

You feel, for the first time, that you will survive. And you resolve never to be caught like this again, never to be caught like this again, never to be disorganized, and so poorly armed! If the bastards ever try to do it again, gun laws or no gun laws, you resolve to be ready!

The noise of the tanks gets closer-closer. Now you can see them!
Thank God!

The iron monsters are clanking along the streets, clearing them, with infantry troops moving in behind them in full battle gear!

My God, what a beautiful, delicious, gorgeous sight!

Nothing ever looked so beautiful! Slowly, in a daze, those able to walk begin to move out from behind the brick pile.

The tanks and troops uncover a swarm of blacks hiding in a construction project. The infantry troops move in to round them up. The tanks stop.

But what's this! What the hell!

What are the tanks doing now?

They're turning! They're not waiting for the infantry to finish off the terrorists in the construction project-they're turning back! My God! Don't they know there's hundreds of White people out there helpless?

But they're not just "turning back!"

The tanks have swivelled around their guns and are going at their own infantry troops: What the hell! And while you're still stunned, the tanks open up with mackine guns on their own infantry and mow them down, hundreds of them!

Then the top of the lead tank pops open-and you know why.

A big black head comes out, grinning!

Now there is silence among the little band of men, women and children behind the bricks. They are too stunned even to curse. Nobody needs to explain.

They realize now what has happened.

The great majority of the blacks and hispanics in the armed forces and the National Guard have joined the rebellion.

Now the mighty technical weapons of the United States are in the hands of savages, only a few generations removed from animal life in the jungle. Rockets, tanks, nuclear bombs-all that White genius created to protect itself, stupidly and treasonably turned over to the enemy himself in the name of "brotherhood" and "equality!"

You use the last reserves of your will and energy to herd the tiny band of your surviving neighbors down into an abandoned cellar under the bricks and wreckage.

Now you are alone, against a world gone mad!

No water, no food, no ammunition, no communication, no medicine! Nothing!

But you aren't going to give up, yet.

Maybe it's only local. Maybe the Army, or the Marine Corps, or somebody will be able to get control of this revolt of the jungle.

If only you can hold out, maybe help will come.

But the tanks are followed, now, by swarms of blacks streaming out of the city, drunk with whiskey and blood-acting precisely as their kind of people have acted from time immemorial in the jungles, with animal ferocity and bloodthirstiness! Every White soldier and National Guardsman in the area is dead, many mutilated-taken by complete surprise by their own black "comrades!"

Day dawns hot, more horrible than the night, filled with smoke and flames. Dozens of moaning wounded lie all around you, crowded down in there under the rocks and bricks.

The cries for water, particularly from the kids, are endless-and heart-breaking. But there is no water. You can do nothing.

About eight o'clock, things have become fairly quiet in your neighborhood. Only the crackling and snapping of the fires all around can be heard.