

You lean out the window. "Did you hear that!" you holler to the neighborhood in general. "Hear what?" comes from a dozen throats.

"I just turned on my pocket-radio and heard what sounded like an announcer gettin' killed, right on the air. Then they went off!"

"Try another station!" somebody hollers.

"I already have," comes from somebody else. "They're all off."

"I'm gettin' my guns," you holler.

"Better be careful," shouts a neighbor, "you know the new laws on guns!"

"To hell with the new laws," you roar. "If those non-white bastards come messin' around here, they're gonna get shot. I don't care if they throw me in jail for it. I'm not gonna let those filthy non-whites shoot up and burn this place, and hurt our women!"

But before you can grab your hidden guns and get out front, they are here!

A car comes screeching around the block, tossing molotov cocktails and firing automatic weapons! In the glare of the flaming gasoline bombs you see the white eyes in the dark faces. But even if you couldn't see them, you'd know what they are by their filthy language! As usual they are drunk and roaring typical black curses on all White people-liberal, rich, poor, right-wing, Klan-any White man.

As the carload of terrorists disappears, still firing, you can hear the screams of the dying, and the expressions of horror from people whose loved ones have been shot to death.

You grab your old Marine Corps M1 and the .38 and take the steps, even in the dark, three and four at a time.

Outside, in the flickering light of the fires, surrounded by moans and prayers of your neighbors, you find a little group of men who have had enough service experience not to panic. They have their guns ready, and are trying to decide what to do.

You suggest that somebody be sent to the police station over on Grand. They all agree. A kid with two pistols volunteers. He disappears into the dark. You don't know the cops are all dead.

Just as you are discussing where each guy will be posted, another carload of the bastards comes roaring back toward town from the suburbs, blasting away. You hit the deck, slam home the bolt of the old M1 and feed a surge of satisfaction when the old rifle rattles off each round at the black terrorists. You can hear one of the sons-of-bitches scream as he's hit! Reminds you of the war! But then you remember-this is home! This is where your wife and kids live.

And that brings a new and horrible thought!

The wife and kids are visiting across town. What's happening there?

Your heart stops for a moment. But then fury surges up within you.

If they've touched Janie and those little kids!.....

You begin to consider your position.

No lights, no water, no phone, no radio-few guns, fewer who know how to use them and have the guts to use them-no organization! And very little ammo!

While you're thinking about all this, a matter of only minutes since the first attack, here come three more cars! You blast away with the M1. You hit another one! But the rest of the guys are firing away at nothing, wasting the few rounds of ammo you've got! You yell at them to cease fire! It's too late. They're all out of ammo.

The groans and crying and prayers of the people who are hit have demoralized most of the rest of the people. Surprisingly, a lot of the women seem tougher than the men, and are doing their best with torn skirts and shirts for bandages and what comfort they can provide with words.

Many of the men, especially the younger punk generation are acting like a bunch of teenage girls, screaming and screeching, begging somebody to "help" them. "Help" them! You'd like to "help" them, with a good kick in the ass.

Now it's no longer dark. The whole neighborhood is blazing.