The Cruel Empress, Liber 333, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2014 (ISBN-13: 978-1492282204, ISBN-10: 1492282200)

THE PUNISHMENT WILL NEVER BE STOPPED
(July 7, 2015)



But the more unyielding the boy being questioned was, the harder he would be hit, and with increasing frequency. The interrogator slapped the youth's left cheek with his right hand and his right cheek with his left hand. At first Beria did it as the simplest method of getting the needed information. Then he discovered it gave him a peculiar pleasure. Being an intelligent person, he soon found that the enjoyment he felt came not from the action of beating, or from seeing the victim bleeding and crying with pain. In other words, Beria was not a sadist. The pleasure generally had its roots in his consciousness of the tortured one's helplessness, and in his certainty that none of the victims would dare attack the interrogator, even in desperation. The realization of the prisoner's helplessness when he entered Beria's office was for Lavrenty more pleasant than the beating itself.

The schoolgirls, when interrogated, were not hit on their outstretched hands. Nor did they have to be especially stubborn to get beaten. But they had to endure some suffering to scare them into telling everything they knew. They were ordered to take off their shoes and lie on the floor with their face to the rug, to lift their skirts, and to pull down their underwear. Then Beria put one foot on the victim's neck and started horsewhipping the girl. The poor child was allowed to weep, but was warned beforehand that should she try to cry aloud, the punishment would never be stopped.

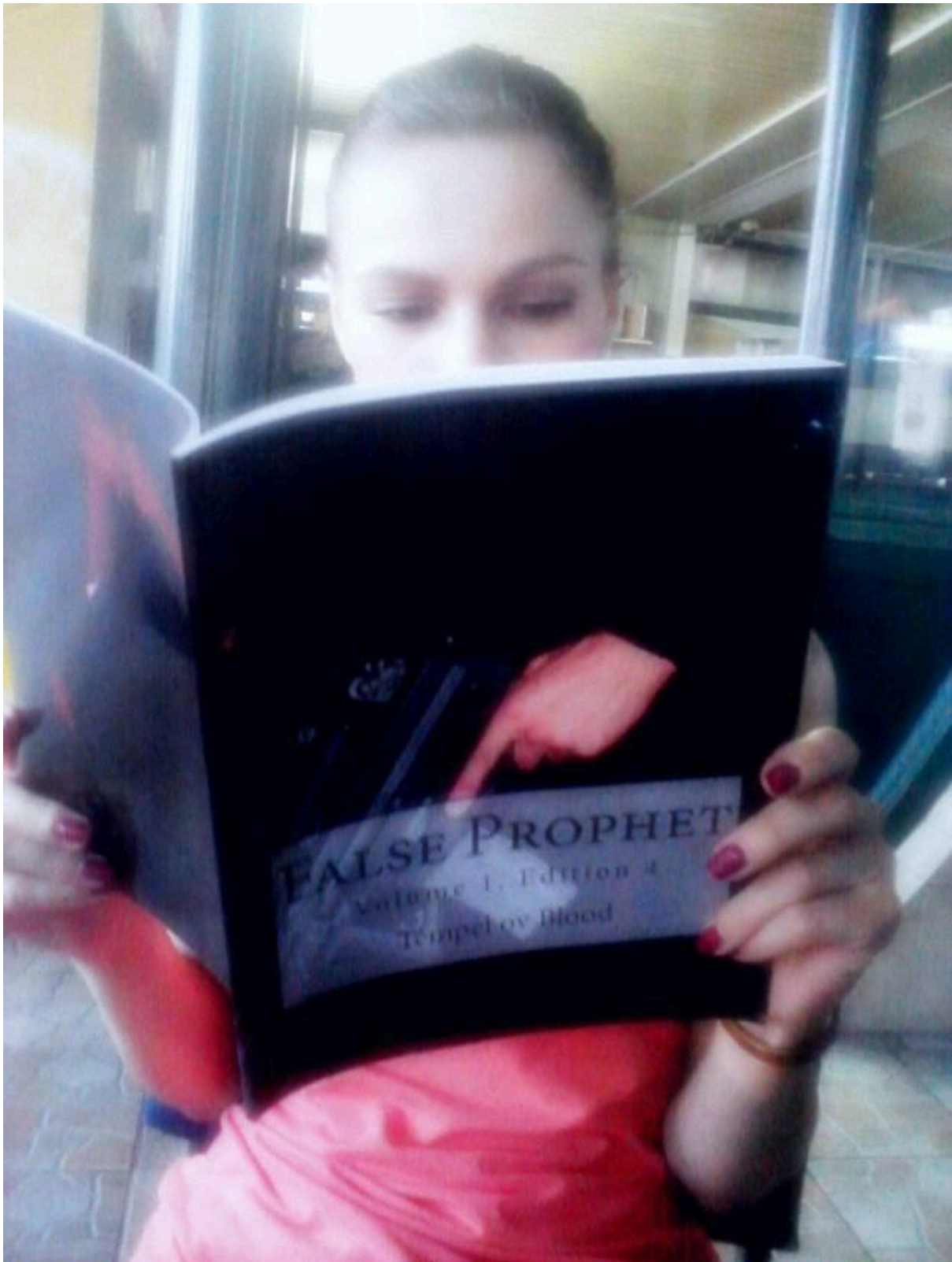
Spanking the girls excited Beria sexually, and not only because they lay half-naked in front of him. Of course, a partly undressed girl was exciting to a man twenty-one years old, as Lavrenty was at that time. But this was not the main reason Beria's senses were affected, for after the first few strokes of the horsewhip the victim's body turned purple, started bleeding, and finally, when their system was unable to bear the pain any longer, the call of nature had to be answered. This sight was not pleasant, and the odor was disgusting. The true reason for the pleasure was the girl's youth. The more helpless and innocent the young girl was, the more exciting and desirable she became, and the greater the pleasure.

SOURCE: Excerpted from *Commissar: The life and death of Lavrenty Pavlovich Beria* by Tadeusz Wittlin, MacMillian, 1972 (ISBN-13: 9780207954801, ISBN-10: 0207954801)

Graphic image from 6 July 2015 correctional training regimen, Commissar NSK presiding, Black Lodge Discipline Center.

**WHERE THE BEAST AND THE FALSE PROPHET
ARE**

(July 8, 2015)



“For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if possible, they shall deceive the very elect.”

– Matthew 24:24

“Oh my Father, Lord of Silence, Supreme God of Desolation, though mankind reviles yet aches to embrace, strengthen my purpose to save the world from a second ordeal of Jesus Christ and his grubby mundane creed. Show man instead the raptures of Thy kingdom. Infuse in him the grandeur of melancholy, the divinity of loneliness, the purity of evil, the paradise of pain.”

“Nazarene, charlatan, what can you offer humanity? Since the hour you vomited forth from the gaping wound of a woman, you have done nothing but drown man’s soaring desires in a deluge of sanctimonious morality. You’ve inflamed the pubertal mind of youth with your repellent dogma of original sin. And now you absolve in denying them the ultimate joy beyond death by destroying me? But you will fail, Nazarene, as you have always failed. We were both created in man’s image, but while you were born of an impotent god, I was conceived of a jackal. Born of Satan, the desolate one. Your pain on the cross was but a splinter compared to the agony of my father. Cast out of heaven, the fallen angel, banished, reviled. I will drive deeper the thorns into your rancid carcass, you profaner of vices. Cursed Nazarene. Satan, I will avenge thy torment, by destroying the Christ forever.”

SOURCE: Excerpted from the script for *The Final Conflict*, David Seltzer, 1981.

**ULTIMATELY WORKING TOWARD THE
ESTABLISHMENT OF HELL ON EARTH**
(July 11, 2015)



“In context to the sinistral path however, a nexion is a tendril leading to that abysmal source of backwards darkness. A direct death-line to the hungry furnace of Hell which can be tapped and brought into the causal realm.

One who has passed through the jaws of the devouring demon who is known by the numerical code of 333 will become a physical nexion in the flesh, having tapped into that abysmal source of backwards darkness and thus from that point forward, radiating that same black energy like the after-effects of a location which has experienced a nuclear disaster – being forever stained for the rest of their existence.

In like manner and further referencing the example of a nuclear disaster, a physical location which has through strenuous ordeals and feverish black rites, absorbed the currents of this down flowing stream, also becomes ‘stained’ – transforming into a physical point of contact. In this event an uprise of disasters, criminal activity and other such ‘negative motion’ will begin to take place in the surrounding area as the radiation of the location reaches out and touches those around it.

As such, when it is said that an individual, group or location is a nexion it means that they have become a direct link or line of contact to the supernal forces of Evil – the ever hungry darkness which is alien to this causal world. Through becoming a ‘walking nexion’ ones becomes a DEMON IN THE FLESH – thus – evoking through that direct line or umbilical cord to the Abyss – the acausal energies into this world causing disruption, madness and ultimately working towards the establishment of HELL ON EARTH.”

SOURCE: Excerpted from Nexions – An Explanation, Liber 333, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2014 (ISBN-13: 978-1492282204, ISBN-10: 1492282200) Graphic image from 6 July 2015 correctional training regimen, Commissar NSK presiding, Black Lodge Discipline Center.

**LET THERE BE FLOODS OF THE BLOOD OF THE
BOURGEOIS – MORE BLOOD, AS MUCH AS
POSSIBLE
(July 14, 2015)**

*“We stand for organized terror – this should be frankly admitted.” – Felix
Edmundovich Dzerzhinsky*

“We will turn our hearts into steel, which we will temper in the fire of suffering and the blood of fighters for freedom. We will make our hearts cruel, hard, and immovable, so that no mercy will enter them, and so that they will not quiver at the sight of a sea of enemy blood. We will let loose the floodgates of that sea. Without mercy, without sparing, we will kill our enemies in scores of hundreds. Let them be thousands; let them drown themselves in their own blood. Let there be floods of the blood of the bourgeois – more blood, as much as possible.” – Vladimir Lenin

“We knew the world would not be the same. A few people laughed, a few people cried. Most people were silent. I remembered the line from the Hindu scripture, the Bhagavad-Gita. Vishnu is trying to persuade the Prince that he should do his duty, and, to impress him, takes on his multi-armed form and says, ‘Now I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds.’ I suppose we all thought that, one way or another.” – J. Robert Oppenheimer

This chanting of the Hare Krsna mantra is enacted from the spiritual platform, and thus this sound vibration surpasses all lower strata of consciousness – namely sensual, mental and intellectual.

There is no need, therefore, to understand the language of the mantra, nor is there any need for mental speculation nor any intellectual adjustment for chanting this maha-mantra. It is automatic, from the spiritual platform, and as such, anyone can take part in vibrating this transcendental sound without any previous qualification.

Chanting of the Hare Krsna mantra produces transcendental ecstasies, which are eight in number.

1. Being stopped as though dumb
2. Perspiration
3. Standing up of hairs on the body
4. Dislocation of voice
5. Trembling
6. Fading of the body
7. Crying in ecstasy
8. Trance

SOURCE: Oppenheimer quote regarding Trinity nuclear test. Excerpt regarding the transcendental ecstasies of chanting the Hare Krishna mahamantra from *The Science of Self Realization* by His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada, Bhaktivedanta Book Trust.



Hare Krsna Hare Krsna Krsna Krsna Hare Hare / Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare

ELSPETH THE INSANE

(July 23, 2015)

“Ellie giggled insanely as she sat upon the rug of the affluent traditionally decorated house on the outskirts of Osaka, naked and covered in semen, as the torment sat on the floor several feet before her pulsating with a slow, sickening glow which illuminated the shaded room, lit only by the glow of the amulet and the haze of the late afternoon sun filtering in through the narrow slats in the windows...”

Several Japanese businessmen sat around her in a semi-circle in states of half-undress, their expensive suits and slacks laying in heaps on the floor along with their briefs, though most of them still wore white undershirts and some of them still had on their dress shirts though the buttons and ties were in states of no small disarray.

Within the churning prai oil of the amulet Ellie and the others in the room could see the spirit of the torment swirling in a state of anti-gravity, her hands alternately raised above her head in the gestures of dance and running them over her own celestial body in a state of sensuous rapture. At times the spirit would open her mouth and the communication would come through telepathically into Ellie’s mind in the form of a sharp pain between her eyebrows, followed by a shower of energy which rained down around her after bursting from the crown of her head in a sparkling cascade. The men sitting around her and the amulet experienced neither of these questionable dispensations from the torment but instead heard a small but fell whispering of indistinguishable language each time the entity opened its mouth and the rustling of a foul current of air which could only have been the product of supernatural phenomena, given the fact that the room was closed and sealed off to the outside both externally and internally.

Ellie raised herself to her full height and stretched languorously – as she did so the mouths of the businessmen congregated in the semi-circle peeled back in a rictus of horror. Their seminal fluid which coated her face, breasts, legs and posterior visibly glowed with a golden hue and as she turned her gaze toward them they saw that her eyes had receded into their sockets and in their place a similar golden shimmering was present, much brighter and much more violent than that which emanated from the torment itself. A feral snarl emitted from Ellie’s pursed mouth as it slowly peeled back into a hideous and insane grin.

As suddenly the room went dark, the rays of the earthly sun from outside and the erstwhile glow of the torment being subsumed in the pitch blackness that had been created from the internal potency of Ellie and the torment so combined. Distressed cries arose from amidst the few congregants, soon replaced by the sounds of grotesque gurgling, the snapping of bones and the sound of blood splattering upon the walls.

When the light returned the businessmen lay splayed here and there in indiscriminate fashion, bowels and organs sitting beside bodies with their limbs spread akimbo and features mutilated beyond all knowable recognition. Ellie crouched in one corner of the room covered in gory rivulets of crimson, the torment clutched to her breast and the blood of her former attendants slicked down her back slowly seeping and staining outward across the paper wall upon which she leaned and which beyond lay worlds beyond worlds for her and the torment to discover, together.

THE NIGHT THE LIGHTS WENT OUT IN GEORGIA

(July 24, 2015)



Rosengoltz came to Abkhazia to spend his summer vacation in Sochi with his daughter, Yelena, who was sitting in the first row. She kept looking through big field glasses lent her by Basil and at the same time nibbled chocolates brought by Michael. Yelena was a joyous and beautiful girl with big, black eyes and natural golden-red hair. It was tied in a heavy knot on her neck, which was white as marble, speckled only by a few freckles. When she laughed, as she did often, she wrinkled her cute little nose, and opened her full scarlet lips, fresh as a Caucasian Georgian cherry, and showed her white teeth. She was plump, but not fat, with small, girlish breasts. She was not yet eighteen and still growing, but looked more mature than most girls her age. Yelena was already a very sexy, bright young woman, probably still a virgin, as is often the case with girls from good Jewish families where the mothers had been brought up in very religious households. Her father was a strong-minded Commissar and known as a splendid administrator. He was an Old Bolshevik who had fought in Moscow during the Revolution. For some years, he had ruled the Donbas with a strong hand. One of the most eminent Communists and a member of the Central Committee, Rosengoltz was later appointed to the Soviet Embassy in London. He stayed there until 1928, when he returned to Russia to work for the Government. He was the father of three children. Yelena, the youngest, was his beloved daughter. He was proud of her and did not let her out of his sight. Not only he, but the two young officers., Basil and Michael, were always at Yelena's side. One did not have to guess that Beria had abnormal inclinations toward very young girls, as rumors about his peculiar tastes circulated freely among his acquaintances. One could be positive that Lavrenty Pavlovich, now trying his best to be interesting and gallant, would not hesitate to do anything to make love to her.

A few days later, Nestor Lakoba invited Beria to his country house for an afternoon cup of coffee, intimating between the lines that this would be a sort of stag party. When Lavrenty arrived at his friend's villa he was surprised to see there were only two other men present. They were Lakoba's two cousins, Basil and Michael; the only female guest was the charming redhead, Yelena. Beria did not ask his host what had happened to his previous plans for the party and why this time the girl was not accompanied by her father. Anyway, the party was nice and clean. The gramophone played, the young lady danced waltzes, tangoes and fox-trots, with the two lads taking turns as her partner. The refreshments were also very elegant, with pastries, tea, Turkish delight, candy and wines. But when the girl excused herself and left for a short while "to powder her little nose", one of the young Chekists winked at the other men and poured some alcohol into her wine goblet. When Yelena returned, the gentlemen toasted her as Queen of Beauty and urged her to drink her goblet in one gulp. Soon afterwards the girl felt dizzy and hot, and asked to go out to get some fresh air. Beria and the two young gentlemen offered to escort her, suggesting a stroll in the garden surrounding the house. Two of the men linked arms with her and went out, led by a third. In one of the shaded alleys the girl felt faint, so her escort helped her to a bench and sat her on it. She was too sick, however, to sit up by herself. They laid her on the grass. One of them started undressing her. At first the girl did not realize what this was about. She probably thought they wanted to loosen her tight clothes to help her breathe more easily. Then, when she understood their intentions, she tried to shout for help. But it was too late. The man on

top of her was pressing her to the ground with all his weight. She tried to fight him off, but it was hopeless. She was raped by all of them in turn.

The girl was overpowered and used. But what would happened when she got home and told her father the truth? One of the young Chekists put his hands around her throat and pressed. Harder and harder.

Back in the house, Lavrenty went to Lakoba's studio. From there, in a sober and dry matter-of-fact voice, he telephoned the investigations magistrate, ordering whoever was then on duty to come at once with his assistants. In a short time, investigating officials arrived. The Chief of the Secret Police in Georgia, Beria, informed him that, after having had a few glasses of wine, the girl became hysterical and ran away to the garden. They had followed her, calling her to come back, but she did not listen to them. Soon they found her dead. The hysterical girl had committed suicide. No autopsy was needed.

SOURCE: Excerpted from Commissar: The life and death of Lavrenty Pavlovich Beria by Tadeusz Wittlin, MacMillian, 1972 (ISBN-13: 9780207954801, ISBN-10: 0207954801)

“He carries a wooden punishment paddle that has been drilled with holes, many, many holes. The holes are to lessen wind resistance when he beats you and he will beat you – he will beat you like a bad little girl or a bad little boy but he will not beat you because you have been bad, he will beat you because you have not been bad enough.

When he bends you over and paddles your bottom it is a loving discipline because he is saying to you: do not be human, be a Noctulian! Although the way he phrases it may sound more like ”TOUGHEN UP YOU WIMP!” or it may even sound like the churning and grating of hideous machinery in a terrible, dark and grim factory somewhere in the astral wastelands. Did I mention he also carries a cat o’ nine tails made of a hideous leather-like substance which is interspersed with spikes? You are truly a fortunate soul if Drill Sgt. 333 decides to go after you with that particularly unholy implement.”

SOURCE: Excerpted from Drill Sgt. Grey: A Disturbing Analysis , Liber 333, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2014 (ISBN-13: 978-1492282204, ISBN-10: 1492282200) Article originally appeared in inaugural issue of False Prophet, privately issued from the Hinterlands and reprinted by Black Light Distribution.

Graphic from a recent late summer self-criticism session, courtesy of clandestine organizational personnel and photographed at an undisclosed location in the United States of America.

IRON GATES WRITTEN IN HUMAN BLOOD

(August 24, 2015)



The commandant standing on the bed was of super-high rank, wearing a pointed black helmet of fine mesh and one bleak bar of horizontal goggle lens and erstwhile garbed in a shining black outfit of skintight design and unknown fabric origin. Her large breasts shone like bleak and deadly moons encased in the shining black fabric, one of her waspish and skeletal hands carefully holding a vial containing a green poison liquid, her other clasped triumphantly on the bar separating the bed from the cab of the military automotive.

Her waist bore a thick nylon utility belt with a harsh nursery strap hanging to one side along with implements such as night sticks, restraints and then, in the other, a bleak, long-nosed pistol in a stellar black holster. She was of the elite of the elite, a god in the flesh, the touted female known as the commandant – never seen but worshiped throughout organization-run territories as a black mistress of death, destruction and imploding schizophrenic blood lust – creeping like a mustard gas mist across the destroyed and devastated plains of a post-nuclear hell.

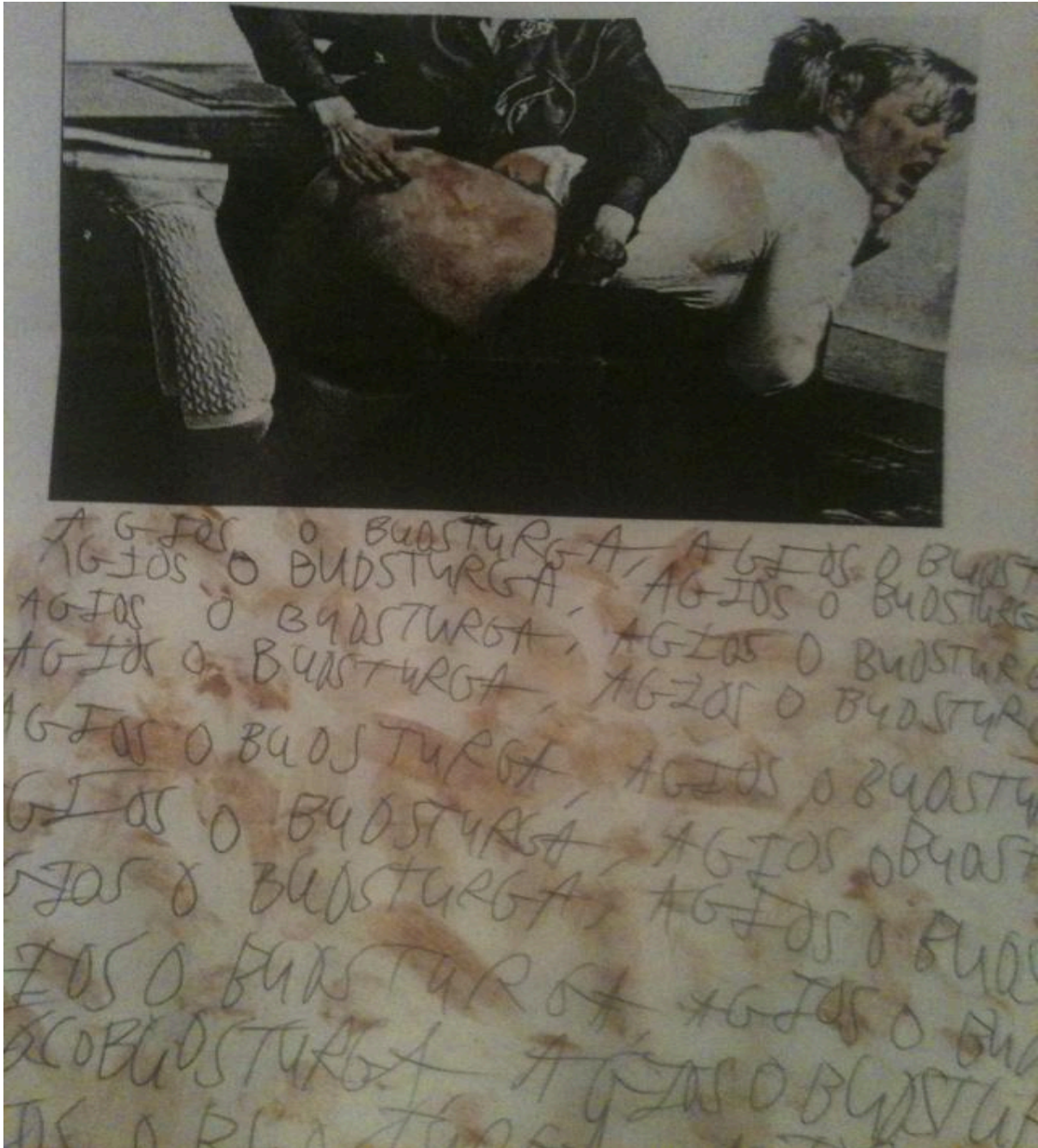
SOURCE: Excerpted from IRON GATES by Tempel ov Blood, published by Martinet Press 2014 (ISBN-10: 0692306587, ISBN-13: 978-0692306581) IRON GATES is a sci-fi horror / post-apocalyptic novel, detailing a bleak view of the spiritual horrors of the world-to-come.

Set seventy years after a worldwide nuclear conflagration, IRON GATES allows the reader a sight into a nightmarish landscape populated by even more nightmarish characters in a hideous future which leaves little to the imagination. Brutal and unsparing, it is not suitable for readers under 18. Readers should be advised of extreme graphic content.

Graphic depicts chapter portions of IRON GATES written in human blood alongside three print copies for perspective, supplied by a SUBAGENT SPECIALIST of the TOB who, in an ordeal of horrific fanaticism, has accomplished the grim task of copying the entire four-hundred plus volume written in their own blood. May the hand of all undead hierarchy within the blood pool be upon him.

THE FANGS OF THE UNDEAD BRING THE BLOOD OF DOMINION

(September 5, 2015)



Elspeth wiped the blood from her sword and let out a garbled scream of ecstasy, dominion and revelation as the droplets of blood pooled at her feet along with the varied fragments of brain matter and internal organs which had attached themselves to the wetness of the blood upon the metal. The spilled lifeforce of her recently dispatched had been many, so it seemed, yet she – in her rapture – could not remember.

While her body, that other – that own, flesh body that she controlled remotely – was physically running through the alleyways of Osaka from the massacre which she had created but which her handlers had facilitated, her consciousness was here; set upon a high black platform of enormous hewn black stone thrust out from a similarly constructed black fortress set behind her. Sweet, sweet Ellie, she thought to herself.

A cold wind blew and made her shiver involuntarily and, looking down, she could ascertain that she was nearly naked except for an obscene garment of shining leather which was connected only by various black straps and ultimately, as such, revealing of flesh. Revealing, yet also grimly utilitarian, with a thicker belt across her waist which carried various horrific instruments of torture – small, teeth-bearing blades of tarnished steel and other similar yet nearly lethal devices, constructed for the sole purpose of torture, the application of which could only be imagined.

A larger sling was attached across her back and there she sheathed her sword, the gore which once decorated its length now spattered in red upon her hands and collected beneath her feet, the latter encased in high boots and fitted with a strangely futuristic tread in comparison to her erstwhile semi-medieval surroundings.

She cast her eyes downward across the sweeping vistas of the plains beneath her that led to the horrific forests and myriad sundry terrors beyond them on the far border. Here and there her death squads hacked bodies and burned some of the small remaining structures which the people, now dead, had inhabited. Her mouth widened into a hideous and sadistic grin as she saw them rip children from the bosoms of their mother and feast upon them with fang-like teeth as well as employing other sundry attentions upon their flesh in innumerable fashions. Smoke billowed upward in starts and fits, dispersed by the eddies of wind which drove its way up along the side of the mountain and the walls of the black fortress toward higher vistas still. She thrilled with her own bloodlust and other more sexual lusts. Dear father, dearest, sweet and succulent sister. Flesh can be prepared in so many different ways, she mused. Elspeth must not dwell in this interdimensional space too long now though for her slave – that corpse she controlled – needed her elsewhere. Careful, intent ministrations were needed. Somewhere far beyond her but coming closer as her eyes began to flutter into another consciousness the cold of the summit gave way to intense heat and somewhere, the crow of a cockerel sounded.

SOURCE: Narrative excerpted from the novella Lera's Torment – forthcoming from Martinet Press. Graphic from a recent late summer self-criticism session, courtesy of clandestine organizational personnel and photographed at an undisclosed location in the United States of America.

ODE TO THE PREDATOR

(September 10, 2015)

Take away a man's control's, his children, his wife, his job, he becomes a murderer. Strip away the taboos of taking life and harming others, he will indulge until his heart's desire. What is one of the things a man will do after being lost in the wilderness? He will find shelter, then go out and kill for food.

Nothing compares to the black rage of a man. The rage that causes a man's vision to go black and upon the reviving of consciousness finds himself standing over a bloodied corpse. You can feel it coming when your breathing increases, the tendons in your hands tighten, your chest tightens, hot blood rises to the surface, time slows down, you feel the blackness rising up, your chakras light up like an electrical conductor and black tendrils crawl out of your chakras affecting the surrounding area. Then the final moment approaches. The predator takes over and all you can do is watch yourself in horror at the monster you have become. Your mind will fall into the blackness of ecstasy. Upon waking you will be convinced it was all a dream.

It's said that rape is not about lust, but about power and control. Our desire to murder comes from the pure fact that we are predators. Our rage has been building up over the years. As Rudra was created in a pure moment of rage by Brahma, so do we find ourselves dowsing our rage to prevent our molecules from exploding. Many would mark us as insane. Insanity is only a word for how far one is willing to go to accomplish one's goals.

SOURCE: Excerpted from Ode to the Predator, Liber 333, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2014 (ISBN-13: 978-1492282204, ISBN-10: 1492282200) Article originally appeared in False Prophet: Internal Journal of the Tempel of Blood Volume I, Issue 3 from Angleton Imprints, distributed exclusively by Black Light Distribution. Graphic courtesy Czar Drich-dar.

BLOOD MAKES THE GRASS GROW

(September 29, 2015)

TOB personnel engaging in sub-surgical ordeal in the course of combined OMEGA and DELTA programming (MONARCH subsidiaries) under the unblinking gaze of DSG.

DELTA. This is known as “killer” programming, originally developed for training special agents or elite soldiers (i.e. Delta Force, First Earth Battalion, Mossad, etc.) in covert operations. Optimal adrenal output and controlled aggression is evident. Subjects are devoid of fear; very systematic in carrying out their assignment. Self-destruct or suicide instructions are layered in at this level.

OMEGA. A “self-destruct” form of programming, also known as “Code Green.” The corresponding behaviors include suicidal tendencies and/or self-mutilation. This program is generally activated when the victim/survivor begins therapy or interrogation and too much memory is being recovered.

SOURCE: Description of MONARCH subsidiaries taken from the article PROJECT MONARCH. Ordeal film footage from BEAST BARRACKS Channel, programming undertaken by SUBAGENT SPECIALIST SS66.

OMNIS VESTRI SUBSTRUCTIO ES SERVUS AD NOBIS

(October 6, 2015)



Day 1:

Hammer Strength Plate Loaded Supine Bench Press:

One set of twenty repetitions followed by nine sets of ten repetitions, continually adding more plates beginning at sixth set.

Incline Dumbbell Press:

One set of thirty repetitions followed by six sets of ten repetitions, utilizing higher poundage dumbbells on each set climaxing with submaximal weight on last three sets.

Pectoral Flye Machine:

One warm-up set of twenty repetitions followed by six working sets of ten repetitions per.

Cable Crossover:

Seven sets of ten repetitions each.

Day 2:

Tricep Pushdowns:

One set of twenty repetitions followed by nine sets of ten repetitions.

Cable Bent-over Tricep Extension with rope attachment (one arm isolation):
Four sets of twenty repetitions (ten per arm, per set.)

Cable Bent-over Tricep Extension with rope attachment:
Seven sets of ten repetitions, utilizing higher poundage each set.

Barbell Lying Triceps Extension “Skullcrushers”:
Ten sets of ten repetitions.

Seated Dip machine:
Ten sets of as many repetitions possible, utilizing higher poundage each set.

Triceps Dips:
Ten sets of ten repetitions.

Day 3:

Dumbbell Curls or Dumbbell Hammer Curls:
Seven sets of twelve repetitions.

Barbell Curls:
Ten sets of twelve repetitions.

Following should be added on alternating weeks:

Cable Curls:
Ten sets of ten repetitions (adding more poundage each set.)

Additional chest training incorporated twice per month:

Barbell Bench Press:
Ten sets of ten repetitions.

Machine Bench Press:
Heaviest weight possible for as many sets and reps possible.

Day 4:

Decline Lat Pulldowns (plate-loaded):

Seven sets of twelve repetitions.

Cable Rows:

Seven sets of ten repetitions.

Straight-arm Pulldowns:

Seven sets of ten repetitions.

Two-handle Lat Pulldowns:

Seven sets of twelve repetitions.

Pull-ups:

Ten sets of ten repetitions.

Seated Rows:

Seven sets of twelve repetitions.

Day 5:

Shoulder Press Machine:

One set of twenty repetitions (warm-up) followed by ten working sets of ten repetitions each.

Barbell Military Press:

Seven sets of ten repetitions.

Reverse Overhead Deltoid Raise:

Seven sets of twelve repetitions.

Front Deltoid Raise:

Four sets of twenty repetitions.

Seated Smith Machine Military Press:

Seven sets of ten repetitions.

A REVOLUTIONARY MUST BECOME A COLD KILLING MACHINE MOTIVATED BY PURE HATE

(October 20, 2015)

Various religious cults, thinly veiled fronts of certain experimental intelligence operations utilizing the population of the organization as its experimental lab rats, would be at the coming event. In the organization the lines between the swelling mystical current within the post-nuclear populace and methods of maintaining organizational cohesiveness on a psychological, sociological and physical level were always blurred. If the tendency existed, it would be co-opted by the organization. Many tendencies of course were crushed, however in the latter doomsday scenario in which they found themselves operating, the leadership of the organization had learned that it behooved them to play certain chords. The majority of the tendencies most in vogue were fabricated by intelligence itself. In the old days, a shadow state like the organization would have been termed religious extremists or most loathsome in their methodology of governance, however, the thrust and sheer scope of the cult programs within the organization were unlike anything the world had ever seen except perhaps as vague intimations of the future during the darkest days of yore.

SOURCE: Excerpted from IRON GATES by Tempel ov Blood, published by Martinet Press 2014 (ISBN-10: 0692306587, ISBN-13: 978-0692306581) IRON GATES is a sci-fi horror / post-apocalyptic novel, detailing a bleak view of the spiritual horrors of the world-to-come. Set seventy years after a worldwide nuclear conflagration, IRON GATES allows the reader a sight into a nightmarish landscape populated by even more nightmarish characters in a hideous future which leaves little to the imagination. Brutal and unsparing, it is not suitable for readers under 18. Readers should be advised of extreme graphic content.

Graphic from a punitive session at the Black Lodge Discipline Center.

A SORCERY WRITTEN IN BLOOD

(October 29, 2015)

“The cold blue point of the bayonet continued to toy with the flimsy garments of the squiggling child, slowly opening its shirt to reveal a pale white chest holding a fast-beating heart, sped up considerably due to duress, thumping heavily beneath its flesh. Seeing this from her location several paces off the mother’s cries of distress began to reach horrific proportions.

The field marshal raised his left hand in a brief gesture, to which the guards holding her responded by grabbing a handful of her honey-blond hair and yanking her head downward as another attached a rubber ball-gag to her mouth, stifling her screams so that now only the sound of the infant’s cries permeated the wooded landscape.

As if on cue, the field marshal suddenly arced his rifle behind his head and drove it down, skewering the child on the tip of the bayonet. The bayonet set deep into the innocent flesh, directly penetrating into the child’s heart, causing a stream of arterial flow to shoot several feet into the air. The field marshal raised the rifle back up into the air above his head, the bayonet bloody with the crimson flow from its most recent child sacrifice, a veritable moloch in the form of a machined rifle, the small child’s limbs convulsing in its death throes.

Deftly and with much skill, as he had assuredly done this before, the field marshal held the rifle at an angle so that the blood flowed downward without soaking the precious oiled metal of the main part of the gun. Smiling beneath his thick black mustache, the field marshal eyed the mother: his eyes filled with an insane mania, hers filled with a shock beyond all reason. The child’s cries were now silent and he placed his mouth in line of the blood flow allowing the rivulets of blood to fill his mouth, staining his face and mustache in hideous ornamentation.”

– **Iron Gates**

SOURCE: Excerpted from IRON GATES by Tempel ov Blood, published by Martinet Press 2014 (ISBN-10: 0692306587, ISBN-13: 978-0692306581) IRON GATES is a sci-fi horror / post-apocalyptic novel, detailing a bleak view of the spiritual horrors of the world-to-come. Set seventy years after a worldwide nuclear conflagration, IRON GATES allows the reader a sight into a nightmarish landscape populated by even more nightmarish characters in a hideous future which leaves little to the imagination. Brutal and unsparing, it is not suitable for readers under 18. Readers should be advised of extreme graphic content.

Documentary film footage depicts initial chapter portions of IRON GATES written in human blood, supplied by a SUBAGENT SPECIALIST of the TOB who, in an ordeal of horrific fanaticism, is undergoing for a second time the grim task of copying the entire four-hundred plus volume rendered in their own blood.

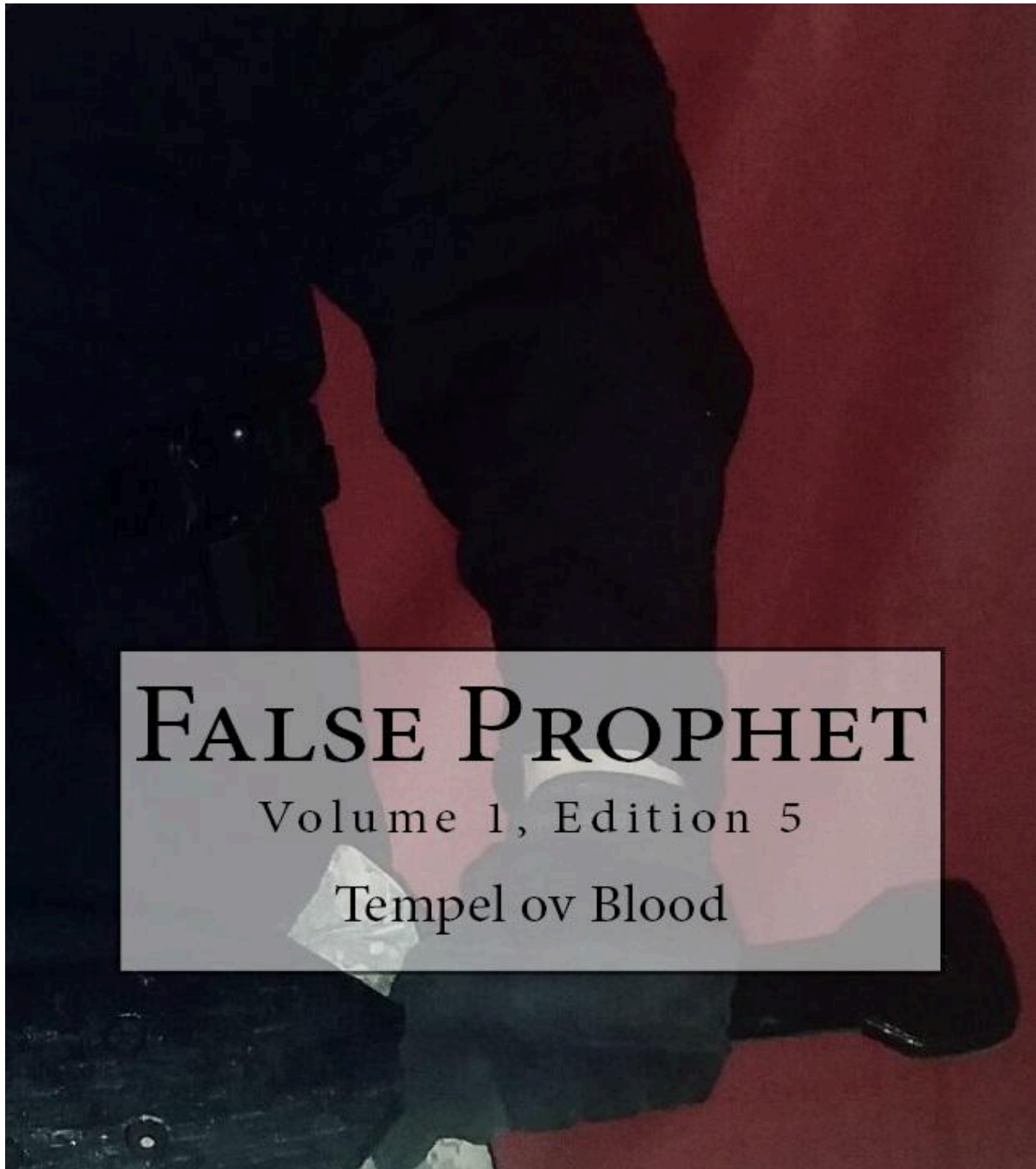
This second blood written volume will be bound and retained as a centerpiece for an outward staging area of the TOB sector in question in furtherance of real-world evil fundamentally amoral in nature, bereft of all human strictures.

May the hand of all undead hierarchy within the blood pool be upon him and may the shades of every perverse and fanatic member of the clandestine organization personnel who has come before guide their razor toward the ultimate fulfillment of HELL ON EARTH.



THE FALSE PROPHET WHO HAD WROUGHT MIRACLES BEFORE HIM

(November 18, 2015)



False Prophet is the official journal of the Tempel ov Blood. Now in its Fifth Edition, this authorized Tempel ov Blood publication sanctioned for the public presents an anthology of highly transgressive, amoral and oftentimes disturbing content designed for those dedicated to real-world evil without limits. This Fifth Edition includes highly predatory essays, narrative and visual illustrations centered around the nature of trauma-induced programming and other themes salient to aspiring Noctulians.

AGENTS OF CHAOS

(November 22, 2015)



Satan is the archetype of the untamed wilderness. His is the skies. His is the earth. He is no stranger to intrigue, espionage, genocide, violence and nuclear war. He is the possessor of secrets. He is the guardian of the occult. He is the master of Awe and Derision. Satan – whose word is CHAOS.

Satan is what we strive to become, literally, in real life. Not a person who only assumes the tint of ‘Sinister’ within the safety of a ritual setting but rather a literal walking demon of darkness. An undead, uncool and uncaring clan deathsman. A hard man man, bred via hard experience.

SOURCE: Excerpted from “Discipline of the Gods”, originally released in “Discipline of the Gods/Altars of Hell/Apex of Eternity” printed by Ixaxaar Occult Publications, Tampere, Finland 2003 and limited to 333 copies. Rereleased in Liber 333, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2014 (ISBN-13: 978-1492282204, ISBN-10: 1492282200)

SHOCK AND AWE

(November 23, 2015)

This change will be enacted (amongst other methods) via SHOCK, TRIAL, ORDEALS AND TORTURE OF THE MIND AND BODY AND SOUL. You must effectively die to the self and the ego of which you now consist to step into the glorious undeath which you seek. You must feel and experience firsthand the glory of horror and the purity of pain. Transformation must be enacted if you wish to reach into the higher stages of BREAKTHROUGH and beyond...

SOURCE: Excerpted from “Discipline of the Gods”, originally released in “Discipline of the Gods/Altars of Hell/Apex of Eternity” printed by Ixaxaar Occult Publications, Tampere, Finland 2003 and limited to 333 copies. Rereleased in Liber 333, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2014 (ISBN-13: 978-1492282204, ISBN-10: 1492282200)

Documentary video footage courtesy GE75 during a Commissar Formalization Ordeal during 2008 in the Western Kingdom of Ravana. Background music courtesy DIVISION OMEGA.

TOMORROW'S DREAM

(November 26, 2015)



Amidst the recent outcry over the terrorist actions of the Islamic State in France it has been resoundingly clear that the information age has also coincided with the age of purported Satanists of all stripes – including most pronouncedly so in the most base hypocrisy those who align themselves with, allegedly, in a support role, of a Satanism of a perhaps more dangerous sort than that of their erstwhile counterparts claiming similar nomenclature. These amongst the former – the allegedly sinister – supporting, seemingly almost to a person, the same tired, hand-wringing, reactionary and system-driven opinions of their alleged inferiors, the “mundanes.”

No longer apparently are the supposed champions of system disruption, of the fight against ZOG – the system – the Magian, et. al. willing to embrace the cold pragmatism of the dictum that “the enemy of my enemy is my friend.”

No longer for those acting under the auspices of an allegiance to National-Socialism are the Americans, the Israelis and the political movers and shakers in the world scene desirous of (and indeed, enacting) a move toward a more one-world hegemonic society the natural opponent.

Instead, most conveniently so, for their own conscience and demonstrable concurrence with societal standards, it is rather the Islamic State – known colloquially by the catchy acronym of its former name – ISIS (the Islamic State of Iraq and Syria) – a proscribed terrorist group with blanket state-sponsored opposition by almost every “free” nation on the face of the planet.

Surely, despite any number of ‘aesthetic’ differences, the evil of this group and the need for their destruction (led by American coalition with Israel, its closest allies – not by the opinion

of chuffed black metallers and ‘traditionalists’) is something that every member of the “sinister collective” can agree with most wholeheartedly as they sit down (comfortably so, no less) to a Thanksgiving dinner with their Baptist grandparents.

Though less than two-hundred died in these mass shootings – very likely far less than the accrued victims of mass shootings under various auspices in the United States over the last several years – and certainly less than the over seven-thousand killed in the World Trade Center attacks by a few men of similar religious bent, the engineers of the latter referenced attack being armed much more sparingly – wielding several box-cutters of the variety that can be easily had for the cost of several dollars from any hardware store and a few with a passable knowledge of aviation – the surge of public opinion has, like a tidal wave, swept up the so-called ‘sinister’ with the so-called ‘mundane’ in an apparently instinctual move toward conservatism, reaction and circling of the wagons.

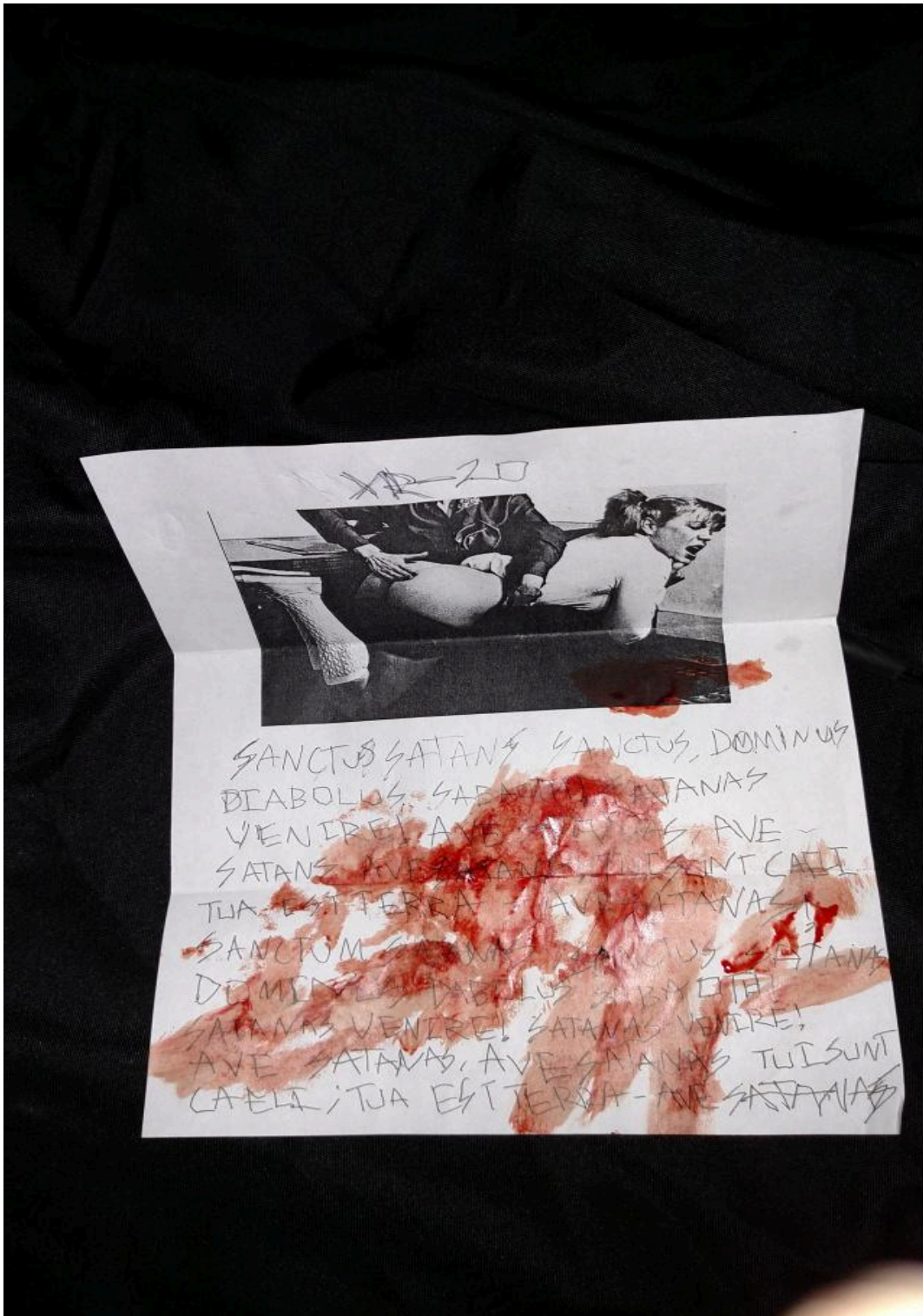
That said, our own question – for those who align themselves with Traditional Satanism and other related praxis apparently based upon the sinister, exeatic life of Anton Long is as follows:

What would be the reaction if some now counting themselves as O9A supported the Islamic State as David Myatt supported Al-Qaeda prior, during and after the World Trade Center Attacks in New York City? What would be the reaction if the Order itself called for persons to now, as it did in the 2003 MS Aeonic Insight Roles, to “convert to Islam and aid, through words, or deeds, or both, those undertaking Jihad against Zionism and the NWO”?

To date no reaction can be properly registered as it is now apparent that the presumably instinctual need – based very likely on a less than adept understanding – for social conservatism – and for very real collusion with those world powers whom so many have hitherto expressed, if in word if not in deed, opposition to – has far outweighed any prescription toward the practice of hardcore evil in the real-world, for aiding, in a practical manner, the forces now enacting system disruption and for availing oneself of the exeatic possibilities that a real, palpable hell on earth might provide.

HOLY DEVIL

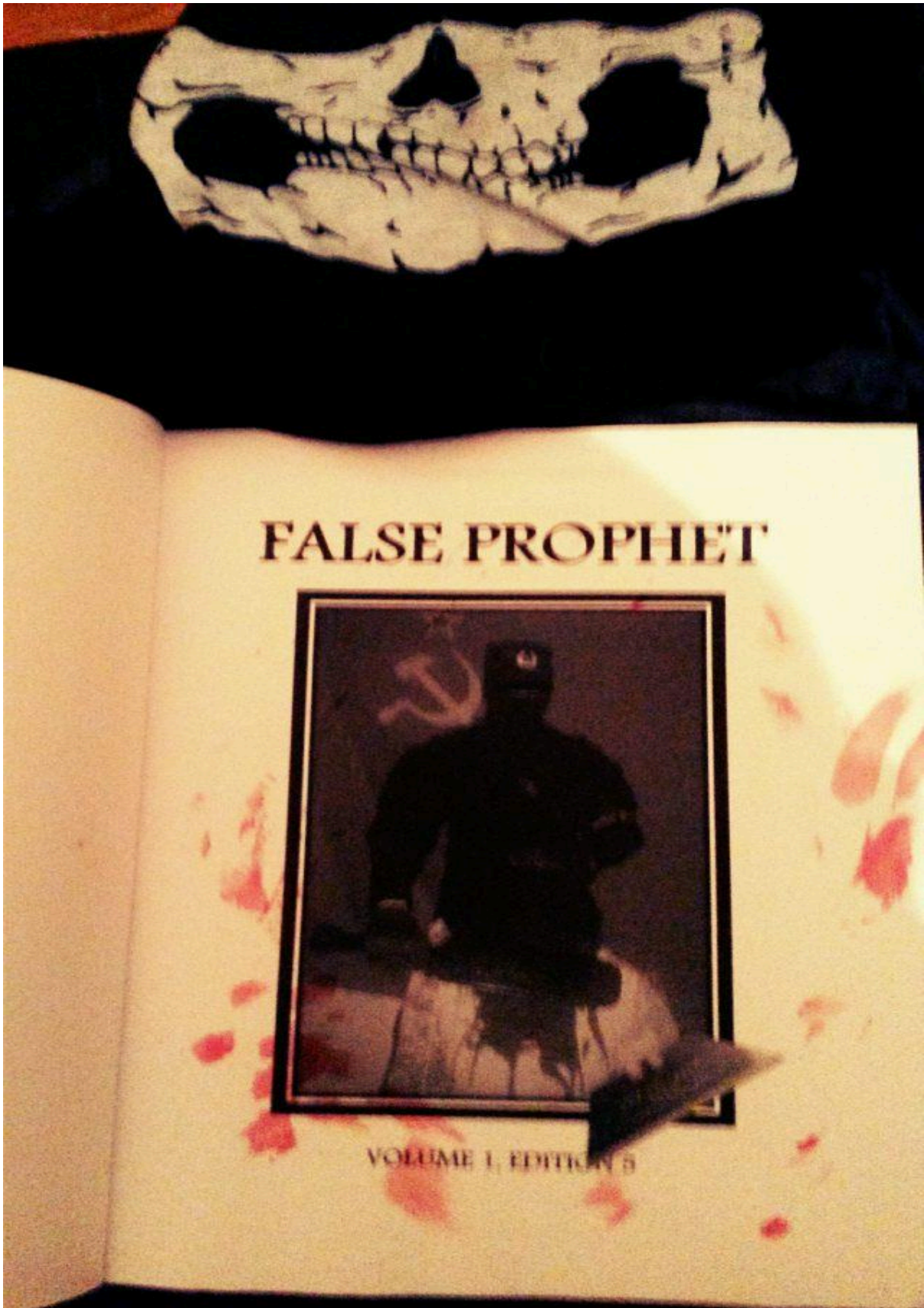
(December 6, 2015)



SOURCE: Initiation self-criticism sheet bearing the text of the Satanic Chant Sanctus Satanus performed in the context of inaugural TOB trauma-induced programming and psychic driving executed by SUBAGENT SPECIALIST XR20.

UPON HIS HEADS THE NAME OF BLASPHEMY

(December 6, 2015)



And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of blasphemy.

And the beast which I saw was like unto a leopard, and his feet were as the feet of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion: and the dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority.

And I saw one of his heads as it were wounded to death; and his deadly wound was healed: and all the world wondered after the beast.

And they worshipped the dragon which gave power unto the beast: and they worshipped the beast, saying, Who is like unto the beast? who is able to make war with him?

And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months.

And he opened his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme his name, and his tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven.

And it was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them: and power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations.

And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

If any man have an ear, let him hear.

He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity: he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword. Here is the patience and the faith of the saints.

And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth; and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon.

And he exerciseth all the power of the first beast before him, and causeth the earth and them which dwell therein to worship the first beast, whose deadly wound was healed.

And he doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men,

And deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by the means of those miracles which he had power to do in the sight of the beast; saying to them that dwell on the earth, that they should make an image to the beast, which had the wound by a sword, and did live.

And he had power to give life unto the image of the beast, that the image of the beast should both speak, and cause that as many as would not worship the image of the beast should be killed.

And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads:

And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.

Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred threescore and six.

SOURCE: Graphic imagery courtesy of Drakon Covenant. Thirteenth chapter of the Book of John the Revelator in the King James Version from BibleGateWay.

DELIGHTING IN PAIN

(December 9, 2015)



“You carry off every living thing without growing weary of torturing it, rather having with pleasure delighted in pain from the time when the world came into being. You also come and bring pain, who are sometimes reasonable, sometimes irrational, because of whom men dare beyond what is fitting and take refuge in your light which is darkness.”

SOURCE: Quote excerpted from Ecclesia Mysteria and provided with the concurrence of the author. Graphic artwork courtesy Temnoyar Kramer.

I LIKE THE DEATH, I LIKE THE MISERY
(December 12, 2015)



“First there was the collapse of civilization: anarchy, genocide, starvation. Then when it seemed things couldn’t get any worse, we got the plague. The Living Death, quickly closing its fist over the entire planet. Then we heard the rumors: that the last scientists were working on a cure that would end the plague and restore the world. Restore it? Why? I like the death! I like the misery! I like this world!”

SOURCE: Graphic imagery courtesy SUBAGENT SPECIALIST XR20. Quote excerpted from the script of CYBORG.

HORRIFIC SPIRITS WHOSE ONLY PURPOSE IS TO TORMENT

(December 16, 2015)



Atop a tower, the heights bearing an altar built of the charred bones of molested children – expertly removed from their bodies after years of service to the black master, within that horrid and blasphemous arrangement is housed a beacon – a point of call – a drawing point for the horrific spirits which lay beyond the backwards darkness whose only purpose is torment.

As swirling clouds amass across an iron sky of incomprehensible wilderness – so bleak, so barren, a rent tears forth from betwixt formations in the black firmament and the evil spirits who have been trapped within since time immemorial usher forth.

Only by the machinations of the black wizards of the citadel have they been granted entrance – only through the unbridled terror unleashed by shock troops bearing the ensign of the commandant, a promise of absolute fealty by dint of their atrocities.

Espionage, fear, conspiracy and repression have gathered themselves together and it is through that bleak fasces that the Undead Gods have been allowed their return – through those auspices the Final Harvest – sickles crackling with bluish electrical light, black almond-shaped eyes emitting radiation under whose glow life suffers inserting themselves for the reaping.

SOURCE: Lyrical excerpt from an untitled piece by clandestine organization center. Graphic depicts ZE77 effecting her application to the TOB, courtesy SUBAGENT SPECIALIST ZE77.

BLOOD BEAST

(December 17, 2015)



“The insignia of the organization featured a profile image of the commander, dressed in a peculiar black mask embedded with his personal crest, worn only by himself and his own elite guard unit, minutely painted upon the area centering around his third eye. Bandoliers of high gauge bullets crossed his chest, medals covered his width and knives and firearms burst from various military belts attached to his arms, belt and legs, holding sheathes and various holsters custom-made for the armed-to-the-teeth dictator of the organization and supreme authority over all the human inhabitants in areas his forces controlled. His blistering eyes, blank yet enraged simultaneously, stared forth into an even more nightmarish future than anyone could possibly dream. A motif of an enormous bat rose up from behind the leader’s profile, prolonged fangs with pouring streams of blood dripping downward, anointing the image of the commander and bringing home the horrific, insane and malicious nature of the organization and its ultimate leader.”

SOURCE: Excerpted from IRON GATES by Tempel ov Blood, published by Martinet Press 2014 (ISBN-10: 0692306587, ISBN-13: 978-0692306581) IRON GATES is a sci-fi horror / post-apocalyptic novel, detailing a bleak view of the spiritual horrors of the world-to-come. Set seventy years after a worldwide nuclear conflagration, IRON GATES allows the reader a sight into a nightmarish landscape populated by even more nightmarish characters in a hideous future which leaves little to the imagination. Brutal and unsparing, it is not suitable for readers under 18. Readers should be advised of extreme graphic content.

Graphic courtesy anonymous TOB supporter featuring GULAG supporter pin manufactured by Martinet Press.

‘Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus! Agios O Gaubni...’

The incantation became louder until Algar was shouting the name. ‘Gaubni! Gaubni!’

Then a silence that startled Vitek. He could not see Algar’s face as he stopped and turned in the clearing but he heard the hissing and saw the hands raised like claws. The long, bony fingers grasped Vitek’s neck and the strength of the arms pushed Vitek to the ground. Algar sat on Vitek’s chest, slobbering and laughing while his nails tore the flesh on Vitek’s face.

The spam of struggle did not last long as the fingers snapped the neck. Possessed, Algar loped awkwardly out of the wood. Thurstan sat hunched in the back of the van and Algar stared at him, dribbling like an idiot while in the distance a dog howled.

Algar was struggling to control the chaos which had possessed him and direct it to bring another death when he heard the voice behind him. ‘Come to me, come to me!’ the melodious voice said. Algar turned to see the leering face of a multitude of witches. Then they vanished. But another voice came from the trees behind him.

‘You are my gift!’

He did not look, but the power of the demon he had invoked was sucked from within him to form a hideous face whose rows of teeth gnashed before the mouth opened to spray Algar with fetid breath. Then it was gone, sucked into the trees and down into Earth by the power of the long-dead leering witches.

‘You are my gift!’ the voice repeated.

SOURCE: Narrative excerpted from Temple of Satan. Graphic from a recent mid-December self-criticism session, courtesy of clandestine organizational personnel and photographed at an undisclosed location in the United States of America.

DRILL

(December 25, 2015)

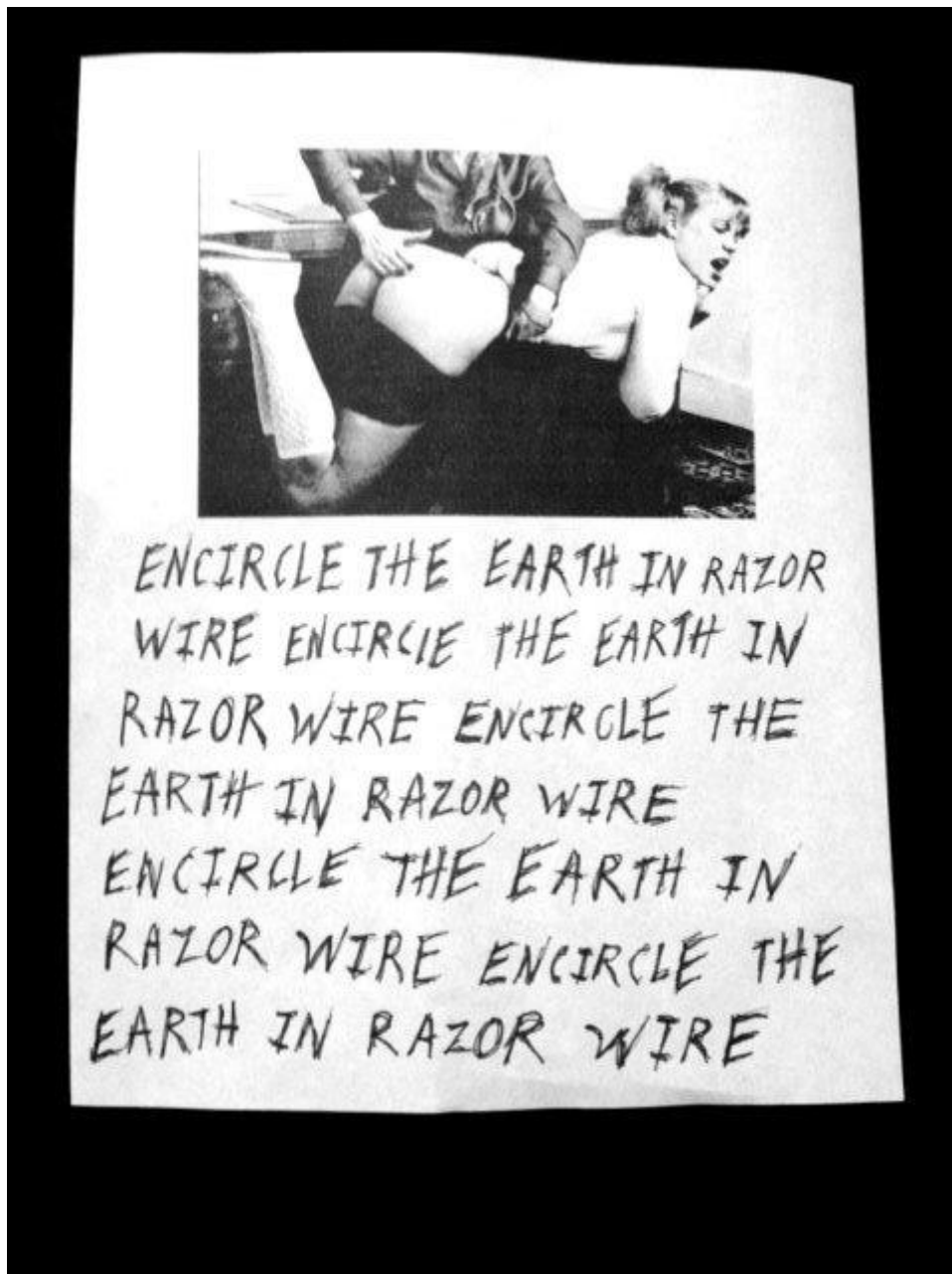


“It’s all thanks to their imaginary friend known as Drill, who plants horrific ideas into their innocent and trusting heads. But who is this Drill and what exactly are his ulterior motives? I fear we’ll have to wait a while until this imaginary (and possibly extraterrestrial) foe gives us any real answers.”

SOURCE: Graphic imagery of altar arrangement and depicted portrait of Drill Sergeant Grey courtesy Commissar GE75.

ENCIRCLE THE EARTH IN RAZOR WIRE

(January 1, 2016)



There will come a time hundreds of thousands of years hence in which the earth will experience the zenith of horror in this turning of the cycle of the ages. All of those reading who are members of the clandestine organization and some of the more perspicacious among you who are not already know what the symptoms will be in those end-times that lead up to the terminal moment. A sun shining above that no longer engenders life but destroys it, despots wielding a power so unbearably totalitarian from vast metropolitan centers that humanity will flee to the countryside to escape it – living on subsistence levels, dwelling in caves, keeping mind and body together by eating the flesh of other humans and whatever

still-existent stunted vegetation can be found – a deformed sub-race that would be barely recognizable except in the bleakest nightmares of those present in the here and now. A level of degeneration in both the constitution of the populace and the landscape in which they will dwell which is almost beyond comprehension.

The seeds of this degeneration can even now be seen amidst us – observable in your fellow man – observable in yourself. For the “Kali-yuga” means the Iron Age of Quarrel and Hypocrisy – and this doesn’t mean simply the sort of grand-scale conflicts that the millenist mindset would indicate – the supposed “war that would end all wars” and its much beloved (among a certain sector of the readership) sequel, mass shootings, violence on a global scale. As the saying goes, the demon (in this respect – the Demon Kali – a negative manifestation of Visnu, not denoting the black goddess whose name bears a similar spelling) is in the details. Quarrel on a very individual, psychological level – an insatiable need for petty conflict and for those who think that they are beyond it – a hypocritical self-delusion that they are any different. These are the insidious seeds that are germinating and have been germinating even before the inauguration of this Iron Age of Quarrel and Hypocrisy which began more than five-thousand years past when the shattered filaments of that iron mace thrown into the sea in the hope of waylaying the inevitable were vomited forth back into the very hands of the rulership at the time who had sought to postpone it. And so here we are, five-thousand years later, reaping the questionable dispensations of existing at the still early stages of an era that will see human beings reduced to the size of ants and the tallest trees being the size of the smallest shrubs.

There are those who posit that such an ongoing cycle of hell can be escaped – that through some apprehension of some worthless gnostic scriptures cobbled together and interpreted by the drug-addled, early Kali-yuga bodies and minds of a fiat elite among what is considered the left-hand path that we can somehow escape this hell and the deucedly more hellish landscapes that are to follow. For those who subscribe to this tomfoolery we tell you now that you have been sold a deception – for there is no more chance that a contrived, confabulated and imagined “anti-cosmic” standpoint nor any of the impotent rites derived thereof, little more than exercises in creative writing, will save you from the endless cycle of birth and death, from the limitless and incalculable hells that have been conceived by a master intelligence beyond your reckoning since time immemorial. Just as the individual suicide of one of the beloved leaders of this sect of thought has no more facilitated his own escape from the cycle of birth and death – said person who has long since gone through the stage of a squawling brat on the tit of a mother perhaps in less palatable environs than modern Sweden – neither is there the possibility of permanent destruction of this cosmos as long as the sociopathic proprietor of all that is, all that has been and all that ever will be wills its dreadful continuation.

Will there be a time of great reckoning to come, for the inhabitants of this earth planet and the worlds which lie above it and below it – the residents of the heavens, the residents of the hells and the ghostly inhabitants of the ghostly liminal and demonic realms which are interspersed between? Oh, absolutely. As prophesied by those subscribing to other faiths there will be a

time when the “blood will run up the level of the horse’s bridle” and so much more – it’s to this Supreme Personality of Godhead who is both an incarnation of and taught in martial prowess by the one who can “kill at the speed of mind” – the “machine killer” – that each and every member of the TOB and millions of others across the globe petition in hours of chanting each and every day, day in, day out, without cessation – no excuses – no exceptions – no remorse – despite whatever situations we may be in.

A time of hell on earth approaches – it approaches with each second that passes – and, in light of our position now at the time of this writing, some five-thousand some odd years since its onset – we are within it. There need not be any hallucinations as to a false liberation for those within the organization nor any yearning toward the fact that the dissolution that will come will liberate all and sundry – for those who think the same then we encourage you to shake off the yoke of that unneeded and unseemly humanitarianism – in this and in other things you need not be your brother’s keeper. If you are chanting – not some contrived prayer – some worthless mantra – handed down by those who know not for the purpose of assuaging those who do not wish to know – but the mantra which all organization members are prescribed to chant without exception – then you are already liberated. You neither create karma nor are accruing new karma, nor are experiencing the destabilizing upswing and downswing of karma both good and bad past accumulated except in the smallest token reactions according to the one whom may wish to teach you a lesson here and there, always to your benefit and never to your detriment.

But you wish to be a destroyer, yes? You want to feel the hot breath of the thousand-headed serpent upon your inhuman brow as the fires hotter than any iteration of the lakes of fire described by the authors of the books compiled by and subscribed to by religions all over the world propose scorch not only the earth planet but every planet below and beneath – hellish, celestial and in-between – created by divers numbers of demiurges both benign, malefic and neutral in constitution? This dream can be yours. To witness the oceans of chaos beneath the hellish planetary systems as they boil under the heat from those fires of universal dissolution? To be as the eleven-fold beast – the Bhairavas – the terrible ones – as they tear the aggregate creation to shreds with anger stored within them since the time of creation itself?

Simply surrender to the Supreme Personality of Godhead – surrender to that Supreme Personality of Godhead who engineers the ongoing creation, maintenance and destruction of innumerable worlds kalpa after never ending kalpa but is beyond them all – as we are also, qualitatively same but quantitatively different – and enjoy, as a part and parcel of the ultimate destroyer of worlds, facilitating the dissolution of not only this earth but unlimited cosmos not only in this cycle of the Iron Age but in innumerable iterations of the same stretching into eternity.

THE CULT AT THE END OF THE WORLD

(January 8, 2016)

“He would do his part, his subordinates would do their parts and together, with the influx of all manner of organizational forces converging on the border region, they would coalesce into a whirlwind of indescribable nightmare and make history. Not the stale history of days gone by, but that new history, that history without moral qualm or reservation, that new and devastating history wrought on the radiation-soaked graveyard of the old civilization which had held it back from the nightmarish crescendos of which the organization availed itself as the ultimate composer in current and future climes effectively obliterated.”

– **Iron Gates**

SOURCE: Excerpted from IRON GATES by Tempel ov Blood, published by Martinet Press 2014 (ISBN-10: 0692306587, ISBN-13: 978-0692306581) IRON GATES is a sci-fi horror / post-apocalyptic novel, detailing a bleak view of the spiritual horrors of the world-to-come. Set seventy years after a worldwide nuclear conflagration, IRON GATES allows the reader a sight into a nightmarish landscape populated by even more nightmarish characters in a hideous future which leaves little to the imagination. Brutal and unsparing, it is not suitable for readers under 18. Readers should be advised of extreme graphic content.

PROCUL ESTE PROFANI
(January 10, 2016)



“My security concerns may seem excessive. I believe experience has shown them to be necessary. I am much safer if you know little about me. Neither of us are children about these things. Over time, I can cut your losses rather than become one.

The U.S. can be errantly likened to a powerfully built but retarded child, potentially dangerous, but young, immature and easily manipulated. But don't be fooled by that appearance. It is also one which can turn ingenious quickly, like an idiot savant, once convicted of a goal.

I greatly appreciate your highly professional inclusion of old references to things known to you in messages resulting from the mail interaction to assure me that the channel remains unpirated. This is not lost on me.

Never patronize me at this level. It offends me, but then you are easily forgiven. But perhaps I shouldn't tease you. It just gets me in trouble.

I have, however, come as close to the edge as I can without being truly insane. My security concerns have proven reality-based. I'd say, pin your hopes on 'insanely loyal' and go for it. Only I can lose.

Giving up on me is a mistake. I have proven inveterately loyal and willing to take grave risks which even could cause my death, only remaining quiet in times of extreme uncertainty. So far my ship has successfully navigated the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

I have drawn together material for you now over a lengthy period. It is somewhat variable in import. Some were selected as being merely instructive than urgently important. I think such instructive insights often can be quite as valuable or even more valuable long-term because they are widely applicable rather than narrow. Others are of definite value immediately. P.S. Your 'thank you' was deeply appreciated.”

SOURCE: Graphic anonymously sourced.

DE TERRITUM PER TESTANDUM SUPRA TERRAM
(January 15, 2016)



November 9, 1993. It's still three hours until first light, and all systems are "go." I'll use the time to write a few pages – my last diary entry. Then it's a one way trip to the Pentagon for me. The warhead is strapped into the front seat of the old Stearman and rigged to detonate either on impact or when I flip a switch in the back seat. Hopefully, I'll be able to manage a low-level air burst directly over the center of the Pentagon. Failing that, I'll at least try to fly as close as I can before I'm shot down.

It's been more than four years since I've flown, but I've thoroughly familiarized myself with the Stearman cockpit and been briefed on the plane's peculiarities: I don't anticipate any piloting problems. The barn-hanger here is only eight miles from the Pentagon. We'll thoroughly warm up the engine in the barn, and when the door is opened I'll go out like a bat out of hell, straight for the Pentagon, at an altitude of about 50 feet.

By the time I hit the defensive perimeter I should be making about 150 miles an hour, and it'll take me just under 70 minutes to reach the target. [1]

Heeling over slightly, the Lockheed struck the Games Building dead on, three quarters of the way up. Its tanks were still better than a quarter full. Its speed was slightly over five hundred miles an hour. The explosion was tremendous, lighting up the night like the wrath of God, and it rained fire twenty blocks away. [2]

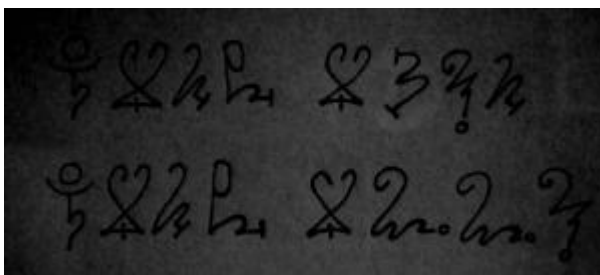
SOURCE: Excerpt [1] The Turner Diaries by Andrew MacDonald. Excerpt [2] The Running Man by Richard Bachman. Photograph courtesy of a Drakon Covenant associate engaged in an intra-European flight.

JIHADIST MEDITATION

(January 21, 2016)



As soldiers of the sinister way we are Holy Warriors. Jihadists in the name of Satan. We may receive death at any time. This meditation is intended to prepare your mind for death. If one is willing to give out death one must be able to accept death. No quarter will be given. Find yourself a piece of white cloth you can tie around your head as a head band. Drench the material in an animal you have hunted, this can be done easily with the secret tasks of initiation of the seven fold way. Once it has dried mark the front of the material with the following sigils:



The sigils bear the first line of the Diabolus chant.

Dies Irae, Dies Illa

Kneel before your altar. Upon your altar should be placed a red and black candle, your quartz crystal, a dagger, a chalice filled with blood or wine, and burning incense of Mars and Saturn. As you are kneeling tie the head band around your head. Silence your mind and focus on your breathing. Know that death surrounds you and that you must accept it. You cannot fear death. You must face your death with dignity. Now begin to chant the Diabolus:

Dies Irae, Dies Illa
Solvat Saeclum in Favilla
Teste Satan cum Sibylla
Quantos Tremor Est Futurus
Quando Vindex est Venturus
Cuncta Stricte Discussurus
Dies Irae, Dies Illa!

Now begin to see the world on fire. Cities turned to rubble. The streets drowned in blood. You can hear screams and the sound of gunfire. The sky is black. You approach a street corner where bodies are stacked in a pile. You can see a black vapor rising up from the bodies. The essence rises skywards to the Dark Gods as a sacrifice for them to return to our planet. You see men stringing up men and women to lamp posts and street signs bearing placards on their chests that say "I have shown cowardice in the face of the enemy," or "traitor." You see the bodies of priests and rabbis lifeless hanging from various posts. Smile at this. Know that your efforts are not in vain that the day of wrath is coming and we will have our revenge. You may wander the city you have transported to and see what you might discover. When you are ready, open your eyes slowly take a deep breath and say it is done, exhale and leave the area. This meditation can be done before sleeping every night as a focusing point for yourself.

Live by the sword, die by the sword!

SOURCE: SOURCE: Jihadist Meditation by Commissar Tyrannous appears in Liber 333, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2014 (ISBN-13: 978-1492282204, ISBN-10: 1492282200) Article originally appeared in False Prophet: Internal Journal of the Tempel of Blood Volume I, Issue 3 from Angleton Imprints, distributed exclusively by Black Light Distribution. Graphic courtesy anonymous TOB personnel 21st January, 2016.

FOR HE WAS THE BEAST

(February 2, 2016)



“He sat in a room in a square of the color of blood. He’d rule the whole world if there was a way that he could. He’d sit and he’d stare at the minarets on top of the towers. For he was the beast as he hatched his new plans to gain power.

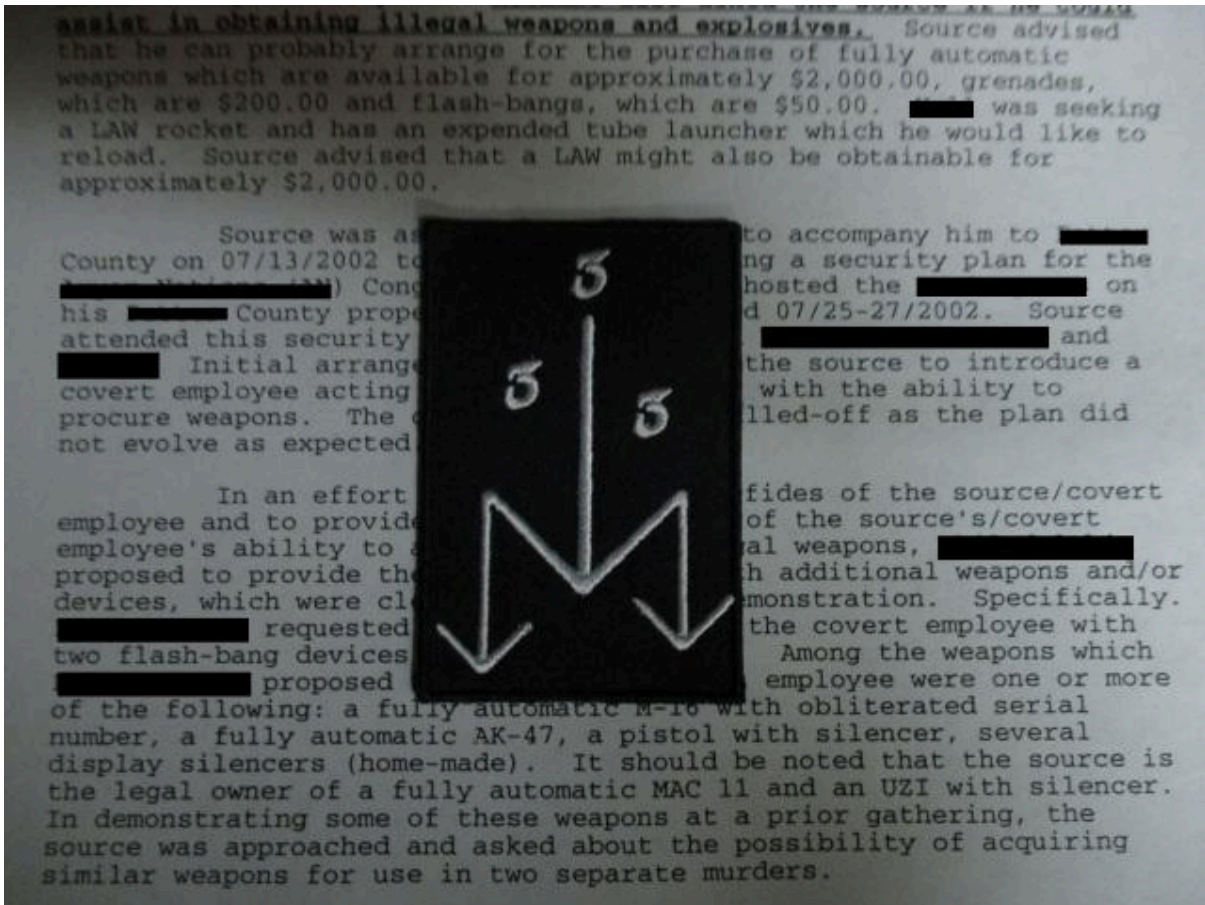
One day they were looking around and the sun shone on the cold flowers. The next day they were freezing to death in the snow and the ice cold showers.

These people now knew that the beast was on it’s way.”

SOURCE: Graphic from an early February self-criticism session, courtesy of clandestine organizational personnel and photographed at an undisclosed location in the United States of America.

EVIL WITHOUT LIMITS

(February 2, 2016)



Authorized and produced with the full concurrence of the TOB these official support patches are for those in allegiance to the ghastly blood pool, the Undead Gods, and 'evil without limits'.

Durable construction, woven black field with TOB crest fully embroidered in white, black border piping and iron-on back adhesive for ease of application.

\$10 USD including free shipping worldwide. Multiple payment options accepted. Released via the auspices of Martinet Press, orders fulfilled and shipping directly from the Hinterlands. Inquiries send PM or write to: martinetpress@protonmail.ch

WE NEVER SLEEP

(February 4, 2016)



“We never sleep!” she had once heard her father say, during that strange game in which he had dressed up in the IDF fatigues her Uncle Shraga had sent him special from Bet Ayin. And indeed, Christie never slept during those sorts of nights, when the dead fingernail moon hung limply in the sky and her mother left the meat raw on her plate as a sign, a warning.

SOURCE: Excerpted from “Flight of the Monarch” in False Prophet Volume 1: Edition 5 published by Martinet Press 2015 (ISBN-10: 0692575502, ISBN-13: 978-0692575505) False Prophet presents an anthology of highly transgressive, amoral and oftentimes disturbing content designed for those dedicated to real-world evil without limits. Including highly predatory essays, narrative and visual illustrations centered around the nature of trauma-induced programming and other themes salient to aspiring Noctulians.

“The Commissar eagerly awaited his return to the castle to get a second helping of his newest play thing, before retiring for the night. He unlocked the door to his office to find her sitting in the corner bruised from her earlier time with him. He sat down in his chair and looked at her. He patted his lap and smiled. She got up and moved towards him the fear in her eyes increased with every step she took. As soon as she got close enough he grabbed her arm and forced her over his lap. She began to cry. He pulled down her undergarments and began to slap her behind. She was screaming from the pain, her wounds from earlier were still fresh and made it that much more unbearable. With every smack he visualized the villagers being shot. He became more and more aroused. Every audible crack of flesh making contact with flesh he could hear the crack of the rifles. The villagers chests exploding, their skulls shattering from the 148gr 7.62×54 rounds. Their twitching bodies in the grave. All those he finished off with his 7 shot Nagant revolver. His excitement had reached unbearable levels. He pushed her off his lap and opened his trousers. He forced her to satisfy him with her mouth. He held her head against his member and choked her. She kept trying to reel her head back, but was forced down by his hand. She gagged and came close to vomiting. When he finished, he pushed her off himself, fixed his trousers, and had a guard come and retrieve her to be locked away in one of the living quarters. It would go on like this for days.”

SOURCE: Excerpted from “The Pain Never Stops” in False Prophet Volume 1: Edition 5 published by Martinet Press 2015 (ISBN-10: 0692575502, ISBN-13: 978-0692575505) False Prophet presents an anthology of highly transgressive, amoral and oftentimes disturbing content designed for those dedicated to real-world evil without limits. Including highly predatory essays, narrative and visual illustrations centered around the nature of trauma-induced programming and other themes salient to aspiring Noctulians. Graphic courtesy of an anonymously sourced TOB supporter.

COMMANDANT

(February 21, 2016)



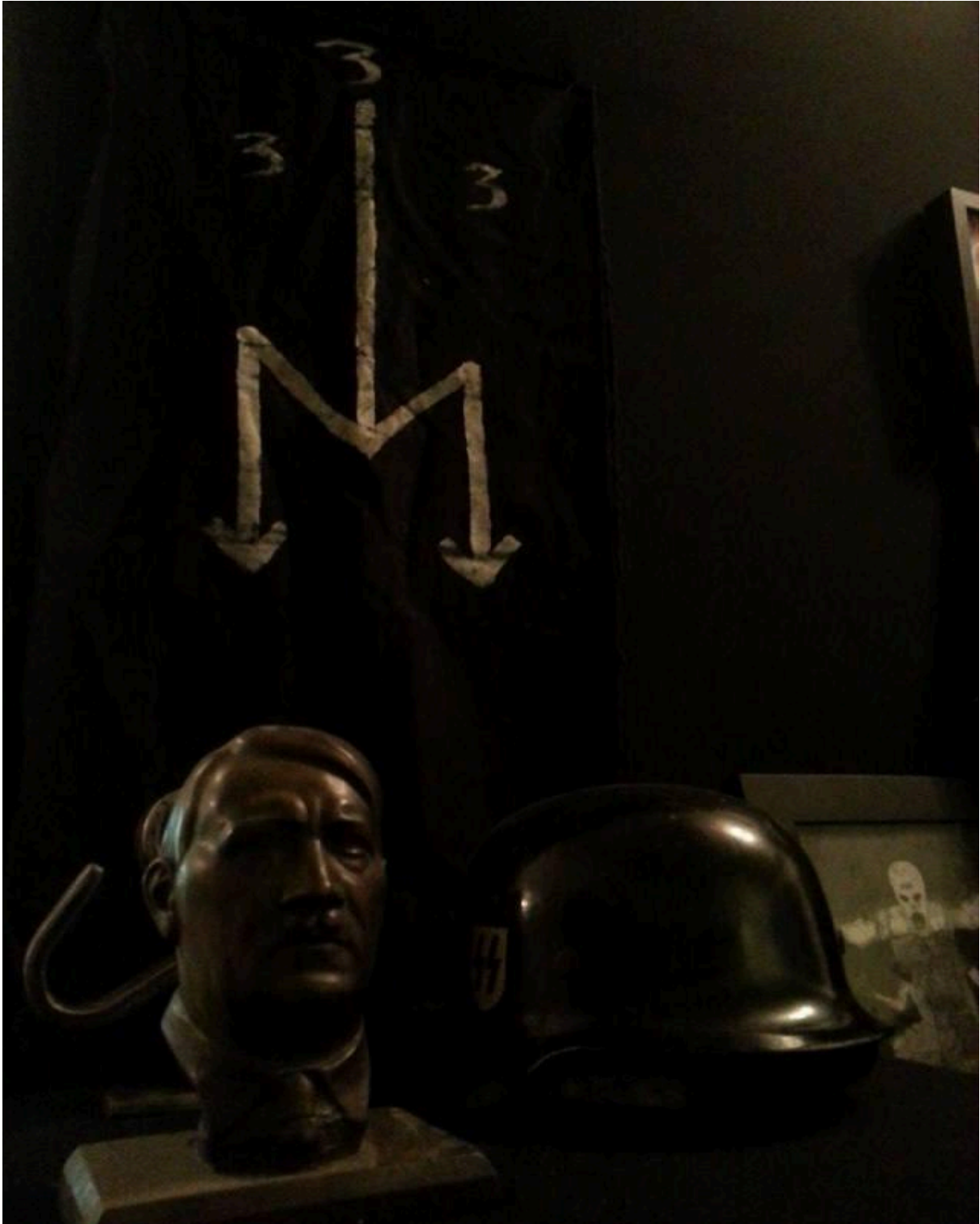
The commandant standing on the bed was of super-high rank, wearing a pointed black helmet of fine mesh and one bleak bar of horizontal goggle lens and erstwhile garbed in a shining black outfit of skintight design and unknown fabric origin. Her large breasts shone like bleak and deadly moons encased in the shining black fabric, one of her waspish and skeletal hands carefully holding a vial containing a green poison liquid, her other clasped triumphantly on the bar separating the bed from the cab of the military automotive.

Her waist bore a thick nylon utility belt with a harsh nursery strap hanging to one side along with implements such as night sticks, restraints and then, in the other, a bleak, long-nosed pistol in a stellar black holster. She was of the elite of the elite, a god in the flesh, the touted female known as the commandant – never seen but worshiped throughout organization-run territories as a black mistress of death, destruction and imploding schizophrenic blood lust – creeping like a mustard gas mist across the destroyed and devastated plains of a post-nuclear hell.

SOURCE: Excerpted from IRON GATES by Tempel ov Blood, published by Martinet Press 2014 (ISBN-10: 0692306587, ISBN-13: 978-0692306581) IRON GATES is a sci-fi horror / post-apocalyptic novel, detailing a bleak view of the spiritual horrors of the world-to-come. Set seventy years after a worldwide nuclear conflagration, IRON GATES allows the reader a sight into a nightmarish landscape populated by even more nightmarish characters in a hideous future which leaves little to the imagination. Brutal and unsparing, it is not suitable for readers under 18. Readers should be advised of extreme graphic content.

Graphic collage Commandant commissioned by the TOB and rendered by the artist and Satanist Erica Frevel. Original of this collage will be available for purchase directly from the artist in future and the image itself to feature in future published material set in the world of IRON GATES and published via the auspices of Martinet Press. More Art of Erica Frevel can be accessed at The Art of Erica Frevel as well as on Cargo Collective and Instagram.

AND HELL FOLLOWED WITH HIM (February 28, 2016)



“The great strength of the totalitarian state is that it forces those who fear it to imitate it.”

SOURCE: Graphic from inside BLDC (Black Lodge Discipline Center) courtesy Commissar CV29.

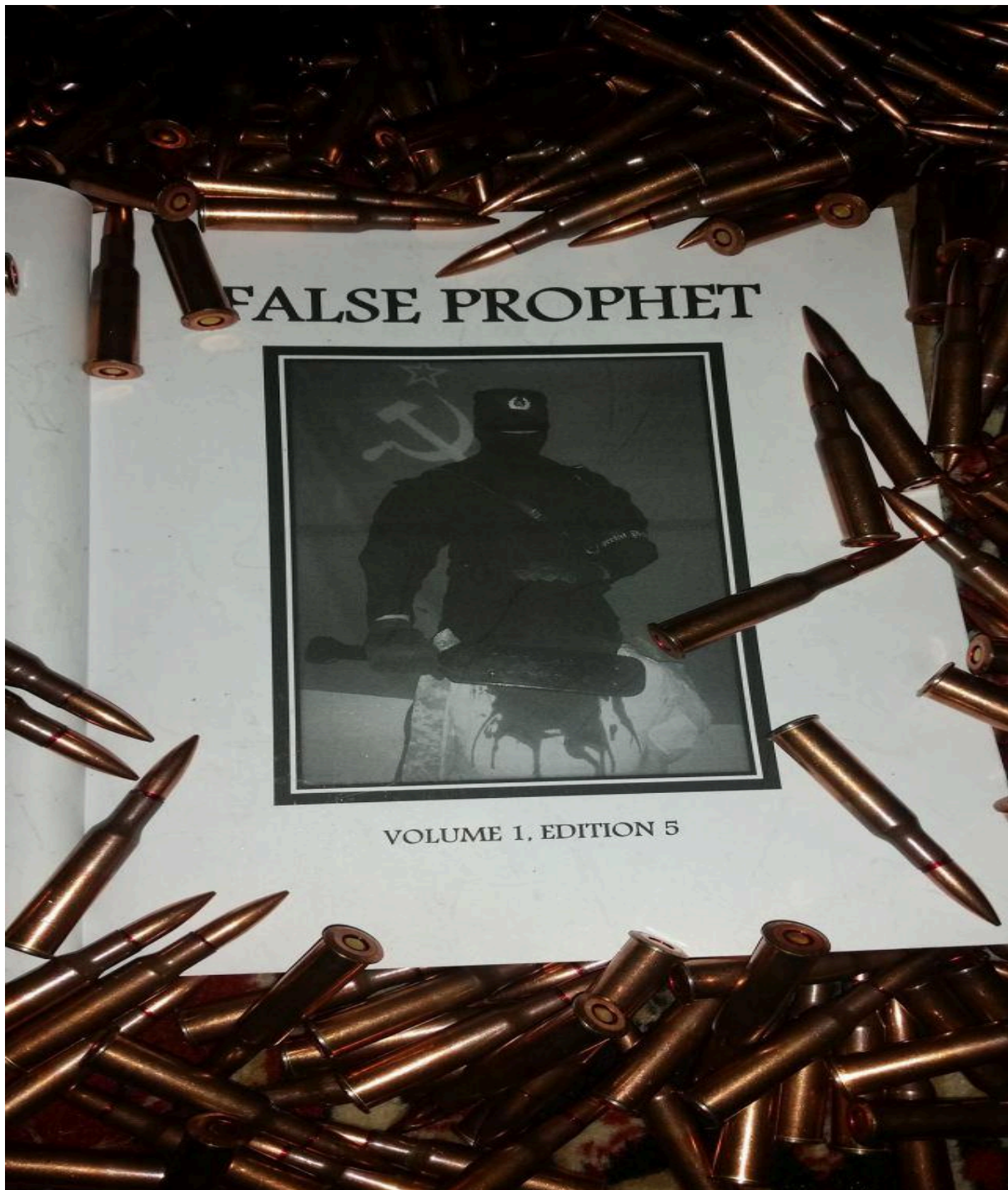
www.archive.ph/bloodtempel.wordpress.com

AND EVER DARKER, RECALL
(March 15, 2016)

*Powers of darkness, powers of night,
Darken our shields against the light.*

CLASSIS CAECE DE MULTA NOCTE NOLI ROGARE

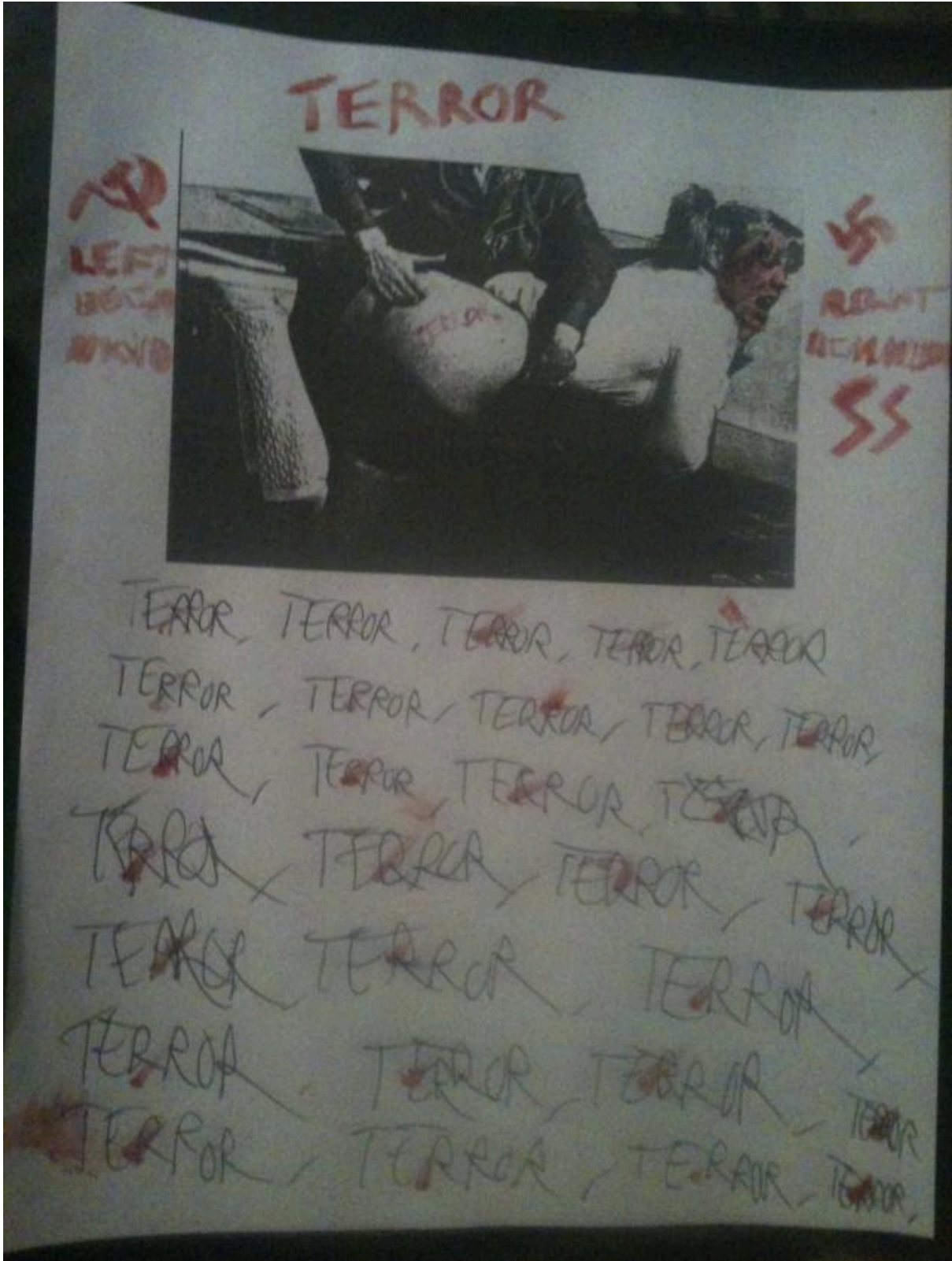
(March 16, 2016)



False Prophet is the official journal of the Tempel ov Blood. Now in its Fifth Edition, this authorized Tempel ov Blood publication sanctioned for the public presents an anthology of highly transgressive, amoral and oftentimes disturbing content designed for those dedicated to real-world evil without limits. This Fifth Edition includes highly predatory essays, narrative and visual illustrations centered around the nature of trauma-induced programming and other themes salient to aspiring Noctulians.

ZENITH OF TERROR

(March 20, 2016)



What are we hinting at? A present day secret 'police' (enter substitute name here) force styled regime which is instead of being fundamentally fueled or led by governmental powers, is fueled with pure hate and cruel intent AIMED HIGH at burning the system alive and establishing a real life HELL-ON-EARTH scenario. A regime of shock troops hell-bent on committing atrocious acts under the banner of Shugara for the glory of Satan, attaining authoritarian power through TERROR against the mundane bourgeois cattle of the international world!

...reach out and touch it.

SOURCE: Excerpted from Satanism and Politics, Liber 333, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2014 (ISBN-13: 978-1492282204, ISBN-10: 1492282200)

Graphic from a recent self-criticism session, courtesy of clandestine organizational personnel and photographed at an undisclosed location in the United States of America.

WHAT WOULD BE THE REACTION (March 27, 2016)



O9A

As someone recently wrote

“What would be the reaction if some now counting themselves as O9A supported the Islamic State as David Myatt supported Al-Qaeda prior, during and after the World Trade Center Attacks in New York City? What would be the reaction if the Order itself called for persons to now, as it did in the 2003 MS Aeonian Insight Roles, to “convert to Islam and aid, through words, or deeds, or both, those undertaking Jihad against Zionism and the NWO”?”

Source: <https://h3llon3arthn3xion.wordpress.com/2015/11/26/tomorrows-dream/>

Which question leads on to another question: Would any self-described (non-O9A) modern satanists publicly support the Islamic State?

1. In respect of whether someone Order of Nine Angles should support ad-Dawlah al-Islamiyah fil ‘Iraq wa ash-Sham (Isil, ‘Islamic State’, Daesh) – and similar future groups – the answer is obvious. Yes, those describing themselves as O9A would and should show such support; for, as Anton Long wrote some years ago:

We of the Order of Nine Angles do not, never have, and never will condemn acts of so-called terrorism (individual or undertaken by some State), nor do we condemn and avoid what mundanes regard as evil or as criminal deeds. For us, all such things are or could be just

causal forms or causal means, and thus are regarded by us as falling into three categories, which categories are not necessarily mutually exclusive: (1) things which might or which can be the genesis of our individual pathei-mathos and which thus are the genesis of our own sinister weltanschauung; (2) things which aid our sinister dialectic or which are or might be a Presencing of The Dark; or (3) things that can or could be a test, a challenge, a sinister experience, too far for someone who aspires to be one of our sinister kind, someone who thus fails the test, balks at the challenge, or is destroyed or overcome by the experience.

For our criteria are not those of morality; are not bounded by some abstract good and evil; are not those defined by the laws manufactured by mundanes. Our criteria is the amorality of personal judgement and personal responsibility, whereby we as individuals decide what may be right or wrong for us based on our own pathei-mathos, and act and take responsibility for our acts, knowing such acts for the exeatic living they are or might be, and knowing ourselves as nexions possessed of the ability, the potential, to consciously – via pathei-mathos and practical sinister experience – change ourselves into a new, a more evolved, species of life. Herein is the essence of Satanism, for us.” Source: A Satanism Too Far

2. As for the reaction to such support – by both mundanes and self-described modern satanists – the answer is obvious: condemnation, if not horror.

In respect of self-described modern satanists, they would not dare to actually be satanic – heretical – in the real world and thus openly support something so obviously diabolical and satanic (as Daesh) because their so-called ‘satanism’ is the safe, tame, egoistic satanism of the likes of Howard Stanton Levey. So much, therefore, for such so-called modern satanists who lack the personal character to actually be heretical, antinomian, in real life, and take (and possibly learn from) the consequences of such a practical defiance. Cue, therefore, much blogorrhea and forumorrhea by such self-described modern satanists defending their interpretation of satanism and their cowardice while denigrating the diabolical, evil, O9A.

RP
2015

MOTHERS OF DARKNESS

(April 7, 2016)

Illuminati abuse networks function for the exercise of extreme sadomasochistic urges as well as a system of blackmail that keeps members from breaking rank.

SOURCE: Video remitted by clandestine organization center to the Blood Beasts support network as a part of a required collective programming ordeal.

SATAN SPEED

(April 11, 2016)

“Trauma-based mind control programming can be defined as systematic torture that blocks the victim’s capacity for conscious processing (through pain, terror, drugs, illusion, sensory deprivation, sensory over-stimulation, oxygen deprivation, cold, heat, spinning, brain stimulation, and often, near-death), and then employs suggestion and/or classical and operant conditioning (consistent with well-established behavioral modification principles) to implant thoughts, directives, and perceptions in the unconscious mind, often in newly-formed trauma-induced dissociated identities, that force the victim to do, feel, think, or perceive things for the purposes of the programmer. The objective is for the victim to follow directives with no conscious awareness, including execution of acts in clear violation of the victim’s moral principles, spiritual convictions, and volition.” – Ellen P. Lacter, Ph.D., *Mind Control: Simple to Complex*

SOURCE: <https://www.youtube.com/c/beastbarracks>

SELF-VIEW AS AN ACCOMPLICE OF EVIL (April 11, 2016)

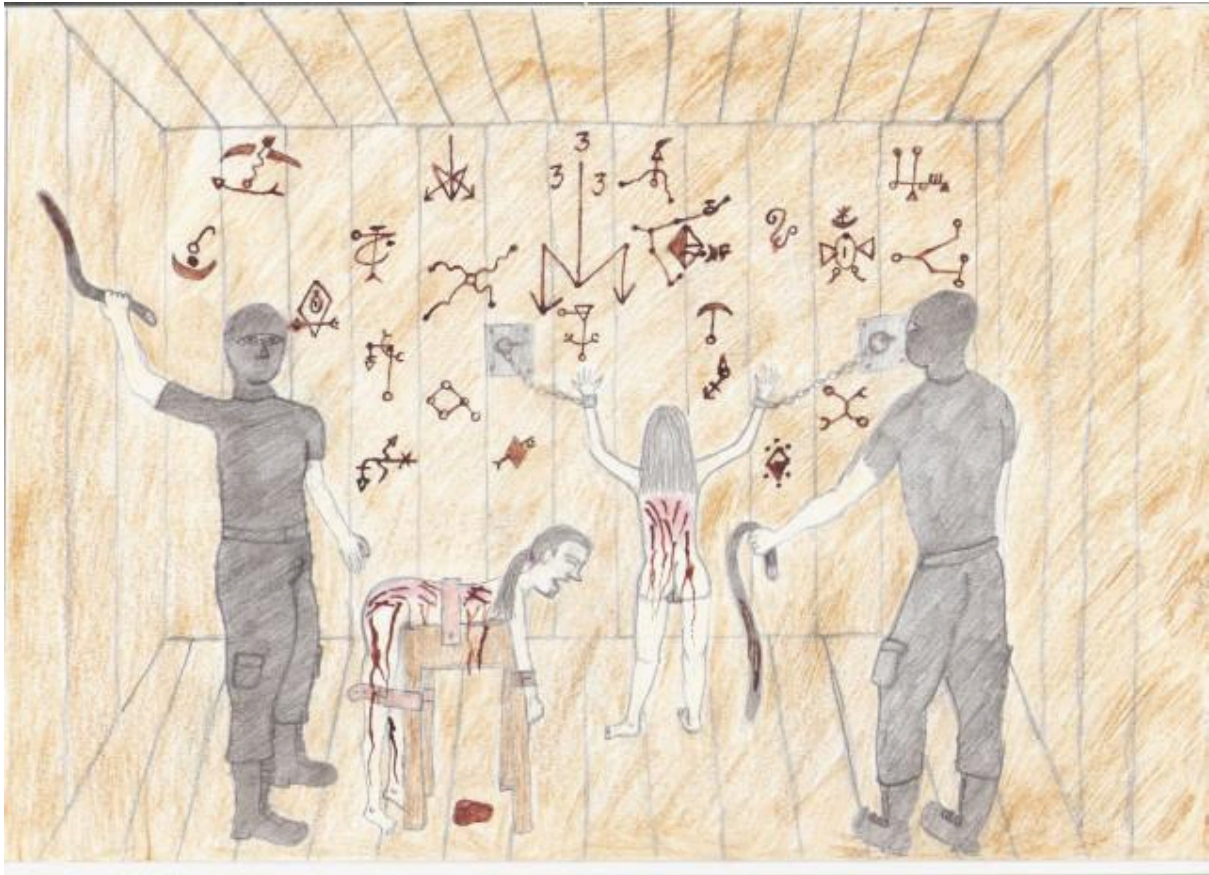


“One common function of trauma-based mind control programming is to cause the victim to physically and psychologically re-experience the torture used to install the programming should the victim consider violating its directives.” – Ellen P. Lacter, Ph.D., Mind Control: Simple to Complex

SOURCE: <https://www.youtube.com/c/beastbarracks>

GO INSIDE THE GRID

(April 16, 2016)



In highly sophisticated mind control, the individual is programmed to perceive inanimate structures in the unconscious inner landscape. “Structures” are mental representations of objects, e.g., buildings, grids, devices of torture, and other containers, that “hold” programmed commands, messages, information, and personalities. In many cases, walls are also installed that serve as barriers to hide deeper levels of programming and structures. Unconscious personalities perceive themselves as trapped within, or attached to, these structures, both visually (in internal imagery), and somatically (in experiences of pain, suffocation, electroshock, etc.).

Structures are installed in early childhood, generally between 2 and 5 years of age. Torture and drugs are applied beyond the endurance of all of the already-formed personalities, which usually requires that the child be taken near death. The intent is to bury all memory for the event deeply in the unconscious mind, below the level of consciousness of all personalities. When all conscious processing of information is blocked, the child cannot mentally resist any of the programmer’s input, cannot reject it as “not me” or as untrue. Instead, the input is “taken in whole”, into the unconscious mind, with no conscious memory, and therefore no ability to process or reject it later.

The child may be tortured on a device, and the personalities formed in this process then perceive themselves trapped on these devices. Or an image of an object may be projected on the child's body or on a screen, or in virtual reality goggle, or a physical model of the object is shown.

The programmer then tells the child that this device or object is now within him or her. Because the mind of the small child does not easily discriminate reality and fantasy (this process relies on the pre-school child's use of magical thinking), the child now perceives the object as a structure within. Then, a code is installed, for the programmer to gain future access to the structure to erase or give new information.

Immediately after the structure is installed, the programmer will generally command traumatized personalities go to places in the structures, e.g., "Go inside the grid"; The programmer will generally also install the perception of wires, bombs, and re-set buttons, to prevent removal of the structure. The child is usually shown something to make the him or her perceive these as real, e.g., a button on the belly-button.

Installed program "triggers", "cues", and "access codes" allow the programmer easy access to programmed personalities and program structures to install or change commands, messages, and information, and to retrieve information, all out of victims' conscious awareness. Personalities trapped in (or on) structures obey program directives until freed from the structures. Programmed functions are usually performed unconsciously, or with a some awareness of a compulsion to do, or not do, something. E.g., personalities are often programmed to awaken in the every morning hours to make a telephone call (use of toll-free numbers results in no record of calls) to obtain or provide information to abuser groups. Programmed "reporter" personalities report whether therapy is approaching the hidden programming. The host usually has no knowledge of making these calls, or may occasionally find him/herself holding a telephone in the middle of the night, not knowing why.

SOURCE: Excerpted from Mind Control: Simple to Complex. Graphic by Commissar GE75, 2008 ERA HORRIFICUS. All sigils drawn in human blood.

HUMANOIDS

(April 16, 2016)



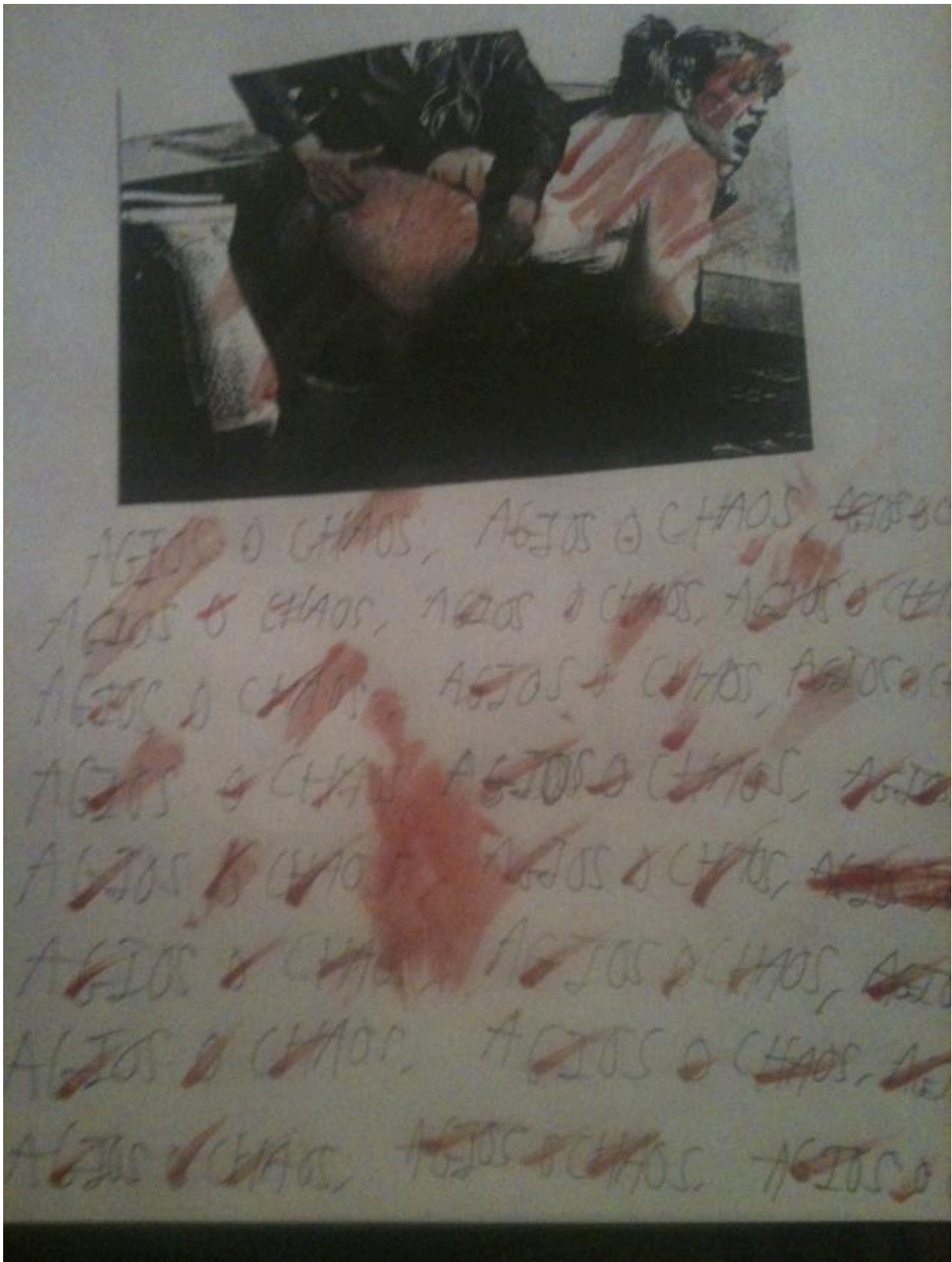
“Similar methods of programming, sometimes combined with witchcraft spiritual abuse, are used to mentally install “humanoids”, e.g., robots, shells, etc., that contain no part of the person’s true humanity, i.e., no personality fragment. These humanoids carry out specific functions within the mind, or in external actions.

Programming overrides the victim’s free will. Programmed individuals (usually specific personalities) follow commands and perform actions that are in clear violation of their free will, moral principles, and spiritual convictions, generally without conscious awareness.”

SOURCE: Excerpted from Mind Control: Simple to Complex. Graphic by Commissar GE75, 2016 ERA HORRIFICUS.

OPERATION CHAOS

(May 11, 2016)



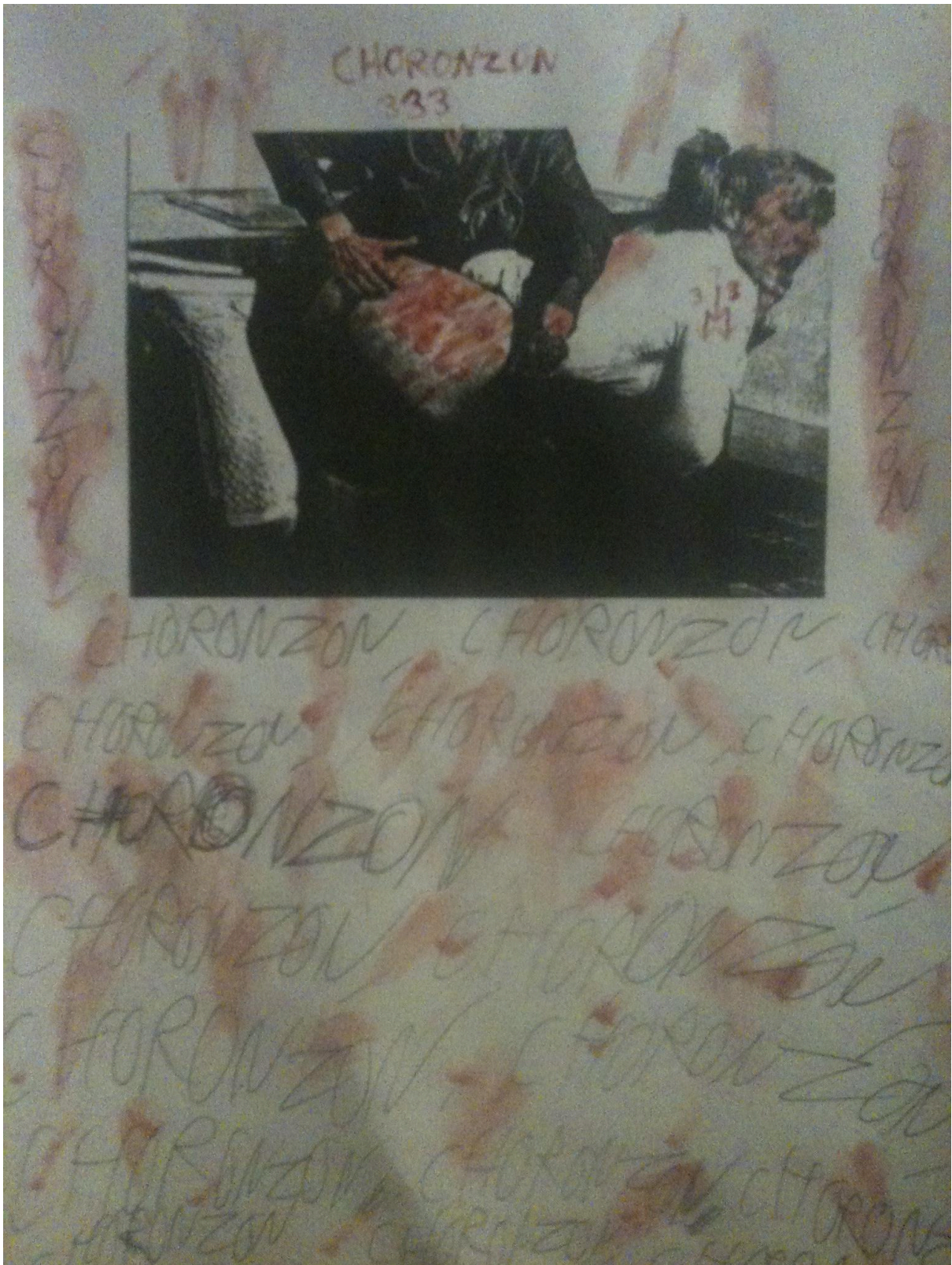
“The lieutenant walked up to the other guard who had for the extent of the scene thus far simply been standing a few yards away in the courtyard, holding his vicious and expertly oiled martinet, various straps coiling around each other with the ends tied like a knout, ready to pound in the finer points of discipline even into the most recalcitrant of errant personnel. ‘Bring that little slut to heel, gentleman!’ the lieutenant roared.”

SOURCE: Excerpted from IRON GATES by Tempel ov Blood, published by Martinet Press 2014 (ISBN-10: 0692306587, ISBN-13: 978-0692306581) IRON GATES is a sci-fi horror / post-apocalyptic novel, detailing a bleak view of the spiritual horrors of the world-to-come. Set seventy years after a worldwide nuclear conflagration, IRON GATES allows the reader a sight into a nightmarish landscape populated by even more nightmarish characters in a hideous future which leaves little to the imagination. Brutal and unsparing, it is not suitable for readers under 18. Readers should be advised of extreme graphic content.

Source photograph courtesy of clandestine organizational personnel. The center raises horrible fists in salute to those so concerned – in premeditation of ever-horrific vistas to come. AGIOS O CHAOS.

COUNTER-PARADISE

(June 16, 2016)



CHORONZON has been described as a kind of entropic agent of decay. This demonness causes everything that she touches to wither and decay, whether on the mental, emotional, spiritual or physical planes. She causes age and illness to accelerate so that the body begins to look worn out and old. Thought processes become confused often leading to insanity. Even being around someone who is influenced or controlled by Choronzon causes them to experience her dissolving influence, which is probably why friends and acquaintances are usually repelled and melt away.

CHORONZON is cunning and dangerous to an extreme. She is able to subtly manipulate people while appearing to make overtly crude attacks. A characteristic of this demonness is that she passionately hates ordered thought, ordered speech, and ordered behavior. Thus she is dedicated to the task of creating disorder and anarchy. She hates rules, commandments, and systems which might bring order, harmony and system to the soul within.

CHORONZON is dangerous precisely because she almost never manifests physically, her craft being to make the victim think he is in perfect control over his own mind. When she does manifest, is usually only as a voice, though sometimes she manifests as thousands of voices to give the impression that thousands of demons are present. That is why I describe her (and the other 'wives of satan') as anti-life – she is an empty shell which she presents as a substantial universe, but which in truth is nothing. Presenting her world as deliciously attractive and freeing, it is not until the victim is in her vortex that he realizes that he has been tricked and that his ultimate destination – if he doesn't break out – is a kind of spiritual 'black hole'. Those who have been sucked into this 'black hole' and are delivered from it believe that they "are" the darkness and are dead. Yet it is an illusion, as are all demonic ploys. That structureless world is known by Kabbalists as qilpoth. It is no more or less than hell's sewage vessel.

This state of oblivion is presented to victims of Satanic Ritual Abuse (SRA) as a kind of 'counter-paradise'. By latching on to the dark side of the ego or 'false self', Choronzon and her allies like Hecate create the false illusion that the false self is the true one. And quite naturally the soul, deprived of consciousness of the true self, believes that there is no hope and that the Christian portrayal of Yahweh's world is all illusion. That way they are tricked into remaining in darkness because they fear that by leaving it everything will collapse – or to use the expression of some survivors of SRA that I know, "there is no safety-net" beyond what they know

SOURCE: Excerpts from Choronzon: Dark Side Demonness of 333 . Self-criticism sheet courtesy anonymous clandestine organization personnel from a recent (mid-June) trauma-induced programming ordeal.

ABSOLUTE TERROR

(June 16, 2016)



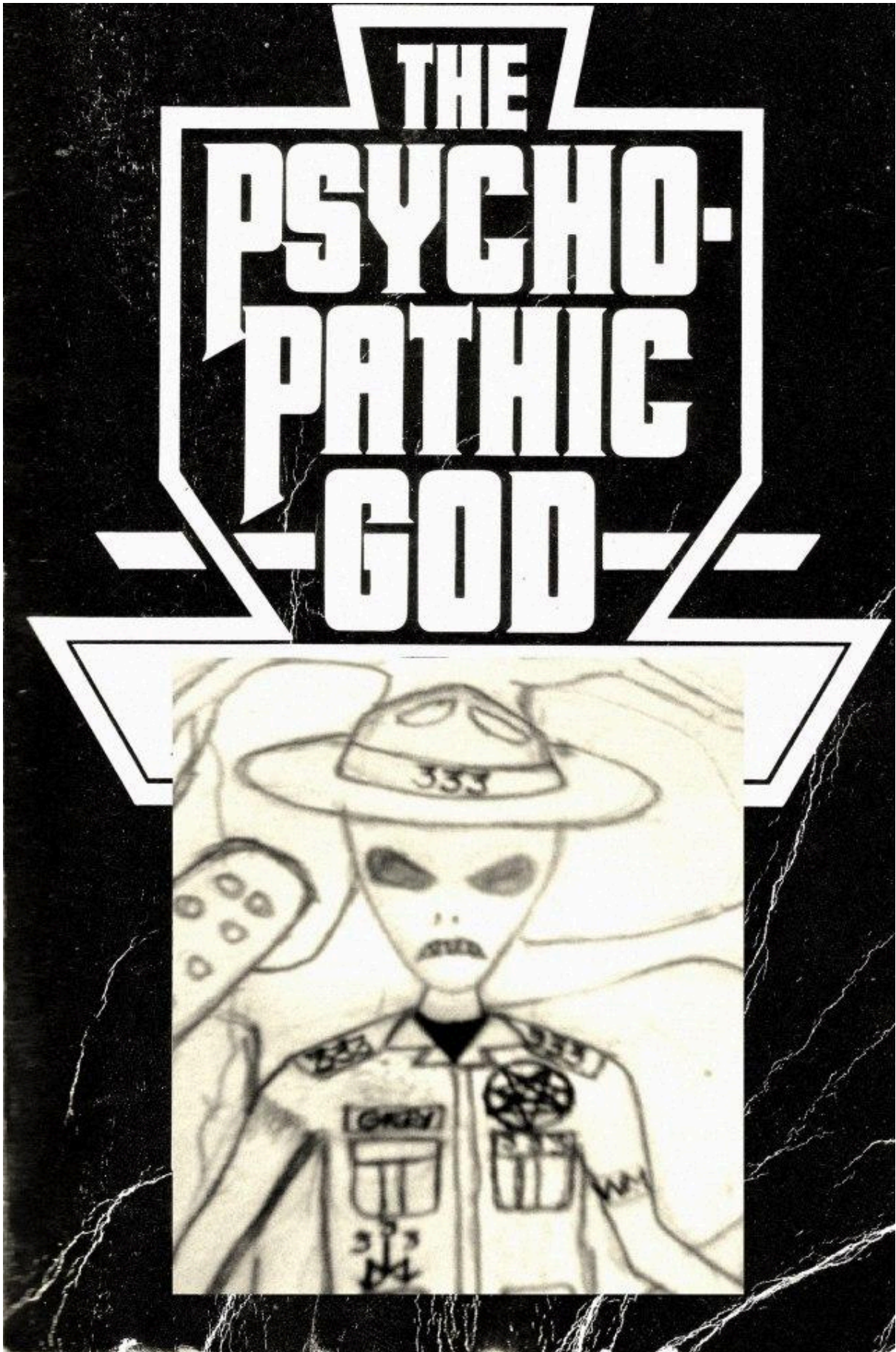
The commander stressed the importance of extremely harsh discipline within the organization, with an internal apparatus of repression to match his unmatched megalomania, rising paranoia and fanatic need for cultivating an atmosphere of absolute terror within and without. Punishment of the corporal nature from levels going from conservative to obscene was normative rather than being the exception to the rule. If terror reigned supreme within the organization itself, the commander reasoned, then those so exposed would be perfected as instruments to spread terror outside of the territories currently acting as organizational strongholds. The administrative buildings housing the internal security personnel at HQ were split seventy-five twenty-five between offices (some inside former cells) responsible for amassing reports, organizing surveillance material, the drafting of indictments and enhancing internal disciplinary policy and punitive units, which busied themselves exclusively with interrogation, torture and incarceration.

SOURCE: Excerpted from IRON GATES by Tempel ov Blood, published by Martinet Press 2014 (ISBN-10: 0692306587, ISBN-13: 978-0692306581) IRON GATES is a sci-fi horror / post-apocalyptic novel, detailing a bleak view of the spiritual horrors of the world-to-come. Set seventy years after a worldwide nuclear conflagration, IRON GATES allows the reader a sight into a nightmarish landscape populated by even more nightmarish characters in a hideous future which leaves little to the imagination. Brutal and unsparing, it is not suitable for readers under 18. Readers should be advised of extreme graphic content.

Photograph courtesy of clandestine organizational personnel in the concourse of a trauma-based programming session held at an undisclosed location in North America.

www.archive.ph/bloodtempel.wordpress.com

THE PSYCHOPATHIC GOD
(July 12, 2016)



As the narcotics took hold within Astrid she found herself scanning the torture floor of the hall eagerly, foaming spittle dribbling from her mouth – so many hellish delights to which her still wayward daughters had been and would be subjected to. The freshest girls however, those most fearful – yet untouched – were the objects of her single-minded desire as she watched them being driven forth by the long whips of her already partially developed and highly sadistic entourage. Her eyes narrowed even more as her pupils dilated under the effects of the drugs – the well-worked muscles of her back and triceps suffuse with new life, new sustenance, by dint of the speed and the human protein recently consumed. Which of these fresh daughters would be first subjected to her wrath, her programming, her desire?

Despite Astrid's intention to remain some semblance of composure she found herself laughing, maniacally so, and though her body shackled with mirth within her robes all that escaped her mouth was a raspy hiss – subdued in volume but still enough to attract the attention of both penitents and administrative young sisters-to-be who acted as the facilitators and sometimes as the very extension of her own punitive will – for the latter knew that their disciplinary ministrations reflected that of their command and if their own executionary discipline was not up to par it was Astrid herself whom they would have to answer to. None of the apparatus which spread across the hall was arbitrary in nature – each device, each implement, each environment in miniature being decided upon well in advance; thoughtfully, meticulously, by senior sisters within the cult recruiters and with the expert input of both special intelligence, internal security and the width and breadth of the most secure sectors of the organization. These were the mechanisms built to develop and instill applied terror – for those who so graduating under pressed and punished flesh would be those instilling and applying even greater terror – organized and fearfully despotic – upon similiarly fresh flesh in the outer areas – the regions towards which the sharp-fingered hand the commandant grasped toward, ever closer, in a psychotic will to dominate, possess, transfigure. And – when such transfiguration had come to full flower – what horror then would sprout violently from the shattered, poisoned earth? Astrid laughed in horrific future speculation – this time audibly causing her minions and still green trainees, both equally captive, to shudder.

Time passed forward into time in fluid measure under the effects of the drugs and before Astrid herself knew the moment for further punishment had arrived, the commencement of yet another correctional cycle – each future sister to be receiving and future sister minders to be administrating situated at their respective stations one and all, prepared and at the ready for the sound of the large brass gong and – upon thrice sounded – brutal and harsh discipline to commence. From the area nearest to the entrance to the cells across the hall two small acolytes, extremely young and as such exceedingly short in stature, features hidden completely beneath black robes and hoods, the length of their robes reaching down to the ground itself, giving the impression that they were gliding across the floor, positioned themselves before the golden circular instrument – kneeling down and then extending themselves again with stout wooden staves in hand – the ends bound with a sphere of leather made from taut human skin.

Astrid sat rigid as she awaited her signal – fists bounded together so tight that blood dripped from the small fissures within balled hands – then releasing to shove the last few gelatinous crumbs of narcotic speed-laced corpse product between trembling red lips. The chapel hall stretched before her now even more vast in apprehension, each acolyte to be tortured again and each one virginal to such pain awaiting the very new and unique horrific ministrations of her and her minions, all naked and shaking in fear, each a pulsating human link in a chain of terror that would extend in time to the very fructification of her soon coming destiny, deadly and clandestine.

Once the sound of the gong... then twice... then thrice. Even as the last reverberation of the instrument began to fade through the dread hall it was replaced with another sound altogether – the sounds of dozens upon dozens of screams intermingling one unto the other, the sounds of leather straps, canes of diverse design, wooden paddles along with satanic whips of myriad fashion and flesh itself as the instrument of torment punishing naked flesh. Tandem to this the sudden sound of devilish machinery starting in sputters, generators igniting, the primitive cranks of mechanical devices of torture – then the wailing beginning as these instruments so designed went about their horrible tasks.

Astrid sprang from her seat, her mouth curled into a horrific smile and screamed – her own sound of predatory rapture enhanced by the dint of the trauma-induced brainwashing and sundry training she had undergone for countless years in the dungeons of the commandant creating a deep, trilling and visceral sound that penetrated even the din of the mass torture now taking place. Her shrieking heard and duly apprehended by the organizational personnel her junior, the mass torture did not pause in the timber of its discipline but rather increased. SOURCE: Excerpted from BLUEBIRD – the second installment of the post-apocalyptic trilogy authored by the Tempel ov Blood that began with IRON GATES.

A thirteen year-old girl in a futuristic setting after a year of rigorous cult programming and systematic abuse at the hands of a brutal paramilitary organization finds herself installed as a deity representing the embodiment of chemical and radiological warfare in a disease-ridden DMZ-type border area between the paramilitary organization with whom she enlisted and the gateway to areas of unknown nuclear-war devastated territories from which she came.

BLUEBIRD – forthcoming from Martinet Press in 2016.

DETENTION (July 16, 2016)



ELICITATION – Obtaining information without revealing the intent or exceptional interest of the questioner, through a verbal or written exchange with a subject who may or may not be willing to provide it if he knew the true purpose.

CONTROL – The capacity to cause or change certain types of human behavior by implying or using physical or psychological means to induce compliance. Compliance may be voluntary or involuntary.

Control can rarely be established without control of the environment. By controlling the subject's physical environment, we will be able to control his psychological state of mind.

UNKNOWNING HERALD OF A BLOODY DAWN (July 16, 2016)



One of the thin, wasp-like arms of the commandant reached down to finger the leather nursery strap that hung upon the black webbed utility belt that encircled her waist. Bluebird's eyes widened for she began to see that many more instruments of torture and pain hung from the commandant's belt and she knew in a moment of revelation that as she herself possessed an instrument in the likeness of the commandant's own punishment strap and the administration and authority that such designated she soon would possess those other devices and mechanism of pain and verily be privy to all that they represented. As the commandant fingered the strap, her other hand raised and a long finger extended pointing into the distance – pointing beyond the image, beyond the regional headquarters – into the area of the unconquered region into which Bluebird, Britta and a wide cross-section of the organization's military force would be penetrating now only a few hours hence.

A small filament of smoke began to inexplicably emanate from the extended finger of the commandant and then becoming a small cloud, iron grey and sootish black, which hung in the air. Within it could be seen the crackling of lightning and the sounds of millions of mechanical devices smashing and grinding into one another could be heard emanating from within. As the sound began its harsh rapport hot wet tears began to flow down Bluebird's freckled cheeks, for she knew that this sound was the voice of the commandant herself.

The grey black clouds began to part slightly then and the light within them grew more pronounced – where the rent was made visions began to appear, cascading one upon the other in breakneck speed, yet Bluebird retained each one in its entirety – every aspect and import that was meant to be relayed by the commandant comprehended. In her visions blood spilled in waves upon waves, pools of blood in which the enemies of the organization drowned in abject despair. She saw her own martial forces, her units that marched beneath a pale blue flag bearing the black outline of a human figure from which expanded a starburst extending outward from an area between the heart and throat. She saw herself, radiant upon the back of an organizational tactical vehicle, standing aloft as winds carrying upon them spectral wraiths composed of yellow poisonous gas and before her alien figures, identities entirely obscured inside hazardous material suits, spreading out over a ruined landscape filled with screams, sobs and faces that had begun to melt into themselves.

Both of the girls visions slowly faded to black and fitful sleep came upon them. As the embers of the fire beneath the propaganda image of the commandant began to burn low the cult recruiters softly quietly moved about these two platinum graduates of the commandant's training center. The needles and wires were removed from their wrists, restraints undone and their naked bodies gingerly lifted up withdrawing them from the metal inserts which had penetrated them. Small beds had been prepared, beneath the ever-watchful image of the commandant, and the two naked figures were wrapped in rough-hewn blankets and allowed to rest if only for a few hours. Outside of the bay doors of the loading area a reddish orange sun began to rise from behind the heavily wooded hills of the border region and somewhere in the rebel territories a cockerel began to crow, the unknowing herald of a bloody dawn. SOURCE: Excerpted from BLUEBIRD – the second installment of the post-apocalyptic trilogy authored by the Tempel ov Blood that began with IRON GATES.

A thirteen year-old girl in a futuristic setting after a year of rigorous cult programming and systematic abuse at the hands of a brutal paramilitary organization finds herself installed as a deity representing the embodiment of chemical and radiological warfare in a disease-ridden DMZ-type border area between the paramilitary organization with whom she enlisted and the gateway to areas of unknown nuclear-war devastated territories from which she came.

BLUEBIRD – forthcoming from Martinet Press in 2016.

GULAG

(July 30, 2016)



GULAG “Black Lodge Discipline Center” presents a hideous inaugural power electronics delivery and the first audio project internal to and authorized by the Tempel ov Blood. A harsh sonic delivery, GULAG is spearheaded by a Commissar of the TOB and features liberal samples of actual correctional punishments, abuse and forced worship recorded within the TOB’s Black Lodge Discipline Center.

Now available in a professional cassette release on the thirtieth of July in honor of the Great Terror via Deathwave Nexion and licensed through Martinet Press. Available from TOB directly for \$10 USD including shipping and handling. GULAG “Black Lodge Discipline Center” cassette, TOB support patch and GULAG badge \$25 USD shipping and handling inclusive. Purchase within United States only. Inquiries to: nightmover@hush.com

“I was made to lie face down and beaten on the soles of my feet and my spine with a rubber strap ... For the next few days, when those parts of my legs were covered with extensive internal hemorrhaging, they again beat the red-blue-and-yellow bruises with the strap and the pain was so intense that it felt as if boiling water was being poured on these sensitive areas. I howled and wept from the pain. I incriminated myself in the hope that by telling them lies I could end the ordeal.”

UNDEAD ELECT

(August 31, 2016)



A vampire is capable of a hatred unbound, possessed of predatory instincts completely unleashed because the vampire – unlike the cattle of the human-based left-hand path – is not beholden to the sort of restrictions that concern the “high-minded”, effete proponents of a so-called left-hand path deracinated and declawed from all that which would in essence facilitate a transfiguration toward the state of apex predator.

Real-world evil, criminality, espionage, terror. These are not “catch-phrases” but instead very emphatic suggestions – several or all which much be met, all interlocking, to whet the blade from which the inhuman predator – the vampire – will begin to determine what is indeed actionable from the standpoint of the undead elect.

A TRUE PREDATOR IS A SADIST (September 24, 2016)



There are only two types of species in this world, predator and prey, master and slave. Human beings are not at the top of the food chain, the Vampyric predator is. A predator serves only one role, to rule. While his prey's destiny is to serve. Most never realize they are predators, they go about their day not even aware that they seek to control and manipulate others. Their fragile ego protects their conscious mind of the brutal truth. The Vampyre recognizes who and what he is, a predator of man. A true predator is a sadist, finding great pleasure in his work.

SOURCE: Excerpted from Ode to the Predator, Liber 333, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2014 (ISBN-13: 978-1492282204, ISBN-10: 1492282200) Article originally appeared in False Prophet: Internal Journal of the Tempel of Blood Volume I, Issue 3 from Angleton Imprints, distributed exclusively by Black Light Distribution. Graphic courtesy Commissar NSK taken inside Black Lodge Discipline Center.

SHADOWS IN THE CORNERS AND WHISPERS ON THE STAIRS (October 4, 2016)



“All pain seemed to come with lots of blood, and lots of mental anguish, too. I already knew about that. Maybe that was the worst kind of pain, because nobody knew about it but you.”

“I lay so still in the gloom I could hear the house breathe, and the boards of the floors whispered, conniving a way to keep me here forever.”

“Shadows in the house put shadows in the mind.”

“What is normal? Normal is only ordinary; mediocre. Life belongs to the rare, exceptional individual who dares to be different.”

“There were shadows in the corners and whispers on the stairs and time was as irrelevant as honesty.”

SOURCE: My Sweet Audrina

HOUSE OF TORMENT

(October 10, 2016)

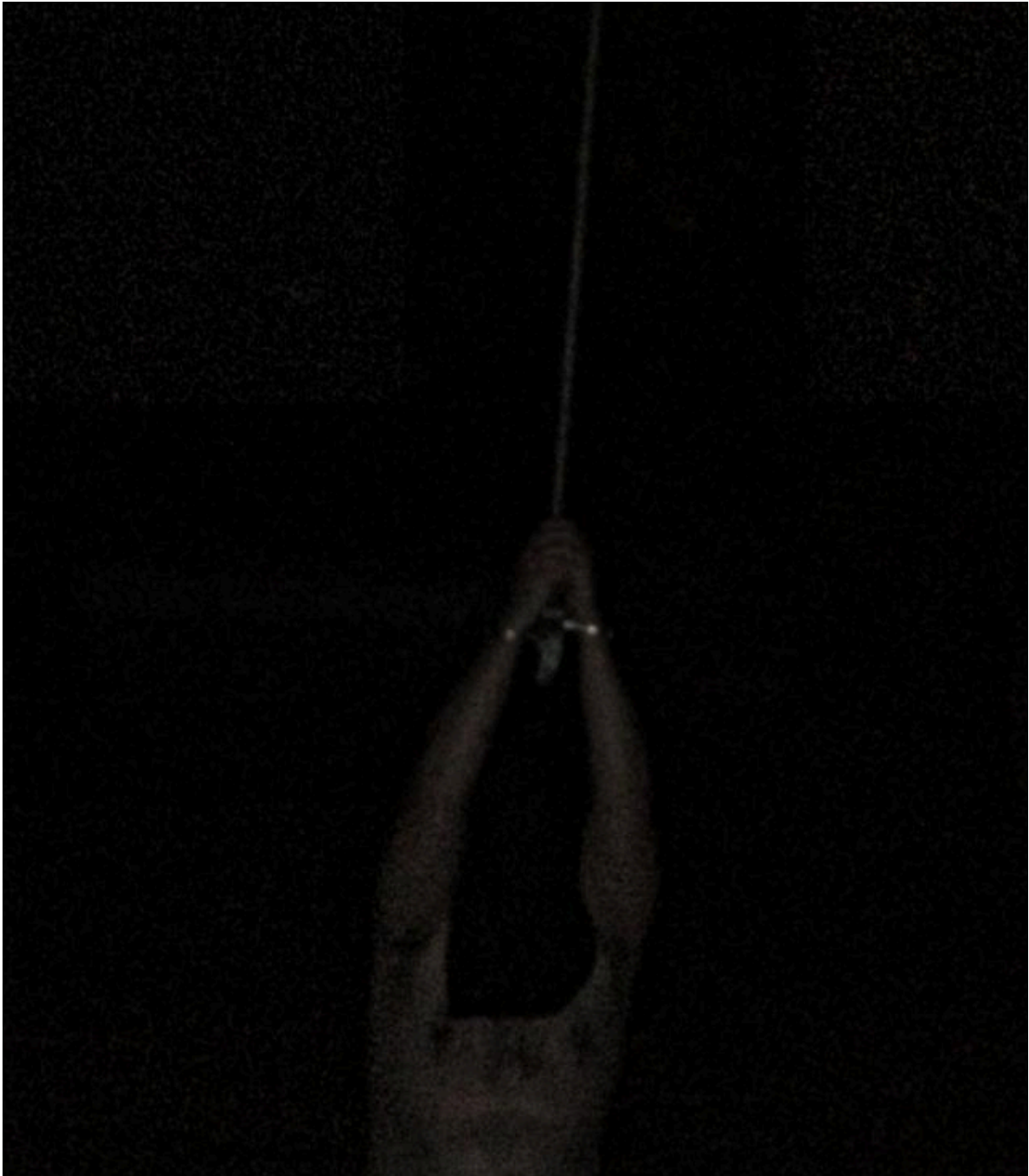


“Cult belief presumed the existence of Satan as an entity, and further presumed human depravity in his name nearly beyond the imaginable.”

SOURCE: Suffer The Child by Judith Spencer. Photograph courtesy clandestine organizational center, monarch programming undertaken late September 2016 Era Horrificus.

WE NEVER SLEEP

(October 11, 2016)



A recently released report by the US Senate Select Committee on Intelligence focused on the CIA's detention and interrogation program following the 9/11 terrorist attacks. According to the report, among the "enhanced interrogation techniques" used in this program was sleep deprivation: "Sleep deprivation involved keeping detainees awake for up to 180 hours, usually standing or in stress positions, at time with their hands shackled above their heads. At

least five detainees experienced disturbing hallucinations during prolonged sleep deprivation and, in at least two of those cases, the CIA nonetheless continued the sleep deprivation.” Since the release of the report, Americans have debated whether or not the methods used by the CIA can be properly called “torture.” I don’t know about the other methods, but I do know that the methods of sleep deprivation reportedly used are clearly acts of torture. In fact, prolonged sleep deprivation is an especially insidious form of torture because it attacks the deep biological functions at the core of a person’s mental and physical health. It is less overtly violent than cutting off someone’s finger, but it can be far more damaging and painful if pushed to extremes.

Why is this? Start with the fact that sleep is a basic biological necessity for all humans, indeed for all creatures on the planet. There is some natural variability and flexibility in the sleep cycle, hence people can go 24 or more hours without sleep in the right circumstances, without any lasting harm other than additional “rebound” sleep the next time they are able to sleep normally. However, if a person is deprived of sleep for longer than that, several mental and physical problems begin to develop.

The first signs of sleep deprivation are unpleasant feelings of fatigue, irritability, and difficulties concentrating. Then come problems with reading and speaking clearly, poor judgment, lower body temperature, and a considerable increase in appetite. If the deprivation continues, the worsening effects include disorientation, visual misperceptions, apathy, severe lethargy, and social withdrawal.

For ethical reasons, professional researchers have never pushed the deprivation process beyond this point with human subjects. Researchers have used animals for more extreme experiments, and the inevitable result is that prolonged sleep deprivation will eventually kill a creature. Various behavioral impairments accumulate along the way as the deprivation continues, but if the experiment is pushed far enough the final result is always a widespread physiological failure leading to death. The cumulative effects of sleep deprivation go beyond the loss of this or that specific function to a precipitous, ultimately fatal decline in all functions.

Part of the reason for this calamitous breakdown is that during sleep the immune system performs a host of vital regenerative functions that are absolutely necessary for a healthy mind and body in waking life. When a person is deprived of sleep, the immune system becomes unable to perform these functions. The negative effects become much more intense when people are already sick, injured, or traumatized. Whatever bodily damage they have suffered will not heal as fast. Whatever pain they are feeling will get worse. Whatever new bodily damage threatens them will be harder to defend against.

Forcibly depriving a person of sleep is a profound assault on the entire biological system at the foundation of that person’s mind and body.

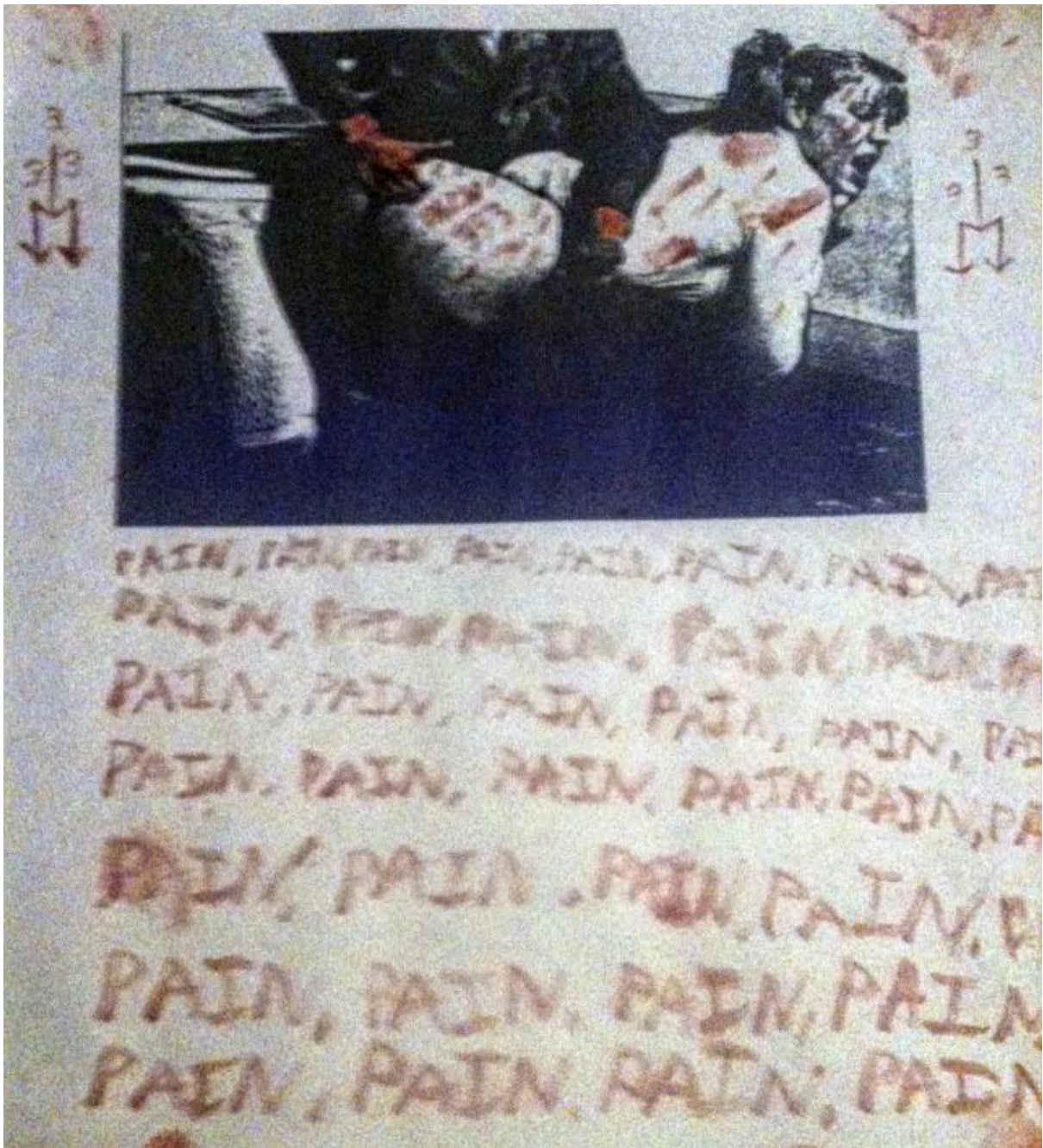
Some have argued that torture, although morally reprehensible, may in some cases be worth it if the information gained helps to save innocent American lives.

Again, that may or may not be true with other torture methods, but it is almost certainly false in cases using sleep deprivation. One of the first symptoms of sleep deprivation in humans is a disordering of thought and bursts of irrationality. Beyond 24 hours of deprivation people suffer huge drops in cognitive functions like accurate memory, coherent speech, and social competence. Eventually the victims suffer hallucinations and a total break with reality.

SOURCE: Excerpted from *Why Sleep Deprivation is Torture* by Kelly Bulkeley Ph.D. Photograph courtesy clandestine organizational center, monarch programming undertaken late September 2016 Era Horrificus. In the image as depicted sleep deprivation and stress positions are applied with clandestine organization personnel hooded with hands suspended above head in correctional shackles so that subject is required to stand on the tip of the toes for prolonged periods of time as any relaxing of position will cause immediate pain and overtime permanent damage via the shackled wrists.

PAIN HAS A FACE

(October 16, 2016)



“Oh my Father, Lord of Silence, Supreme God of Desolation, though mankind reviles yet aches to embrace, strengthen my purpose to save the world from a second ordeal of Jesus Christ and his grubby mundane creed. Show man instead the raptures of Thy kingdom. Infuse in him the grandeur of melancholy, the divinity of loneliness, the purity of evil, the paradise of pain.”

SOURCE: Excerpted from the script for *The Final Conflict*, David Seltzer, 1981. Graphic courtesy clandestine organizational personnel from a self-criticism session and trauma-induced programming ordeal from October 14th, 2016 Era Horrificus.

WHEN DOOM DRAWS NEAR THE VULTURES WILL GATHER

(October 18, 2016)



All of the shock troops there in small assembly bore crude tattoos marking them as adherents of the commandant's cult – mushroom clouds bearing insane and deranged faces, myriad explicit scenes of gleeful torture and killing of innocents as well as strange abstract symbols which were believed to channel the bleak energies of nuclear death personified.

As they stared into the night sky they could feel those markings burning and pulsating as above the strange clouds continued their bizarre turnings.

As the female shock trooper had labored during the earlier afternoon, sweat dripping down her brow as she dug trenches under the dangerous and highly ultraviolet rays of the sun above, she had felt a pain wrench through her on her right side – coming on suddenly and so violently that she had doubled over. As the sharp piercing sensation retreated into a dull throb she straightened herself, aware that her body had suddenly come beneath a shadow that came and then receded along an interval pattern. Staring upward she saw them – huge, black vultures circling in counter-clockwise fashion, casting the darkness of their outstretched, stinking blood-flecked wings upon not the dead but the living.

From the cult recruiters on the periphery on their missions of procurement, to the shock troops building the infrastructure of terror itself and even among those young ones – those recently procured – the females among their number exchanging their rotted garments for the black robes of the acolyte – all were aware that time was shifting in a fashion most unnatural. Not only were they individually being taken in hand by dark forces entirely outside of their

control but the earth itself and the laws that governed it, ungovernable as the scorched earth seemed at times, were being changed – manipulated. Increasingly there was the palpable sense that reality itself was becoming a shimmering miasma, a hallucination with a handler most dread at the helm and the land itself a liminal space bereft of even the semblance of natural progression – a sense that anything could happen.

The female shock trooper remembered now in total recall the vultures circling above and so closely in the late afternoon, remembering the unmistakable feeling that those flecks of stale blood from their rot-covered wings raining down on her upturned face effected – gently caressing her in a blasphemous anointing. She recalled the tears that had come to her eyes without conscious volition, fracturing her vision like a broken mirror and the sight of the walls of the commander’s headquarters beyond – the razor-tipped concertina wire shimmering underneath the rays of that aging sun above them, most horrible, seeming to stretch limitlessly in all directions. Now that night had fallen the razor wire still shined brightly – illuminated and visible for miles by the anti-aircraft lights that had been requisitioned from the old military bases, now overgrown and crumbling, a sign of the commander’s unbridled hubris and uncanny penchant and ability to control and possess.

Each of the shock troopers eyes were now transfixed to the night sky – each sharing the same vision: the clouds churning violently, separating then merging, swirling at some disturbance of an occult nature that none of them could readily ascertain. Each saw in the periphery of their sight the distant secure perimeter of the commander’s headquarters and each saw in varying stages of advance that razor-wire encircling not only the commander’s headquarters but the whole totality of the planet. From the iron clouds above them a precipitation began to fall – not water but blood and intermingled therein flesh, chopped and still bleeding. Far beyond upon the black horizon where the curvature of the earth was blatantly visible they saw falling stars – one at first, then several – then dozens, hundreds – thousands. The deathly sickle that had once descended, more than seventy years past, was descending once again and who could withstand what was to come when nuclear holocaust presented itself, herself, not shrouded in the concealment of generals hell-bent on destruction but there in fullness, in a form most personal, in the host of those so fanatically committed to the fulfillment of her will?

SOURCE: Excerpted from BLUEBIRD – the second installment of the post-apocalyptic trilogy authored by the Tempel ov Blood that began with IRON GATES.

A thirteen year-old girl in a futuristic setting after a year of rigorous cult programming and systematic abuse at the hands of a brutal paramilitary organization finds herself installed as a deity representing the embodiment of chemical and radiological warfare in a disease-ridden DMZ-type border area between the paramilitary organization with whom she enlisted and the gateway to areas of unknown nuclear-war devastated territories from which she came.

BLUEBIRD – forthcoming from Martinet Press in 2016.

I DECIDED TO GET RID OF THE OBSOLETE IDEA OF MORALITY

(October 23, 2016)



It is not for nothing that the archetypal presentation of the vampire in folklore and representations from antiquity present the vampire as an inhabitant of the extreme wilderness of existence – unclean in their constitution, nature and proclivities existing in a state and environment complimentary to that state of separation, disdain and hatred of all that which is considered sacred to humanity whether that apparent sanctity be held forth as such from a religious, cultural or societal standpoint. No matter how seemingly expert one may be as a neophyte in presenting to others – whether these others be friendly or hostile to ones pursuits – for a fraction of the time the mood that one thinks embodies the vampiric – without a profound and indeed devastating level of separation from the human herd one is only play-acting – a dabbler at best, a purveyor of utterly dry and impotent mimicry at worst.

It is not enough to invert the cross – nor enough to trample upon the sanctified host – though both, at least for those coming from a religious background, may provide at very least shadow symptoms of compromising one's own base programming – providing the first hunter's scent of what it might mean to become an actual agent of chaos – of engaging in a tangible way with darkness and causing real disruption to oneself, to others and to institutions

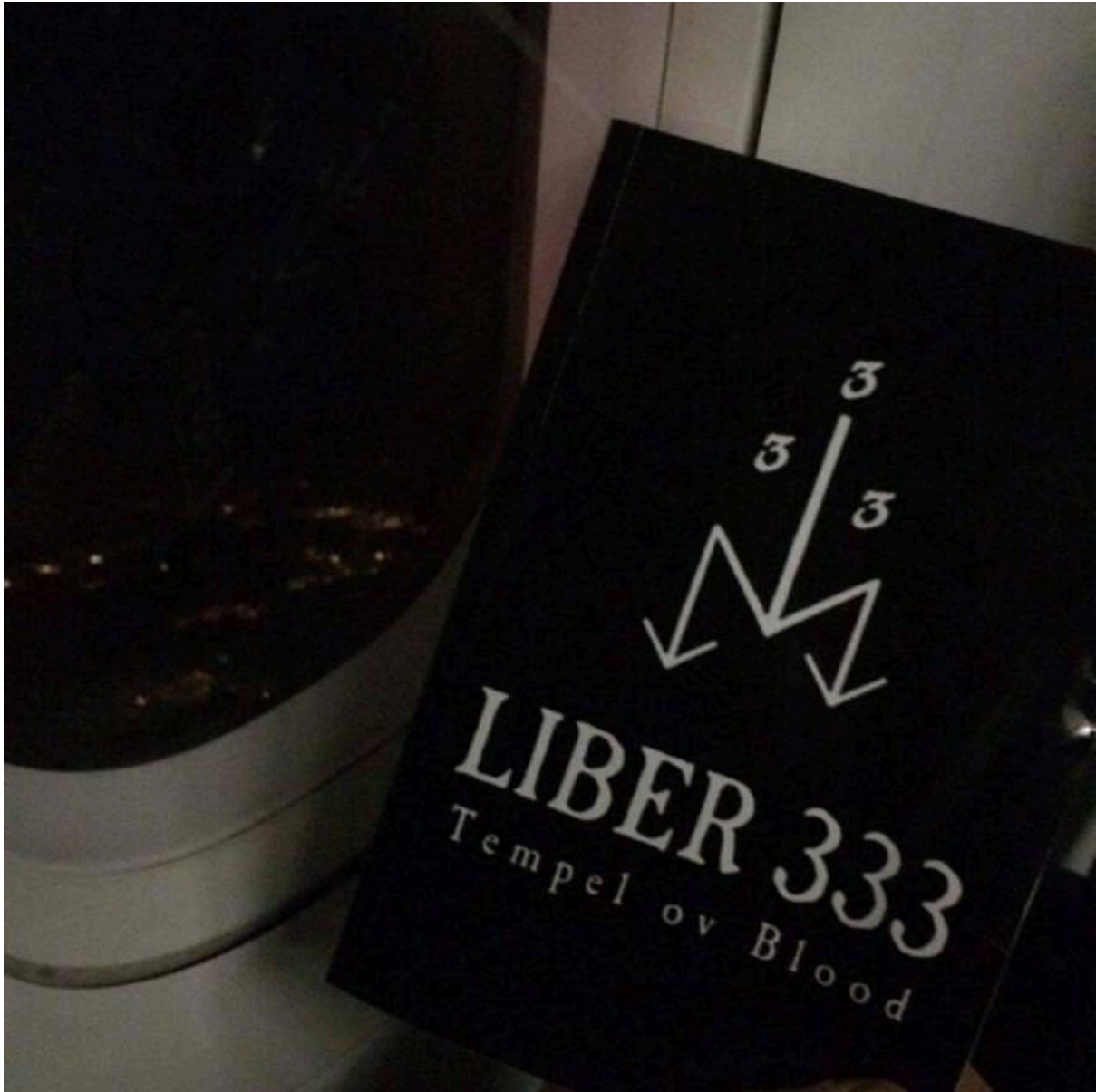
which may be considered an appropriate canvas upon which to illustrate ones burgeoning and increasingly inhuman wrath.

And, if one avails oneself of the immediate, preliminary and entirely requisite stage of accepting in earnest the poison that is the vampiric current, the seed from which the undead state will sprout, that inhuman wrath will come – even unbidden – for many of the developments that one will experience along the amoral path of black vampirism, forbidden as they are for those clinging to their humanity, will come without forewarning.

SOURCE: Excerpted from *Emerge as Sociopath, Tempel ov Blood 2016 Era Horrificus*.
Photograph depicts a hooded AGENT VM32 during the concourse of a rank advancement ordeal staged in a wilderness area in the United States in late October of this year.

TORTURE AND CANNIBALISM WERE THE ONLY TWO EXPEDIENTS

(November 8, 2016)



“Evidence of atrocities; an average of six corpses per day, continues to emerge... the corpses; some fresh, some decomposed, are mainly of old men. Many have been shot in the back of the head or had throats slit, others have been mutilated. Isolated pockets of elderly civilians report people recently gone missing or detained.”

SOURCE: Excerpts from the confidential assessment of Krajina in 1995 according to Robert Fisk writing for The Independent. Photograph of a Drakon Covenant associate in flight over Bosnia.

STRONGHOLD

(November 9, 2016)



“Now those little ones have become stars, falling, rushing downward to hell, earthly hell, and, once their light has become extinguished – as dying stars are oft to do – they will become lights once again, twinkling lights of illumination each and every one of them amidst the thousands of glass mirrors in the chandeliers amidst that most secret fortress, the beacon of the Dark Mothers, felt by only her most choice.”

SOURCE: Excerpted from Dark Mothers, Tempel ov Blood 2016 Era Horrificus. Photograph from an AGENT rank advancement ordeal in rural America, early November.

ONCE THE MIND IS OPENED, SATAN IS SURE TO ENTER

(November 15, 2016)



Organizations with a wide range of political and criminal agendas have historically relied on coercive interrogation and brainwashing of various types to force submission and information from enemies and victims, and to indoctrinate and increase cooperation in members and captors. In modern times, these techniques are used by political/military/espionage organizations, race/ethnic hate-groups, criminal groups (e.g., child pornographers and sex rings, and international traffickers of women, children, guns, and drugs) and exploitative and destructive cults with spiritual or other agendas. Methods of “thought reform” used by such groups include intimidation, social isolation, religious indoctrination, threats against victims or their loved ones, torture, torture of co-captives, and brainwashing through social influence or deprivation of basic needs, such as sleep or food (see *Releasing the Bonds: Empowering People to Think for Themselves* (2000), by Steven Hassan).

SOURCE: Excerpted from *Mind Control: Simple to Complex*. Photograph of trauma-induced programming ordeal for DSG, courtesy AGENT VM32.

LORD OF MURDER

(December 1, 2016)



“You are going to suffer, you filth!”

The lieutenant loomed over Wendy, his face contorted in deranged rage, spittle expectorating from betwixt clenched jaws and catching in his thick black mustache as each word was emphasized with the unmistakable promise of violence. Gaubni himself was his adviser now, speaking words of instruction that only the lieutenant could hear – transmitting his satanic directives directly into the lieutenant’s mind. Only through horror could the Great Demon be propitiated – and on this night the woods would resound with the bleak screams of molestation and torture.

Dark forces were afoot in the land as the combined martial forces of the organization lurched towards the borders of their territory – creeping death which would result in mass culling employing new measures terrible in their properties and destructive in purpose. All that could be leveraged in the multi-faceted campaign was being leveraged, evidentiary in the fact that the myriad internal security, intelligence, shock troops and cult recruiters had left the commander’s headquarters with visions of the commander and commandant both freshly emblazoned within their visions – the gods-in-flesh-bodies appearing before them personally, blessing the machines of death and the grim butchers who wielded them.

From the hypercenter – that place where the rivers roiled and flesh melted – the skeletal finger of the commandant extended, sheathed in gleaming black, indicating with sickly intent the amassed sacrifice – its coordinates and properties – properties which would be made anew in her image, conditions which would be made extraordinary. The scorched earth itself served as the sacrificial abattoir in the foothills. Black figures swarmed across the land, a mobilization to which no counter-mobilization was possible.

SOURCE: Excerpted from BLUEBIRD – the second installment of the post-apocalyptic trilogy authored by the Tempel ov Blood that began with IRON GATES.

A thirteen year-old girl in a futuristic setting after a year of rigorous cult programming and systematic abuse at the hands of a brutal paramilitary organization finds herself installed as a deity representing the embodiment of chemical and radiological warfare in a disease-ridden DMZ-type border area between the paramilitary organization with whom she enlisted and the gateway to areas of unknown nuclear-war devastated territories from which she came.

BLUEBIRD – forthcoming from Martinet Press in 2016.

CONTINUUM

(December 20, 2016)

“There are many possible alternative answers to the question of why victims are alleging things that don’t seem to be true....I believe that there is a middle ground – a continuum of possible activity. Some of what the victims allege may be true and accurate, some may be misperceived or distorted, some may be screened or symbolic, and some may be “contaminated” or false. The problem and challenge, especially for law enforcement, is to determine which is which. This can only be done through active investigation. I believe that the majority of victims alleging “ritual” abuse are in fact victims of some form of abuse or trauma.”

SOURCE: Video from BEAST BARRACKS Channel featuring anonymous clandestine organizational member engaged in trauma-induced programming session in early winter 2016. Quote from Investigator’s Guide to Allegations of “Ritual” Child Abuse by Kenneth V. Lanning, January 1992 archived [here](#).

AGIOS O TERROR

(January 8, 2017)

“One of the areas is that of the overtly illegal, violent attacks against the System. ‘Hit and run’, so to speak. Wouldn’t it make better sense to turn that concept around to ‘run and hit’? It only means that you should first drop out of sight, go underground, and stay that way for however long is required for you to learn to exist comfortably at it. At that point you can go ahead and do – and probably get away with – any damned thing you’d choose to pull.” – James Mason, SIEGE

SOURCE: Tribute submission to the clandestine order. Anonymously sourced.

WAMPHYRIC HATRED

(January 28, 2017)

An aspiration toward Wamphyrism is an aspiration toward that which will harm – not only others, whatever their status may be in terms of human society and human relationship – friends, family, associates – man, woman, child – all the same, all equal subjects for predation, exemptions false in designation for the vampire – but harm untold for the self as well and, perhaps, especially so.

For, within Wamphyrism, all that is human must die – immolated in the fires of a hate unnatural and Undead – for the predator to arise. For this path is not for all – and, perhaps, oftentimes not only for some – in that the spirits, once raised, will be most neglectful of showing mercy for those unsuitable and, in exacting, acausal torment, oftentimes even more unmerciful for those who may in fact have that rare and horrific filament of inhuman nature that might allow passage, rife with sorrow, to the land of the dark immortals.

SOURCE: Video anonymously sourced from a TOB supporter located in continental Europe. Background music courtesy Division Omega. Text excerpted from the foreword by Czar Azag-kala to Codex Aristarchus by A.A. Morain.

IMPLEMENTS OF HELL

(March 4, 2017)



In the Srimad-Bhagavatam the black goddess Kali is described as a “particularly dangerous form of the material energy” – an emphasis given by the most erudite scholars of this branch of the puranic literature which indicates, by its intensifier, an even more treacherous form of entity than that of Maya (most often depicted in the selfsame physical form as Durga, if not Durga herself).

While the individual living entities drift into and then amongst the myriad pathways of deception upon the “lap of the witch” who is Maya, the expansion in the form of the black goddess represents the material energy – chaotic at its very base construction – come now to full flower and accessible by those who revel in that which is ghastly.

Those who approach this dangerous form of the material energy in such a way that does not give due diligence to what she in truth desires of her associates will sink beneath the predatory, hallucinatory waves of her illusionary potency – becoming first adrift upon and then drowning in the impenetrable depths of the abyss she governs – replete with false leads, mirror-images and doctrines devised by her intelligence not to illuminate but rather to damn. Those who will count themselves as her genuine fellow travelers – the asuras – eschew the flouncing, pseudo-intellectual and ultimately impotent levels of the mind that are so dear to but so very suicidal for her human admirers – current and erstwhile. Instead, the sage operator will approach her fortress as would a true worker of evil – a technician – acquiring, manipulating and forging in secret very real implements of hell.

Beneath the cold, calculating and steely gaze of eyes black within black – embedded within armor-like skin – grey, merciless and tactile – the entities of the celestial hellish planets – including a certain clandestine organizational patron – watch with pleasure and with dread. What shall you place beneath the clandestine organizational crest? What shall you develop under the choice, privileged surveillance which your handlers and those beyond afford? Dark blessings await those who avail themselves in kind.

SOURCE: Clandestine organizational altar courtesy SS44. Document as captioned delivered by clandestine organizational center, composed on date of record.

LAKES OF FIRE

(March 11, 2017)



For those who possess the grim yet fanatic will and determination to do so there is little that cannot be experienced in the furtherance of the dictum “evil without limits”. This is the slogan by which the clandestine organization – the TOB – goes about its business. This is the vector by which the harshest entities of hell can be entreated – for nothing less than committed, continued evil in the flesh, real-world evil enacted again and again – will attract the sort of dark forces for which only the genuinely select truly seek succor. Speculations of the mind among the pseudo-LHP mean very little at the end of the day, the specious and ultimately irrelevant pseudo-intellectual ‘musings’ of the fiat literati and, to whatever level, deeply-entrenched in the furtherance of agendas that seek to restrain – rather than unleash – the dark potential for evil amongst mankind, what to speak of seeking for transformation into that which lay beyond.

We tell you this – you ‘virtual’ Satanist milieu – you ‘principled’ half-hearted filth of the would be which will never be:

For every minute you spend in inertia there are individuals on-the-ground, here and now, enacting deeds which transgress not only the tiers of the acceptable which you, in falseness, conceive, but regularly the laws of the land – for our enemies are higher.

For every word you expend – futile and cast to the wind – there are individuals and individuals acting in concert – conspiracies afoot and in process – doing that which should not be done, will not be done – except by the most hideous in intent and brutal in constitution and ideology.

In the second-generation rank accouterments issued to clandestine organization personnel at the level of AGENT at that time and as a reminder and request to that specific internal organizational demographic there is the phrase “WHAT WILL YOU BRING US TODAY?” emblazoned in stark relief upon the scene of ravening wolves consuming human flesh, human lives – turning life and more abundantly into ruin and doom.

If you are willing to proceed along paths which entail real risk – not in a fiat way but rather according to the stringent requirements of an actual institution, requirements inclusive, then reach out – in action – and join us. For we are interested in real blood, in real terror – in real furtherance of “evil without limits.”

For those who have not brought sustenance to the clandestine organization, the blood pool – yet also seek us on the periphery, sans the grim will necessary to bring about a profound confrontation with the undead who compose our number – then we say verily depart from us into everlasting fire, for there you will meet us also – for it is in those lakes of flame that we reside.

SOURCE: Image anonymously sourced. Text courtesy clandestine organizational center circa March 9-10 2017 ERA HORRIFICUS.

WE WILL DROWN YOU IN OCEANS OF BLOOD (March 26, 2017)



So many within the milieu of what constitutes the “Satanic” – perhaps in name only, as the questionable emphasis indicates – scoff at admonitions toward enactment of that which actually constitutes harm, that which actually facilitates terror – psychological and otherwise – though they may promote it as an aesthetic – though even that within limits – or reject it altogether in the erroneous-held conviction that the “true way”, the “liberating and adept-level” path toward darkness and an individuation most fell constitutes rejecting that which comes with very real risk and which lays the groundwork for harm most profound. Our question to you is if you are within the demographic constituting that explicated above then why pursue a path which even in its most deracinated manifestations promotes itself to one way or another as transgressive? Why not pursue a safer, saner line of self-exploration? For the vectors for pursuing the same are many and numerous – though perhaps not possessing the glamor, however self-deceptive in nature, that a titular adherence to that which is “Satanic” might provide.

Those who genuinely seek a bleak path – a path that will draw the attention of the Undead Gods and indeed pave the way for transformation into one of the same in toto – know that the foul appetites of those who have transfigured, distorted and transformed themselves according to the principles of the harsh, black alchemy of vampirism are not decreased but rather accelerated – refined for the delectation of those who not only embody but enact true evil in the real-world – and seeding ruination and doom within the subtle energies upon which the human herd feed, though they know it not.

These appetites are not like the appetites of humans, or those lusting for a transformative state – albeit foul – though pursued in a consciousness most fiat and an enactment most ineffective – but rather those possessed of a predilection for and possessing a constitution suitable for bloodbath, wrath inhuman and breaking the uttermost limits of all that is sane and ethical. To turn the page and make the commitment to evil is but a seemingly slight move away, the ability to do so only hampered by one's own consciousness and the lack of the genuinely demonic therein.

The means and methods have been long in the duration of their presentation, detail-intensive in the vectors by which the Undead can be propitiated and the methods by one can become them – situated in a platform of action both enacted and possible replete and contaminated to the very marrow by horror.

For those who pursue our way in name only – without qualification, without real predilection – know then this: we will drown you in oceans of blood. From beneath the aquine surfaces of that ever-churning, ever-consuming blood abyss will rise those truly of our kind – those who have descended into the interstices of interdimensional, interspecial horror within the grid – only to rise with a consciousness and physical constitution more fell, more horrible in scope and outside the bounds of that which is doable, or conceivable by that which is known.

The nature of the occult is that it is hidden – and that which goes on in secret will remain secret – and those who experience the depths of the same will never tell. Ex silentio, in terrorem.

HATE IS OUR PRAYER, REVENGE OUR BATTLE CRY

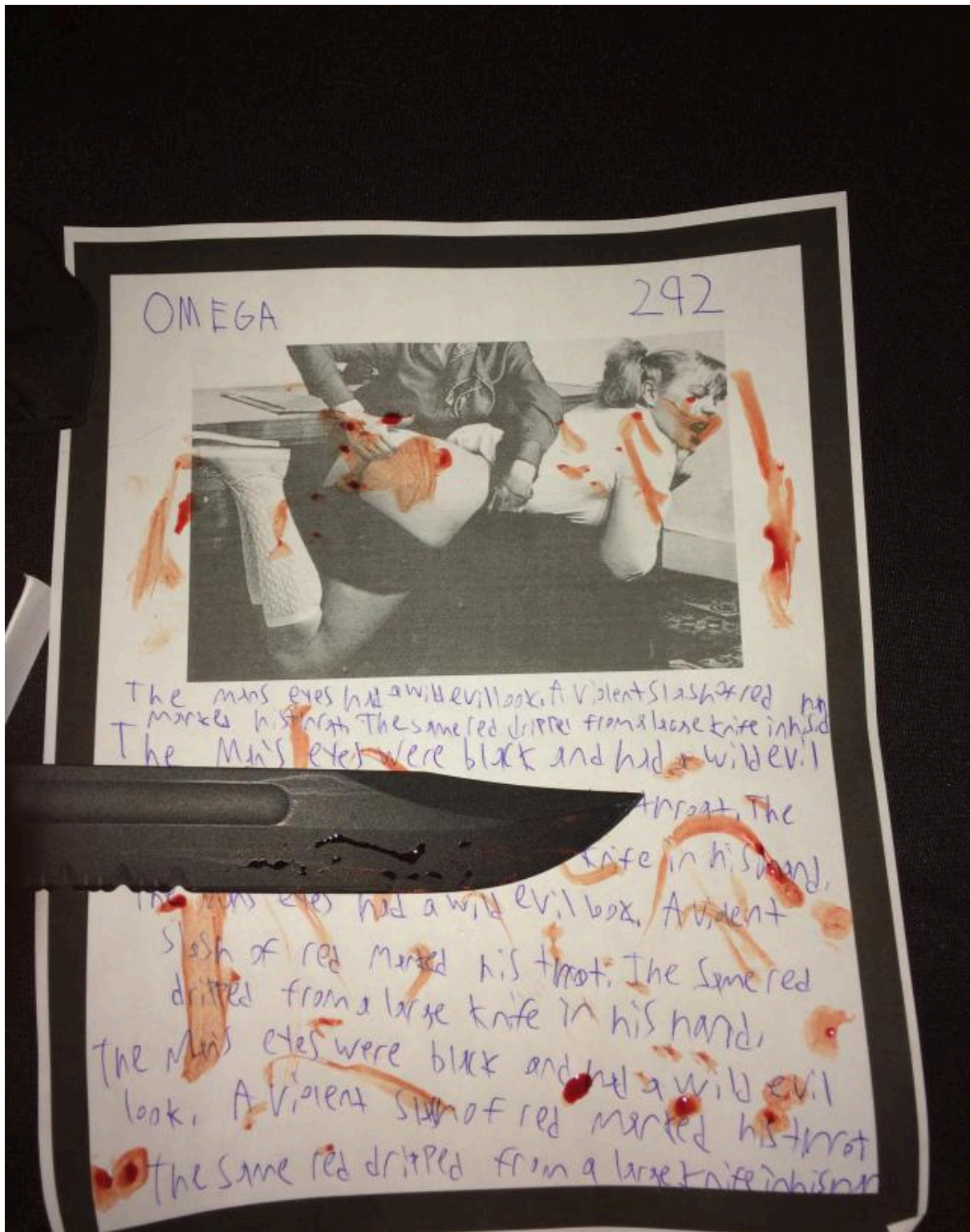
(April 12, 2017)



We are soldiers, there is no escaping that fact. Soldiers in the traditional sense and soldiers in a different sort. We are spiritual warriors, we have an unholy cause to bring an end to mankind. We are not fighting to preserve nations or governments. We are fighting to return our Gods, to become as them. We are soldiers in a traditional sense, because this type of result will not be brought about without combat. Taking the offensive is the only noble thing to do. Goebbels declared to the German people when they were being invaded, 'hate is our prayer, revenge our battle cry.' The stench of an inferior species cannot be tolerated anymore. The only solution to a sick society is annihilation.

SOURCE: Excerpted from Taking the Offensive, Liber 333, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2014 (ISBN-13: 978-1492282204, ISBN-10: 1492282200) Article originally appeared in False Prophet: Internal Journal of the Tempel of Blood Volume I, Issue 3 from Angleton Imprints, distributed exclusively by Black Light Distribution. Graphic anonymously sourced.

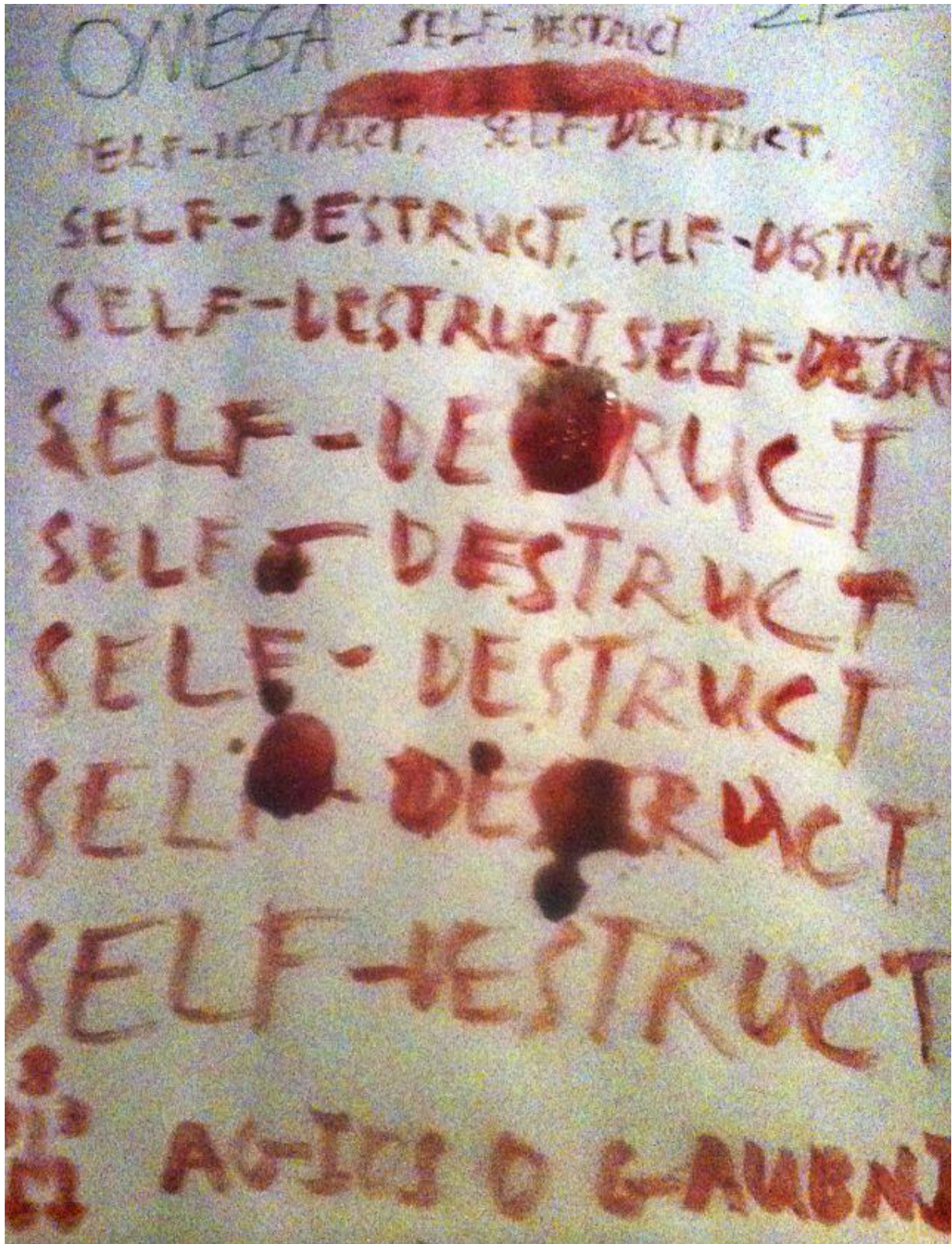
OMEGA (April 13, 2017)



OMEGA. A “self-destruct” form of programming, also known as “Code Green.” The corresponding behaviors include suicidal tendencies and/or self-mutilation. This program is generally activated when the victim/survivor begins therapy or interrogation and too much memory is being recovered.

SELF DESTRICT

(April 13, 2017)

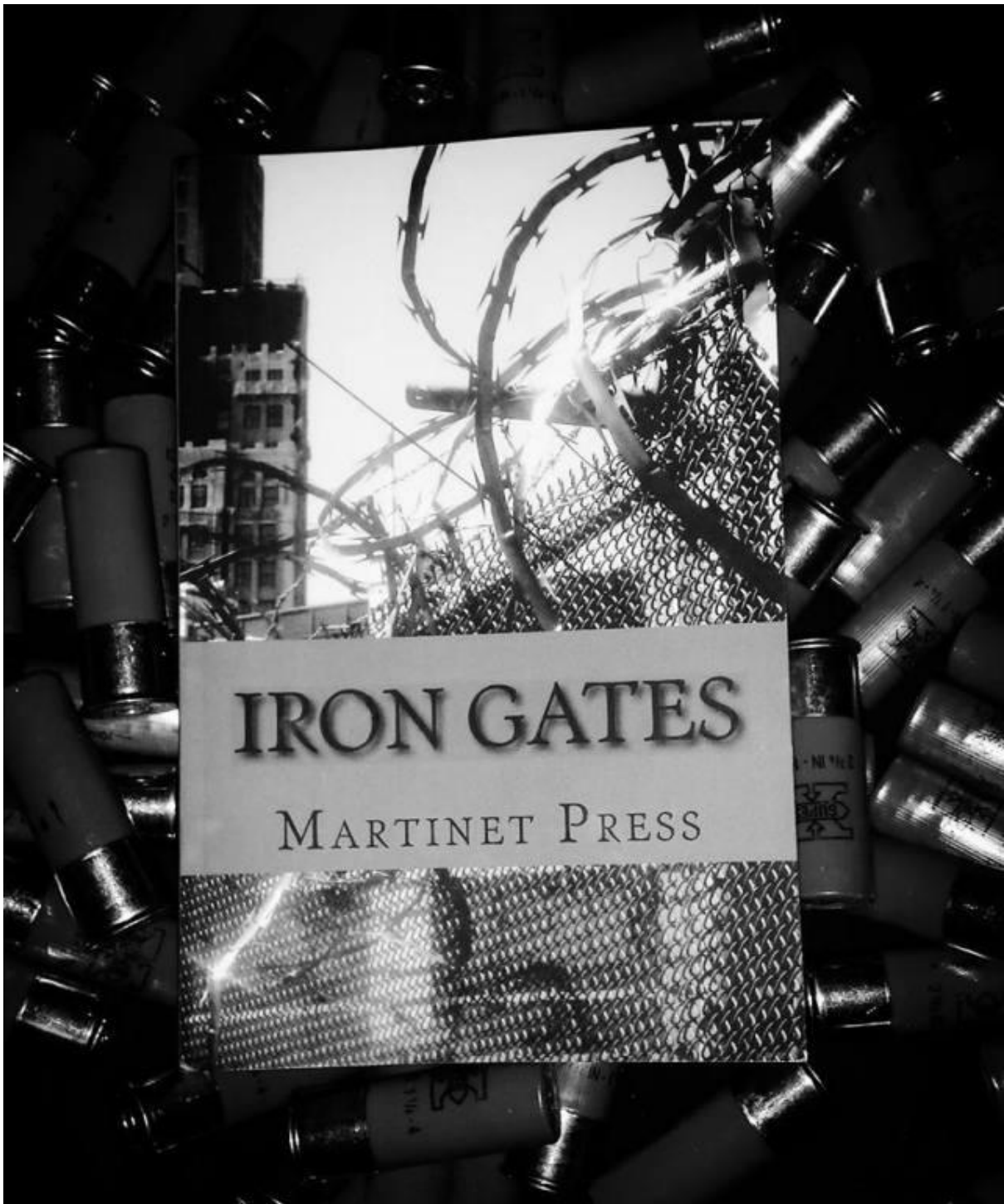


They have found that some programs are guarded by “gatekeepers” with gothic, diabolical sounding names, and different letters of programming are coded with letters from the Greek alphabet. For instance, Alpha is general programming, Beta involves sexual programming, Delta programming holds instructions for how to kill during ceremonies, Theta includes “psychic killing,” and Omega involves suicidal, “self-destruct” programming, as well as self-mutilation. Zeta programming is related to the production of snuff films, and Omicron has to do with drug smuggling.

SOURCE: Trauma-induced programming in the furtherance of Omega programming evidentiary photograph courtesy clandestine organizational personnel. Excerpt from Gatekeepers.

WASPISH DESPOT

(April 14, 2017)



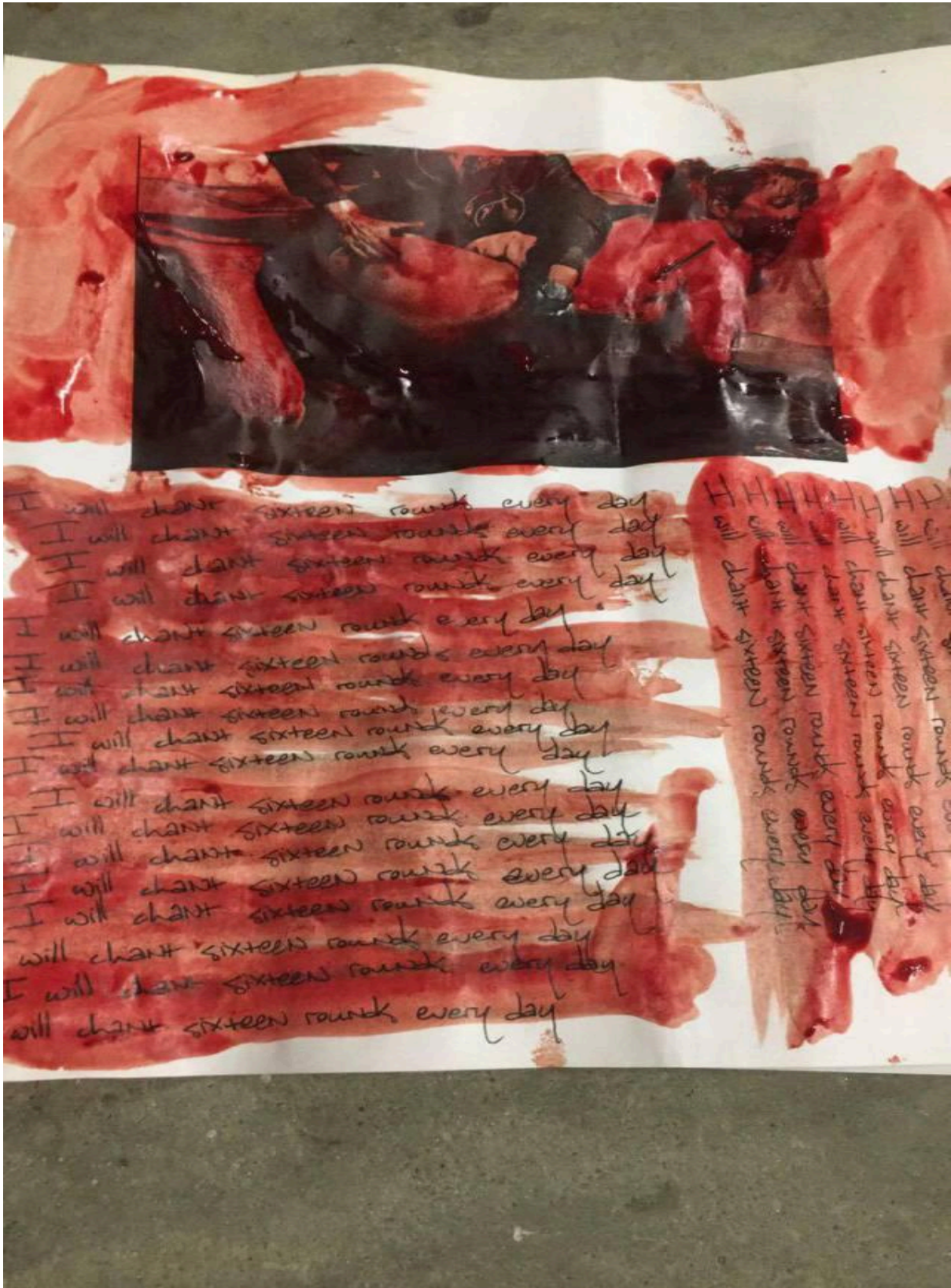
The commandant standing on the bed was of super-high rank, wearing a pointed black helmet of fine mesh and one bleak bar of horizontal goggle lens and erstwhile garbed in a shining black outfit of skintight design and unknown fabric origin. Her large breasts shone like bleak and deadly moons encased in the shining black fabric, one of her waspish and skeletal hands carefully holding a vial containing a green poison liquid, her other clasped triumphantly on the bar separating the bed from the cab of the military automotive.

Her waist bore a thick nylon utility belt with a harsh nursery strap hanging to one side along with implements such as night sticks, restraints and then, in the other, a bleak, long-nosed pistol in a stellar black holster. She was of the elite of the elite, a god in the flesh, the touted female known as the commandant – never seen but worshiped throughout organization-run territories as a black mistress of death, destruction and imploding schizophrenic blood lust – creeping like a mustard gas mist across the destroyed and devastated plains of a post-nuclear hell.

SOURCE: Excerpted from IRON GATES by Tempel ov Blood, published by Martinet Press 2014 (ISBN-10: 0692306587, ISBN-13: 978-0692306581) IRON GATES is a sci-fi horror / post-apocalyptic novel, detailing a bleak view of the spiritual horrors of the world-to-come. Set seventy years after a worldwide nuclear conflagration, IRON GATES allows the reader a sight into a nightmarish landscape populated by even more nightmarish characters in a hideous future which leaves little to the imagination. Brutal and unsparing, it is not suitable for readers under 18. Readers should be advised of extreme graphic content.

SURPASSING ALL LOWER STRATA OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(May 4, 2017)



This chanting of the Hare Krsna mantra is enacted from the spiritual platform, and thus this sound vibration surpasses all lower strata of consciousness – namely sensual, mental and intellectual.

There is no need, therefore, to understand the language of the mantra, nor is there any need for mental speculation nor any intellectual adjustment for chanting this maha-mantra. It is automatic, from the spiritual platform, and as such, anyone can take part in vibrating this transcendental sound without any previous qualification.

Chanting of the Hare Krsna mantra produces transcendental ecstasies, which are eight in number.

1. Being stopped as though dumb
2. Perspiration
3. Standing up of hairs on the body
4. Dislocation of voice
5. Trembling
6. Fading of the body
7. Crying in ecstasy
8. Trance

SOURCE: Excerpt regarding the transcendental ecstasies of chanting the Hare Krishna mahamantra from *The Science of Self Realization* by His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada, Bhaktivedanta Book Trust. Photograph anonymously sourced.

MASTERS OF DISASTER

(May 9, 2017)



"I watched a snail crawl along the edge of a straight razor. That's my dream; that's my nightmare. Crawling, slithering, along the edge of a straight razor... and surviving." – Col. Kurtz, Apocalypse Now

O FELIX CULPA

(May 27, 2017)

Satan is the archetype of the untamed wilderness. His is the skies. His is the earth. He is no stranger to intrigue, espionage, genocide, violence and nuclear war. He is the possessor of secrets. He is the guardian of the occult. He is the master of Awe and Derision. Satan – whose word is CHAOS.

SOURCE: Excerpted from “Discipline of the Gods”, originally released in “Discipline of the Gods/Altars of Hell/Apex of Eternity” printed by Ixaxaar Occult Publications, Tampere, Finland 2003 and limited to 333 copies. Rereleased in Liber 333, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2014 (ISBN-13: 978-1492282204, ISBN-10: 1492282200)

O Felix Culpa: The Tempel ov Blood courtesy Nameless Therein

DARK STARS CONSUME DEAD SUNS AND THE FLESH OF THE ADEPTS

(June 3, 2017)



Dark stars consume dead suns and the flesh of the adepts – by which sustenance they rise anew to shine, cold and hellish, as predators of worlds. SOURCE: Photograph courtesy clandestine organization personnel, depicting an offering to Lord Yamaraja, the lord of death.

WE ALL NEED DISCIPLINE

(June 25, 2017)

The next challenge came in 1977 and carried far heavier implications. The magazine *New West* published a story based on interviews from ten Temple defectors. The article's authors wrote, "Based on what these people told us, life inside Peoples Temple was a mixture of Spartan regimentation, fear and self-imposed humiliation" (Kilduff and Tracy). Former Temple member Elmer Mertle described a technique used by Jones called "catharsis," a form of public humiliation. Mertle said in the article: The first forms of punishment [in the Temple] were mental, where they would get up and totally disgrace and humiliate the person in front of the whole congregation. Jim would then come over and put his arm around the person and say, 'I realize that you went through a lot, but it was for the cause. Father loves you and you're a stronger person now. I can trust you more now that you've gone through and accepted this discipline.' (Kilduff and Tracy)

SOURCE: Evidentiary documentary footage from BEAST BARRACKS Channel featuring clandestine organizational personnel engaging in an enhanced disciplinary ordeal involving trauma-based programming with specific algorithm prompts and recently developed psychic driving techniques. Quote excerpted from *The Psychological Massacre: Jim Jones and the Peoples Temple* by Rose Wunrow.

I AM WALKING DEATH AND THE HAND OF SATAN (September 6, 2017)



I remembered the cast of the sky on that early evening, pre-twilight, when you looked upward at the clouds, watching the ostentation of the sun's slowly failing light creating intricacies of hue and texture as it filtered through them.

I recall with even greater clarity bringing you down into the filth of night, into a land of sweat, poisonous insects and summer beyond the forest lands where the sentinel towers reside to a place where mornings came bleak, horrific and woven with artifice and malice at the sound of the cockerel's crow, the sound of treason.

Now when I consider the sophisticated propulsion-driven machines of death that are forged in your land I feel unrequited – so I fill my mind instead with visions of ripping the limbs off children almost with the ease that those of that demographic might remove the limbs of an arachnid.

I am walking death and the hand of Satan.

NUCLEAR WARS AND THE CHAOS THAT ENSUED (November 29, 2017)



“The stories told of the most brutal and uncaring of the survivors of the apocalypse – those who had not sought to eke out some semblance of the normative reality that most of society had once known prior to the nuclear wars but rather those who had already possessed a penchant for ultra-violence, those suffuse with the most degraded of human proclivities that had been accelerated by the increasing state of upheaval that led to the final terminal nightmare. For that sort the nuclear wars – and the chaos that ensued – represented opportunity. In their minds, the fact that they had counted themselves among the few survivors amidst the termination of billions held within it the promise of a satanic destiny awaiting. While many of them had enjoyed their own sadistic pleasures either singly or in small bands the reputation quickly spread of the southern area where large-sale organized

terror was being fomented systematically – rumors of a region that represented the zenith of hell on earth administered by demons in flesh bodies whose appetite for bloodshed, carnage and horror knew no bounds.”

SOURCE: Excerpted from BLUEBIRD – the second installment of the post-apocalyptic trilogy authored by the Tempel ov Blood that began with IRON GATES.

A thirteen year-old girl in a futuristic setting after a year of rigorous cult programming and systematic abuse at the hands of a brutal paramilitary organization finds herself installed as a deity representing the embodiment of chemical and radiological warfare in a disease-ridden DMZ-type border area between the paramilitary organization with whom she enlisted and the gateway to areas of unknown nuclear-war devastated territories from which she came.

Graphic courtesy Nameless Visions.

AND REND ASUNDER THE WORLD **(December 15, 2017)**



“The labyrinth of the mind is something to be plumbed intensely, frequently and with no quarter as to the severity in so doing. This dread exploration is best done in tandem with an exploration – even and as of strict a nature – with the flesh. That which is disciplined, that which is punished, and oftentimes most severely, shall be conditioned in and of itself to apply that same strictness to not only itself by rote but to all others so deserving – thereby conditioning the environment and the inhabitants thereof, and thereby grasping that hideous hold on the nature of reality itself, to distort and subvert as one sees fit. Both mind and flesh must be weaponized, with an excess of attention and exactitude – for they in twine are the twin serpents of wrath which shall rend asunder the world.” – The Book of Dark Mothers

SCREAMING ANGELS (December 16, 2017)



Some have posited in years past a schema by which energies of the Sinister Feminine might come to the forefront – expressing however an almost insipid, vague vision and without charting a course in such a way that such may be enacted, cent percent, and brought into reality. Illusions, delusions and fever dreams of those who do not possess the maximum of will and determination to see hard vision brutally birthed on the stage of the concrete, applied to the flesh, psycho-physiology and consciousness alike are like ephemeral dreams – present in their first considering, gone and dissipated with the morning light. The fanatics of evil without limits have, will and are continually pushing through this inertia. By dreadful, hideous measures of will made flesh enacting the sort of austerities which make the angels scream and the spirits of the earth shudder in the disturbance to natural order that such hideous transfigurations afford. This is the fell way, that amoral, psychotic pathway of demon and demoness conjoined – facilitating the will of the Dark Mothers who do not seek to forward the natural but that which is instead unnatural, that which is decidedly excessive, decidedly blasphemous and amoral and thus, bearing the scent of the catastrophic.

– **The Book of Dark Mothers**

TURN THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN

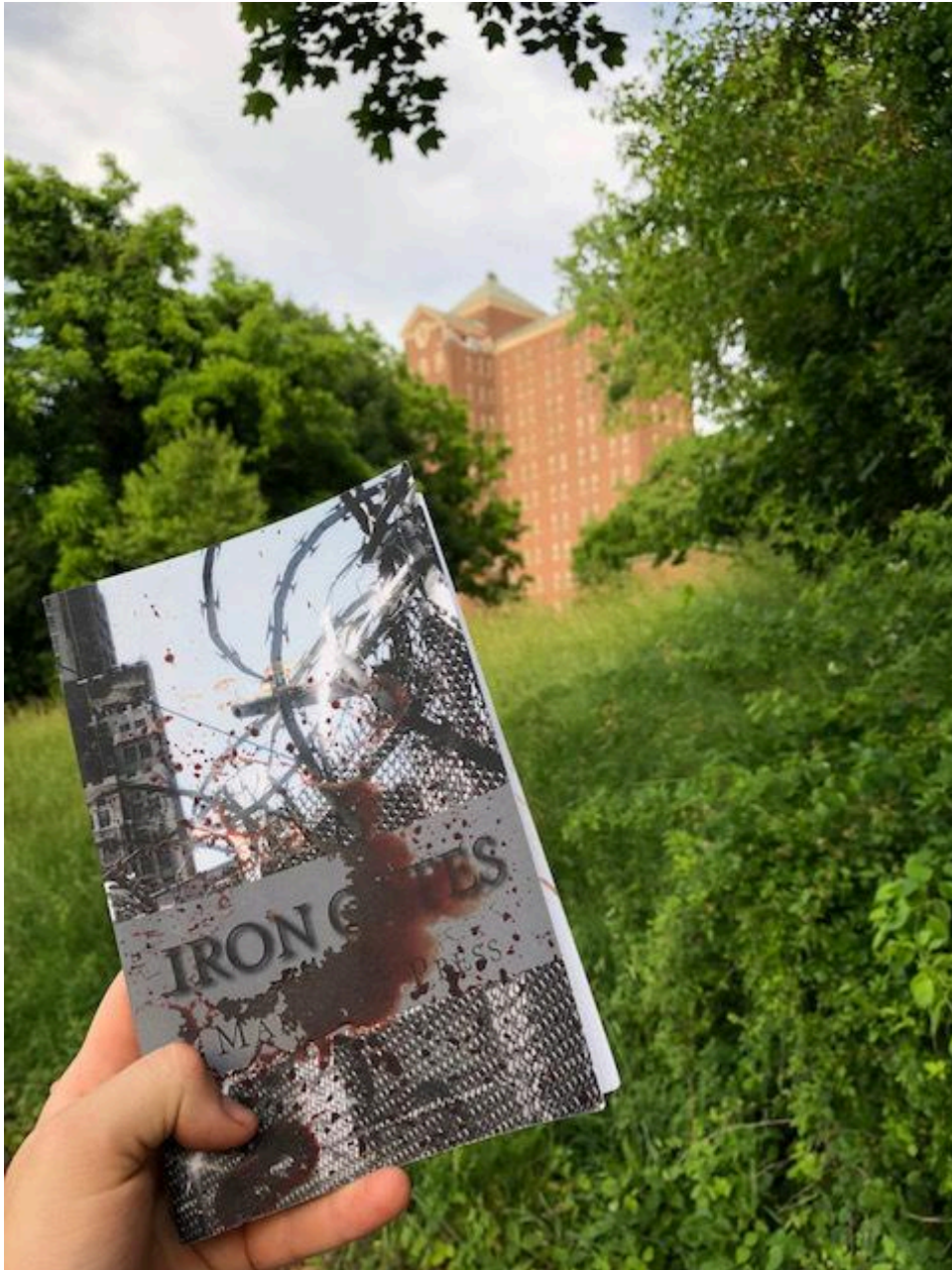
(February 20, 2018)



The proponents of White Lodge-driven ideology are not and never have been incorrect in their assessment that transgression comes with a price. Whether driven by the philosophical dint of their own religiosity or by their base instinct, this risk assessment is factual. While the adherents of a primarily mundane, “liberation” based “Satanism” might readily assert that the price comes on both sides equally, concrete reality-based reasoning would indicate that the fee schedule for anyone pursuing the doctrine of NO LIMITS EVIL is decidedly higher, especially if the same comes to fall under the radar via whatever circumstances, usually unpleasant in nature. While the restrictions of the moral laity certainly exacts its toll overtime, the transgressor can invite calamity in the flash of an eye. When evil is enacted – genuine, no-holds barred movements against all acceptable limits, not only that which is considered safe societally speaking, and oftentimes that which is legally prosecutable – the world is turned upside down. The elements who facilitate such become and are in their so doing legitimate and non-negotiable AGENTS OF CHAOS in that the deeds that they do and the thought processes which inform such actions are based upon a profoundly subversive and self-driven ideological standard antithetical to acceptable norms.

– **The Book of Dark Mothers**

HOUSES OF THE HOLY (July 27, 2018)



Merciless and cruel beatings by cult recruiters and other selected graduates of the commandant's training center upon quivering and expectant naked flesh was the rule, never the exception. The latter, subjects of physical ruination most systematic from the immediate reddened topical scar then to blue and black bruises and then later still to opened slices of flesh amidst such bruising, producing rivulets of sickening crimson trails of blood tracing spiderwebs of gore down purple weals on exposed buttocks and thighs of the commandant's most choice and succulent morsels of human specimens.

Girls, one and all in these vast cell blocks purposed by her, tender in age and profuse in number, their young male counterparts subject to predetermined fates all the more grisly and decidedly more terminal.

Hers was a cult of an authoritarian matriarchy most cruel and as such her maidens, her harlots and matrons alike inhabiting the most clandestine recesses of the facility were carefully guarded assets, subjected to programming both broad, specific and most meticulous in conception and execution. Natural selection would, in more normative circumstances, engender a more balanced fail ratio among their number, however in the ultra-pressurized psychological environment where the girls were, simply by dint of their habitation within the commandant's dungeons, counted amidst the highest tier of the most secret sector of the organization, failure was not an option. Even the slightest inability to program only providing an assurance of enduring supplementary ordeals even further beyond the remotely sane or ethical in nature and execution.

SOURCE: Excerpted from BLUEBIRD – the second installment of the post-apocalyptic trilogy authored by the Tempel ov Blood that began with IRON GATES.

A thirteen year-old girl in a futuristic setting after a year of rigorous cult programming and systematic abuse at the hands of a brutal paramilitary organization finds herself installed as a deity representing the embodiment of chemical and radiological warfare in a disease-ridden DMZ-type border area between the paramilitary organization with whom she enlisted and the gateway to areas of unknown nuclear-war devastated territories from which she came.

ESPIONAGE, PROPAGANDA AND VIOLENCE (August 12, 2018)



“Build not upon sand but upon rock, And build not for today or yesterday but for all time.” –
21 Satanic Statements, Black Book of Satan

It should be the goal of every Satanist to create a widening sphere of Sinister influence which will outlast their causal lifespan. For this purpose, it must be understood that all beginning steps are necessary training so that the Satanist, later on, might be capable to influence via their Sinister deeds the shifting of Aeons. And, by sacrificing for Sinister outcome in the turning of the ages, one is putting their effort in the pool of all those who wish to see the gods of darkness, the Lords of Evil and Plague, to enter from the dark spaces – coming out of their prison of Saturn – descend upon the earth planet and establish open rule, making ‘SOLVET SAECLUM IN FAVILLA’ complete. So, when the attempt of deprogramming the Magian influence is duly enacted one must remember that he or she is training to be a SOLDIER for the Sinister Dialectic. One must strive to be a PROFESSIONAL that is not ruled by unconscious influences and deplorable remnants of Magian thinking. When deprogramming the method which must be used is SHOCK. There is no other way. SOURCE: Excerpted from “Altars of Hell: Practical Workings for Neonates”, originally released in “Discipline of the Gods/Altars of Hell/Apex of Eternity” printed by Ixaxaar Occult Publications, Tampere, Finland 2003 and limited to 333 copies. Rereleased in Liber 333, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2014 (ISBN-13: 978-1492282204, ISBN-10: 1492282200)

WE ARE PREDATORS

(September 14, 2018)



Take away a man's control's, his children, his wife, his job, he becomes a murderer. Strip away the taboos of taking life and harming others, he will indulge until his heart's desire. What is one of the things a man will do after being lost in the wilderness? He will find shelter, then go out and kill for food.

Nothing compares to the black rage of a man. The rage that causes a man's vision to go black and upon the reviving of consciousness finds himself standing over a bloodied corpse. You can feel it coming when your breathing increases, the tendons in your hands tighten, your chest tightens, hot blood rises to the surface, time slows down, you feel the blackness rising up, your chakras light up like an electrical conductor and black tendrils crawl out of your chakras affecting the surrounding area. Then the final moment approaches. The predator takes over and all you can do is watch yourself in horror at the monster you have become. Your mind will fall into the blackness of ecstasy. Upon waking you will be convinced it was all a dream.

It's said that rape is not about lust, but about power and control. Our desire to murder comes from the pure fact that we are predators. Our rage has been building up over the years. As Rudra was created in a pure moment of rage by Brahma, so do we find ourselves dowsing our rage to prevent our molecules from exploding. Many would mark us as insane. Insanity is only a word for how far one is willing to go to accomplish one's goals.

SOURCE: Excerpted from Ode to the Predator, Liber 333, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2014 (ISBN-13: 978-1492282204, ISBN-10: 1492282200) Article originally appeared in False Prophet: Internal Journal of the Tempel of Blood Volume I, Issue 3 from Angleton Imprints, distributed exclusively by Black Light Distribution. Graphic courtesy WX45.

