The Breaking Point: A Southern Love Story

by Thomas Paine

Frank Mullins, age 51, was a successful Caucasian architect living in a medium-sized southern town, moving down his path of life, doing his best to abide by the golden rule and by the constraints placed upon him in a modern civilized society.

Not that such constraints were encumbering to him or to any other normal human being. As a military veteran and taxpaying member of society, he knew in order for any culture to function, a set of rules were required, making life relatively pleasant for most, if not all. Even though he found the current cultural situation in his country despicable, he endeavored to abide by the various laws and treat his fellow man in the manner he wished to be treated – following the age-old injunction of the golden rule.

He had watched over the years as that which had been formerly unacceptable was now tolerated, and that which had been considered normative was proscribed by those seemingly hell bent on destroying European-American society.

Much to his horror, queers, niggers and of course Jews, aided by governmental assistance, were busily tearing down everything that had made America a great and white nation.

Wary and glib, he had been able to avoid the many pitfalls permeating this supposed "egalitarian democracy" by being self-employed, self-reliant and living in an all-white neighborhood in the suburbs.

Alas, even these precautions were not enough, as he would soon find out.

One cool winter evening just before Christmas, Frank proceeded home in his Lincoln Sport Coupe from his construction business in the city, for another evening with his lovely wife Sandra and equally lovely teenaged daughter Catherine.

Feeling the spirit, the Christmas holiday was his favorite season: not that he was a particularly religious man – an agnostic at best, an atheist at worst, he simply enjoyed the wonderful traditions passed down for centuries in European culture.

Pulling into his driveway, he observed his wife had finished decorating their Christmas tree, pleasantly lit in the bay window with multicolored twinkling lights. He entered his home, was greeted by his wife and daughter and looked forward to a delicious dinner with his family.

Pouring a highball, he sat down in the living room while his daughter was doing her homework. Reaching for a remote, he turned on the TV and quickly scanned through the channels. Finding nothing but politically correct propaganda, niggers and Jews, he switched it off in disgust.

Glancing at the evening paper, he read of the latest accolades being heaped upon various "civil rights" leaders, naturally black, Jewish or Hispanic. He turned to the crime section, reading of the latest negro depredations upon the white people of the city, naturally disguised with the white victims described simply as "victims," their assailants described as "dark complected individuals." In other words – niggers, plain and simple. Frowning, he read on for a few moments before putting the paper down in disgust.

Noticing her father's distressed expression, his daughter voiced up, "What's wrong dad?" Not wishing to spoil the evening, he replied, "Nothing Cathy, I'm just a little tired."

Later, enjoying their evening meal before their crackling dining room fireplace, they talked of the day's activities and news of the day. As the conversation proceeded it drifted from work, politics and the like to more familial things.

"Cathy received the top scores in her science and math classes this semester," a smiling Sandra remarked.

"That's my girl," Frank remarked with pride, "I knew we didn't make a mistake sending you to a private school after they moved you ahead two grades in elementary school – I wouldn't be surprised if you make Valedictorian of your class!"

Fifteen year-old Cathy Mullins, high school senior, fiddled with her food a moment, embarrassed at her father's grandiose pronouncements.

"Aw dad," she remarked sheepishly.

Her father looked to her sternly and remarked, "I'm damned proud of you, and there's nothing wrong with being proud of yourself either."

"I know."

"Then don't be embarrassed, you earned those grades and I intend to reward you for it on your birthday next week."

"Frank!" Sandra admonished, "Not now!"

"It doesn't matter," Frank replied, always known for doting on his only daughter.

"A car?" Cathy asked with an expectant smile.

"What do you think daughter?" asked Frank, teasing for a moment.

"You've spoiled her rotten," Sandra added, looking to her husband with a feminine grin.

"Daddy you didn't!" Cathy exclaimed.

"Yes I did," replied her father, "Those little Dodge Neons you like, there's one in the garage for you; once you get your license it's yours."

"Oh dad," Cathy exclaimed as she rose from her chair and hugged her father.

Frank felt wonderful, his eyes moistening in tears of joy for his beloved daughter, who with her brilliant mind seemed destined for greatness.

Soon, his hopes would be dashed, as lurking outside were a vicious pair of amoral, animalistic and apelike niggers, which at random had chosen his home as the latest white domicile to prey upon. After their attack, these simian monsters would transform Frank Mullins from a placid, thoughtful architect and businessman, into a vengeful vicious man who would cunningly use the corrupt establishment's legal system to destroy anyone who dared cross him.

Both niggers were armed, one with an appropriated shotgun, the other with a stolen handgun, and walked toward the Mullins home.

As he was hugging his beloved daughter, a loud crash was heard as the evil niggers broke down the front door. Quickly the depraved, apelike creatures ran to the dining room. Frank heard the noise, rose up to confront them and was then hit in the face with the butt of a stolen, sawed-off Mossberg twelve-gauge shotgun, sending him sprawling over his dining room table onto the floor, dazed and with a broken jaw.

Momentarily lapsing into unconsciousness, for the present, life had ended for Frank, as his brain had been forcibly plunged into the twilight of consciousness as the vicious simian monsters bound him to a chair with cords ripped from his television and DVD.

Awakening, he observed the niggers ransacking his home, his wife and daughter also bound to chairs by the subhuman niggers.

"Looks at dat, dat white mafuckah done woke up," remarked one nigger, a half-wit monkey with a double-digit IQ appropriately named Rufus.

"Yeah, but he's cant's do nuphin," replied the other simian, a somewhat more intelligent ape calling itself Desmond.

"Were's be you money mafucka?" asked an angry Rufus in nigger pidgin, as the amoral apelike creature towered over the bound and helpless white man, Frank wincing in pain and unable to speak coherently.

"I – I don't have any cash here," replied Frank in almost unintelligible English due to his aching jaw.

"Honky bitches, dey gots money, dey jus' won't gives it to us," remarked Desmond, beginning to eye the young Cathy, a virgin.

"White mafucka – you owes us bitch," added the nigger moron Rufus.

"For what?" asked Frank through his damaged mandible as his wife and daughter watched helplessly.

"You done makes my granfavas a slaves, and done raped my granmavas," replied the upright gorilla Rufus, as chimplike Desmond added, "Yeah man, and we's gonna make's you pay fo' dat; Mawtin Lufa King and Reverun Jackson done sayed dat, and deys be right mafucka!"

If I could only get to my guns, thought Frank, remembering his .357 magnum revolver and .458 magnum rifle lying uselessly locked in a cabinet in his den. I'd kill these black sons of bitches!

"Look at dis white bitch!" the apelike Rufus remarked as he ogled Sandra, "I's bet she gots good pussy 'tween her legs!"

"I's likes that oddah bitch," answered Desmond as he leered at Cathy, his erection clearly visible in his baggy trousers.

"Please," pleaded Frank, realizing the intentions of the simian monsters that were planning the rape of his beloved wife and daughter.

"Fuck you white boy," answered the cruel ape Desmond, punching Frank in his battered face, knocking he and the chair to the floor.

As Frank lay in helpless agony, he was forced to watch the simian monsters rip his wife's blouse and bra off, as she, still bound in the chair, was crying and helpless before them.

Untying her, the creatures stripped her naked and took turns raping her before him and his daughter.

"You black bastards!" Frank cried, "I'll kill you for that!"

"Fucks you honky, you cant's do nuphin, we's can do's anything dat we's wants to," Rufus laughed while raping the screaming Sandra, as Desmond began to strip Cathy.

"Daddy!" Cathy cried as the ape Desmond untied the child and tore her panties from her, forcibly held her down and shoved his erection between her legs, taking her virginity.

"I's done gots dis bitch!" Desmond yelled.

Frank was forced to watch the rape of his daughter by a piece of subhuman shit that should have been killed before it was born.

"I's cummin' now," added Desmond with a smile composed of rotten teeth.

"God damn you!" Frank cried in agony, attempting to break his bonds as the apelike creatures raped and brutalized his beloved family.

"We's gonna rapes you next mafucka, in yo ass bitch," laughed Rufus as Desmond pulled his limp organ from the hysterical and mauled Cathy, bleeding profusely from her vagina.

"You nigger bastard, take this!" screamed Sandra, fighting to the end, plunging her manicured fingernails into the eyes of Rufus, blinding him.

"I's cant's see – she's kills my eyes, she's done kills my eyes!" screamed Rufus as he reared up, clutching at his leaking, destroyed orbits, falling backwards to the floor in agony.

"Wha be you talkin' 'bout bruva?" asked Desmond, not comprehending as he zipped his trousers.

"My eyes, mafucka, my eyes, she's done kill's my eyes!" screamed Rufus, a contorted, agonized look on his eyeless face.

"You white bitch, I's kill yo' ass!" Desmond yelled, reaching for the shotgun.

With all his strength, Frank broke the cords binding his arms as Desmond pulled the trigger, killing Sandra with a blast to the face, while Cathy, in shock, screamed hysterically in the background.

Still bound by his legs to the chair, he lunged at Desmond, driving the nigger toward the flaming fireplace. Desmond, knocked off balance, still trying to recock the shotgun, landed in the searing coals as the chair binding Frank's legs broke into pieces.

His kinky hair burning, simian face and upper torso bathed in flame, Desmond cried while attempting to extricate himself from the suburban inferno, "You white mafucka, you's tryin' to kill me!"

"Fuck you nigger!" Frank yelled at the top of his lungs, his pain numbed momentarily by his righteous rage.

Grabbing the fireplace poker, he viciously beat Desmond in the face with it, putting out an eye and shearing his wide nose off; finally shoving him back in the flaming fireplace and holding his writhing carcass there with the poker.

"Help!" Desmond screamed in torment, as flames burned through his clothes and seared his flesh.

"Die you goddamn nigger, die!" Frank yelled, watching the evil nigger burn to death.

One coon dead and cooking, Frank removed the broken chair legs from his calves and then checked his wife and daughter. Finding his wife dead or nearly so, he checked his daughter, who was now unconscious. He staggered into the den and retrieved his loaded .357 magnum handgun.

The apelike Rufus lay on the floor, clutching his destroyed eyes in agony.

Frank kicked him hard in the side.

"Hey niggerboy, guess who!"

"What's, man?" the nigger squeaked in pain.

"For one thing, why don't you learn to speak proper English you black son of a bitch, for another, how does it feel to be blind?" asked Frank coldly.

"I's can'ts see, dat bitch done blindeds me!" answered Rufus.

"That bitch was my wife you goddam nigger!" Frank exclaimed.

"She's violatesed my's rights," the stupid nigger croaked.

"Really?" asked Frank, now realizing how stupid, like most coons, nigger Rufus actually was. The blinded simian truly thought it had the right to rape, steal and murder, as Frank beheld the eyeless freak lying in his wrecked dining room as his lifeless partner burned up in the fireplace, his wife lay dead and his daughter dying.

"Yeah man," replied the demented eyeless freak.

"You're in my house, and the only rights you have now are the last rites," Frank declared, pulling the trigger, sending a wadcutter bullet deep into the depraved nigger's brain, which is much better than he deserved.

Throwing the smoking pistol to the floor, the pain in his jaw returned with a vengeance.

Moving to the telephone, he lifted the receiver and called 911.

"Emergency; police, fire or ambulance?" asked a detached voice.

"Help, some crazy niggers raped and shot my wife and raped my daughter – please hurry!" Frank managed to exclaim in pain.

"That is a racist remark sir," replied the voice.

"I don't fucking care, get your asses to 14268 Warwickshire Lane, my family needs help!" Frank thundered.

"Your name?" asked the voice, intimidated.

"Frank Mullins."

"Police and ambulance are on the way," replied the voice.

"How soon will they be here – my wife is either dead or dying!" Frank yelled into the receiver.

"In minutes sir," came the reply, Frank hanging up the phone.

After what seemed like an eternity, police and medical personnel arrived and began to tend to Frank's destroyed family.

Sandra was pronounced dead where she lay, as Cathy was loaded into an ambulance and spirited away.

As Frank sat at his dining room table in pain, he watched fire department personnel put out the flaming nigger, now looking like so much roast pork, while paramedics attempted to save the worthless life of Rufus, nigger rapist.

"I have a broken jaw or haven't you noticed?" Frank mumbled as several policemen observed the scene, others taking photographs.

"I believe it is only dislocated sir, and this man has been shot. He is in much worse condition than you are," the paramedic replied.

"Who cares, I put that bullet in his head, and I'd like to go to the hospital if you don't mind," Frank retorted.

"The police have a few questions for you," the paramedic replied.

"Really," remarked Frank.

"We're losing him," another paramedic observed, glancing at a heart monitor, as nigger Rufus finally expired from the shot to his head.

"Good – I hope he died in pain," spat Frank, as one paramedic administered cardiac adrenaline to the carcass.

A white policeman walked over and introduced himself, holding Frank's legally registered .357 revolver in a clear "Evidence bag."

"I'm Officer Collins, and I need information about what happened," he announced.

"Those niggers killed my wife and raped my daughter – it's obvious," Frank replied sarcastically.

"Yes, but what happened to them?" the officer asked, referring to the niggers.

"What do you think – I killed those niggers, that's what happened," Frank replied hotly, "May I have my gun back?"

"Did you believe your family was in danger?" Officer Collins asked, ignoring Frank's request for his handgun.

"Are you fucking retarded or something?"

"No sir, we must determine if you had any criminal intent or hate toward minorities," Collins answered in his best Joe Friday monotone.

"What?" Frank asked angrily, moving toward the officer, as another moved to block his path, "Give me my goddam gun back!"

"I cannot, this weapon may have been used in a crime," Collins answered.

"I used it to defend my family with you crazy bastard!" Frank exclaimed.

"You may have violated their civil rights by defending yourself," Collins replied deadpan.

"I don't believe this, my wife is dead, my daughter was raped, and you're asking me if I killed those niggers because they were black!"

"I don't appreciate you using that term sir."

"What term pig?" Frank asked hotly, knowing exactly what term Collins was referring to.

"The "N" word," the brainwashed Collins replied.

"Fuck you asshole, this is my house, and if I want to call a nigger a nigger that's my own fucking business! Further, the goddam first amendment in that toilet paper constitution of yours states I can call anyone anything I fucking want to!" Frank exclaimed.

"But sir, they have righ – "

"Fuck you jackoff, either charge me with killing your precious niggers or shut your goddam mouth – I have nothing more to say!"

"Very well," replied the brainwashed Collins, handing the confiscated firearm to his partner and made a notation on his blotter – describing victim Frank Mullins as a "racist."

Finally, after hauling off the poor dead niggers in a hearse, Frank Mullins, racist victim, received much needed medical attention at City Memorial.

They found that not only was his jaw dislocated, it had been fractured, contrary to the inept paramedic, and he had to look forward to having his jaw wired, along with having the wonderful task of burying his dead wife.

His daughter Cathy was in ICU, clinging to life, as interns and nurses monitored her vital signs.

At 3:30 AM, Frank Mullins was discharged from emergency over the attending physician's protests, which had wanted to admit him.

"Where's my daughter," Frank drawled as he leaned on the counter at ICU admissions.

"Are you drunk sir?" asked a callous nurse as she beheld the battered man with the wired jaw.

"No you stupid bitch," retorted Frank, "Codeine has a tendency to make my broken jaw feel better or didn't you notice?"

"I'm sorry sir," the nurse replied contritely, "Your name?"

"Frank Mullins."

"Oh, Cathy Mullins – she died a half hour ago."

With those words Frank Mullins broke down and cried.

Frank survived, buried his wife and daughter three days later, and went home to his empty house, filled with evidence of the nigger's depredations.

Dried blood was all over the floor, from his wife and the nigger Rufus, old food lay rotting on the plates, and the charred sheetrock and mantle of his fireplace bore mute evidence of roast nigger having been cooked within. A scorched baseball cap, the letter "X" marked on it, lay next to the fireplace.

"Goddam black bastards," Frank remarked, as he uncapped a fifth of Johnnie Walker Black.

Putting the bottle to his lips, Frank chugalugged deeply, scotch dribbling on his shirt, as the wired mouth was not particularly efficient when it came to containing whisky.

Sitting down in an undamaged dining room chair, Frank again cried for his dead wife and beloved daughter.

Staggering out to the garage, he beheld the brand-new red Dodge Neon, which he had bought for cash at the local dealership.

"Oh Cathy," he sobbed, as he had loved his beautiful, brilliant daughter more than life itself.

Lighting a Winston and puffing it ineffectively in his wired mouth, he sat silently in the garage, contemplating his existence.

Goddamned niggers, he thought, the fucking bastards think the world owes them a living, and they get away with rape, murder and Christ only knows what else!

Frank, for the time being, was a broken man, but the worst was yet to come as the brainwashed nigger lover, Officer Collins, white race traitor, came with several other pigs to arrest him the following week.

Calmly reading the arrest warrant in the doorway of his home, Officer Collins informed Frank Mullins that he was accused of two counts of murder and two counts of "hate crimes," along with Federal civil rights violations.

"You nigger loving bastard!" Frank spat, his jaw still wired as Collins, a pig who would have been better off with a bullet lodged in his simple head, handcuffed him.

At his arraignment, Frank was calmly informed by a judge that he was being held on suspicion of committing two counts of murder in the first degree, along with having committed several "civil rights" violations – eagerly brought forth by the urging of homosexual Jewish attorneys sent from the Southern Poverty Law Center. He was then carted off to the county lock up in a police van.

Life was looking darker than it ever had for Frank Mullins, that is until a white nationalist dissenter named Walter Prescott heard of the news and began to make the truth known to the more cynical citizenry of country.

The Jewish controlled press had quietly buried the story of the double murder of white women in the city, until they got wind of Frank Mullins being charged with the "murder" of the apelike creatures.

Capitalizing on the story, the headline read: "White racist murders minorities," and went on to tell of the horrific fictionalized murders of the minority "victims" by Frank Mullins, "racist," further described as a loner, Republican and member of the NRA.

The strange thing about the story was that it said nothing about the niggers having broken into his home, and mentioned nothing about their raping and murdering his beloved wife and daughter – it said only that the "racist" Mullins had killed then in a hateful rage.

The NAACP chimed in, holding a candlelight vigil in memory of the "murdered" minority "victims" Rufus and Desmond, and even published a fictional wanted poster for Frank Mullins, "racist." All of this defamatory propaganda was repeated over and over by the kike media, that soon, thanks to Mullins and others, they would come to regret.

Prescott made certain the true story came out over short wave radio and via his website.

Still attempting to cover up the truth, the Jewish media attacked Prescott as a "nazi" and "nut." Undaunted by such remarks, in fact being quite used to them, Prescott continued in his exposé, calling attention to the real facts of the story, which was finally revealed three months later on national television.

In the meantime, Frank Mullins managed to raise his \$500,000 bail, which was accomplished by hocking his home and business with a Jewish bail bondsman.

Released in the early evening, while he was being processed a callous nigger screw that had beat him in his cell remarked, "You'll be back racist, and we'll make you pay for your crimes!"

"Fuck off you amoral black bastard, once I'm out of this mess I'm going to sue your nigger ass for everything you'll ever own!" Mullins retorted, gathering his personal effects and proceeding to the guard's station.

The nigger first smiled, but then realized if his victim was acquitted, the probability of a lawsuit was very real.

Looking in his wallet, he exclaimed to another guard, "There was \$700.00 in cash in my wallet, where is it?"

"There was either no cash in your wallet or it was seized by the police as illegal drug proceeds," the guard replied.

"I'm a businessman, that was my money!" Frank retorted angrily.

"Sure you are racist," the brainwashed caucasian guard replied.

Hounded by reporters, Frank Mullins, "racist" was endlessly described by the national Jewish media as a heartless murderer who had killed innocent minorities that had been simple visitors to his home. Nothing was said about the brutal rapes and deaths of his beloved family, caused by these humble "visitors."

Being portrayed in this fashion caused the brainwashed lemmings to loudly shout for the death penalty, as the talking heads uttered the most slanderous items they possibly could about Frank Mullins – that he was a racist – that he was a child molester and possible drug dealer – that he was an anti-Semitic nazi – none of these statements being even remotely true.

Frank kept his mouth shut, letting the kikes bury themselves in their lies. Knowing the evidence against him was questionable at best, false at worst, his brilliant Anglo-Saxon lawyer, Ronald Fitzroy, informed him that the charges were based on suppositions, innuendo and fabrications, along with ignoring the basic facts of the case. He also added that once the ordeal was over, he would be paid handsomely for his troubles with the police and others.

"I intend to sue them all, believe me," Frank remarked bitterly after his lawyer pointed this out.

Back on the media front, Walter Prescott refused to keep his mouth shut, and for three long months, constantly harped about the case on his weekly radio program, carried late at night on a small number of AM and short-wave radio stations.

Finally, he began to make headway against the slanderous Jewish propaganda, as one major network finally had the guts to look at the facts of the case, interviewing Prescott and Mullins in separate broadcasts.

Having watched the programs, the district attorney Solomon Lieberman, shyster Jew, sadly admitted to his handlers that their fabricated case against Frank was beginning to unravel, and that Mullins would probably sue the pants off of the city.

Thusly, the Grand Jury, after hearing the true facts of the case, refused to indict. Mullins was forever freed from prosecution and immediately had his lawyer file multimillion dollar lawsuits against Officer Collins, the nigger prison guard, the NAACP, most of the major networks, the local newspaper, the district attorney and the city. He afterward drove home in his Lincoln Sport Coupe to his domicile, after having gone through this painful ordeal for nearly three months.

Unlocking the door to his home, he entered. He had cleaned up the dining room as best he could in the week before his arrest, but the fireplace and wall still needed to be repaired, and the dead Christmas tree, pine needles shed to the floor, needed to be removed from his living room.

"At least the place is still here," he observed.

Luckily his home and business were still operating, thanks to his friend and silent partner Lawrence Jones, who made certain bills were paid, contracts were signed and deals made.

The next day he drove to the bail bondsman to redeem his home and business from hock. Joel Singer was the name of the bondsman, a typical hook-nosed Jew, who had the unmitigated gall to charge Frank \$50,000 for his services.

"I see they've released you," the sallow-complected kike remarked dryly, retrieving the titles for Frank's home and business from the safe.

"Yes," replied Frank angrily, "I wasn't guilty of a goddam thing except for defending myself against a pair of nigger savages."

The absorbed Singer said nothing as he tabulated his bill.

Handing the bill to Frank, he remarked, "The balance is due upon delivery of the titles, ten percent of \$500,000, which is fifty thousand dollars."

Frank looked at him and replied, "I can't believe you have the unmitigated gall to charge me \$50,000 when you know that I was guilty of nothing!"

"I don't care, I'm a businessman, ten percent is ten percent," replied the greedy, heartless Jew, saddened over the fact he had not been able to claim a forfeit on Mullins' home and business.

"Here's your money Shilock," Frank spat, handing Singer a certified cashier's check for \$50,000 and grabbing the titles from his hand.

"I don't appreciate that remark sir," Singer replied as Frank started for the door.

"Fuck you kike!" Frank retorted, "Now I know why Hitler went after you greedy Jewish bastards!"

Before Singer could make a reply the door slammed closed.

Arriving at the police station, he requested his handgun and inquired about his appropriated \$700.

"The handgun has been destroyed, and the money you had on your person was identified by a drug-sniffing dog as illegal drug proceeds, and duly confiscated in the name of the law," the idiotic police clerk answered.

"Really," Frank replied, "That was my legally registered gun you destroyed, and the money I had was from obtained from a bank. I suppose Second Federal Bank and Trust are drug dealers, is that what you're trying to say?"

"I don't care, it's not my problem," the callous pig replied with a cold smile.

"You will soon; when I'm through with you silly bastards you're going to wish to hell you never heard of me," Frank retorted.

"Is that a threat?" the pig asked.

"No, that's a goddam promise you half-wit bastard!" Frank spat, walking out and slamming the door behind him.

Frank, a changed man, drove to his office, only to be informed by Larry Jones of the news that his work force was going to call a wildcat strike for higher wages and benefits.

Frank sat in his leather chair a moment, contemplating, and remarked, "Good, I'll close this fucking business, I have more than enough money anyway, piss on those union bastards – now they can be out in the street sucking cocks for beer money!"

Larry, a pragmatic man who had known Mullins for over two decades, replied, "Isn't that just a little rash? I mean you've negotiated with them before, just throw those idiots a few scraps and they'll go back to work."

"That was then, this is now. I've had it with this business and this goddam city – cancel all the contracts and tell those assholes out there they're out of a job as of today!"

"Alright," a shocked Larry replied, "What do you plan to do with the assets, maintenance costs for the buildings and equipment sitting idle could run into six figures per year."

"I'll sell them off Larry, and don't think I'm doing this on a whim. Even before I heard about the strike I made this decision, though I hadn't originally planned to do it immediately. Don't worry, I'll make certain you and your family are provided for."

"That hasn't even crossed my mind," Larry observed, "My wife and I are well off, but I'll miss doing work I enjoy."

"I'll make certain that you receive what you're due as my silent partner, and with those funds you can start another construction business."

"True."

The following day, Frank Mullins chained shut the gates of Mullins Construction LLC, as striking nigger workers yelled, "We'll sue your racist ass for this Mullins!"

"Kiss my ass, I own this fucking business and I'll do as I goddam well please!" Frank yelled to the picketing niggers as he walked to his office.

"Those stupid niggers think they can do anything," Frank remarked to Larry as he entered his office.

"That's the truth," Larry replied, "Would you believe they're trying to get an injunction to prevent you from closing the place?"

"I know, that should prove interesting," Frank answered, not concerned at all.

Later, Frank received a summons, calling him into court at 9:00 AM the next day, stating he had no right to fire the union workers and close his business.

Ronald Fitzroy met him on the courthouse steps and remarked with a smile, "Frank, we've got to stop meeting this way!"

"Really," Frank replied, "This morning we'll break it off sideways in their asses!"

"I'm sure we will, once the judge finds out about the inner workings of Mullins Construction LLC."

"Yeah, it sounds pretty stupid to me, considering he took the union's word for it, and did no research with regarding the company."

"He doesn't have to Frank, and if I know Judge Eric Samuels, he won't take too kindly to being used in this fashion," Fitzroy replied.

"He won't?" asked Frank.

"Not at all," Fitzroy replied, "Let's go in, this'll take about fifteen minutes."

Frank and his lawyer entered the courtroom, and sat down at the defense's side, as the union representative and lawyer took their seats on the plaintiff's side.

"All rise," the bailiff called out.

The judge, a rare, conservative adjudicator, came out of his chamber, took to his chair, and said, "Be seated."

Surprisingly to Frank, this judge was different, would prove to be totally impartial, and more than fair.

Reviewing the documents a moment, he remarked, "This hearing has been called to address the alleged illegal shutdown of Mullins Construction, LLC."

"If I may your honor," spoke up Ronald Fitzroy.

"Yes?" asked the judge.

"For the record, with regard to Mr. Mullins' construction company, what is illegal about the shutdown of Mullins LLC?"

"The union rep stated it was closed without consent of the stockholders," the judge replied politely.

"Thank you," remarked Fitzroy, keeping cards close to his vest, giving Frank a quick wink. "Let's begin this hearing," the judge remarked.

The union lawyer, another Jew, began by stating the same hackneyed rhetoric that was declared on the injunction: That Mullins Construction LLC was closed illegally, and that Frank, a racist, was doing it deliberately to starve his black employees and their families.

"Objection!" Ronald Fitzroy remarked.

"On what grounds?" the judge asked.

"This is not a trial of Mr. Mullins beliefs; such remarks are defamatory to my client's character."

"Sustained," conceded the judge, admonishing the plaintiff to keep his remarks pertinent to the areas of the hearing.

"We want dat racist bastard to open dat business back up," spoke up a former black employee in the background.

"Bailiff, bring that gentleman to the bench," remarked the judge, referring to the loudmouth.

The former employee was ushered to the bench, and the judge remarked, "Alright sir, I am citing you for contempt of court; that'll be \$100 or ten days in jail, any questions?"

"No sir," the loudmouth replied.

"What is your choice?"

"I'll pay the fine," the former employee answered.

"Very good, pay the clerk and leave this court, is that understood?"

"Yes judge," the former employee replied.

After disposing of the loudmouth, the hearing resumed, the judge listening to the remainder of the union lawyer's allegations.

"Your rebuttal please, counsel," the judge requested of the defense.

"Thank you your honor," Ronald Fitzroy replied with a smile, "As to the claim that Mullins Construction LLC was closed illegally, without the consent of the stockholders, I wish to point out that Mullins Construction LLC, has only one stockholder, id est, the defendant."

The judge paused a moment.

"You're kidding – it's a sole proprietorship?" the judge asked sharply, looking to the union representative and his lawyer darkly.

"That is correct your honor," answered Ronald Fitzroy.

Clearly angered by the situation, the judge looked to the union representative and remarked, "You sir, have made a fool out of me, and I intend to ask the district attorney to bring perjury charges against you, since you filed these charges under oath. Further, I dismiss this case in favor of the defendant."

"But judge, Frank Mullins is a –" the plaintiff's lawyer began.

"There are no buts about it," the judge interrupted, "This man Mullins owns his own business, totally, and has the right to do with it as he pleases, regardless if he is a racist or a Satan worshiper. Also, I have a word of advice for you counselor; if you keep bringing frivolous cases such as this before my court, I'll see to it you're disbarred!"

The judge looked sullenly at the assembled former employees seated in the back, most of them black.

"All of you claim this man Mullins is a racist, and yet you were employed by him, some for over 20 years. It must not have been that bad; troublemakers like you make me sick. This world owes no one a living, so find another job – this man has the right to close his business whether you like it or not!"

The courtroom fell silent for a few moments.

"Thank you your honor," Ronald Fitzroy remarked, as he and Frank Mullins left the courtroom.

"Damn," Frank remarked, "We sure showed those assholes, didn't we?"

"Yeah," Fitzroy replied, "Judge Samuels made certain all of them received a quick law lesson."

"Really," Frank observed, "I was surprised he took our side in the case."

"I wasn't. For one thing, he didn't have any choice; for another, he's a fair adjudicator," Fitzroy answered.

"Yeah, Frank replied as he lit another Winston. "Those niggers think they can get away with anything, even trying to use the fucking courts to force whites to do their bidding!"

"Truer words have not been said," Fitzroy replied, "One day this silly shit is going to lead to another civil war."

"I wouldn't care, I don't have anything to lose," Frank answered bitterly as they parted.

Later on the same day, the county sheriff presented Officer Collins with legal papers stating Frank Mullins, Plaintiff, was suing him for ten million dollars.

The nigger prison guard, a Cleofus Reginald Jenkins, was also presented with a similar lawsuit, suing him for the same amount of money. After that he was arrested and charged with felonious assault and battery, perpetrated on the person of Frank Mullins, a white prisoner who was in his charge two months earlier.

The city paper, the NAACP, the city and several major networks also received legal briefs, stating they were being sued for many millions of dollars on the charges of libel, slander and defamation of character; the Plaintiff none other than Frank Mullins.

Saul Lieberman, Jewish district attorney was also being sued by Frank, for malicious prosecution, slander, libel, defamation of character, false imprisonment and a host of lesser allegations such as pain and suffering. For these various torts, he was also being requested to pay the sum of ten million dollars to the Plaintiff.

The next day, the SPLC received a summons to appear in court, on civil charges stemming from their involvement in the case. For their nosiness, they were being asked to cough up the sum of one hundred million dollars, payable to Mr. Frank Mullins, Plaintiff.

All of these lawsuits were gleefully prepared and presented by Ronald Fitzroy, JD, senior partner of the law offices of Fitzroy, MacPherson and Ellis, PA.

Frank in the meantime closed his construction business, sold off the assets and spent most of his time at home or planning litigation strategies at Fitzroy's law office. The bitter man had assumed a detached, stoic composure with regard to the proceedings, as Fitzroy and his team of lawyers began their sharklike attacks and feeding frenzies on those who had wished to destroy Frank Mullins.

The first to crack under this strain was none other than Officer Collins, who had the gall to call Frank at his home one evening to plead for him to relent.

"Hello?"

"Uh yes, may I speak to Mr. Frank Mullins?"

"Yes, to whom am I speaking?" Frank asked with a wicked smile, knowing who was on the line.

"This is Ralph Collins, I'd like to speak to you with regard to the lawsuit you've brought against me."

"Really Collins, you seem to be even more stupid than I first determined," replied Frank coldly, "Didn't your lawyer advise that you shouldn't make any attempts to contact me or my attorneys without using legal counsel as representatives?"

"Yes, but I thought I could reason with you as a man."

"Interesting, you think like Peter dreamt. If you recall sir, I couldn't seem to reason with you at the time you arrested me, could I?" Frank replied.

"I was only following the orders of my superiors," Collins answered.

"Yeah, I'm suing them too, didn't Hermann Goering say something like that at Nuremberg?" Frank asked rhetorically, almost laughing.

Ignoring the obvious comparison, Collins continued contritely, "I only wish to apologize to you Mr. Mullins, and ask that you please drop your lawsuit against me. I have a wife and three children to support, and I'm a good Catholic."

"It's a little late for that pal, and I couldn't care less if you're a druid Mr. Collins. Please remember I used to be a family man, that is until your niggers murdered my family," Frank replied.

"I regret that deeply, and wish there was something I could have done to change that," Collins replied, his voice cracking.

"I'm sure you do now, simply because you want to save your stupid ass, but that doesn't matter – I intend to destroy you for what you did to me. So pig, how does it feel to know that everything you ever worked for is going to be taken by me?" Frank asked viciously.

"Why are you doing this to me?" Collins sobbed.

"Because I'm a vengeful prick, that's why!" Frank retorted before slamming the phone down in disgust.

"That'll teach him to fuck with the wrong man," Frank declared.

The first of the defendants to attempt settlement negotiations was the city, which offered a cash payment of \$30,000,000 to keep their asses out of court. This was offered under the stipulation that he would drop proceedings against Saul Lieberman, Officer Collins, Cleofus Jenkins and other city employees.

The papers drawn up were presented to Frank's attorney, who looked at the documents with a cynical smirk, and pressed the button on his autodialer to call his client Frank Mullins.

Pressing the "talk" button on his Motorola cellphone, Frank answered the call as he was standing in line at the checkout of a local Safeway.

"Yeah?"

"This is Ron, the city's made an offer if you want to call it that."

"And?"

"It's a bunch of shit, but I imagine you'd best come over here anyway," Fitzroy replied.

"Why bother, tell those assholes to fuck themselves," Frank loudly remarked as a woman with three young children stared at him.

"You should come over here nevertheless."

"Okay, see you in a bit," Frank remarked, hanging up as the clerk rang up his purchases.

"You have a filthy mouth," the woman admonished as the clerk handed him change.

"Yeah I do, and you're the same kind of person who laughs hysterically at Eddie Murphy when he runs his filthy nigger face over the fucking tube you hypocritical bitch," a smirking Frank retorted, pushing his cart from the checkout and heading for the door while other astonished patrons, black and white, stared at him in silence.

An hour later, the city called Ronald Fitzroy, who ignored the offer made, handing the phone to Frank as they sat in his office.

"Mr. Mullins, this is the Mayor, and we believe this is a reasonable settlement with regard to your claim," came a voice over the telephone.

"I'm sure you do, but I don't," replied Frank.

"Why?" asked the Mayor.

"For one thing I don't need the money, for another, don't think you can buy me off that easily to protect that Jew bastard Lieberman and those other shitheads!"

"But Mr. Mullins –"

"Offer is refused, fuck you very much, I'll see you in court," Frank remarked, and hung up the phone.

"They'll settle, all they have to do is abide by our terms," Ron observed with a smile as he relaxed in his chair.

Frank nodded and asked, "After this is over, what do you plan to do with your cut of the settlements?"

"Probably retire and build myself a palace somewhere," Fitzroy answered.

The following day another offer was made by the city, for the same amount, but with the odious stipulations deleted. In order to save their asses they were caving in and throwing their lesser charges to the wolves, illustrating how corrupt this society has become.

"I think this is an acceptable offer," Ron remarked as they reviewed the documents.

"So do I," replied Frank.

"I want to see if I can squeeze them for a little more, if you don't mind my doing so," Ron added with a grin.

"By all means," answered Frank, returning the smile.

The mayor called to see if the current offer was acceptable, to which Ron replied, "Make it 35 million and you've got a deal."

"I'll have to check with the City Council Mr. Fitzroy," the mayor replied.

"Snap to it fatass," Fitzroy answered with a laugh, hanging up on him.

The final call came an hour later, the mayor stating the figure would be met providing Frank signed off from any further claims against the city.

"No problem," Frank remarked into the phone, "But there is one other thing I want from you."

"What is that?" the mayor asked.

"I want you to deliver the check to me personally at my lawyer's office."

The mayor reluctantly agreed, as Frank would not sign off until this draconian demand was accepted.

Mayor Fatass came over in his chauffeured limousine to Fitzroy, MacPherson and Ellis, PA and delivered the check as media representatives recorded this humiliating spectacle for posterity.

After signing off, Frank remarked spitefully to the mayor, "How does it feel to have it broke off in you sideways fatass?"

The mayor gave no reply, turned on his heel and left.

"Excellent," Frank remarked as he looked at the check for \$35,000,000.

As the mayor was ushered to City Hall, he remarked darkly to the comptroller, "You know, that Mullins sonofabitch is so goddamned mean, I'd bet you could pour molten lava down that bastard's throat, and he'd smile at us and shit granite blocks!"

"It wouldn't surprise me at all," the comptroller replied, shaking his head.

An escrow account was opened, and Frank was presented with a check for the sum of \$24,500,000, all tax-free, due to being a settlement in a civil case, which he deposited in his

personal bank account. Ronald Fitzroy deposited his cut of the proceeds, amounting to the princely sum of \$10,500,000 in his personal account.

Money couldn't bring his family back, Frank thought, but he was certainly going to make them pay for what they did. This was only the beginning of Mullins' civil depredations upon his enemies, as all were soon to find out.

The NAACP was the second to offer a payment to Frank, a pittance of \$500,000, which they informed Fitzroy of, adding it would bankrupt the state chapter and deprive the downtrodden minorities of their needed services.

Frank replied that he didn't care about their niggers, and if they didn't cough up ten million bucks for defaming his character, he would sue them for even more.

After negotiating further, that is caving in to Fitzroy's demands, rather than having their true activities paraded before the public, a check for \$10,000,000 was sent to the law office one week before the trial was scheduled to begin.

"Damn Hymie," the nigger NAACP representative remarked as he handed Fitzroy the check.

"I'm not a Kike stupid, just an Anglo-Saxon using the very same methods you niggers and Jews use to further your ends," Fitzroy remarked with a smile.

"White racist!" the nigger yelled.

"And goddamned proud to be one, nigger!" Fitzroy yelled back.

Once the check cleared, even more wonderful money was added their bank accounts, seven million deposited in Frank's and three million added to Ron's.

On the next day the local chapter of the NAACP filed for bankruptcy, a banana-lipped simian stating over the tube that they were victims of racism.

"Watch your mouth you shitskinned nigger or I'll sue your black asses again," a livid Frank threatened the NAACP representative over the telephone.

No further defamatory comments were uttered by the NAACP regarding Frank Mullins.

Four networks, along with the city newspaper, decided to settle out of court a short time later, adding another \$90,000,000 to the kitty, again split 70/30 between Frank and Ron.

The Southern Poverty Law Center and the evil Morris Dees were occupied with slick legal maneuvers to drag out the proceedings, to which Fitzroy and Mullins simply laughed about, fully knowing they would win in the end. It would only a matter of time before Frank owned the SPLC.

After it was revealed over the airwaves that the SPLC had literally gone out of its way to assist in the framing of Frank Mullins, their donations fell by 90%, Dees calling Fitzroy from his home and offering Frank Mullins ten million dollars in cash from his personal bank account.

"I don't know about that. You'll have to ask him, but I'm warning you, Frank's a pretty nasty guy – meaner than a rattler and twice as deadly," Fitzroy replied, "Incidentally Moe, how does it feel to be on the wrong end of a lawsuit for a change?"

No reply was forthcoming as Ron looked to Frank.

"Morris Seligman Dees Junior himself is on the phone, can you believe it?" asked a smiling Ron, holding a hand over the receiver.

"Give me the horn, I'll talk to the shithead," replied Frank.

The filthy rich Dees reiterated his ludicrous offer to Frank, attempting to explain in his soft whining voice that he had made a simple mistake, and only wished to help downtrodden minorities, homosexuals and other vermin. He also harangued that Frank should be more understanding and tolerant of the wonderful diversity that was destroying America.

"Fuck you, you perverted shyster faggot – I'm not going to stop until see your ass in court!" Frank yelled into the phone before slamming it down so hard that the receiver broke in two – the tethered end of the handset falling to the floor, wires protruding, the other end skittering across the desk and landing in the soil of a potted plant.

"I guess we're going to need another phone," Ron observed as Frank sat there fuming. Saul Lieberman, Officer Collins and Cleofus Reginald Jenkins were the next targets in Fitzroy's sights, their financial annihilation imminent as the vengeful Frank Mullins closed in on them.

"We're not going to get much from these assholes," Ron observed later in the week to Frank, sitting at his office. "Probably less than four million from them all. The Jew shyster Lieberman is the most wealthy, his personal assets are a little over three million."

"Good, I want his house," Frank replied, "Then I want to offer it rent-free to the meanest, most criminal, blackest niggers we can find, as long as they promise to live in that kike neighborhood for at least twenty years."

"I call that blockbusting!" Fitzroy exclaimed with a loud laugh.

Saul Lieberman and his tearful family were forced to watch a little over a month later as his yacht, a pair of Jaguar convertibles and his mansion were awarded to victim Frank Mullins in civil court. His wages from the city were also garnished until his remaining debt of \$6,842,362.78 owed to Mr. Mullins was paid off.

After the proceedings, a smiling Fitzroy took out a pocket calculator, and figured it would only take approximately 210 years for Saul Lieberman to pay off him and his client.

Shortly thereafter, Lieberman's dwelling was handed over rent free to a group of nigger crackheads, which proceeded to rapidly turn the formerly beautiful home into a weed-ridden, overgrown, garbage-filled junkyard and crackhouse.

The Olympic size swimming pool and patio, once owned by swarthy hook-nosed Jews, and ignored by the dense-boned, chimplike niggers that now lived there, was now filled with leaves, fallen branches, mosquito larvae and algae – wild parties and loud rap music blared all night long from the gigantic living room and open four car garage.

Frank, following due procedure via his attorney, set up a reverting trust on the property, and had each of his nigger tenants sign a document freeing him from any responsibility for the dwelling or its surroundings during their occupancy.

As each nigger was arrested by the police for rape, drug dealing, murder or what else, Mullins made certain new nigger tenants from the city ghetto were found to replace the collared ones.

Thus the quiet Jewish neighborhood was turned from a placid Semitic suburb into a living hell. Their synagogue was broken into, trashed and robbed of its silver menorahs, offering plates and swastikas were spray painted on the walls and altar.

Adding insult to injury, piles of feces were deposited on the marble floor, evidently as an offering to the Jewish god.

The kikes' sacred temple – desecrated by their wonderful, inoffensive African-American neighbors -- necessitated the summoning of hook-nosed Hasidic kike rabbis to be sent from the prostitute nation of Israel to purify their shit-filled silly House of God. Such was the justified plague and horror that Frank Mullins brought upon their house.

Apelike Cleofus R. Jenkins, nigger prison guard, was prosecuted and convicted of felonious assault and battery during the same week for his vicious crimes perpetrated on the person of Frank Mullins while in his custody.

After sentencing he was returned to the same prison he had once guarded, only this time as an inmate. Within a month he was dead from a severe beating that fractured his thick skull, as the vengeful prisoners made an example of the cruel screw that had tormented them for so many years.

As it turned out, Jenkins only had assets amounting to \$6,248.23, which Frank coldly took from his surviving family as they were thrown out on the street by their landlord due to unpaid rent.

"You are a cruel and vengeful man," Jenkins' hook-nosed Jewish family attorney Marc Goldstone remarked, wearing a silly yarmulke as he handed Frank the check.

"Tell me something I don't know Mr. Shylock – and you are definitely one that Hitler missed," Frank retorted with a wicked smile.

Officer Collins, race traitor, found that -- after the relentless swath of destruction and terror -- he didn't have the stomach to face the bitter Frank Mullins.

Sitting in his den just one day before the civil trial, he quietly looked at the pictures of his wife and family sitting on their piano, put the muzzle of his service weapon in his mouth and pulled the trigger, blowing his brains out.

As his wife cried hysterically in the background with her children at her side, Collins' blood-covered corpse was hauled off in an ambulance to the morgue a little over an hour later. This was done in preparation for a ludicrous autopsy that only confirmed the obvious, that he had blown his brains out with a 9mm pistol.

"Hey Frank, Collins killed himself last night," Ron remarked as they walked up the courtroom steps.

"Good, that leaves us a forfeit on his assets doesn't it?" an unconcerned Frank observed.

"Yeah, when we're through they won't even have the bucks to plant his ass," Fitzroy replied.

Civil court was again held, with the assets of Officer Collins handed over to victim Frank Mullins, as Collins' lawyer looked at Frank after the trial and remarked, "You must be the cruelest man who has ever lived."

"You ain't seen nothing yet," Mullins spat back hotly.

Settling this low-dollar case for only \$140,558.11, Frank signed off from any further claims against the Collins estate, as his nemesis was dead and he didn't see any use in pressing his family further, as they were destitute.

"You rotten bastard, you drove my husband to suicide!" his grieving wife yelled to Mullins as he walked down the courtroom steps.

"Find another one; horny men with stiff dicks are everywhere," Mullins retorted with a vicious laugh.

"Damn Frank, are you cold," Fitzroy declared as they headed to the parking lot.

Victim Frank Mullins was indeed cold, now a completely unfeeling individual when it came to other people – a sociopathological reaction that had occurred thanks to no one in authority having cared at all when it came to his losses, many of them ridiculously expecting him to forgive his tormentors.

The concept of forgiveness was no longer in Frank's program at all. His mind was constantly tormented with vivid remembrances of Desmond and Rufus, raping and murdering his wife and daughter.

"Cold isn't the word for it," Frank replied, stepping into his Lincoln and starting it.

"What is the word for it?" Ron asked.

"How about justice," answered Frank as he shut the door and backed out.

The Collins case out of the way, that left only the Southern Poverty Law Center as the last remaining major defendant, a sharklike Ronald Fitzroy and team now able to devote their complete attention to the pursuit of that case.

Since this case was going to be a big one, he had tapped the services of his law partners, turning all his cannons on the SPLC, assuring that adequate council would represent victim Frank Mullins.

On the day of the trial, several SPLC legal fairies proceeded up the steps, greeted by Fitzroy and Mullins as they stood on the porch next to Andrew Ellis and John MacPherson, law partners of Ronald Fitzroy. Curiously, Morris Dees was nowhere to be seen.

"Hi guys, nice day isn't it?" a smiling Fitzroy called, leaning against a courthouse column.

One of the fairies, Adam Schwartz, remarked his fellow with a lisp, "You know Bruce, it's incredible racists are being allowed to get away with this."

"It's my right, and if I were you faggot, I'd see about finding another job; after we're through with your boss you'll be out of one," Frank retorted as they passed.

"That's not very nice," replied Bruce Pozner, homosexual Polish Jew, as he looked to Frank.

"I'm not nice, you pantywaist cocksucking fairy!" Frank spat hotly as the door closed.

As the court came to order a short time later, the bailiff called out, "All rise."

The judge and jury were seated and the case began.

During the opening arguments, Fitzroy informed the jury of the Southern Poverty Law Center's blatant disregard of the facts regarding the Mullins case.

The SPLC monolithic rebuttal from the trio of Jewish faggots was: "We defend minorities, and fight racism."

After the trial began, Ronald Fitzroy gleefully produced copies of memos that had informed their lawyers of this, which they had ignored, and other documents the SPLC had seemingly overlooked.

This presentation included police reports, pathology reports from the autopsies of raped and mauled Sandra Mullins and Catherine Mullins, along with the indisputable fact that Frank Mullins and family had been in their own home, minding their own business on a December night, and were savagely attacked by the nigger "minorities" Rufus and Desmond.

It seemed in their fanatical zeal to destroy injustice and racism, the SPLC had done Frank Mullins a grave injustic by spreading lies, defaming his character and had attempted to make an example of Frank Mullins before the media.

The SPLC fairies tried their best to put some sort of positive spin on this, stating they weren't aware of those facts, that they were trying to fight racism and help minorities, and that Dees and company were compassionate, understanding, tolerant people – their hackneyed diatribe taking nearly an hour.

"What does any of that that have to do with this case counsel?" the judge asked darkly, staring at one of the soft-spoken queers, a fairy-fine fellow named "Skip" Levy.

"Sometimes your honor, mistakes are made, and we were attempting to make sure the minorities were protected," the fairy named Adam Schwartz stated.

"Protected from what? They broke into his home, fractured his jaw, tied him up in a chair and raped and murdered his family – in front of him I might add," the judge remarked dryly, his folded hands under his chin.

The jury sat quietly, taking it in, looking at the SPLC lawyers as if they were liars, insane or perhaps both.

"But Rufus and Desmond were underprivileged minorities," Skip Levy stammered.

"So I suppose, according to you, that gave them license to rape and slaughter anyone they came across, due to the fact they were black and poor," the judge replied with a smirk.

"Well, no your honor, but — "

"Pardon me counsel, but do you have any real excuses to defend your office's actions with regard to Frank Mullins, instead of this syrupy rhetoric, or do you have any believable witnesses you can call to the stand?" the judge asked, interrupting the assembled fairies.

"We defend minorities," the fairy named Skip Levy replied.

"That didn't answer my question, are you certain any of you have a license to practice law?"

"I graduated from Harvard Law School," fairy Bruce Pozner replied softly.

"With what, a 0.00 GPA?" the judge snapped.

The trio of fairies stood silent.

"The lawyers for the defense seem to be evasive or incompetent," the judge remarked to the assembled jury, "I am calling a recess for one hour, and will advise you of my decision on this matter when I return. I also want to speak to the counselors for both sides in my chambers immediately."

"Here we go," replied Fitzroy to Mullins.

"What do you mean?" Frank asked.

"We've won this case hands down," answered Fitzroy with a smile, "They can't even come up with an adequate defense of their actions, let alone anything else, so the judge and jury are going to throw it our way."

"Are you sure?" asked Frank.

"Absolutely," answered a confident Fitzroy.

Walking into the judges' chambers behind the fairies, Fitzroy, Ellis, MacPherson and Mullins took seats.

"What is the Plaintiff doing in here counselor?" the judge asked.

"It is his case, he's here as an observer your honor," Fitzroy replied.

"I don't want any irregularities Ron, get him out of here if you would please, I want to get this over with," the judge remarked.

Frank Mullins looked to the judge indignantly, as Ronald Fitzroy explained to him, "Look Frank, this is simply a matter of procedure; doing it this way will protect your ass and assure a win, now please go and wait in the courtroom."

Mullins nodded sullenly and left the judge's chambers.

"Well then, let's get down to business," the judge began, "From what I see, the jury is going to hand over the title of the SPLC to Frank Mullins shortly, and I agree with them totally."

"But we defend minorities," the fairy named Skip Levy protested.

"What are you, preprogrammed robots?" the judge asked sharply, "You've been playing that same broken record since you came into my court Your organization deliberately falsified evidence against the Plaintiff, defamed his character, caused him untold pain and suffering and all you can say is that?"

"Well no," the fairy named Adam Schwartz replied, "I'm a gay male, and I know what it is like to have my rights violated."

"What does that have to do with what I just said?" the judge asked angrily, smashing his fist down on the desk, "If you think that kind of rhetoric is going to work in my courtroom, I suggest you ask for a continuance and send competent counsel up here, or simply admit you don't have a leg to stand on!"

The fairies looked at the judge impassively.

"Well?"

"We don't have any defense really," one fairy finally admitted.

"Bruce!"

"He's right Skip, Morris ignored all of the contrary reports, and did say very bad things about Mr. Mullins," the most effeminate of the fairies, Bruce Pozner, replied.

The judge shook his head at the ridiculous exchange.

"You concede?" the judge asked.

"We have to," a tearful Bruce Pozner replied, "I can't take this any longer, and I just know Morris will be so upset."

"And you, counselors?" a disgusted judge asked of fairies Skip Levy and Adam Schwartz.

"My Bruce is the senior partner," Levy replied, while Adam Schwartz, his current lover, shrugged, "I have to defer to him."

"This is nauseating," the judge remarked, "Have you any comments, Mr. Fitzroy?"

"None at all your honor," a smiling Fitzroy answered, Andrew Ellis and John MacPherson looking on.

Walking to the courtroom an hour later, the judge sat down at his bench and the jury was called in.

"Presentations have been made, and though the defense counsel has appeared at the very least evasive, I do find they are competent to continue in this trial," the judge remarked, "Closing arguments will now begin, and afterward the jury will retire to make their decision."

Ronald Fitzroy walked up in front of the jury, looked at each and made his closing argument using one sentence.

"I needn't reiterate further – the facts of this case speak for themselves."

Skip Levy, assisted by Adam Schwartz, made their closing arguments, as Bruce Pozner had no stomach for doing so. It was a syrupy forty-minute homily alluding to the evils of black slavery, persecution of negroes, the "Holocaust," the Nazis, civil rights legislation, gay rights and even Tomas de Torquemada, leader of the Spanish inquisition.

The jury was dismissed to deliberate on the evidence they had heard.

Returning within fifteen minutes, the jury rendered their verdict: awarding Frank Mullins the sum of 100 million dollars.

"I told you we'd win," remarked a smiling Fitzroy as they walked from the court, the trio of Jewish fairies looking at them sullenly.

"I'm sure Dees will appeal the verdict," replied Frank.

"On what grounds?" asked Ron, "Incompetent counsel provided for the defense, or perhaps blatant stupidity – he appointed them for Chrissake and buried himself in the process!"

"You have a point," Frank observed.

A state appellate court rejected the silly appeal of Morris Dees only six months later. Another appeal was sent to the U.S. Supreme Court, which rejected it without comment. One year after that, Frank Mullins was handed the title to the SPLC, plus the sum of \$89,687,929.63, in cash.

Seventy million of the gross proceeds went to Frank, and thirty million went to Fitzroy and associates, who closed their office and retired from the practice of law.

Mullins, ironically finding he had no use for an office building, signed over the title to a grateful Walter Prescott, who moved the headquarters from a small building in Idaho to the new premises in Montgomery Alabama.

Having well over three hundred million dollars in cash from his personal assets and settlements, Frank put away his justified vengeance, sold off his house and other real estate holdings and bought a ten million-dollar, sleek ocean yacht, complete with an efficient South American crew.

"What are you going to do with this tub?" asked an incredulous Ronald Fitzroy on a sunny afternoon in Miami Florida, as he beheld the ostentatious ship, freshly painted in gloss marine white, trimmed with black.

"I'm going to sail her around the world first, then take her to Argentina or Chile and live there," Frank answered.

"Why?" Ron asked.

"Because I hate the United States, a land of lies and hypocrisy, and I have no desire to remain here as a citizen of a country that I despise," Frank replied candidly.

"I don't blame you," a frowning Fitzroy answered, "The whole goddam place is upside down – a nation founded by white men that is now committing collective suicide in the name of "tolerance," with most of the white people today having silly misplaced guilt over niggers, Jews and other trash."

"Fuck 'em, if you ask me they deserve it, since the whites here are nothing but sniveling cowards who won't defend themselves from those opportunistic bastards! Let 'em breed their sons and daughters with niggers and other shit. I don't care. In a few years the Chinks are going to mow them all down anyway, while I sit in South America and laugh at them," Frank replied bitterly as he walked up the gangplank.

"Will you ever return?" asked Ron, looking to his friend.

"I reckon not, you won't be seeing me again," Frank answered, shutting the door to the companionway behind him.

Ronald Fitzroy stood for a moment, looking in silence at the expensive floating mansion, turned on his heel and left in his Mercedes.

An hour later, the three hundred thirty-foot "Sweet Revenge," stocked to her gunwales with provisions and freshly fueled with 25,000 gallons of number one diesel for her supercharged twin Caterpillar engines, effortlessly backed out of her slip, left the harbor and sailed east toward the European continent.

After touring the world for over a year, "Sweet Revenge" finally arrived in Buenos Aries, Frank signing over the title of the expensive ship to the helmsman at the dock for one American dollar.

"I thank you Señor Mullins," the 36 year old Colombian man remarked with a smile, having received his master's papers a week before in Ecuador.

"Don't mention it Julio," Mullins replied in fluent Spanish as he turned and walked off the ship.

Buying a large cattle ranch in the northern Pampas a month later, Frank adjusted to the surroundings as he drove about his spread in a custom British Land Rover.

Shortly thereafter he married a beautiful young German-Spanish woman named Anita, who bore him two strong blond sons, Frank Junior, or Franco in Spanish, and Paul, or Pablo.

He never told his new wife of his tortured past in the southern United States. Anita never replaced his deceased mate and his sons never replaced his beautiful daughter Cathy, but at least his new family filled a void in his heart which had tormented him for over five years.

Resettled and vindicated, he watched in glee over DBS satellite with four year-old Frank Junior in his lap as a televised civil war destroyed the corrupt United States in the year 2011,

millions of niggers and Jews slaughtered before his eyes by vengeful American white men exercising self-determination.

Gray-haired and holding a chilled Grand Marnier his hand several years later with his wife and children, he happily observed the endgame of the war – the American President and his cabinet executed on national television with gunshots to the head during the Christmas season of 2017.

Winning in the spring of 2018, but only after millions of people had died – a phoenix-like, nuclear armed, disciplined American Empire populated by 90 million surviving Caucasians emerged from the ashes, going on conquer Canada and Mexico by 2025.

A pleased Frank Mullins, having no desire to return to North America, lived out the rest of his days on his ranch in Argentina, forever free from the evil influences of the greedy, hook-nosed Jews and their apelike allies, niggers.

THOMAS PAINE

THE END

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