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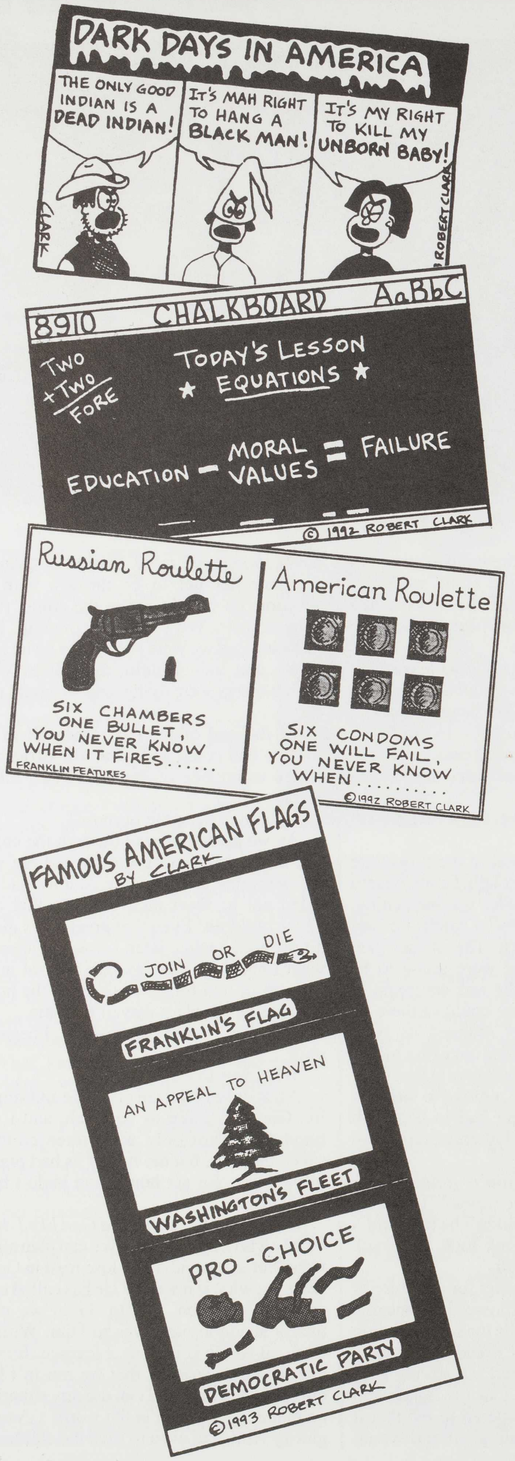

WHO . . . FRANKLIN FEATURES is the name of the *best* pro-life cartoon service in America! Founded in 1991 by Robert Clark, we are the best because of our policy: *Our subscribers benefit greatly from the cartoon service!*

WHAT . . . FRANKLIN FEATURES provides to *you,* on a monthly basis, *top quality pro-life cartoons.* Some are hard hitting, some are thought generators, some are humorous. *All are designed to turn hearts to the unborn, and to the high cost of permissiveness greed in terms of dollars and souls.*

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WHEN . . . Each and every month of your special subscription, you will receive at least *one dozen new pro-life cartoons,* plus extras like columns, fillers, etc. So *your three month subscription will give you license to at least 36 cartoons, plus extra features!*

HOW . . . Order today and you will subscribe to *the best pro-life cartoon service* for ***half*** the usual $39! That's right! With this *special offer,* you get three monthly issues for a low, low $19.50! That's about 50 cents per cartoon.
Remember, you will use them time and time again. *A picture is worth a thousand words — let these pictures work for you.*

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2. Enclose check or M.O. for $19.50 in a stamped envelope with your return address on the envelope.
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An inside view

by Chris Kahlenborn, M.D.

"Some say it could never happen. It already is my friend, it already is."

I would like to take you someplace where we all have been, but few remember. It is winter. Think back to when you were a child of twelve years of age. Picture yourself sleeping in the same bedroom and in the same house that you were living in at that time. imagine that your father is away—perhaps on a business trip or at a conference.

It's night time. Outside the wind blows cold and a thin layer of snow coats the ground. You are sleeping quietly. It feels so good to sleep so peacefully, as the wind whistles outside. So good to be curled up like a ball under the protection of the layers of wool, where all is warm and dark and so quiet—so, so quiet—you dream—quiet—so quiet.

Suddenly a loud noise. "I'm dreaming," you think, but then you realize that you are awake. Again. Boom. Boom. Boom. The pounding on the door is indisputable, but, no — it's not a knock, it's more like a crash.

Whoever it is, whatever it is, it's inside now. You get up. You panic. You run toward your mother's bedroom. "You won't hurt my mother." You burst into your mother's room terrified, crying, waiting to be comforted by your mother's arms. "No, this isn't happening, it's just not happening." You look up. You freeze. You feel your heart pounding and hear the gasp of your own voice

Massive, like a cadre of Roman soldiers they stand towering above you, each of them wearing a helmet with a dark face shield. Huge men, they look like riot police. Then you notice: "Oh my word she is gone! They have taken her!" Your mother's bed vacant—only a pile of disorderly blankets and sheets remain. "What have you done with her? Where is she? Where is my. . ."

Before I finished, one shone a blinding light into my eyes while another picked me up from behind. They stuffed a cloth into my mouth and secured it with tape that cut into the corners of my lips as they bound it around my head. Another started binding my feet, while a third bound my hands behind my back. "This can't be happening—this is America—I have rights, I am a human being." I could hear my words, but in reality my muzzled screams were like a man under five feet of water. These men with hidden eyes— these men—they carried me out into the cold. The wind whipped against my feet and down my back. The trunk opened; I continued to struggle. One guard struck me in the face, the other two twisted my terrified body into a contorted position; they stuffed me into the trunk as one would do with an oversized piece of luggage.

Silence. The car started moving. "I'm going to die; they are going to kill me." After a few minutes the car stopped rolling. Again, silence. I heard the rattling of keys and soon the trunk was open. Two of them carried me out. I had stopped struggling. I was in shock. I just watched in this bitter cold night as they carried me to an isolated building about two hundred yards away from the car. The lights from the building were getting brighter as we approached it. Beside the door were two guards — I glimpsed at their uniforms as the other guards carried me in. "Clinic Guard" was the label embroidered on the chest pocket of their jackets.

The "guards", six of them, continued to carry me down the dimly lit hall. Finally, we reached "the room." They opened the door. I could hear myself groan. Two large men and two rather manly women — all in white medical attire — wrestled me out of the hands of the guards.

"Your job is finished," said the woman, "We'll take care of the rest."

"Rest, what rest? What are you talking about?"

I heard the door close. The assistants lowered me to the floor and I was able to sit up and look around the room. In the middle of the room, I saw a table, but it was more than just a simple table. It was an operating table! "What are you going to do with me? This isn't Nazi Germany, it's America. This is America! I have a right to life, I have an—"

There was only one explanation that I could think of. In the past few years the government had grown increasingly intolerant of dissension. A new law had been passed by the recently elected party that allowed experimentation on "unfit" subjects, as the government seemed to define those who disagreed with its policies at their whim. Certainly, I disagreed with this regime, but now, apparently I had no more rights; to them I was no more than a blob of tissue.

A stumpy, slightly bald man dressed in a red surgical scrub suit walked into the room. He stared coldly into my eyes. There seemed to be no soul left within him. Apparently, this was "the doctor".

"Get him on the table," he commanded unemotionally. I began to struggle. I felt a sharp blow to the back of my head and then the back of a hand struck my cheek.

"You idiot," yelled the "doctor", "Don't strike it, you'll damage the material and end up skewing the results."

A sick feeling entered my stomach; I began to vomit. I began choking as the cloth within my mouth prevented me from discarding the contents.

They quickly untied the gag. I coughed violently, screaming questions at my assailants. Within minutes they strapped me to the table, face down. They once again gagged me. I couldn't breathe; I knew it was ending. I felt a syringe enter my skin and then a burning in my arm. "At least they are going to anesthetize me."

But wait, I could feel everything —EVERYTHING, but I,—I couldn't move my legs or hands- the more I tried the less I could move. They're not giving me a pain killer, they're paralyzing me! Then I felt it. The cold splash of betadine on the back of my head.

"No, what are you doing, what are you doing?" They began to shave my head. "Where is my mother. What did you do to her? Monsters, you're all monsters! I may die, but you will all stand before God. Each one of you. Each of you are guilty of shedding innocent blood."

Then the "doctor"—this experimental monster—said it, and it rang in my ears: "Bone Drill."

What did he say? No it couldn't be, it couldn't—"I'm still awake you inhuman monster, I'm still—"

The drill started. My body was soaked with sweat.

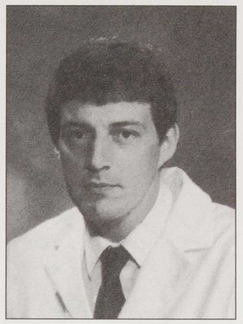
I began to pray—Lord help me, forgive them. As the drill came closer and closer sounding like a thousand bees swarming in my ears — I felt a pressure on the back of my skull.

"We are entering the cranium —"

— like an icepick.

Darkness.

Silence■



Dr. Kahlenborn is an internist in practice in Pittsburgh, PA. He was born in West Germany and has a special interest in the events surrounding the Nazi regime and the extermination of millions during some of the darkest days in Germany's history.

Cruel and inhuman. Could this event ever happen in the U.S.? On every Thursday, of every week, of every month, in every year the analogous event does happen to ten children in Dayton, Ohio as Martin Haskell commits his D & X abortions on unborn babies who are up to 26 weeks old. Look out from within.