



SOMETIMES FORTUNE CAN CLAIM A MAN'S FATE,



FOREVER ALTERING THE COURSE OF HIS LIFE,



MISFORTUNE CAN TOO.



BUT A MAN WHO KNOWS WHAT'S RIGHT, AND
FOLLOWS THAT KNOWLEDGE CAN RECLAIM HIS
DESTINY FROM THE DEMONS OF MISFORTUNE.



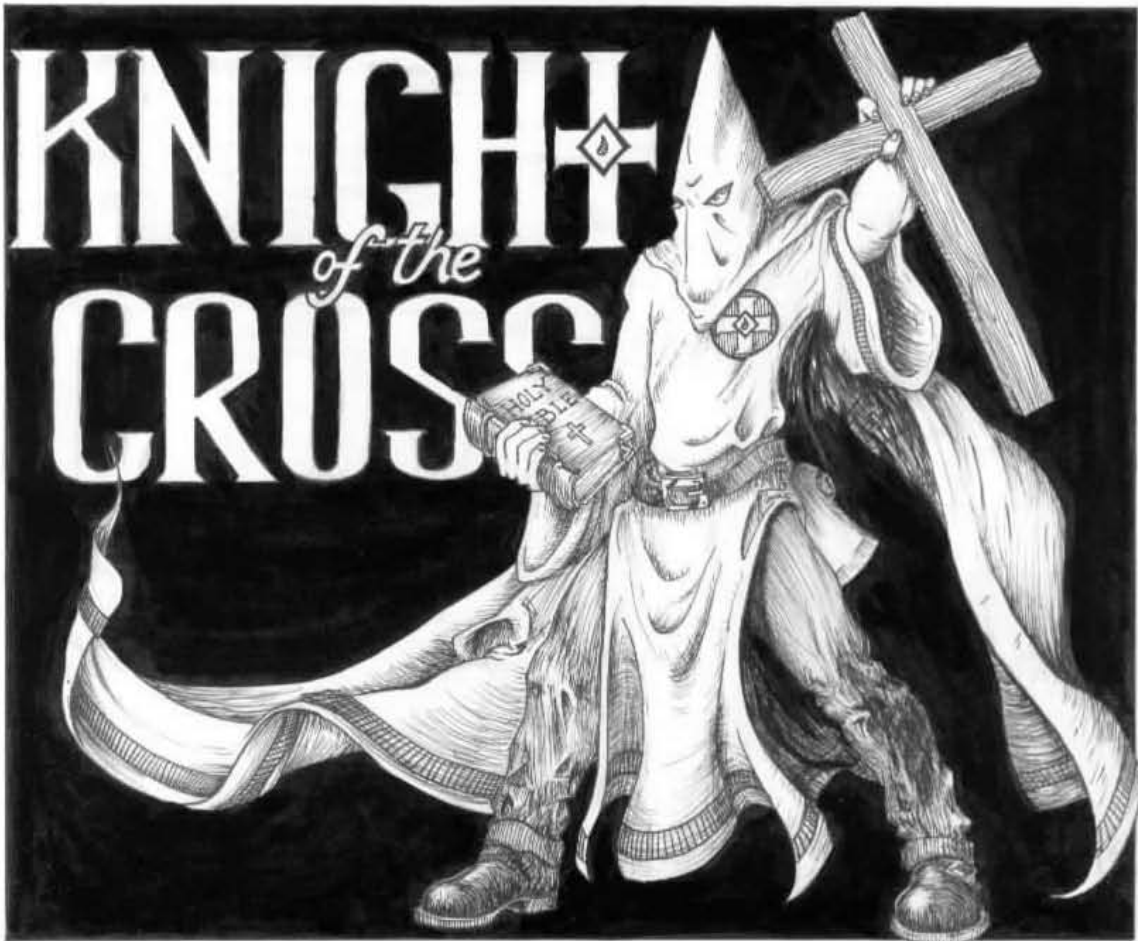
THEN HE BECOMES THE CATALYST.



mm...hmm?

... SSSHHH...

mm zzz...



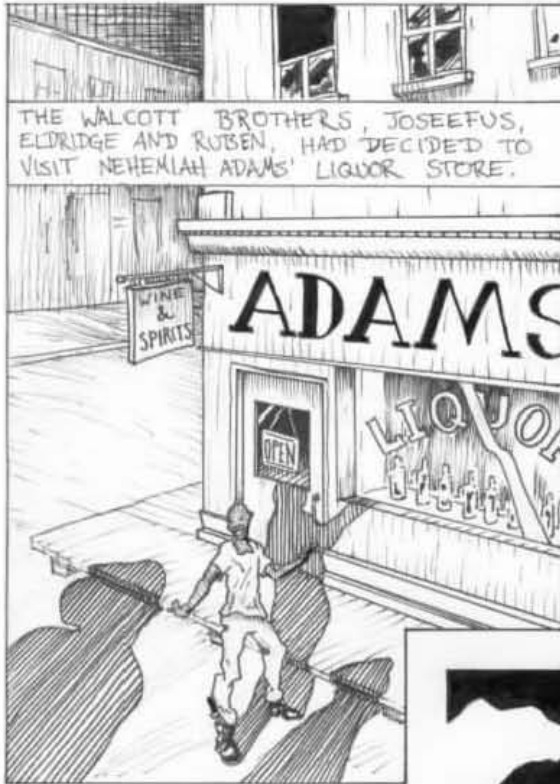


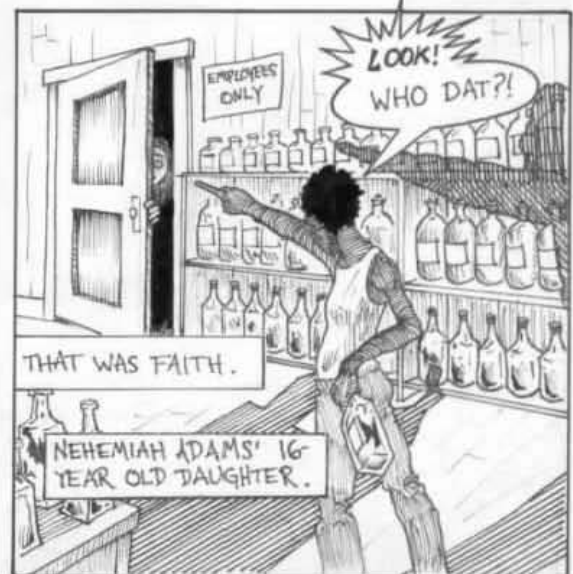
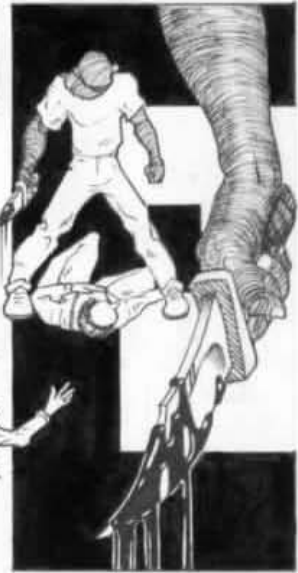
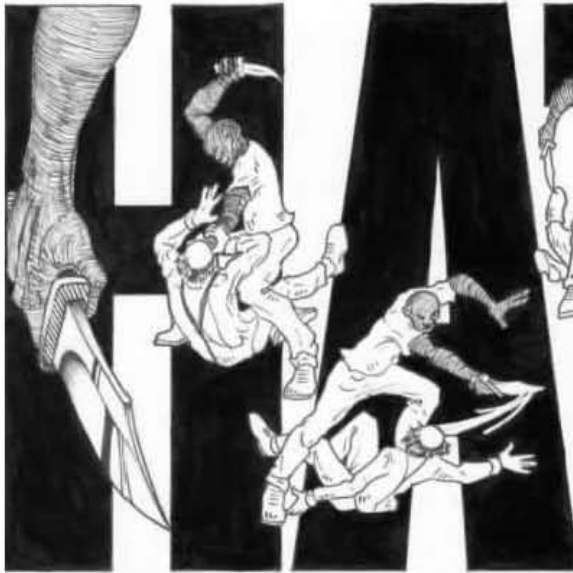




"WE AIN' ALL BEEN T'GEVAH SINCE..."









FAITH ADAMS WAS TOO TRAUMATIZED TO TESTIFY. BLINDED, SHE COULD NOT IDENTIFY THE NIGGERS FOR THE SHERIFF. SHE KNEW THAT THE ANIMAL THAT KILLED HER DADDY WAS NAMED JOSEPHUS, BUT FOR A FRAGILE SOUL LIKE HERS THE ANGUISH OF THAT NIGHT WAS TOO MUCH TO BEAR. IT WAS MORE THAN A YEAR BEFORE SHE COULD UTTER THAT ACCURSED NAME, AND EVEN THEN SHE DID SO ONLY ONCE, TO SOMEONE WITH NO CONNECTION TO THE "JUSTICE" SYSTEM.

FOR OUR PROTAGONIST THE NIGGERS' CRIME THAT NIGHT HAD AWAKENED IN HIS BLOOD THE SLEEPING FIRES OF AN ANCIENT, FERAL SOUL; A SOUL FORGED DURING THE LAST ICE AGE IN THE DISTANT REACHES OF NORTHERN EUROPE AND PASSED DOWN THROUGH TWO THOUSAND UNBROKEN GENERATIONS — A SOUL WITH LITTLE USE FOR THE IMPOTENT MUTTERINGS OF LAWYERS AND COURTS, AND LESS STILL FOR THE TOOTHLESS PITIES OF EGALITARIAN "TOLERANCE."

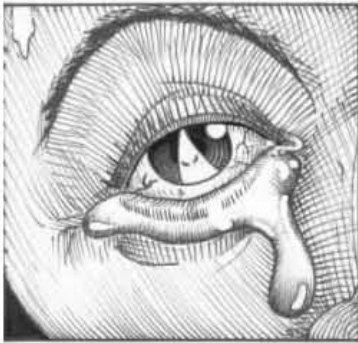
IN THE DISHONORING OF ANY WHITE WOMAN HE UNDERSTOOD THE ESSENCE OF HIS RACE, AND THUS HIMSELF, TO HAVE BEEN DISHONORED, BUT WITH FAITH ADAMS SOMETHING MORE WAS INVOLVED. SOMETHING WHICH BOUND HIS LIFE AND THE WHOLE OF HIS BEING TO DEFENDING HIS FOLK AND THE SANCTITY OF ITS WOMEN, PREVENTING WHATEVER TRANSGRESSIONS AGAINST IT HE COULD... AND REQUITTING THOSE HE COULD NOT PREVENT.











THE DREADED APPARITION OF THE KLANSMAN AND THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HIS BROTHERS LEFT JOSEPHUS AWESTRUCK. NOT SURE IF THE HOODED KNIGHT WAS MORTAL OR THE GHOST OF MR ADAMS, THE NIGGER REALIZED NONE-THE-LESS THAT RESISTANCE WAS FUTILE. HE WAS MOVING TOWARDS HIS END...









◦ EPILOGUE ◦

Our ancestors for as far back as history records have fought, killed and died to defend the sanctity of our women. Our medieval forebears considered death in defense of a woman's honor to be nearly on par with martyrdom for Christ.

Today in America, according to the last six years worth of the FBI's Uniform Crime Reports, for every Black woman raped by a White man there are more than four-hundred White women raped by Black men. On average, a White woman in this country is over a hundred times more likely to be raped by a Black man than she is by a White man, even though Whites outnumber Blacks in the U.S. more than 7-to-1.

That today we White men are silently tolerating these violations of our women is an infamous disgrace. Our whole history and the very blood of our fathers which runs in our veins stands in judgement against our indifference to these outrages. There is nothing — absolutely nothing — on this earth more sacred, more worth defending, more blest by God, than the honor of a White woman. If we continue to sit idle in the face of these abominable crimes, then we, as a race, are unworthy of life.