

lose weight. In later times I was comforted by these little things. It made me feel hope for mankind.

At the time, though, Rayhab and I had places to go and things to do. Next stop would be New York. We left before sunrise and were on the road heading east. The used Subaru four-wheel-drive would take us and the .50 cal. Barrett to within range of the large LP gas spheres at the port of New York. The shot would be over a mile and a half; not easy, but certainly possible with this weapon.

Our drive east toward the Big Apple was uneventful. The four-wheel-drive was nice to have as we passed by other cars stuck in the snow. We made a few mail drops along the way to government addresses, like federal buildings, courthouses and most of Washington DC. These packages were loaded with a half pound of plastic explosive, a battery, a relay switch, and the solar cell covered in black rubber. We had a bunch of them in back of the Subaru and we unloaded them at small towns along the way. A quick stop at a big blue mailbox and we were on our way again. These bombs were not intended to hurt anyone, but rather to destroy X-ray machines. They would only detonate when passed through the inside of the machine. Some of these things cost a million dollars apiece. Then there is the cost of clean up and removal of the old one, as well as the added cost of investigating what happened. By the time we got to the New York-New Jersey area, I figured we had done about \$100 million in damage.

We got a bed-and-breakfast room across the river on the New Jersey side and waited for a few more weeks. We

figured the gas mains would blow around the end of January or the first part of February. It was the day before Christmas when we got to New Jersey and we wanted to wait at least two more weeks before hitting the spheres. No need to hit so early that new tanks could be built in time to replace the old ones before the gas mains blew. That would defeat the purpose of taking the spheres out to start with.

We took the train into the city for a look-see of the targets. It has been long enough now that I don't even remember where those silly spheres were located, but it was some where near the harbor and on the outskirts of town. I am not even sure if the spheres were technically in New York or New Jersey, the city is so big it all blended together. Most of what I do remember was Rayhab, and how we would go find little restaurants and cafes to sit and hold hands together over coffee. I do remember though that we used maps and pictures to figure a couple of angles to get a bullet on target. It would be about a mile and a half, and we would have to be ready to move fast after shooting. That city never slept; the streets were always full of people.

The D.C. snipers had a hell of a good idea. Shoot from inside a vehicle, then drive away right after the shot is fired. They were on the move so fast that they were miles away by the time any police could respond. Their main problem was staying in the same area to hunt, and that stuff about leaving taunting messages.... If they had gone mobile from town to town and state to state they could have done more. However, for men with such vision to do something like that, I was very disappointed by their choice in targets. Killing

random people for no sensible reason is not cool and will not further one's cause. They should have picked police or some other government targets to shoot. On the plus side, they did hit "within the beltway," and as so many government swine lived around there they did by chance score hits on a few minions of the system. Even though I don't agree or understand completely why they did it, I do have to say, they made a decision and went for it. That is a whole lot more than those cowards who pay their taxes and wave the flag, all the while thinking they're about something--while their government enslaves their fellow man, rapes, pillages, and butchers masses around the globe, all for the glory of the red, white, and blue.

We spent New Year's evening together quietly and peacefully. A quiet candle-light dinner with red wine, then a slow walk together through a park. We watched the fireworks from a hill overlooking the Hudson. The colors looked so bright and pretty against the night sky. As we held hands, we remembered our own day after New Year's fireworks. We smiled and gently kissed. The new year would get off with a bang. At the time, though, we had no way of knowing just how big of a bang this new year was going to turn out to be. I think now of an old Chinese blessing/curse that goes something like, "May you live in interesting times". That year would definitely be interesting. A little over twenty-four hours later the news channels came alive with the first reports of judges being blown to bits.

Rayhab and I watched some of the stories with passing interest. There were many theories about what happened, but

no claims of responsibility or demands were ever made. Thirty-nine homes of judges were blown up and thirty judges were killed. The other judges were not home at the time. Some were said to be on vacation, others were rumored to be with their mistresses at the moment of detonation. The law enforcement swine were in an uproar. Special agents were being called in from all directions to investigate the bombings. Each bomb went off at precisely the same time. They didn't know precisely when or how the bombs were placed. To complicate things more, some of the houses burned in post-explosion fires. Even the homes that didn't burn were being difficult to examine for evidence. This was after all winter and deep snow covered the ground. All those little bits and pieces of debris went flying every which way. That first day after the explosions, a snow storm came through and dumped another foot of fresh powder on everything.

Due to their obvious and strong similarities, the feds figured the bombs would mostly share the same design for each individual event. So they took the best looking locations and worked those sights only. The other spots were searched for bodies then covered over with plastic tarps. A few patterns did emerge though. All the attacks were clustered in a circle, with Nebraska being at the center. Also, the hanging judges with reputations for harsh sentencing seemed to have gotten more bang-bang than others. Their houses were pretty much wiped off the face of the earth. These smoking craters left little to look at or recover.

Case histories were examined on these judges to see

if some vengeful person who had been wronged by the judges could be responsible for the bombings. This process took a substantial amount of investigating. Those hanging judges alone had done so much harm to so many over the years, that the investigators started drowning in a sea of suspects. Like most things in the world, an event can have unintended consequences, these can sometimes even eclipse the event itself.

News organisations around the world started digging into the story. They were accompanied by amateur sleuths at home with their computers. As they dug, the shit started to bubble up like crude oil. Child molestation, rape, bribery, cheating on college exams, perjury, money laundering, drugs, gambling, and nearly everything in between started to turn up on the honorable judges. Secret bank accounts were found with substantial amounts of cash--way to much cash for a civil servant. Witnesses were found that told of rape in college. Several judges belonged to secret societies that worshiped Lucifer. Even the judges who survived by not being home became possible suspects in the bombings. When events had taken such an unexpected and disturbing turn, the government tried damage control. With a growing scandal spinning out of control, something needed to be done quick.

Someone had to be blamed and brought to justice--actual innocence or guilt was irrelevant. Homeland Security wanted to find the real culprits, but that could wait; they needed someone now. When something huge happens like this, it is no longer just a law enforcement matter, it becomes political. The illusion of government must be maintained at

all cost. People were starting to lose faith in the system. If they lost faith then they could start to rebel. If even ten to twenty percent of the people stopped obeying the system, everything could come crashing down.

Think of it, if ten percent stopped paying taxes, what could the government do--nothing. There are not enough prisons to lock up 30 million people. and don't even think about doing property seizures or you will have a violent revolution--quick. People have more power than they realise. It's just that they have been lied to and domesticated from birth. If only they could find their inner courage to take a stand, even if this means some suffering, then this world could become a better place for them and their children. Well, enough of such day dreaming. The government had to keep the system going, so a scapegoat was needed.

The honorable magistrate Mr. No Good of Nebraska received the top prize. He was one of those that were not at home when the bombs went off. He was over in Germany trying to score some underaged tail in the Reeperbahn district of Hamburg. I can only guess that being out of country made him more vulnerable and that made him the target.

There are think tanks which have some of the most gifted minds in the world working on problems and solutions for government. They analyze cost versus benefits for everything from the economy to war, and cow gas emissions to sending missions to the moon. Somewhere the decision was made to target the judge; I'm certain that it was not just a random pick of the draw. Someone psychoanalyzed the public mind and gave them what they wanted to hear.

Judge No Good was arrested in Germany and held in the stockade at Ramstein Air Force Base. A few days later he was flown back to the States for formal charges. He was never allowed to make a public statement. The next day a news conference was held by the Attorney General to announce that Mr. No Good had confessed to everything, that he had acted alone, that the government would be seeking the death penalty, and that no further persons were believed to be involved, as usual. Two days later the judge took his own life in his cell. At least that's the official version that was given to the public.

A lone crazy judge who had a juvenile history with fireworks and figured he could climb the judicial ladder by offing other judges. To cover up his real targets a few other judges were thrown in for camouflage. Lastly he set his own house to blow so as to look like a victim himself. The method of delivering the bombs was by Christmas presents of television sets or other appliances delivered to each target just a week or so earlier. There were even receipts for these gifts and records of deliveries made that were traced back to judge No Good.

The case was airtight and that's why Mr. No Good killed himself rather than bring more shame and dishonor upon the judicial system. It was all a fraud, of course, done in a panic to cut their losses and protect the system. They could have found some eccentric old man who lived alone in a cabin to frame, like Ted Kaczynski. But the public mind would not have been satisfied. With all those dirty scandals being uncovered among the judges, the people wanted blood and the

judges were the ones that were being turned on. The people had felt betrayed, their initial sympathy turning to rage as the shit on the magistrates came out.

It was kind of like when that woman who claimed her car had been carjacked with her two little children in it. She was on TV crying and pleading for her children. The public cried with her and wore ribbons in sympathy.

Candlelight vigils and group prayers were made for her and her babies. Then it came out that this slut was having an affair behind her husband's back and that she had killed her own children by drowning them in a lake, locked in the car. All of that was done to make herself more available to this other man. The story of carjacking was a fraud just to cover up her actions. Those same people who had just recently prayed for her now cursed her. Those who cried for her loss now wanted to tear her apart with their bare hands. Deep down they were mad because they had been played for fools. The dead children were secondary.

In many ways it was similar with the judges. These people were in exalted positions of public trust to protect and to serve the people. Instead they were lying snakes who acted all pious while taking bribes and devouring the houses of widows so rich developers could build new golf courses. They passed judgement on drug dealers while they themselves were drug users. They raped women and molested children then used the system to protect themselves. They were an abomination, these judges and princes of the people, and I was here to slay them.

I had a moment of enlightenment once that led me to

Amos Chapter 2 Vers 3; it was a life changing moment, one I'll never forget. I was in the depths of prison, a place of suffering and sorrow. It was in a moment of purity and truth that I was led to open my bible and turn directly to Amos 2:3. Then a miracle happened: I got out of prison. I have been faithfully on a sacred crusade ever since. In the army of heaven there are many, each according to their kind. I am small and weak, I am slow and tired, but I don't stop. Like a spy behind enemy lines I work silently, patiently, moving ever onward. I am everyone and no one, I have no name.

Subconsciously the public knew that Judge No Good was a scapegoat, but it didn't matter. At least they had someone to direct their anger at. Rayhab and I knew what was up and we were prepared. The fall-guy was to distract the public; secretly, though, the pursuit was still on. Only now there was no need of a trial. Death squads had been dispatched to hunt down and kill whoever they thought had anything to do with the attacks on the judiciary. We knew that there would be no warning if they locked on to us. No proof would be necessary, just suspicion. All possible sources of the threat were being systematically eliminated--that's the way it's done when tyranny feels challenged. We had done what we could to prepare. Before leaving for the Mall Of America we had hidden our remaining weapons in a different location and booby-trapped the stash. The gyrocopter had been given to an old man who would enjoy it. Everything else had been cleaned out and disposed of.

In the third week of January a snow storm came to town. The weatherman said light snow at first with heavy snow

expected later in the evening. I would be unable to see the targets in heavy snow so we had to act before visibility dropped too far. We drove with hardly a word between us; we could feel the chill of fear. What we did was so brazen and outlandish that even we knew it was crazy. Rayhab drove the four-wheel-drive Subaru in a loop around the target area, waiting for a break in traffic. I had the Barrett .50 cal. loaded and ready. The .50 is not really meant as a people gun, it's a materiel destruction weapon. Things like engine blocks, transformers, aircraft and other equipment that needed destroying. That night the .50 got put to the use for which it was intended.

A small break in traffic opened and the rear window was lowered. We both had ear plugs and ear muffs on for the noise. I got in position, braced and waited for the giant spheres of LP gas to come into sight. When they did, the Barrett shook the whole vehicle and set our ears to ringing despite the ear protection. Downrange the armor-piercing incendiary (API) ammo must have hit something. At first I had seen nothing, even after firing four, five, six rounds. At a slight bend in the road I let go with seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven (including the one in chamber) and I was out. I saw a flash of light on the ninth round, but it was all so fast.

Rayhab took an off-ramp and started evasive driving to lose any followers. If someone saw the .50 firing they thought better than to follow us. A quick stop in an alley and the rifle was out the window into a dumpster, another mile and we ditched the Subaru with keys in it and engine

running. As we walked to the subway we could only hope someone would steal it. As we neared the entrance the night briefly turned to day as a colossal fireball rose against the snow-laden sky, and then a few moments later the pressure wave hit and sped us down the subway entrance stairs.

We rode the train out of town after making a few transfers and by midafternoon we were in Chicago. We got another car, some new clothes, and were on the move again. From here on we would be on the move every few days. We never knew if the death squads were on to us or not, so we kept moving just in case.

The poor Arabs were getting blamed for the gas tanks; it looked and felt like a good explanation, so it must be so. Arabs had been used for so long as whipping boys that it was second nature to blame them everytime something like that happened. The only problem was that the US was beginning to run out of Arab countries to attack. However the US never did get around to doing anything about it; events to come would impose new priorities. But first, back to New York: nine days after the spheres went, so did the first of the gas mains.

Three mains blew up that first day and that night New York began The Big Freeze. There was some gas still getting into the city but not enough to satisfy everyone's needs. Entire sections of the city had the gas turned off. This was not limited to New York alone, Jersey City and a dozen other cities around the area were affected. Tanker trucks and trains were brought in to supplement the LP gas but it would be too little, too late. Without heat the city would have to be evacuated. Each time a gas main was fixed, a new section

would blow up. There was little choice as to what could be done. Large buildings that could shelter many refugees would get gas for heating. Sports arenas, theaters, and hotel high-rises would be used as emergency shelters for as many as possible. The rest were evacuated to other cities that had heat. In total, about seven million became temporary refugees during the Big Freeze, which lasted eight days, even though gas mains blew for ten days. Towards the end enough gas tanker trucks and trains got put into use to restore all the gas to the affected areas. But the effects of the Big Freeze would continue to be felt.

When the heat went off in buildings and the cold crept in, some residents tried to stay warm with electric space heaters. Others even built small fires. This did not work so well. Carelessness or incompetence combined with electric heaters and small fires contributed to many structures being burned down. The city, caught in the grip of ice, now had fires erupting sporadically everywhere. The NYC Fire Department could not keep up with the increased number of fires and some buildings were allowed to burn freely. I sometimes suspect that fires in older, poorer neighborhoods were passed over by firemen more interested in protecting high value properties in rich neighborhoods. Or maybe the ones in "The hood" were just exceptionally dumb and kept setting fires so often that the fire department stopped responding. The result, though, was that a good quarter of the ghettos burned down. Often one building would start to burn then spread to the next and the next. By the time the water boys showed up with their hoses, most of a whole city

block would be in flames. Considering the holocaust that was only a few months away it was all irrelevant, but for those who lived there and couldn't see the future, they were a bit ticked off at the discrimination. Some things people are not so quick to forgive or forget.

Water pipes froze and burst in the buildings without heat. In some cases these ruptures went unnoticed until the heat returned and the ice melted. Then the leaks would pop up everywhere. Inside walls and ceilings, the water would seep through and drywall would crumble. The water would have to be turned off until the pipes could be fixed. Waiting for a plumber may take a while on the best of days, but with so many vying for the attention of so few--good luck. Capitalism can be cruel and plumbers are not known for their charity. Those who could pay the most got the most, while everyone else could go crap in a bucket. This caused further anger, as poor people watched the plumbing trucks pass by on their way to rich neighborhoods.

For the lucky ones, the leaks were discovered when the heat came back on. As for the unlucky ones, many had their pipes burst and hemorrhage while no one was there to turn the water off. Some people came home and couldn't get through the front door; their house now resembled large ice cubes. As the water continued to flow, layer after layer of ice accumulated. Like a slow moving glacier the ice crushed and displaced everything before it. If the floor was not strong enough to support the weight, it would collapse. Water seeping into walls and then freezing would cause tremendous pressure as the ice expanded. Structural supports of walls

were forced out of place by the ice. Some times this happened in a high-rise building with disastrous results. The flooring would collapse after many tons of ice had accumulated. As the floor above collapsed into the floor below, it too would collapse. This pancaking of floors would continue all the way down to the ground, often leaving gaping cavities inside a building, if, that is, it didn't bring the whole place down. The steel framed buildings didn't have such a problem with ice displacing the support columns, but wood buildings got twisted everywhich way. 2" X 8" wall studs often got pushed right off their bases, leaving a structure teetering like a house of cards. The type of damage done would be costly and difficult to repair. To many it just wasn't worth it anymore.

A growing sense that New York City was cursed started to take hold. Street preachers accurately prophesied that Babylon was soon to be judged and destroyed. GET OUT OF HER, MY PEOPLE, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO SHARE IN HER SINS, SO THAT YOU WILL NOT RECEIVE ANY OF HER PLAGUES. They would quote from scriptures, and variants thereof, their favorites of course being from the Revelation unto John. The street people heeded their warnings and got out early. The more hard-hearted and stiff-necked stayed. It broke down to what one values. As the Messiah had said, where your treasure is, there your heart will be also. Some really loved New York. It had everything they held dear. Those would stay no matter what and see things through to the bitter end.

Most New Yorkers were however transplants who were not born and raised in the city. These had made the move for better careers in business or for the arts and culture. Some

were from small towns and just liked the excitement of big city life. Others were immigrants who already had left their native countries, and now figured it was time to move on again. To these the decision to go was easier to make. They had somewhere that they had come from and could probably now return to. There was a steady flow out of the city as people started deciding the benefits just weren't worth it anymore.

Real estate prices dropped and vacancies went up. The recession that was turning into a depression elsewhere in America now started to hit the Big Apple. Up until the Big Freeze, most were optimistic that the city could weather the current economic storm. But after the freeze, a tipping point in opinion emerged that said GET OUT NOW! It was like when I was doing the Disaster Lottery, there was a diffused consciousness to all those millions of people. They sensed it.

Rayhab and I watched and wondered what would happen next as we hopped from town to town, trying to stay ahead of the death squads. For the rest of that winter, spring and summer we stayed on the move. We would not be going back to Nebraska so soon after the judge thing happened.

During that time we kept busy with skiing at Aspen and riding roller coasters at Disneyland. River boat cruises on the mighty Mississippi and mule rides down the Grand Canyon. We went all over the country enjoying each day like it might be our last. In time we could resurface to strike again, but at the moment there was way too much security around our next intended targets--oil refineries. We still had some battlefield rockets that needed to be used; after

all, a weapon unused is a useless weapon. That was our idea at the time but we never did get a chance to hit the refineries ourselves; other things came up.

Watching the daily news was always interesting, to see what new mayhem was blooming. Pig-on-a-stick was doing well, more officers were disappearing and new recruits were getting harder to find. Budget cuts caused a wage freeze on all government employees. Law enforcement was mad about it, so in some areas the police went on strike. There was widespread crime, as would be expected when there are no police at work. What should not be expected, though, is that many of these crimes were perpetrated by the police. The striking policemen just changed clothes and went out and robbed places with lots of money. They knew where the best spots were for cash and had even worked security before at many of the businesses that were hit. After their midnight masquerade, the city counsel authorized a pay raise for the police, then the robberies stopped. I have long considered police to be filthy scum, so hearing of their misdeeds came as no surprise to me.

In the good news department, we were happy to hear of two aircraft carriers being retired and many military bases being closed. No money, no weapons--that was a major component of our strategic plan. Our hopes and dreams were partly coming true. The United States Of America was spending as much money as the next fourteen largest nations on its military. At least that's what I read in the Almanac. No other nation on earth could come anywhere close. The Defence Department had little to do with defence, but everything to

do with offence. The USA had become a hyper-predator that not only messed with other countries but also imprisoned some two and a half million of its own citizens. The rate of incarceration was higher than any other country on earth. In fact, about twenty-five percent of all prisoners in the world are in US custody. That's why we were happy to hear of many prisoners being released early to save money. Non-violent drug offenders doing life in prison for nothing suddenly had hope. Families that had been cruelly broken apart now had a chance to mend. The hearts of sons and fathers were touched, and for some there was reconciliation.

I myself spent a number of years in prison and I can confidently tell you that at least eighty percent of the people in prison don't belong there. They were victims of a police state gone wild. Many were convicted of victimless crimes on the word of a lying, good-for-nothing snitch, or based on the fabricated evidence of lying swine law enforcement officers. I truly hate informants, and believe they should all die in the most nasty manner imaginable. Remember Judas, son of perdition, betrayer of Christ--I'm sure there's a nice spot in hell for him. The most despicable thing in the whole world is a snitch, and for them is reserved the most severe of judgements. I have no mercy for informants and I have sent a few on to the next plain of existence. I hope they like it there.

There were some unintended consequences, though, that were not so satisfying. With money short, the prison conditions got really bad, and as for getting a trial--forget it. No more trials, juries or appeals. Not, at least, for

enemies of the state. Other, lesser stuff was resolved with a fine or confiscation of property. After all, the government needed money and they made theirs the old fashion way--they stole it.

Rayhab and I got robbed five times by law enforcement swine during that summer. A random roadblock and demands for cash or else we would wind up with something broken. We smiled and payed what was asked, then drove away. Those swine had no idea just what kind of rage they were building inside of people. I don't think they even cared. Some places were better than others. In one small town a young deputy tried extorting us but Rayhab wasn't going to take it. She shamed him by telling him what his mother would think if she saw him now, doing what he was doing. She almost made him cry, my lovely Rayhab had a way about her that was hard to resist. Also during that summer some new entertainment made its debut.

Some gifted individual with aspirations to make movies came out with some very creative snuff films. They were released on the Internet to everyone and also mailed at random to people. I guess the producer of these films wanted to make sure the mini-movies got out into circulation. The Internet stuff got shut down pretty quick, but copies still got passed around from peer to peer. These copies then got copied again and passed on. I do like a well-made movie with a compelling story. However, these snuff films were in a class of their own and did not conform to conventional standards. Rayhab and I got to watch one of these movies. It was one of the early movies put out, before the wave of

copycats and fakes. The quality of filming was actually pretty good for what I assume to be a home production. I understand that there are several image editing software programs available which do a very good job at making home movies. The snuff film had three features on one DVD and it was a little over one hour long. Rayhab and I watched it several times and did our own movie review and psychoanalysis on the content. Here's how the first part went.

All black screen brightens to whiteout. Then the whiteout fades slowly and an image appears. A man wearing black boxer shorts and nothing else is standing upright with arms raised above his head. His hands are bound with white rope which is tied to something above. I cannot see where the rope goes because the field of view ends just above his hands. It is clear, though, that he is tied up and being forced to stand. He is a white male of maybe fifty or so. No tattoos or other markings are visible. The background consists of a white tarp hanging from above. I cannot see where the tarp attaches, but the wrinkled fabric and texture makes it clear that it is some kind of tarp and not a wall. I guess this was done so as to conceal any signs of where the film was made. The floor is also covered in the same white tarp-like material. At the bottom of the screen the man's feet can be seen, then a few more inches into the foreground the view ends. To each side there is maybe two or three feet in view of the man centered on the screen. There is nothing else in view but the man.

Now a slow scroll of words appears at the bottom of the screen and starts to rise up to the middle of his chest,

then the scroll stops. It is a continuous loop that goes over and over in the bottom half of the screen. It's scrolling out the man's name and rank. He is a judge for the Superior Court of California. It gives some personal stuff like his address and a brief summary of his career as a lawyer and judge. This loop goes on for a few minutes then the scrolling ends and the screen returns fully to the man. Then words suddenly flash onto the whole screen overlapping the man and background. The words are lettered in black which then slowly changes to red. I don't remember exactly what was written but it went on with something about throwing rocks at others then rocks will be thrown at you. Then the words faded away after maybe twenty seconds and the image returned to the man only. During this whole time there is no other actor on screen, just the judge.

The camera seems to be on a stationary tripod as it does not move, and the lights seem to be coming from behind the camera, shining upon the subject. I would assume then that the subject is somewhat blinded by the bright lights shining directly at him. He is however free to move his feet back and forth and to turn around if he wishes to. However his attention seems to be focused forward, towards the camera. His mouth is not gagged and he is now and then saying something, but the sound is off and we cannot hear him. Neither of us could read lips so we could only guess what he was talking about. But it became obvious that something the judge either saw or was said to him caused him to panic, as he started to wildly pull and strain against his restraints. This continued for a couple of minutes until he grew tired

and his will began to collapse.

Suddenly the sound was on and a loud thwack-splat was heard and a paint ball hit the judge in the chest. It was yellow in color. About two seconds later another paint ball went thwack-splat. This one was blue and hit on the left leg. The judge was jumping around and trying to avoid the paint balls. But it was no use, every two or three seconds another shot would sound with a thwack-splat. He was screaming like a stuck pig; for such a big man he sure sounded like a bitch. It kind of ruined the movie for me at first, then the music started to play. I think it was called Flight of the Bumble Bee. I have to admit, when that music started to play I broke out laughing. The choice of music to accompany the action was hilarious. The sound of screaming was lowered and the music raised. The metronome of thwack-splat could still be heard over the music. A rainbow of colors blossomed upon the star of this mini-movie. As more and more paint was applied it began to flow and mix together, becoming a dark purple with swirls. From the sound and sight of the impacts I would say the paint marker was turned up to maximum velocity. Each hit would make an ugly bruise on bare skin from such close range. After enough hits the bruises would have merged under the skin and begun subdural hemorrhaging. The judge was being slowly shot to death with paint balls. Each shot seemed to be randomly placed so the judge could not anticipate where to tense up and try to take cover. Foot, then arm, next head and knee; each was as random as the color. After over 100 rounds he began to go limp and turned his back to the camera. This act of giving up seemed to trigger a change in script.

A short intermission of maybe thirty seconds and then a thwack-thud was heard and a solid glass marble fell to the floor after hitting hard on the shoulder. The ammo had been changed from the soft paint balls to dense, hard marbles. These new missiles gave new life to the battered and bruised judge. He came through with a deep bellowing groan combined with a yell. Thwack-thud, again and again like clockwork the marbles drove home their simple message: throw rocks and this is what will happen to you. He lasted a little longer then collapsed for the last time. The marbles continued to come, but now there was no response, no reflexive spasm to indicated life. This part of the show was over and the screen faded to black.

In all this shooting there were only five misses that I counted and three were paint balls that splattered onto the white canvas behind. While I had counted the misses, Rayhab had been busy counting the hits. She told me there were 144 paint balls and 72 marbles that hit. I took her word to be true, seeing as I didn't bother to count for myself. I wondered if there was some significance to those numbers. The number 144 is the product of 12 X 12, which numbers have some biblical significance, and 72 is just one half of 144. There probably was a message in the numerology, but I was more interested in the colors.

White is pretty well understood to represent purity, good, cleanliness, perfection, and holiness. White rope was used to bind the swine and white covered the entire field of view. So I interpreted it as the judge being bound and held accountable by ropes of truth upon a field of purity. The

black boxer shorts were symbolic of the judge's black robe and his evil deeds of filth and corruption. This judge was a high priest of the temple of justice. Justice is actually the name of a Roman pagan goddess from ancient times. These dark priests wore black robes in honor of the dark lord that they served. As for the colored paint balls, my interpretation is that the many different colors represented the judges many different victims: African American, Caucasian, Latino, Native American and Islander--all the multitudes of peoples who suffered under judicial tyranny. The one I had trouble interpreting was the clear glass marbles. After thinking long and hard about it, my best guess is that the clear marbles were not representative of any earthly punishment, but rather a heavenly, divine wrath given not by man but by the Creator.

The symbology looked to fit, at least it did to me. Art can be looked at from many different points of view. I'm not saying I was right, but that was my interpretation of the picture. The next thing that happened to the judge, though, was more blatant and needed no interpreting.

The screen brightened to a view of a long table with a white tablecloth covering it. The table was up against a white wall. The camera now moved slowly from one end of the table to the other. The body had been washed clean and dismembered somewhere along the way and parts of it laid upon the table. A hand, foot, arm, part of the torso, and the head were piled upon each other with the head on it's side, facing the camera. The old boy didn't look to good. Next the camera moved on to a large bowl of cut meats that had been cubed.

Then came the meat grinder with a sausage tube stuffing

adaptor attached to it. Last of all was the pile of beautifully made pork sausages arranged in a classic display pattern like you would find at a butcher's shop. All the while during these scenes of culinary perversion there played softly what sounded strangely like the "oompah oompah" song from Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory. The screen faded to black and that ended the first movie presentation on the three movie DVD. As a side note, DNA tests were still finding human genetic material in random hot dogs, corn dogs, bologna, and sausages. I became a strict vegetarian after watching that movie.

The second piece also began with a black screen brightening to white and then fading to reveal a green background. Like the first movie, this one had a tarp or canvas hanging from above for the background and the floor was also covered in fabric, but this time both were green. Centered onscreen was a white plastic chair with an obese man barely fitting in it. He must have been 300+ pounds. This piece of lard was wedged into the chair so tightly that I wondered how he was ever going to get out of it. This chair had armrests and I could see that the fat man's arms were secured to them with large nylon tie straps. His legs were also strapped to the front legs of the chair with the same type of large straps. These straps are the kind police use as handcuffs when they don't have enough metal ones. I could also see some kind of bolt going through the bottom legs of the chair and into the floor so as to secure the chair. The fat man was wearing floral print pajamas with pastel colors arranged in a bouquet of flowers--pajamas made for a fat

woman, by the look of them. He did kind of look funny in those pajamas.

He didn't look happy, though. Anger and contempt covered his face. This was a powerful man to not show fear. I was surprised because fat people are usually weak-minded. Obesity is not a disease, it's a symptom of mental disorder: lack of self-control leading to obsessive-compulsive behavior, overcompensation for feelings of inadequacy. Fat people are fat because they have a weak mind. But this guy looked strong and defiant. He strained at the restraints and shook his head violently back and forth.

Coming from his left nostril was a small clear plastic tube which was secured to his nose with that super sticky medical tape. This was a feeding tube that had been run up his nose and down to his stomach. The other end of the clear tube was suspended from the ceiling somewhere above and in front of the fat man's head. The field of view ended about two feet above his head, with the tube continuing on up out of sight. He would look up and shake his head in an attempt to dislodge the tube, but he could not. There was enough loose play with the tube so it would just swing this way and that with his motions. He tried to bite the tube but couldn't reach it with his teeth, as it was hanging too far in front and above him. Looking at him made me think of a hippopotamus, or rather an angry hippo. His demeanor made things all the more humorous seeing how he was dressed; he even had pink bunny rabbit slippers on his feet.

The introduction scrolled up from the bottom of the screen. His name, position and address were quickly given,