

The Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle

By H.L. Dowless

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Libero 1

The Evil Of Man Angers God



Oh hear ye now, mortal men of earth, have I a tale of glory in battle to host, and of great warrior's valor boast! No battle on earth had ever been before that terrorized the sons

of men and laid waste to such innocence in the name of sin. Behold thy hungry hearts for words and sharpened swords for action! Grasp thy seats edge and place thy boots on solid ground, lend ear my sons, and see where great valor was found!

The blustery coolness of the great North wind gingerly caressed an ice enshrouded landscape. All were full of joy and genteelness, for the world was at an overwhelming ease in the eyes of grateful innocence. The eons of ages past had now faded into the murky pages of history, plunging a horrendous collection of battles beneath the waves of obscurity.

The gentle spring of peace had now settled among men, spreading harmony and goodwill from one unto the other. As the ages passed and men became more prosperous, they came to believe that wars were only fought by those who

exist in a state of complete barbarism. “Never,” said they, oh ones who swelled with such ignorance, “could the blood encrusted sword of battle ever again slash the throats of mankind,” as the somber veil of death settled upon the great French conqueror.

In truth, this master of evil tyranny had indeed been delivered into the hands of death, delivering all mankind from his vice like grasp, causing many to believe that a natural order had forever been banished from the earth for the duration of all eternity.

In those days new inventors, men of astounding creativity, transformed the rigors of daily existence into soothing ease. A single tug upon a small chain of silver produced instantaneous lighting, transforming the blackness of midnight into the shining light of mid day. No longer did men labor by the sun or rest by the moon, but labored intensely by the monotonous hammer of the clock in the midst of artificial illumination. Now great harvest could be thrashed by a single individual, which a mere century ago

prior would have consumed the labor of a thousand men. How blessed mankind indeed was, and how ignorant of the natural order and the supernatural he became!

Behold! In those days men who suffered from hunger and neglect were reduced into only a minute sector of society. Never before had the sons of men bore witness to such prosperity! Upon every table were served the finest meats along with the sweetest wines produced. New formulas for daily existence arose, renouncing all those established formulas which had conquered innumerable previous centuries and social revolutions. Truly now did mankind thrive fairer than those of any age prior.

In those great days of new wisdom sophistication flourished, and out of that sophistication arose a new order of morality. Every man, woman, and child existed only for self gratification, viewing themselves as being almighty through their own prosperity. Thus, two classes now arose; those who were fortunate and acquired vast amounts of prosperity, and those who never received the required

knowledge that lead into prosperity. Now it is true that the first class greatly outnumbered the second, and through their own perverse lust for gold they grew to despise the unfortunate.

Now in those days, as the stated facts gradually became characteristics of all those who dwelt upon the earth, it was then that the evil vapors of discontentment arose forth from Jupitalia, that pent-angular mount of immeasurable heights, whose constitution is that of midnight black glass, which protrudes upward from the midst of the eternal fires toward the lofty heights of heaven above. Behold all men, for it was during the reign of those times that the vapors were cast from within the belly of the earth, upon the earth's surface only to rise and fall among the sons of men.

A somber cloud it first formed, rising into high heaven above, then gradually descending, only to settle upon those houses and villages of earthly beings. Those who were compelled into productive action only by their eternal lust for gold were most intensely affected, and many future

sorrows were destined to wreak havoc upon their general mental stability.

During those ages past, when men labored only for self nourishment, were women thrilled that the men were endowed with such a successful quest for wealth. Now those same women despised the man's absence from home, and they grew increasingly sorrowful. When the man did chance to return, great insults were thrown upon him concerning his lack of attention toward the family counterparts.

As the horror continued the truly innocent gazed forward in utter disgust. Many a child grew to despise his father's lack of attention, and consequently grew to despise the man himself. Many children grew to despise the mother's criticism, so therefore they grew to despise her person likewise. In this manner family members were torn apart, cast into the bottomless pit of hatred for the duration of their earthly lives.

Through the perpetual lust of gold, immorality thrived as mankind began a great quest for pleasures of the flesh. The

baseness of man's immorality prevailed to such an extent that it superseded even that of glorious Rome! In those days thousands of unborn infants were murdered while still enshrouded deep within the warmth of their mother's womb, in the effort of whores to obscure their wretched deviations. Many of these women were the wives of holy men, hypocritically appearing to be holy themselves, then rising up outside of his presence in order that they might gratify their insatiable fleshly lusts. Many righteous men were cast into the flaming pit of hell by the hands of ungodly women, and all of the earthly population lay blame upon his countenance following his earthly passing.

How terrible was mankind in those days? Worse than those who thrived before the great flood, yea, truly worse than those of Sodom and Gomorrah!

Behold, murders were even committed in the name of a single piece of gold, and not a single kingdom of the old country held the place of worship holy.

In the midst of heaven a mighty clatter arose, for the Lord

had become extremely discontent. His gloriously sparkling eyes of radiant ruby now gradually dimmed, overflowing with tears, shame enveloped him even in the face of his own angels! Sorrowed he was that his own creation might consistently disregard the ten sacred laws which were cast in dense granite, to endure for the duration of all eternity, that the generations might behold his holy words.

Truly as a potter would a spiteful lump of clay, he once again wished to smash the face of all mankind into powdery bits in order that he might recreate a new righteously prosperous kingdom that he could truly call his own.

Great contemplation concerning the matter fell upon his intellect, and his eyes furiously combed the surface of the earth. When his eyes fell upon the wretched immorality of the Old Country, he vomited in utter disgust, and he came to dread a further quest for righteous men.

In those days the great archangel, Michael, approached, urging him to search farther in hopes that he might find one faithful people. Diligently he searched, and it was then that

his brilliant eyes fell upon the new land to the west.

As his glorious eyes cascaded the landscape from golden coast to golden coast, they soon fell upon the industrial workers of steel, who labored both day and night for the sake of nourishment for a dear wife and small child. Toward the South land where they fell upon the sharecropper who labored until the black of night, then gathered about in his holy name, blessing and praising him for his gifts. They fell upon those great leaders of the land who declared that his own name should lead the nation into eternal greatness.

Above all stood his eternal name, was one single nation who gathered at his feet, that they might cast their trust upon his bulging shoulders in every aspect of daily life.

He beheld their assent into greatness as a nation, while the mighty resounding masses rang out thundering chimes, gathering about to cheer his greatness.

“One God, one nation, one eternally inseparable from the other!”

As their cheers and praises arose into the lofty heights of

heaven above, his heart became enveloped in ecstatic joy. With every “hail” that they cheered in his holy name he leaped upward in great excitement! No longer was he grieved at the decay of other nations, for he had regained his strength through the cheers of those who were to shine in glory for the duration of all eternity.....these gentle people who entrusted the symbol of their nation in the tender respect of an element found in the animal kingdom...these people who adored all in his eternal name, sending forth a triumphant hail of praise, requesting that his eternal throne be positioned in the heart of their glorious land of The Golden Eagle!

It was then that the Lord God smiled graciously upon those humble blessed people, and the Lord then resolved to punish all the earth, allowing the Golden Eagle to rise high into glory upon the graves and ashes of other nations.

While upon his heavenly throne of sacred diamond he conceived the mighty plan. Now in a single duration of an inglorious second he unlocked the terrible provisions of hell,

flinging the gate of vagabonds open, allowing those evil spirits to advance forth upon all humanity. From his word he could never retreat, so the ghosts of hell marched forth upon the face of all the earth, entering into the midst of mankind, possessing the fleshly form of multitudes!



Libero 2

Odin's Son Is Born

The sun glittered and glistened upon the verdant rolling Austrian landscape, for the angels of Odin had driven away all darkness from within their wintery domain in preparation for their god king, Odin, who was to enter the earth, existing among men in fleshly form.

Hear ye now, oh mankind! Not a single mortal man could foresee any dangers as four midwives gazed upon a certain crying, whining, crimson hued newborn.

Sara, with the golden hair of flaxen, would have dashed the child into bits upon the wooden floor of that cabin if she could have foreseen the painful death of her dear son at the blood soaked hands of the one who was now that innocent newborn!

The other three would have smothered the child in his

mother's arms, if they could have foreseen a single minute glimpse of the evil vanity that this child would lead their own children into!

Through the will of Almighty God, each was to play a part in the evil cloud about to settle upon the Scandinavian countryside. Behold, not a single individual could foul that eternal plan, helplessly they were to all play a part! For the Almighty had conceived a plan for Israel to resurrect, and the diaspora to collectively assemble. But first, oh ye sons of men born of womankind, in order for these events to consummate, the Lord must purge his own so that those of true faith might be separated from the imposters.

This newborn was no ordinary babe, and as he grew into manhood his family came to recognize this as fact!

Odin knew that the child must grow up in the human world, in order that he might conceive the foundation stone for a resurrection of those mighty knights of old.

The child's father was indeed a most faithful servant of the people, but a life as such would never foster the

construction of a vast empire, so Odin caused him to focus in on an artistic profession in order that great creative imagination be programmed within his intellect.

At the graceful age of seven the child was given singing instructions, and seemingly to all he enjoyed these instructions, though it was not the singing that he enjoyed, but the splendor and grandeur of the church festivities.

Through the meandering course of years, the ancient gods had been eliminated and replaced with the great God of holy Judea, but the honors held in festivities of that one and true God of Gods, were still those attributed to the gods of the ancient pagan lords of war.

Behold mankind, for the Almighty God had detected such unholy worship, so therefore he had forever banished his acknowledgment of those honors. Indirectly, the pagan gods of old were still honored, and since this child was inspired by Odin, he much delighted in his own honor!

Upon this child Odin smiled heavily, blessing him with the

intelligence of those ancient Lords of war, both in the area of imagination and assembly concerning the reconstruction of historical facts.

By the child's own formation of his life's ambition the foundations of a vast empire was about to be laid. Under guidance by the hand of Odin the child happened to fall upon several volumes of military literature locked away deep within his father's library collection, and it was then that the nature of his intellect began to transform.

Now no longer was he of sole artistic inspiration alone, but indeed he had chosen to intertwine artistic ideology with that of military strategy, forging a building block of a great and mighty empire!

The child's tender mind soon began to construct pictorial representations of such a vast and mighty empire, and from the very first moment that this vision was conceived, he came to know that it was only a matter of execution and procedure to transform the picture into reality!

Through diligent study of history the child of Odin

absorbed the dark secrets of his master in shining armor. Soon the child, now a young lad, began to visualize the purpose in the conquests of ancient emperors and the motivations for their war machines, his blood began to chill with a tingle, and with Odin's whisper in his ear he came to believe that his purpose on the earth was to liberate his Fatherland from the clutch of those selfish nations. Though he developed these dark conceptions, still he retained an adoration for the arts in order that the realm of his imagination might not develop any boundaries.

Still he wished to enter the arts as a profession, and upon this expression to his father, his father violently rejected the thought. As a result of this rejection, the child sabotaged his studies in order that more time might be devoted to the study of artistry in its entirety. From this devotion he also meditated subconsciously on future plans for his Fatherland, but those plans were not to be made known unto men until much later in his predestined career, by his choice in the route that he had taken.

In the dark land below, abiding in massive temples built of solid ice, and given real life by a noticeable fire burning inside the ice itself, revealed Odin who caused a spirit to be torn from his own body to be sent to earth in human form.

Within great scrolls wrote he, an outline for the young lad's life, and he was delighted that all had gone well according to the plan. Upon great sheets of pure diamond were those words engraved, in order that they might last for the duration of all eternity.

Hundreds of thousands and thousands of angels poured into that land of Germania, riding forth upon chariots of wind to be bound within all the people both great and small.

Satan, from whose loins was born Odin himself, leaped for joy! For he had foreseen a mighty conquest over those of chosen stock. Seeing all symbolism of purity had been abolished from the land, lust, greed, and fornication ruled the intellect of the earth's inhabitants. Hear me now oh evil men of earth, only some small few still held to the great creator's laws in respect, but Satan took particular delight

in the vision of those chosen people being forced to endure a colossal persecution.

Through blood, greed, and mighty conquest would the Satanical empire of those Teutonic lords of war prosper. Pleasuredom abounded fruitfully within that realm, Teutonia, whose people were base adherents to gluttony and sexual perversions of every stripe, from which the spiritually wise faithfully refrain. Periodically that King Of Darkness would stride forth upon the earth, blowing his rancid breath into the lungs of those who chose to abide in his leadership, while neglecting, rejecting, and despising the righteous and the upright in Christ, as well as the traditions unto which the chosen are bound by holy word and custom.

Oh hear ye now! The destructive winds of war were beginning to stir throughout the contours of the earth, oh not a single corner was to be untouched, not an ear nor a household mentally or spiritually unaffected.

One great and terrible war completed, had left the earth to pause in awe and great wonderment, that war to end all

wars, that battle for the last war upon the entire earth. Now many had sensed the wind's stirring, but had refused to accept the fact of new war that lay silent in waiting, ready for that unmerciful moment to pounce; Though at this moment that war was a few years future from where this unholy boy now stands. Even so, still the spiritual signs were there, to fill the seekers minds and hearts!

Odin, that Nordic god of blood, fire, and war, had stirred the descendants of his faithful into a massive reunion, only to fail through the unshakable will of the Jews; for even the Almighty's will to allow Odin to stir at all fell in sequence to an awesome future climax!

Odin cursed the works, he cursed the very ground beneath holy Jehovah's feet, brazenly announcing that he would destroy the chosen few of all the earth.

Never once did Jehovah denounce the defaming words of Odin, he only smiled while he absorbed the blows, saying quietly unto himself:

“Oh, thou evil one of darkness, how I forgive thee for thy

shortsightedness.”

Jehovah’s hand moved above the face of the earth, and the child of Odin now entered a new stage of his predestined existence, for even he himself had now come to believe in his own predestination.

Many mortals viewed the rise of war kings as a sign of futuristic battles. Still most refused to believe that war was even possible. So all mankind continued on, as in the days before the great flood, to eat, drink, and to take wives, living only for their own pleasure, forsaking the Holy of Hollies, seeking to resolve their own end.

It was on the eve of a single bright and sunny day that the very bowels of the earth opened up, to release an angelic messenger whose instructions were to guard the child of Odin, in order that he develop according to the schedule outlined in the scroll of diamond. Subconsciously the child was to receive those words of Odin directing him concerning the resurrection of the old Teutonic empire designed to endure a thousand years.

Behold, these were the words spoken unto him, telling him of that empire of old:

“In the days of old the adherents were angels of destruction, for their entire economy was based upon trade and illicit seizure, in which the bounty was theirs only through total extermination of the true and rightful owners. Any survivor was to serve as slave to his captors. Gold, frankincense, silver, and diamond thrived, for those traditions were carried down from the glory days of old Rome!” Odin and his angels abounded to the fullest extent in those days of old, for the people of the land knew not of Jehovah.

In those days midnight raids wrecked horror on the face of the earth. During the course of those raids all suffered, even the elderly gray and grizzled were slaughtered, even as they trembled on sight of their villages' destruction. Women were unmercifully murdered, or forced to serve as bedtime slaves to those victorious lords of war. Newborn babes were slaughtered at the breast that so freely offered them

nourishment. Those evil victorious individuals neither sorrowed nor allowed their actions to weigh heavy on their conscience, for such feelings of compassion were unworthy of any elaborate celebration in their own land. Only the richest of the spoils were carried home, and many such raids were executed simultaneously.

For the duration of a thousand years twice had this culture been bread for war. Now in the swift course of a thousand years divided, Jehovah had set foot in their midst. Through the Byzantine emperors traveled the good news message and thereby, Jehovah's words were spoken to denounce a tradition of evil embedded within an illustrious culture.

The ten commandments violated all that the nation of knights had stood for, even into the very principles concerning their national prosperity. Never could they completely abolish those values hammered into their steadfast minds by the hardened mallet of time. Through an abiding respect for Jehovah they had abolished the pagan

gods of the imagination, but they continued to pay Odin respect by worshiping Jehovah with pagan festivities. The empirical aggression and malicious murder thrived, only now in the name of Jehovah rather than Odin.

In worshiping Jehovah they subconsciously shouted: “Long live Odin the great!” So in this manner he lived and thrived to govern those of his own.

Jehovah clenched his teeth in restraint towards the pagan rituals cast in his own honor, but he devised a plan for the reestablishment of Israel according to its ancient boundaries, for the end of time was drawing nigh.

In those days in which the child of Odin grew and developed, a great self confidence through a disillusionment concerning the failure of the first great war began infiltrating the minds of governments existing within certain cultures. Only one had chosen to remain neutral...to exist in peace was their God given right.....that land of such great prosperity through grace and respect for one's fellow man....those so free who roam the forests and the

mountainsides.....behold all men, this land of The Golden Eagle!

Fire raged beneath the earth's surface as the demons of hell fought to gain first hand glimpse of Odin's growing offspring. By working through this child fire would be brought forth upon the earths' surface to install a government that upheld Odin's ancient attributes.

“All hail Odin, the wonderful,” they all shouted, bowing, worshiping the right hand of Satan himself! Lets give this child of Odin an astronomical increase in his ability to lie to the sons of men, thereby allowing him the ability to utilize the power of mental blockage in the recollection of any event that he desires to erase,” said the demons of hell as they gazed forward.

“Lets give him the gift of an elaborate memory, for such is useful in the fulfillment of evil purposes,” said that collective group in chatter like fashion.

“Lets place deep inside his heart a great capacity for hatred, so that he might erase the holy ones from the gray

face of the earth, so that in this manner the emerald green lush of earth's surface might bedazzle our eyes again once their feet are removed from covering it," stated Beelzebub, that demon of hatred.

Upon those statements they all promptly agreed. Each attribute of evil allotted sank into the mind of the child. But of this the child himself was not to notice until a later date. Deep inside the heart of the child was now locked away the perversions of ancient Rome in combination with an intense lust for murder.

Through the darkness of night, as he lay still in the bedding of his father's house, his eyes began to gaze back into the times of his forefathers....times of great evil....the days of the blood culture. Silently he began to wish that the modern world would crumble and recede into the murky depths of time itself.

Many of his classmates taunted him on a daily basis. In his own eyes, these classmates were not on an equal basis with him, they lacked the spiritual guidance and

intelligence, for they were racial inbreeds. Through the taunting jeers of his classmates, his pride began to swell, for he stood alone to represent his nation in blood as well as culture. In his eyes the others stood out obtrusively as apelike monstrosities that resulted from casual inbreeding. Day by day he began to view his situation, not as impossible but as reversible; he must devise a system in which his own kind would take the cover as the persecuted.

From the very day of this resolution his entire life would be one of total devotion towards the execution of massive destruction and the reconstruction of an ancient world long since dead. As he stood upon a distant hillside, allowing his eyes to absorb the ancient city of old Berlin, he envisioned flames issuing forth from the innermost depths of the city itself. Gradually these flames fingered through the contours of the city itself, eradicating those individuals who were not of pure Aryan stock. Upon the purgatories' halt, a whirlwind issued forth from the bowels of the Waldenwood, constructing a new city in the name of those of a new

purified blood.

A mighty city it was, of purest elaborate columns greater than all offered up by ancient Rome or Greece. A city that hailed the liberal arts graced underneath a sacred blanket of entertaining air created by Wagner, and many others who stood alone to represent those of pure Aryan race. Behold, a vision of greatness had now been formulated....now a rule by which to climb must be conceived.

Odin inspired his child in his life's direction on a daily basis; through living he constructed the means by which this achievement might be arrived at.

The angels of Odin carefully watched over the child as he grew, even though his family possessed no knowledge of the supernatural events to which their son played, as they watched him play about on the floor of their cabin. Many in the surrounding neighborhood considered him a member of the low esteemed, but indeed through his intense hatred of the Jews he was the greatest soldier in the name of the promised land.

The child's will was never entirely that of his own forces, it was drenched with inspiration from those Demonic lords of darkness. The great creator who knows only of purity, indirectly caused the child of Odin to blindly follow along his predestined route, by allowing Satan to whisper evil instructions into his wanting ear!

By the child's thirteenth year of life, the foundation for a massive plan was taking shape; behold thou sons of earth, now the time had come for Jehovah to allow Satan to rule. Now insane with leaping joy, Satan inserted extremely intense potions of hatred deep into that child's still developing mind.

From this single insertion would stem the greatest persecution in the history of all mankind. That as such was of an immense necessity for the collective gathering of the diaspora.

With the untimely death of the child's mother another segment of the eternal plan now fell into its proper place, for his mother was the object of his total adoration and now

that object of his love had been laid to rest for all eternity.

Love resembles a rushing, cascading river that can never be retained or withheld; and so his love was vented into another object of his adoration. At heart and to merely speak the truth, he thought very lowly of women, this soldier of Odin, and so his love was vented into the abstract objectivity of his blood and nation.

Still perpetually endowed with a desire for the artistry as a profession, this youth now ventured into Vienna in order to complete an entrance examination for a certain academy. Within his own mind protruded forth the conception that this examination would be simple enough, satisfaction in artistic development caused him to take joyful pride in hoping for the best.

Within a few days that dreaded moment of truth arrived in the form of a single slip of paper. In it's words he saw that he had been denied entrance...denied the right to pursue his dream! His intellect and self confidence now shattered, he became convinced that he was rejected because of

domination of his own country by those whose ancestors once ruled holy Zion, those who were to emerge as the objects of satanical inspired hatred. That demon of hatred had now entered into his heart and soul, and the hatred continued to swell on a daily basis.

Through the course of his daily existence on those cold streets of cobbled stone, he came to notice the influence of holy Jerusalem; while he gazed upon those wretched members of the Aryan race, he came to detest the wealth amassed by the Jewish inner circle who only distributed freely among themselves.

The demons of Odin now commenced to speak into the youth's ear while he viewed himself and his fellow men, whispering these words:

“Why should all those who hold true unto the values of our Fatherland be forced to thrive off the meager necessities of life, while laboring by day and by night for those parasitic imposters?”

From this single question opened a door which allowed

that demon of hatred to settle deep inside his heart. Soon through the very influence of Satan, those ancient lords of war would rise forth from the dust of the earth to reclaim their own, and wreak destruction upon entire world.

It was upon this day that the sky above darkened, appearing to possess the consistency of pitch. For the mortals below it was merely a mighty storm of fire and rain, but the gods were announcing an earth shattering proclamation for all mankind! The time of blood and doom had arrived! Fire thrashed the sky round about as the cloud of evil darkness began to settle upon the face of the countryside, planting seeds deep inside the minds of the people.

At various intervals as the child passed through numerous sectors of those whose ancestors once owned Judea, the cloud settled heavily upon his intellect, causing him to fall upon the ground vomiting furiously. Demons were his company, and in the eyes of Odin, he was truly a desirable child!

Libero 3

A Conflict In Heaven Arises

In those days the gods began to shift their faces toward Judea for numerous reasons. Each god, be it for the sake of evil vanity or pure righteousness, conceived diverse plans concerning the land that lay between those ancient boundaries. The one and true God, Jehovah, recognized this fact, and allowed them to carry on as they wished, unitizing them as servants to unwittingly execute his mighty world consuming eternal plan. In the world of ghosts, Jehovah's subordinates, those of lesser intellect, dreamed up elaborate fantasies concerning the intentions for a conquest over all evil.

Gerlbien, leader of the Zeppelin legion, nominated himself as warlord in chief. Under him, some five hundred thousand warriors marched forth upon the dry dusty plains of the Marchepeli to meet those forces of demons and those

powerful ghosts of evil vanity.

Behind every boulder, every tree they positioned themselves, and some rode encompassed within the very wind itself. Some seven days and cold windswept nights passed, then upon the distant horizon arose a massive clatter and dust filled cloud. Then this foreign army halted, it's leader riding forth upon an emerald stallion that whisked him toward the first of Gerlbien's bedazzled forces at the speed of a racing brook. A colossal flag of verdant mist was positioned before him as he rode. Gerlbien proceeded forth to offer an exchange of words. In a single angry spout Gerlbien detected the true purpose in his adversary's advance.

“So it is well known that you back Odin in his most reviling plan for the future of earth's inhabitants. I loathe this idea of civilization.”

“My name is Noromini. I once served in second command to Odin The Magnificent. Jehovah has allowed us to enter in, so I presume,” said he, gazing backward with a lustful grin?

“So therefore, I should presume that you ride forth against his best wishes?”

In that instant a massive boulder burst forth from the bowels of the earth beneath his feet, rising upward toward high heaven, then falling to crash within the ranks of Gerlbein. A great HURRAY arose forth from the ranks of the two surging armies. The skies above darkened as those two congregations of bodies met. The air rang with the cling and clash of innumerable iron swords....combined with the dry thud of wooden hammers smashing into the breasts of spiritual flesh....the piercing cries of holy spirits who fell and would have perished had they been mortal.

Gerlbein removed his sacred sandals in a single great declaration of his refusal to give ground. Some seventeen evil demons fell before him, but he was not to be decorated as victor yet, even though his fight had been a gallant one indeed. In a single awesome attempt to inspire overwhelming spirit so necessary for a mighty conquest, he leaped and bounded forth in the manner of a brave and

victorious conqueror. Yea, he and his followers had gone mad with the blood of their conquest, severing the heads of those demons who were slain from the necks of their blood drenched bodies. Now lifting two heads high, he then raised his face toward heaven, valiantly announcing that the holy spirit was with him, and then the ringing clamor of battle encompassed him.

“Behold! I am the mighty victor in which the Volume Of Vanities speak! Let it be known that in those volumes it is written that a great one of the feared Zeppelin Legion will come to conquer the land of darkness and lay waste to all of the unclean traditions within. Behold! I am he! Hear me now as I speak, oh one's on earth of hope and prosperity,” said he as he violently shook those heads of the demons against a crooked sky of red fire.

Behind him lay a dazed warrior who was now slowly recovering. As he gazed forward upon Gerlbein's leather covered back, he envisioned his own personal ride into glory. By his own side lay a sword of silver and gold. His trembling

hand seized upon it, coming into glory in the duration of a single fleeting moment. Victoriously in one swipe did he cast that great lord of war into the void of eternal bliss. Indeed had Jehovah conceived an awesome plan that was victorious even as it now stood, and not even his own could go against it or comprehend it!

From the floor of the golden sanded valley issued forth a cloud of dust created by a continual burst of breezes that passed through that low lying region. A tawny cloud now arose, then settled within the clatter's midst; no longer could those spirits of war see beyond the being before them, the tide of fear increased immensely. Soon the ghostly soldiers of Satan fought with an ever swelling viciousness attributed to that of a raging lion. Behold all men of earth! When that evil Tawney cloud lifted, Gerlbein 's followers lay dead, thousands hacked into blood soaked chunks!

Noromini's followers leaped with great joy, for they had slaughtered the army of the Zeppelin Legion, the army of righteousness. Behold inhabitants of all the earth and

tremble where ye stand, for evil had now triumphed over good! Noromini's followers then proceeded forth into Macemonion, valley of the Hagalabons, that valley locked away deep within those mountainous landscape of Hades, hoping to forever savor the sweet morsels of their victory. They, lords of evil and the despair of mankind, could only see what was immediately before them, never grasping the eternal vastness of the holy plan. So they proceeded onward, and did according to the guidance of their own lusts, unwittingly becomes the pawns of great Jehovah.

Throughout that valley of Macemonion rang a colossal celebration conjured into materialization by those Satanic lords of darkness. Every demon was invited to attend, including their legions of long lost human souls and the Lord Of Darkness himself.

In the heart of the valley was a great round table, consuming some ninety acres of land, was placed before huge masses of raging whore mongers. In that tables midst was placed a huge platter constructed of fire and ice

combined as a single unit. Upon this platter was delightfully positioned the red of a Congo melon which acted as a cushion for a lovely queen of the night who lay upon it in a most delicate fashion. Her covering was the seed of the pomegranate, the crushed interior of strawberry and grape, and diverse varieties of fruit gathered from the entire earth and universe surrounding.

During this celebration, that festivity of the damned, the gluttonous kings of the vile and wicked feasted, with that queen as host unto a most degrading past time of those ones of such crude nature.

On earth, many times a mortal child of thirteen leaves the fortress of her father's home into which she was given birth. Every value of righteousness she will cast aside, even spitting upon mention of it in defiance, swearing never to return into the safety of it's cloak. As the lost sheep helplessly wonders about in the heart of the woodlands, so proceeds this child in the bowels of the corroding city. Gradually she is drawn into the clutches of evil by it's eye

catching attractiveness. Behold she is now drawn under as though she were in a trance, suddenly to awaken and discover that she is the main course of a dish to a most unusual feast indeed!

Now under the influence of that most dangerous bush, belladonna, that queen lady of death, she now lies entranced, but her senses remain in full recognition of the sport made of her.

Before her head is positioned a goblet of pure silver, filled with very strong wines. Each spirit is instructed to sample the fruit from her body, and if he completes the task, then he earns the right to the wine, according to those dark traditions. Once the wine is consumed, then the fruit splatter is replaced, and thus this platter is rolled before the next being. Upon the platter's positioning before the next soul of the damned, and his completion of that task, and his consumption of the strong drink, he then is allowed to consume more drink with complete freedom.

In accordance to the dark tradition, the platter never

reaches the last ghost, for as the effects of the belladonna weaken, her flesh then falls prey to those villainous guests who now savagely abuse her until the rise of the dawning day. When that day arrives in full shine only the dismal arms of death await her, and her spirit is released as one among the many; she then must attempt to enjoy her position and company.

For weeks this joyous festivity of the damned continued, for now the king of Valenteen envisioned a dense veil of darkness draped by his own hand upon the face of the entire universe. Awesome new sciences as well as those future predictions of the crystal ball spun tales of how he and his own would dominate the powerlessness of Holy Jehovah. The blood of confidence coursed through his veins now pumped forward by his immense pride, and he was now so proud of his own.

Massive Mayday dances proceeded as that great festival of evil continued to rage on in the valley of the damned. Savagery and witchcraft were sport for those within as well

as those who were captive among demons. Now enveloped by a veil of blood lust created by the consumption of strong drink, the damned would dance to the throbbing tune of drum beats, and the snap crackle of a huge midnight bonfire. At any interval a dancer may cast pot fulls of glowing cinders upon those mortal victims, stirring an air of laughter among the ranks of their colleagues. The sudden slash of a swift sword might sever a limb from a torso, or a leg, then finally as the helpless victim is viciously kicked and slapped about, her spirit then takes its seat among the damned.

If her suffering should be among the evil mortal of earth, then any personal acknowledgment of that has now departed, for she is the new embodiment of evil as are her colleagues. For the pure entertainment of the underworld many lost sheep were collected, and their spirits released as one of the damned. As the wheels of misfortune turned upon mankind, many were called under by the forces of disillusionment, and in this manner were collected those

individuals who were to play host unto a celebration of
vileness and evil on earth and in heaven above.



Libero 4

The Child Of Odin Grows

As that child of Odin began to develop both physically and intellectually, he came to realize that the gods were indeed gazing upon him. As the child's thoughts began to race along the golden tract that Odin had laid before him, Odin's smile shone ever more intense as his hopes and dreams for earth manifested. But as the time passed, the child confused the smile of Odin with that of the Almighty, and his efforts were doomed to turn a new positive reconstruction into utter catastrophe.

This conviction of mind, and the refusal to accept the truth, became most intense when the ancient Teutonic Empire made it's first effort to reunite. A messenger now became this child of Odin, who raced to and fro, dodging bombs and great misfortune that would have destroyed any

ordinary individual's courage. Always his efforts to solidify his convictions within himself succeeded, though he never realized that he was part unto a greater plan of the Holy Ghost. He raced forward amid a hail of mortar, then leaped to safety inside the troop barracks to find several “comrades in arms” engaged in a friendly game of cards and chance. By invitation he joined them for ale and chance, but the voice of Odin instructed him to move to an empty area behind the barracks.

His comrades jeered and mocked him, saying that he was afraid of chance, but the voice of Odin held the last laugh a mortar round exploded in their midst, leaving him as the sole survivor. At long last he had come to feel that he could trust this inner voice giving him instructions for his rise into greatness.

All of those whose ancestors were adherents to ancient pagan rituals worshiping Odin were placed in a position to call upon him as he spoke through this child of his. In those days, the one and true God of Israel allowed the unthinkable

to materialize, the death of wealth and prosperity in the land of the Golden Eagle.

An empire constructed of gold was this land of the Golden Eagle. Huge shiploads of gold were her lot, and she suddenly increased ten fold in value. Many great men of valor and renown traveled from the four corners of the earth, gathering about within the walls of the new city, casting forth their entire life's fortune in order that they might secure their rightful place among the wealthy elite of earth. They leaped for joy as the values of their shares rose to great heights on a daily basis; with dreams of riches and glory they were forced remain in this game of chance, and could never quench their desire for more.

Many of the land's poorest cast all that they had forth into the pot, awaking to discover that their game of chance had transformed them into kings who now stood proud and mighty in this Golden Empire of The Eagle.

The spirit of greed was breathed into the nostrils of mankind by the demon, Vancore, lord of all lusts, and all of

hell rejoiced at mankind maddening in his lust for gold and corruption. Many were wise by having set a limit, drawing their share of wealth from the walls of the new city, but their joy was to be short lived. Massive corruption enveloped too many, giving daily bread to those who might otherwise starve, were overcome by the lust for more gold as they inhaled the dark mist of Vancore. For this reason, all prosperity of the Eagle was based upon an Empire Of Gold.

In those days the entire earth was evil, men of wealth had forgotten Jehovah's ancient wisdom by forgetting his commandments, giving all honor and glory unto themselves and their own efforts. As these men breathed in the vapors of lust, they continued to pursue their greed in all forms. In this the Golden Eagle stood firm as the leader of wealth among all the nations.

As the hoards of earth continued to rage, Jehovah gazed down upon all mankind viewing his works, resolving to deliver a staggering blow upon him as a result of his evil lust and greed.

Gold in a pure form is weak, and this constituted the sole construction of the earth's foundation; so in the wink of an eye Jehovah drew back and smote the golden pillars of the Empires' foundation in the land of the Eagle, causing the values of it's golden hoard to plunge, as though it were stone and cast into the murky depths of the sea. Many kings of the earth, men of great renown, were reduced lower than the social dregs of the streets, in the duration of a single moment. Many among them who had once been poor now awoke to find themselves in much more poverty than they had ever known. Many of those who had only known wealth raced into the streets to seek escape through death! As a result the system of barter and trade ceased upon the entire earth, and the law of the tooth and fang seized a mighty reign.

In the land of the Golden Eagle groups of lawless thugs roamed freely throughout the countryside, pillaging, plundering, and bringing death to many, innocent leaders of the nation toppled from their thrones of gold, now reduced

to the value of ashes beneath their feet. The people of the cities were now forced to return to the woodlands in an effort to obtain their daily bread. They were to roam the meadows as the beasts of the field, solely dependent on Jehovah to supply their nourishment.

Rich in material resources was the land of the Golden Eagle, and its people wise in the skills to gather them. Deep inside the timbers were sheltered the penniless, whose forefathers knew not the value of coins and had passed the sacred knowledge of survival down to sons and daughters. In those days holy Jehovah smiled down upon the people of the new world, he recognized them and they paid humble respect to their provider. Those from the countryside fared best during those days of tribulation and trial, and it is true that not many of them even knew the difference in their prior times of glory from the days of its collapse. These values of survival held true to those among the holy.

In the cities whose lights sparkled brilliantly, a vain vapor of perverseness had begun to take a foothold. These were

those individuals who sought a false escape by leaping forth into the long arms of death, only to find themselves in the flaming bowels of hell! Here were those still swimming in riches, who would pour into the streets and take great sadistic pleasure in parading these riches past those who had been reduced to rags, simply to watch them beg for mere crumbs of bread. Here were men who were raised by parents of wealth and worldly pleasures, caring only for themselves, never passing forth the knowledge of survival; so all the hope for the poor was to gaze into the crib of despair on some deserted street corner.

“A few pennies for a bottle of wine,” they would plea, for they had rather die a death of starvation than a lacking of wine for an escape from their misery? Thus constituted the two lifestyles of all those who existed during those days of tribulation.

The empire of gold had once extended it's bounds even to the farthestmost corners of the earth, but it's heart which lay in the breast of the Golden Eagle, had crumbled, and very

soon the body of the empire began to die. With the sudden extraction of gold from the earth, the enforcement of laws could no longer be financed, and people were allowed to roam about freely to do evil and good as they pleased. As the tide of evil swelled, the earth soon became engulfed in anarchy, allowing all evil to resurrect an ancient order all of it's own.

In the days of glorious Rome, Odin, Satan's brother in arms, thrived at an astonishing height. The influence of darkness existed even within the holidays and customs of the very people themselves. Most existed only for fulfillment of the flesh and persecution of the spirit. Most through a banishment of righteousness considered their atheistic habits to be an embracement of wisdom, never once understanding that by their own choice they were unconsciously executing a massive overall plan. In the conscious execution of another phase of the great eternal plan, they persecuted those of chosen stock. They overthrew the ancient land of Israel, allowing the people to spread

throughout the corners of the earth. In this manner all those of no faith were separated from those of the faithful, for the truth had been foretold by those prophets of old. With the devastation of Israel, soon thereafter followed the collapse of glorious Rome, and for two thousand years the people of Judea were to exist without a home land. The desert had overtaken what was once theirs! Behold! Their land was no more!



Odin's Vision Takes Hold In His Son

In those glorious days before golden flakes fluttered from the loft of high heaven down into the lap of the Golden Eagle, this son of Odin was near the arms of death in grief for his beloved mother. Still consumed by despair, he became an aimless drifter, he moved from town to town scratching out only tiny morsels of bread working as an ornamental painter. He possessed no industrial talents, he was forced to seek employment among common people. It was during the course of those days that he became familiar with the working class, and it was then that he came to recognize the inconsistencies locked within the established society.

Satan inspired the young man through his own guidance to observe the shortcomings in his society, and by utilizing this new found knowledge as a map, he plotted to fill

modern day inconsistencies with ancient ideology. The young man never knew the pleasure of grace for he despised all forms of righteousness, forever driving away the Holy Spirit by his blasphemous tongue. The spirit of Satan thrived within him, thus, he viewed the world through the eyes of Satan, and he unconsciously developed into the total embodiment of a Teutonic Paganistic past. As he labored he poetically raved concerning the inconsistencies locked within the former ruling family and how the shortcomings prevail even to that very moment.

The workers who were enveloped within the daily routine of family subsistence cared not for the failures of the past, desiring only for prosperity and peace. In this manner they allowed no room for an ambitious warrior's inspiration to incite a future struggle. Most simply ignored the young man's misunderstood ravings.

Many however, did attempt to befriend the young man, but his mission on earth was not to create new friends. He responded in jest by silently announcing that his fellow

workers were not worthy of their homeland, so he therefore never allowed himself to mix with their kind. At once the spirit of Odin recognized that men of such character would only invite the destruction of his plan of violence through a working man's basic view of the world; because of this the young man was destined to be a loner.

In a short period of time his coworkers had begun to despise him and his uninhibited ravings, and they threatened to cast him from the loft of a five story building. He labored for five moons, producing enough silver to earn his daily bread for the duration of an entire year. In disgust he left the sight of his employment, once again to enter a life on the streets.

It was during this time that the spirit of Odin bore heavily upon him, and as he gazed around he came to view the racial melting pot of Vienna with a new found disgust. Many of an Aryan ancestry had already published ludicrous volumes and pamphlets denouncing the Viennese melting pot culture. With each dreary word that his mind captured,

the weights of hatred bore heavily upon him, until he reached the point of vomiting at the mere sight of the community of Judea. Hundreds of such volumes were consumed by the young man, and eventually the entire motive for his very existence was governed by the flame of furious hatred for his fellow man.

From the earliest days of his youth the young man had considered himself to be an artist, and he ardently pursued his career as such, but his predestination lay not within that field. When he first stepped into the world and paved the way for it's destruction, from the floor of his parents house to the heights of his success, he dreamed only of entering a distinguished school of the arts. His first submission was ultimately rejected, the spirit of Odin again begin to weigh heavily upon him, and because of a single Jewish board member he swore a blood vengeance. Long afterword those destructive inclinations lay within his heart, driving him into the streets to ply his artistic trade at the street markets and auctions. For five long years he ambled about aimlessly in

the dirt and moral decay of the streets. Many times he went without food or shelter. For five long years his meager clothing reduced to rags upon his body, and he went cold and hungry to live among outcasts.

This was indeed the most complete education of his lifetime, for with each passing of the icy north wind, he transformed into a fleshly figure more closely resembling some statue of Odin created by the tyrants of the old Roman assembly. The ghost of Odin consumed his mind until it was completely overtaken, destined only to produce visions of the vile and wicked. Those individuals who refused to accept his visions of greatness, those ones who disapproved, but lacked the intelligence to become a monumental threat, were envisioned as slaves to a mighty Reich! No longer was the child of Odin as his own individual with his own personality, for his mortal body existed merely as an abode for Satan and his legions of demons.

He soon realized, the hope of establishing a world as such was futile, and he subconsciously searched the

mystical wilderness of the supernatural world for direct clues.

Enshrouded from view by a veil of clouds, the spirit of Odin assembled the tyrants from the ages past as well as diverse families of demons, and created a direct link with the underworld. Upon a colossal mountain of blood ruby he stood, poised with knotted arms hoisted upward in a hail of awesome achievement. Three hundred thousand souls of the damned stood below, gulping the wordy conglomeration of his speech to the very point of intoxication.

“Hear ye oh thou departed, spirits of mortals, and demons of the damned! Rejoice! The sacred spirit of accomplishment is upon you! Now I shall unleash all greed, the lusts, murderous inclinations and blasphemous imagery, to the extent that it shall stagger all imagination mortal and spiritual alike, upon the face of the entire earth! Never in the entire history of human existence have the mortals payed witnessed unto such a glorious horror festival! The seven seas shall transform the earth into a maroon wasteland and

the leaping flames of hell shall engulf the remaining lands!
Flee hence forth upon the face of the earth, for she is now a
prized possession and yours for the taking! Flee forward
thou soldiers of Satan! Feel free to blaspheme the Holy
Spirit of the Almighty in any immoral manner that you can
imagine in your wonderfully sick and twisted minds! Go now,
and be thou quick, for the time of your great rejoicing draws
neigh!”

Upon the face of the earth a massive storm raged as the
forces of nature attempted to turn that evil villainous hoard.
Upon the dismal twelfth-striking the somber heavens above
opened and six hundred legions of Satanic soldiers marched
forward in perpetual columns extending from the
farthermost reaches of the vast outer sphere, onto the
earth's face. Marvelous arrays of light were witnessed by the
mortals upon the earth's face as the unseen forces of
righteousness attempted to reroute the evil invasion.

In the land of the dragon beasts raged forth as if
enshrouded within an unseen veil of supernaturally induced

delirium; but the mortals of earth believed it to be so as a result of the recent barrage of earthquakes affecting the region. Never once did they inquire as to just why those earth quakes occurred!

In those days, to the far North, a mighty star fell from the lofts of high heaven above, cast forward by an angry angel, falling upon the earth with more force than any earthly uprising, natural or man made. Many incidents occurred upon the earth in fair warning to the inhabitants below, but in the minds of mortal men such occurrences were dismissed as coincidence, therefore all mortals remained exposed to any evil which fell upon them from the heavens or rose up upon the earth below.

While he ambled aimlessly about through the allies and rancid streets, the son of Odin was never above accepting leftover handouts or seeking shelter inside an abode for social dregs and outcasts. Never could he labor consistently, for his mind was overwhelmed by illusions of grandeur and imagined fantasies of conquest. Like a mindless child he

ambled through the dreary tunnels and avenues shelter in any musty ally corner, finally coming to rest beneath a star lit heaven. It was during those days that the voice of Odin, that same voice that delivered him from the clutches of the terrible whistling mortar round, once again commenced to whisper into his wanting ear.

“Go ye to become part of a huge national organization into which ye may exercise your deepest inhibitions. Go forward now, my son, for I will provide proper guidance. Lend me thou ear, and always ye shall prosper!”

At the first glorious peek of the sun above a wooded horizon, the young man attempted to peddle several painted pictures portraying the glorious architectural mega works by those of renown in old Rome. From there he commenced on a grand escapade to temper his ambition and self confidence.

Through the inside of waste cans he was to plunder for a few daily morsels to sustain him self for the duration of the day light hours. In this manner Odin showed him the feeling

of despair and the grinding pain of want, causing him to develop a relation with the majority of people. A single slice of bread, a vegetable heap from some passerby's left over lunch, a fragment of scorched sausage....he learned what it was like to hurt.

Then a grizzled peddler whose face was obscured by an impressive mass of hair approached him in great delight.

“May I view your work, oh one of such youth, that I might line your pockets with gold and fill your ears with praise?”

The young man handed forth the painted pictures, and was praised with generous amounts of gold and precious gems. It had been one from holy Judea who recognized the unfortunate position of the youth! Behold, it had been a few more who had offered up cash and had given praise to his work; but the hand of Odin, that ugly brother of Satan, had hardened his heart! So greedily he seized the riches offered up by those of holy Judea, while smoldering with hatred for the chosen people in his heart!

With riches now in hand he ventured into the heart of the

city, he soon came upon a table that resembled the lost ark of the covenant in design. Ten families gathered about in order that they might sing and rejoice, for today was the date of the holy passover celebration! Melodious songs rang vibrantly out, lowering all tension in every heart, whispering the dear coveted virtues of brotherly love while singing as the songs of birds throughout the verdant countryside. No, not even nature could have produced such sweetness in the heart and soul. Dancing flourished, for the time of great rejoicing was at hand! The lamb and the unleavened bread played host to the now gathering multitudes, and the blood hued trickle of wine flowed freely to enhance that dear sacred spirit of happiness.

Never once did these individuals so consumed with rejoicing take heed to notice the tattered loner who entered in among them. That rancid ghost of Odin caused a sickness to be aroused at the sight of the celebration, and his son then fell to his knees, vomiting violently upon the pavement. A somber veil now obstructed total view of the surrounding

area, his heart raced as a spring colt, his mind swirled in the darkness and dread of burning hatred. A legion of demons were in his company, dashing to and fro deep inside his heart, each inciting a host of reactions. He raced forward as the wind, until exhaustion weighed heavy within his limbs, forcing him to slow his flight. As he ambled forward he passed an ale house, and there he desired rest and conversation. On a lone bench he sat, and another warrior of his same age approached him announcing:

“ I am glad that my charms called you forward to join us here in this place! How do you feel concerning the past ruling empire?

Then as this child of Odin gave the question thought, the foundation of a great and mighty speech commenced to take form. Within the mind of the young man lay a conviction that the past empirical establishment was not one of his own blood! Imposters were they, who delighted in drawing the wisdom and strength from the minds of great men!

The company of the comrade in arms was greatly impressed with the new arrival's conviction concerning the former imperial family. The comrade's eyes twinkled with excitement as he attempted to explain the new organization in understandable words:

“Behold, I am the most recent member of the latest social order, an order that will establish the right of leadership to the sons of man who number in the majority. I truly do feel that we are of one mind, and I would like to invite you into our midst as part!”

Odin whispered his approval into the ear of his son, and the young man promptly obeyed. At long last he had discovered those ones who would truly lend an ear and took exceeding delight in his words! Behold, from the earliest hours of dawn throughout the duration of the entire day, until even the close of the day at dusk, he was sure to frequent that ale hall. In a matter of a few weeks that small gathering of warriors were beginning to build a foundation for a new national body and soul, in the identical manner

that a union of seed and womanhood plays concerning the construction of the physical body.

The eyes of hell were now fully upon him, their spirits abiding deep inside only to thrive in his mere presence. Surly the legions of demons who had arose forth from within the gulf separating all heaven and hell had now entered into the physical bodies of those gathering warriors. Together they spoke to all mankind on the same breath, now their thoughts were on the same frequency, and they desired the same ultimatum for all. In those days men lent ear to the words of Satan, and all those demonic spirits that had possessed the people of old Rome had now awoke from their sleep, to take possession of new mortal flesh!

That illustrious Empire of gold had taken a hold on the minds of men whilst it arose into a glorious height. It bedazzled all those mortal sons, yea, even those who dwelt in the land of the Golden Eagle! Men full of greed now danced with excitement at new fortunes made from mere dust! It was during those days that great sin and insatiable

greed flourished, that the eyes of Jehovah were upon those mortal men who dwelt in the sacred lands that he had so delightfully created, and his heart became sickened at the great evil that his creation rejoiced in.

Behold all mortal men of the earth, a single raging surge would initiate that eternal plan into manifestation! No mere mortal regardless of his power on earth or no force in hell below could halt the progress of Jehovah's universal plan. A single thump of his Almighty finger crumbled those pillars of marble that supported the Empire Of Gold! In the duration of a single day life for all mortals on the face of the earth transformed into a landscape that resembled that of Hades!

On the eve of the following day panic and confusion raged among the mortals of earth. In the land of the Teutonic warrior knights coins of solid gold now became worthless as a pouch filled with ashes! Yea, a pocket filled with golden coins could no longer buy even a loaf of bread! Into the market places did men and women race to purchase their much needed supplies before their wages became worthless

even to a greater extent that starvation was a real possibility. Behold wheel barrels of gold filled even to the brim were pushed by many, all to purchase a few meager morsels! Men starved that their women and children might subsist!

Nakedness was a common sight suffered by women and men that their children might not freeze when the cold North wind began to blow across the countryside. How terrible was life now for mortal men!

Homes began to crumble for a lack of funding to manage them. Neighbors watched helplessly while dear friends starved. First death by starvation struck the head of the household, then the wife, and finally the bone chilling day arose when those dear children starved while attempting to consume the dust and filth of the streets. Many stooped even so low as to consume the dung of the sewers or that from the swine pens, for no other subsistence existed now! Now those rich kings of the golden empire were reduced to the level of social dregs. Behold! The only difference that

existed now was only in their minds, no where else!

Humanity was devastated by desperation in that land of Germania and elsewhere on earth, never once did they seek trust in the Holy God of Judea, Jehovah, but sought only some external mortal beacon to bestow salvation on their wretched souls. In this manner the great eternal plan conceived by the Almighty was now materializing, for the holy words had long been spoken and all of nature acted on the command!

Passersby began to lend ear to those ale hall speeches, and soon the small groupings had grown into collective gatherings consisting of some four hundred mighty roaring men. Several speeches were delivered to the masses in that great hall on the Platzle, by many men of renowned mind and immense fortune.

No longer would the blackness of the present night exist only in the normal twelve hour limitations, but the blackness born from this moment forward would surly cast those mortal inhabitants of earth into the seas of colossal terror!

Those giddy demons of Hades rejoiced at the commencement of those proceedings, racing to and fro upon the earth only to spread their heartbreak and disease among all mortals. Now Odin's eyes shown with delight at the accomplishments of his mortal son, so he entered into the suit of his flesh, seizing both his mind and his soul. Now he and the legions of hell could seize the minds of mortal men, and conquer the holy ones for ever more.

Those daily task of most simplicity now became overwhelming, for his mind was geared only for great undertakings. Mortal men saw not the terror involved, for the man who spoke into their very hearts appeared mortal on the surface, but in reality he was a demon from the pit of hell itself!

Underneath this cover of black night the son of Odin would discover his true talent, and develop a massive self confidence, transforming into a character destined for renown, honor and glory among mortal men. Those guest speakers were only college doctorates who viewed the world

through the eyes of other men, lacking any spiritual insight. When they spoke they spoke only in the tones of politicians and lecturers, with their spirit laying in complete dormancy. Behold the spirits and demons left their words in total disregard, their meanings were without any blessings from above or below!

Four lecturers arose in turn to take the stand, promptly casting all those present into the arms of boredom. Spills only from the memorization of historical volumes rehearse those virtues of Teutonic culture that students were forced to learn in the halls of the gymnasium. Dozens swarmed into the ale hall, propelled by the forces of curiosity, but the somber cloud of boredom settled within their midst, and they only allowed this new party one more chance.

It was then that the terrible son of Odin was given his turn at the platform. At this very moment Satan rejoiced. The spirit of Odin had totally consumed him along with the souls of a thousand demons who possessed potential to arouse every base intention known to mortal men, and behold,

some that were yet to be discovered.

As his mouth opened, he spewed forth the sweet breath of Odin on the hearts of mortal men, appealing to their very minds and souls! The masses now swelled into two thousand, then three thousand, and half became intoxicated by his words. A hail of praising shouts shook the walls of the great hall as the interior welled with the ghost of Odin. In an instant individuals either became instruments of Odin or barriers to his intentions.

A great battle ensued causing blood to flow freely like water through the walls of a crumbling dam. Another mass of individuals poured forth into the boiling battle, for the return of order. Only with violence were they able to restore the peace, but an awesome cheer of approval heightened the confidence of those soldiers of Satan.

The demon feast continued on as the spirits of evil rejoiced in their dominion over those mortals. Deep inside each every demon mind was then sincere hope that evil might destroy righteousness through eliminating the chosen

ones. Immorality persisted on a massive scale among the angels of evil, and so their earthly mortal counterparts behaved unconsciously in accordance. Hell had triumphed in a show of strength to the righteous above, and no mortal below ever dreamed that those events were to foreshadow the terror to come.



Libero 5

The Son Of Mars Rises Into Power

In the heavens fire ripped the blackened sky above, for the Lord Of Hosts wished to display the fact that he did not exist among his people. He roared a mighty roar of laughter at the Empire of Evil that so delighted in such shortsightedness and ignorance. Behold an awesome plan had he conceived within his mind, and if the entire system of life upon earth and the evil of the underworld were supported upon a single domino block, only a single flick of his wrist had started it's plunge into eternity. In ignorance did those sons of the earth defy him, for such was his plan that his own strength might be held in great reverence at the climax.

His own who adored him dearly now conceived the notion that he had departed from them, and they sneered in mockery declaring him to be an unjust God. Such a

declaration was a detestable waste of time when one could prove his faithfulness instead and receive the eternal blessing! This is the manner in which many of his own chosen failed the test and ultimately died in vain. Let it be known that most did not conceive of the danger at the present moment, for most were concerned with the overwhelming task of daily existence.

Most mortals who poured forth from those territories that the people of Odin occupied saw no street of gold to shine ahead for them, they were forced to unquestionably accept their fate. From this fact alone men were reduced into subsistence, farming their food and eating traditional herbs. As a result of this return to the land, those people from the land of Judea suffered a terrible famine in a time of plenty.

In the southern extremity of the western world, now resurrected from the ashes of antiquity, that infamous beast who glorified the spirits of the old Roman order, now seized the power of the throne. Neither a true friend or foe, though he delighted in Odin's worship. Locked deep in his mind was

that mystical glorification of glittering columned palisades that the old Roman empire was so known for. His secret desire was to reestablish a belief among his people in the gods of those old Romans. He assumed the perfect mind of an ancient warrior who glorified barbarism. Ice cold and extremely callous he was, and he recognized that unification with the son of Odin would truly allow new Rome to glorify once again in a new age of modern achievement.

In his own dark mind he decided to bind those who were not of a true Roman blood in iron, thrashing them wildly with leather thongs, forcing labor upon multitudes in the name of his own glorification. Satan leaped with exploding joy, for he now had two mediums through which to consume the masses of humanity and unleash a terrible wrath upon mortal men.

“The mortals of earth will bow in fear,” said he, “even the Almighty will tremble at my new found glory on the earth!”

Great streaks of lightning flashed across a darkened sky, and the mountains themselves shook with terror at the

Satanic unleashing of forces upon the face of the earth. All was in the hands of Satan on the day those words of extreme evil were spoken. Behold even the wind itself roared throughout the heavens, for Satan had struck at the Almighty himself! Never once did the Almighty flinch, never did he blink, for he sat smiling while enveloped in a total relaxation.

“So now where are your followers,” demanded Satan in jest to the powers lost upon the earth by the righteous to those sons of evil?

The Almighty smiled, then laughed loudly at Satan for his great ignorance.

“One day the great North wind will reverse and massive amounts of ice will I heap upon you, cooling you off only to entomb you in mighty fetters of solid iron for all eternity. I have declared this even before the very foundation of your kingdom was established! Never once shall I have to lay hands upon you, for the fact exists simply because I speak these words. You and your followers shall bring vanity upon

yourselves out of your own ignorance!”

The knees of Satan trembled as those words rang out through the eternal bounds of the outer void. In the distance between the two kings the voice of the Almighty shook innumerable stars from the comfort of their heavenly berth. Great were his words, mighty was his strength, causing a majority to explode into massive fragments in order that they might encircle the earth, bringing great fear to those sons of mortal men. Forever were they to remind man of his evil intrusions upon the holy church. Many had reasons to fear total devastation, for some of those fragments were so colossal that they held magnetic fields all of their own. Through years of orbit smaller stars would be drawn into their grip, increasing the devastating effects of any collision. Many of the most magnificent fragments fell into the gloomy depths of hell itself.

Explosions more massive in destruction than any man made or produced by nature wreaked the hills of hell, causing immeasurable catastrophes to befall those

immortal demons who dwelt in the forested mountain ravines. By the very command of the Almighty, Satan ceased his blasphemous accusations instantaneously, for ten thousands of his angels fell in awesome fear of Jehovah's rising tempo in anger.

The very foundations of hell quaked, behold even the columns that supported the surface beneath the feet of men crashed and burst as his anger raged on. In this manner the mouth of Satan and his lords of evil were closed; then Satan devised a plan by which he might rise into greatness among the mortals of earth.

Torrents of rain pelted the face of the earth on the day that the reincarnated Caesar entered into this new world of which he had learned to despise. Then he chose to form an alliance with the son of Odin; and the forces of nature attempted to give warning even unto all mortal men. Fire from heaven thrashed the very skies above and the earth quaked beneath their feet, still they perceived not of the doom which lay ahead.

Within a sea of swirling desert sands, void of life and eyes to bear witness, or ears to hold one's utterances at fault, there Mars and Odin met to conceive a plan in order that their own lusts for conquest might be quenched. In a land where Mars was once the god king in the hearts of men, existed a lowly blacksmith and a simple school teacher. Through tradition they paid homage to Mars even though they were not aware of doing so. As a result Mars seized their hearts and minds causing them to be cast into the thorny pit of gloom and despair. In an effort to ease this despair, they sought relief through the effects of ale, and they drank heartily. When fully consumed by the mystifying effects of the drink, they fell upon the floor and in their minds those multitudes conceived a lord of war born from valor!

In the misty noon of the goddess Julia, upon the 28th, shown a sun that radiated more brilliantly than any prior. Behold it was thus upon that day that the brood of Mars was delivered into the old Roman province of Predappio. From

the very onset of his life he wrought evil and discontent among his cohorts, for his heart was full of violent misdeeds. In his seventh year an innocent fell to a blade wielded by his own hand, and he brought great sorrow upon the soul of his mother. Twice the instructors at the school of knowledge punished him with banishment. Twice his mother was reduced into tears, for love existed not within the realm of her young son's desires. From his father's hand came the cut of the rod, and in every instance an all caring mother soothed the pain.

The child's fleshly father was a warrior for a new economical savior, and the child chose to follow the route of his father, creating an outlet to vent his sadistic desires. As a mighty beacon to evil he chose to ally himself with the man who benefited him most, then when it became most advantageous he would abandon his stated alliance and befriend the one who courted the hearts of the multitudes. Only a single individual stood as a glowing beacon to the masses, receiving all worship and humble servitude.

Many means had he disposed of in order that he might supply his table with nourishment, and he labored for hours on end until the eve of the twelfth striking, many time living behind iron bars as though he were some sort of evil wild beast.

He posed as one whose intellect was endowed with intellectual properties and he instructed children in the arts of survival from the loft of the stadium instructor's seat. But those small children, pure in heart and spirit, subconsciously detected the spirit of Satan, and they fled from the classroom consumed by great fear.

His heart could contain the imaginings of evil no longer, and while consumed in fits of rages, he wreaked horror upon the town into which he was born. The people of this town recognized the central presence of evil and they sentenced him to banishment for the duration of his earthly life.

Into the lands of the great sea kings he fled forth never to return, swearing a bloody vengeance upon his fellow countrymen. Life within the land of old was exceedingly

tedious, for he was never by nature to master even the least complex of marketable trades; but food was a needed commodity, and so he was forced to slave on a wealthy estate.

With the passing of time he mastered the businessman's trade, but the spirit of Mars bore heavily upon him, offering him guidance until he found himself living in the midst of social dregs, existing in the dust blanketed, long since forgotten city alleys.

It was here among those dregs who consistently held their hands high to the mercy of the Almighty for mere morsels of food, that the spirit of Mars weighed heavily upon him, and he pledged his allegiance by abandoning all belief in the one and true Lord of Lords. Upon the printed page he blasphemed Lord of Hosts and denied his existence, publishing those blackened pages throughout the hosts of the multitudes. Once again he attempted to arouse discontentment among the masses, and then even the sea kings cast him forth into the bleakness of the unknown for

the duration of his earthly life.

Behold mortal men, it was Mars who secretly conjured up a reunion, for the young man went into the treacherous land of those Teutonic knights where he hailed a mighty martyr of the saints. He received his apprenticeship through colleges who believed in the infallibility of the ancient order, and thus, he crept back into the realm of his native land. As he entered into those realms forbidden unto him by law, he was seized up by the authorities who bound him in chains and cast him into a dark dreary dungeon for arousing up those violent tendencies that the masses hold silently in their hearts. So once again he was to return into the lands of the sea kings, and their ruling elites enforced their terms of exile upon him as well, threatening him with death upon his return. He then fled back into his native land, leaving behind a wife and crying child to starve among those desperate social dregs.

Soon, oh how very soon, came that dreary day when he was released from the dungeon, now free to roam

throughout the land that had given him birth. Upon the political pedestal he once again stood, promising equality among the masses and to purge away the ruling elite forever, and demanding death to many intellectual leaders for the sin of pity and pacification.

In those day the imperial leader of the Teutonic empire had contracted the the seat of Rome to do battle in the name of the empire for the union of Austria and Hungary. Now the dark veil of war settled upon the land, and that Child of Mars cast himself into the midst of the combat, that he might master the sacred art of warfare. Upon the printed page it was written that he was a mighty Lord of War who feared not the hand of death, and resolved to do battle even in the face of overwhelming odds. As a result of his mad dash into the heat of battle, and his success in doing so, the masses came to believe that he was truly their savior incarnate.

Those descendants of ancient Rome who had once fell to the feet of Mars, raced forward into the land of the Teutonic

knights, and together they stood, mocking the king of the Golden Eagle who refused them the ownership of Yugoslavia. The demands concerning the conduct of war were issued by the Grandmaster of the Golden Eagle. The King of Rome was commanded to comply. It was then that Mars devised the plan in which his son could rise into greatness, and so his child rebelled against the commandment.

Deep within the Roman countryside men now listened to those words of the King of Rome, and many men arose to wield the sword of battle in the name of an ancient order. Young ex soldiers, officers, many men who were unemployed, and those who held the turbulent blood of adventure in their veins, to all of them sable shirts of wool were their uniforms, small double edged swords were their side arms, and banners equally distributed the spirit of unification.

Now the rule of gold that governs the economic system of any truly great land, was seized up by that son of Mars,

making him lord of all trades and commerce. Many previously private organizations were now at his finger tips. Those of the old order were forced to sell out and only new members of the high command were allowed to trade, thus profit margins rose nationwide, allowing the nation to arm for holy war.

It was then that the hand of Mars led his son and his legions into the marvelous city of Rome, that he might sit high upon the throne of grace. It was then that all personal freedoms were destroyed and many innocent jailed without trial, for the liquidation of such freedoms were never publicized.

Through the son of Mars the new order of Glorious Rome rose into a marvelous height. The might of his son overwhelmed all opposition in the land of Rome. Under the cover of darkness his secret legions released a scourge of blood dripping murder, the resistance of the masses melted like butter in new coals. Within the midst of the fire, upon a pedestal of brimstone the beast arose, declaring that a new

order had now been established that would rival the glory of old Rome in its own land.

His weight bore heavy upon the shoulders of those mortals on earth, behold, their knees buckled both in fear and in the face of overwhelming burden; through the entire course of it all his people hailed this lord of vanities into an almighty supremacy.

Libero 6

The Teutonic Knights Attack The Serbs

The dark cloud of war settled heavily upon the kingdom of the Serbs. Oh how terribly they suffered, bled and died, screaming for deliverance by the hand of the holy one above. This kingdom had arose as a result of the Great war prior, and those Serbs had boastfully declared their independence, swelling with pride at the height of their freedom. Even though they had been spared from the swift sword of conquest, their peaceful internal coexistence was shattered by internal turmoil. In an effort to appease, great personal freedom was granted by the government in hopes of quieting the masses as well as to develop a bond with the king of The Golden Eagle.

It was on this fateful moment that the Teutonic Empire surged forward in an effort to gain total power. One half of the entire kingdom was composed of the coveted Teutonic

blood, and upon encouragement by the spirit of Odin, that blood commenced to boil into a vaporous steam. Deep into the heart of the kingdom the Teutonic King journeyed, delivering grand speeches inspired by the ghost of holy Odin. Deep inside this kingdom a system of barter was established in which entire legions of war birds were exchanged for simple copper and little silver bells. More and more riches and precious stones poured into the Teutonic war machine, and upon the call for due payment, the Teutonic king refused to comply with his end of the bargain. Instantly a demand for payment was proclaimed, behold that great master of deceit delivered the sacred proclamation from within the Serbian midst, announcing that prosperity was forthcoming in the glory of the Third Reich. This proclamation was repeated until a small segment of the population cast their support for the Teutonic Empire, then the small segment expanded until it swelled into a majority.

As those Teutonic knights created a gallant army within the Serbian midst, the remaining lot refused their influence,

casting their runes, taking their chances with those of their own blood who were preparing to do sacred battle. Though the Serbian men were many in number and mighty in spirit, they were weak in arms. How were they ever to dream of victory in the triumphant face of a military genius? Many great ones within their ranks had risen to contemplate the point, but those men on the ground screamed that the fate of death would be more to their advantage than the fate of enslavement. So they arose with a mighty cheer, raising high the ale horn in a victory toast as they waved the sacred banner of war.

Strategists mighty in the wisdom of war and the ways of that hated angel of death, infiltrated the farmers and the tradesmen and the laborers with promises of peace, prosperity and good will, in a effort to coax those remaining Serbs into a peaceful acceptance of Teutonic authority. The great effort proved in vain. In the name of the people the great king of the Serbs arose to announce that he would never seal the sacred document with the Teutonic high

command. But when the moment of truth came, he delayed, in silence he sold those Serbian men over to the Teutonic high command.

Now enraged by the heated fires of hatred, the masses arose in a great violent protest to the support forced upon them toward their dreaded enemies. A mighty battle for freedom had just been fought, thousands of lives were reduced into heaps of flesh that collapsed into a river of blood, bathing every work of art, every piece of architecture. Yea, upon the face of every work of architecture stood proud the scenes of freedom for which their fathers had fallen! Never were they to give this freedom up on the mere whim of false promises. Behold now all was lost, far beyond the control of the common people, for in the single stroke of the quill the darkness of a terrible tyranny settled upon their landscape!

Once again the kingdom heard proclamations of broken promises delivered unto the peoples of the neighboring kingdoms, their leaders accepting them as trustworthy and

true. Great nations governed by fools! Could they not see the price in blood payed out by their neighbors who embraced those lies? Only a single element born from the laboring class remained wise to the folly of the ways of the majority.

Now a new man of power emerged from a time of prior rule. Behold a new warrior filled with a swelling lust for freedom! King Oetter strode forth into the master's chambers, casting those degenerates from the seat of his own throne of power, asserting himself into the lead command of a mighty race of men born to battle! Now in exile, the former government fled into the darkest recesses of the Teutonic empire in order that they might contemplate vengeance. The people now released a great sigh, kneeling with grace, and thanking the Almighty for their gracious savior in shinning armor. Together the people stood, massed for battle in order that the soul of their heartland might not suffer Satan's tyranny. Every warrior who supported the free will of humanity bravely arose to offer support!

On the day of Christ's lonesome journey upon a road of

palm branches lain so evenly and properly by his disciples, the wail of the alarm announced that death was upon them from the heavens. The bright sky now darkened by birds of war who delighted in the spreading of fire and terrible destruction throughout the countryside. The common people raced forth into the streets, neither could they advance or retreat, and so they suffered a horrible death by fire and brimstone! In the midst of those glowing cinders and raging flames the Teutonic command arose, declaring unto all the kingdom of Serbia that the moment of their death and destruction was now upon them. Never were they to muster a spirited attack or could they withstand a direct advance!

Serbian sons prospered in the Kingdom Of The Golden Eagle, screaming to the great father that they would be filled with a mighty zest for battle. Those kings and statesmen of the Kingdom of the Golden Eagle offered great assurance that their armies would surly march forth against the Teutonic Knights if they continued to advance into those kingdoms of the innocent.

Huge assaults from both land and sea heightened. The entire earth became as a boiling cauldron of blood. Within the Serbian capitol colossal roaring fires sought to destroy all life and means of livelihood. Behold now ye sons of all the earth, a great and terrible onslaught commenced by those Teutonic legions, severing the Greeks from any hope of offering their aide to the situation. Through city and town, through farm and dale those murderous legions marched, killing both young and old, male and female at will, becoming exceedingly wealthy by riches gained from their pillage and plunder. On the battle front those terrible black knights moved quickly to sever any aide that could potentially come from the Serbs within their own midst who might endeavor to aide their fellow countrymen. A terrible defeat was therefore assured. In a single fortnight the entire force of the Serbian resistance lay slaughtered in heaps. All lines of communication were severed, all rabble rouses were rounded up and given the bloody eagle. In this manner all motivation for the civilized world to resist was extinguished.

The king of Serbia now fled in fear for his life into the welcoming arms of holy Judea. Those terrible Teutonic Knights searched every inch and crevice of the Kingdom, but their search ended in total failure.

From the grips of common men and women was wrested all that they had ever endeavored to keep sacred in their working lives. Behold the evil of those Knights! From the hands of tender quivering babes who starved for the want of nourishment was wrested even the smallest of crumbs, and so violently quivering upon the floors of their cabins those chalk hued small ones suffered a death of starvation. The families were left to roam about in want of all necessities.

Upon the Serbian soil now trodden, a giant among tyrants arose whose mission it was to lead the soldiers into treachery. From the countryside was wrested every crop and garden, delivering it by ship into the kingdom of the Teutonic Knights. Workers who labored diligently deep inside the mines and lumberyards were forced to labor endlessly for no profit of their own or in the name of an order that they

supported. A famine in a time of plenty arose, for there was not enough gold to acquire food even on the black market.

Behold the note of death that was issued to each and every Teutonic Knight worth ten times its weight in gold bullion. Every merchant, yea, every market was forced to serve those gluttonous warriors in a soul effort to destroy the economy of the Serbian Kingdom.

Thousands of innocent men and women were transported in fetters of iron, to suffer the agony of torture and death. In the duration of a single hour a hundred would fall in the name of freedom and prosperity; and so it was, around the clock for the quarter of a year's passing.

From within the national seat two great resistance movements arose to seek the dividing of their conqueror's power. The angel of death delighted, numerous leaders of the kingdom suddenly fell stricken by the sudden stroke of that cold angelic hand. The iron fist of death held fast its merciless grip.

With systematic precision the iron clad feel of conquest

circumnavigated those who were conquered, and were food for a new venture of conquest. On the eve of every midsummer night millions stare in horror as they envisioned their own fates out on the streets. To where was the people of earth headed, they all asked? Why had the free world consistently ignored the cries of the innocents who longed for justice served? Oh how terrible it was that a fourth of the earth prospered while one half degenerated into a rancid heap of smoldering ruin!

Along shattered beaten roads those innocent ambled, trudging under the intense weight of worry and sorrow. Many no longer valued their own lives, but chose to remain alive only that they might offer comfort to their families who greatly needed their company. Many, who were once as wealthy as the sea kings themselves, now were reduced into a degradation of tatters and a few food morsels. For the duration of their lives they had been spared the rigors of labor by a gathering of huge golden nuggets. In the eyes of these once elegant individuals, the drudgery of foraging for

the satisfaction of their want for food proved way to much for their minds to handle. In spite of the love offered up by friends and family they cast themselves into the somber arms of death.

Children endured their own plights, as well as that of their parents, who all fled hysterically before the terrible advance. Woe to these individuals as they gazed forward into that abyss of future promises, for they beheld no light at the end of the tunnel. These horrible images of blinding light draped a somber veil before their eyes while simultaneously scorching an image upon their reoccurring memory that continued to haunt them for the duration of their earthly lives. Amid this solitude of hopelessness the trodden multitudes degenerated, casting away their last breath and hope upon their saviors in golden armor, who now only ignored their desperate pleas for help.

To the far west a world arose into a massive prosperity on the idea of warfare in construction. Arms were mass produced in order to supply those who violently opposed the

advance of the Teutonic legions. Those western kingdoms despised the doctrines of arrogant aggression preached so fiercely from the Teutonic pulpit. From far away across the entire globe of the earth, where care and love for one's fellow man persisted, a need for unification existed among those divisions. From every free mouth proceeded the vow that a single future seizure of free territory would ignite the sacred keg of exploding warfare. Behold a new time arose in the minds of mankind, a new time for vengeance! A new time now for an effort toward release from the grip of tyrants! A new release for the people of holy Israel from the horrors of persecution.

Upon the gliding wind an angel, sweet and merciful, born from the spirit of the very Almighty himself, blew a kiss into the glittering October breeze, which rode like the light of glory into every dear heart that thrived in the land of The Golden Eagle. For in every mind that existed in the Kingdom Of The Golden Eagle, there was a longing for a justification and they in subconscious collectivity, eagerly desired the

swift sword of battle and the thrill of holy war.

The beast who rode upon the lost gray mount gallantly marched forward into the elegant Grecian countryside. Each tyrant had gathered around prior to this great intrusion, to counterfeit a general union on Greek soil by the two black ones. In general accordance to their systematic dominion, their blood drenched swords slashed the bodies of many as they stood frozen in astonishment.

It was first that evil son of Mars who made his intrusion into the sacred motherland of peace lovers. All knowing was he, that the Teutonic knights had raised up a breed of men who glorified in war, therefore they thrived on the virtues that make valiant warriors! His reigning goal was made simple to discern, readily detectable through the permeable veil of deception. He wished to wear them down, to expose their flesh and souls to those merciless knights from Germania, who would then conquer and secure the land of brotherhood. Never before had the sons of men bore witness to such a slaughter of innocents by tyrants who lusted for

systematic conquest. Even without the advance to that
beast from Glorious Rome, entire masses lay wasted amid
the cold seizure of delivered death. Blanketed upon every
street, in the verdant hills of the countryside, every quiet
village was forever witness to the sight of innocent blood
that lay screaming into the ear of the Almighty for
vengeance.

Into the midst of heaven arose the voices of the innocent.
Every angel lent ear. Gabriel with the golden harp of
Fabrisham, that village of eternal joy, suddenly ceased in his
delight of a musical tribute to the Holy of Hollies on high. He
quickly snapped around in his seat of ivory, then raced over
to the crystal cesspool, that window of the worlds, gazing in
horror on the slaughter below.

Behold Marcella, that brilliant angelic goddess who bears
perpetually glistening hair of flowing gold, who delights in
her song with the melodious exhibition from the sacred harp
of Gabriel, now ceased in the singing of her elegant song.
She raced forward upon the streets of clear quartz lined so

gracefully with golden inlaid, until she too came to the place of the crystal cesspool, and she took her place beside Gabriel, consuming those wretched horrors that materialized from below. Suddenly struck with flowing tears she was, covering her face with the soft silk from the robe of Gabriel. Never before had her tender eyes of sparkling sapphire beheld such vivid projections of immorality, lust and bloody murder. Angered that Marcella had beheld that disgusting materialization of evil on earth below, Gabriel now conceived the notion to publicly make it's cause known to all thereabouts.

High upon a block of granite he now stood, a tall and mighty mass, issuing a call for all to congregate within his midst, that they might lend ear to his cause. High and grand did those words of spiritual glorification ride to pierce the hearts of men for all eternity! For it was on this very spot that a great about face was called, and the superior army of gallantry that resulted rode forth light and swiftly, delivering terrible destruction to those who made glory out of evil

deeds.

“Oh ye saintly martyrs of righteousness, oh ye men of greatness and prosperity, men and spirits of humble origin I beseech ye to acknowledge that the horrible somber veil exist as a direct result of a brilliant mirage of piece on earth. Behold this deception has never once stood as fact! With each dying fortnight those evil beasts consume more innocents, direct more missiles of battle, and degrade more of holy Israel’s chosen children! As I speak these very words, it is my sole wish that I might inflict scenes of disgust that cause even those hardened by scenes of evil to run and hide their faces!

Hear ye now, kingdoms of peace have regressed into the bottomless pit of despair, only to consume the sludge of ruling conquest! For the ninth year now our children have suffered horrors beyond all imagination, yea, even worse than those conceived in the mind of Lucifer himself! Behold now mighty warriors, it appears that the entire globe shall be hopelessly led into destruction, and that all or our

children shall be forever erased from within the sacred cradle of the earth! I command ye all to arise in wholesome plea to the one on high, behold Sir, there is a land of peace to the far west! A gracious prosperous land whose people never grow faint of heart, and gloriously delight in the name of the Lord God Almighty! May the masses of you arise and go forth into the courts of the Almighty, that he might lend ear. Now is the time for the Eagle's launch from its cradled nest! Now is the time for The Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle to march forward, undaunted by the horrors of battle, enshrouded by the Almighty's omniscient wisdom, to ride forth and savor conquest, to reap a terrible vengeance for the lost blood of holy innocents! Arise! Go forward, oh ye spirits and men of wholesome heart, that The Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle might be spurred into an illuminating glory that transcends upon the gasping eyes of its enemies with the execution of its invincible system of strategy!"

Suddenly Gabriel fell to his knees, commanding the very elements beneath his feet to wreak horror upon those evil

ones from the belly of hell who rode forth among the mortals of earth with dreams of destroying the throne of the Almighty!

“Terror, lust, greed, murder, incest, quickly flee from the face of these heavenly gates! It is now that the Almighty sees fit to cause a change of situation. Your gluttonous feast of immorality is finished! Disaster, earthquake, fire, wind, now drive these foes far from the arms of our holy solitude!”

To the west of those heavenly gates a great wind commenced to stir, raising a cloud of dust and debris to such an extent that it enveloped the entire countryside in oblivion. The tempest midst came to rest upon the place of righteousness in a manner that all were justly spared a very traumatic tribulation. Hoards of yellow demons quickly arose to travel forth from the midst of the woodland. The numbers of these masters of evil were like the sands of the sea, beyond the ability of all mortal men to contemplate. A great piercing hiss shattered every ear, and fire guided by the very hand of Almighty God engulfed the mass, consuming half of

those damned souls therein. In this manner all evil was erased from heaven above, and they were once again cast down upon the face of the earth, and now heaven was made forever peaceful.

The angels of heaven gazed forward in pure hypnotic astonishment, and upon that night of Satan's defeat, vast multitudes arose and went forth into the courts of the Almighty God Of Hosts to announce their plea for an elimination of earth's horrid situation. Behold a massive palace was the seat of his court and throne, more than nine times greater than the greatest among the mortals of earth. Some seven mortal kingdoms were the fathoms of it's constitution in size! A thousand feet it stood in height for all mortal, spirits, and angels to behold and bedazzled by! A massive ship born of emerald kryptonium transported the masses across the pool of Jehovah's fountain, which rushed forth crystal clear to provide everlasting life to all mortals who would acknowledge and partake. Within the fountain's midst, erected high of solid marble, stood an image of

Moses gingerly sprinkling water upon the life sized representations of common mortal men. No ceiling was constructed above the fountain and the ship glistened like a combination of diamond and pure gold in the smooth wind that Holy Jehovah caused to ripple the water.

For two days did they journey until they reached the water's edge. As those masses stepped on that pool's edge mighty monsters of unmeasured proportions now made docile, caressed them with their eyes in greetings of ecstatic joy, wishing those righteous a merry journey! That temple itself stood rectangular in design, with a massive column of pure granite positioned every third of a mile from the other, so that the masses stood positioned in awe just on the parameter of this structure. Never before in the history of the great universe had such a structure been constructed by spirit or mortal beings. Even many angels fainted as they beheld it's grand elegance, consuming the glitter of it's contents with their eyes until they reached that point of ecstatic intoxication.

The ceiling above was constructed in the dome shape of the grandest and most elegant of cathedrals, with only a few transformations. The ceiling flattened exactly where it would have been allowed to form a point if it had been allowed to complete its crest. Upon this flattened surface stood a sculptured cross of solid shining gold with pure emerald inlaid. This sculpture expanded what seemed to be a thousand kilometers in width. Never before had those dear angels paid homage to such extensive splendor!

At various areas within the temple grew lush woodlands with flowering meadows, teeming with leaping happy wildlife like none no being had ever seen anywhere else! Fruit bearing trees thrived within this heartland, offering their gift of life to those who would partake of it. The lush forest knew no limits, and upon their very entrance the angels felt secure as a babe does deep in its mother's womb, from all harms both within and without. From every tree, shrub, and root stemmed some edible portion that offered life's support. The springtime aromas thickly

saturated those gentle bursts of breath that instantly transform any uncomfortable sensation into ecstatic relaxation! Hundreds of angels upon reaching this glorious pasture refused to venture any farther, so desiring to abide therein for the duration of all eternity. These individuals were promptly placed upon transports constructed of two saplings spanned with branches, and transported upon the backs of others. After they had traveled a fortnight, the Almighty took notice of the tenacity in their diligent search, and sent three legions of winged horses to transport them into his company.

Upon a distinct lush carpeted knoll they all stood, contemplating their following moves, and then suddenly, that archangel, Gabriel, gazed upwards into the heavens, seizing the view of that gray winged chariot unit.

“Hark! What have we hear! A greeting cavalry of mounts I behold!”

He smiled a warm smile of great joy.

“Oh how neat, oh how sweet it is that we might be offered

the pleasures of heavenly transport,” replied the multitudes.

Soon those mounts had landed on that most holy of holy landscapes, instantaneously galloping into the proper direction on the onset of their hooves placement on that sacred earth.

Those horse like creatures were of a very curious countenance, for their bodies were multicolored in various triangular patterns of blood, evening orange, midday yellow, forest green, sky blue, indigo and violet as well. Upon their necks draped a mane of flowing golden flax, and as a result of their unusual coloration, when they took wing into the heavens, they suddenly became camouflaged by the light itself, but cast their rolling colors on the ground as far as the eye could see! Many of those angels in their midst wondered just as to why that was so, and promptly placed that question before Gabriel, who answered them saying:

“Who are we to question the Lord Of Hosts and his wisdom? He has most graciously provided for us, let us not destroy ourselves with worry in such matters. Rejoice all,

and utilize his gracious accommodations!”

Their wings were white as silk from the land of the dragon, and they shifted their weight to accommodate their riders mount. During their ride their bodies were placed into an intoxicating state of total relaxation with never a bump or a sudden slinging shift, only a ride of smooth peace. That ride was one of the purest pleasure, with those riders conversing freely among themselves whilst in the midst of the flight. Majestic expanses of the most elegant beauty spanned beneath them. Mighty gaping canyons curiously possessed vaporous clouds of wispy blue steam, offering the very best of scenery to any who passed from above. Colossal waterfalls plunged into a majestic oasis of greenery, gingerly colliding among those gallant towers of timber stand as a drifting mist, graciously offering sensations of ecstasy to any gentle creature above or below. Here it was that the spirits of mortal knew not of the restriction of clothing nor of the worry from any nutritional lacking, only a constant peace and love as they whiled away eternity deep

inside that holy timber stand. So it appeared that the entire region was consumed in a gentle amusement of hide-and-go-seek, truly they were free as small children at heart! The hearts of men and women tumbled while consumed in an innocent love like mortals know only during early childhood, where gentle minds are free from corruption in a most righteous environment. Screams of shrill laughter echoed throughout the farthestmost realm of that majestic valley, broken only by the phrase, "you're it!"

Then the women would retouch the men.

"You're it!"

Then the men would re tap a small child.

Every day was enveloped in this elegant laughter of children, and many mortal men spent their lives dreaming of these times lived out by the spirits of their ancestors while mortals fought the battles on earth.

Here all breeds of men in spirit possessed the ability to focus their concentration to solve astonishing problems that were greater than any among the mortals of earth had ever

dealt with or would ever deal with. Most among those spirits of mortal men however, chose to remain free from any agony that might arise from mental stress, and remained in the world of the child. Mortals on earth have attempted this feat through stimulants and sacred mushrooms only to find death and then hell as a result. Here in the loft of high heaven every mortal desire for joy desired was fulfilled, then those spirits took pleasure in joys greater than any ever found by any earth bound mortal. Should the souls of mortals desire the challenge of complicated problems, then he was encouraged to do so, for the only place that limitations exist is in the mortal world of the flesh. In the eternal world of the spirit, the angels of heaven find their true joys and contentment.

Forever were those who chose to remain in the world of the children to roam mysterious caverns and in the vast catacombs of their imagination. Many of whom had existed among those innocents below that perished, were not content with their surroundings, so they conjured up elegant

networks of mysterious ponds, dreamed up strange humanoids born from the masses, and the articles of those strange men which history hath no record of. Suddenly just as if they had leaped into the pages of some long lost volume of forgotten lore, they appeared, roaming the lush lands of the imagination for the duration of eternity! Many others so desired to walk upon those multicolored streets of the heavenly rainbow, and upon accomplishing this feat discovered entire cities sheathed in glittering gold, with walls that released that savory aroma of frankincense and myrrh.

Many, even to a greater extent, desired to shrink into the world of the minute, worlds within earthly worlds, and it was said that they discovered unexplored heavenly systems that established new links with the spirits of those mortals who shook the foundations of civilization at various periods in history.

Many of those spirits from which had passed through that fleshly gulf by the aide of death, desired only to establish

themselves upon the very particles that those glorious multitudes joyously traveled. It was by their prize reasoning that by transforming themselves into this state of existence that their knowledge would become omniscient, for the very wind caresses every secluded landscape, seeps in even the tiniest of openings, and so it happens on those who love unsatisfactorily and those who are astonishing athletes! It possesses knowledge of terrible crimes that have forever remained unsolved; behold it views every field, every lionsess, and since it is breathed into every breast, it knows even the most obscured thoughts of the righteous who conceal permanently destructive guilt! Here every aspiration is attainable, every adventure is affordable, for in this form of recreation the Almighty delights!

Soon that winged cavalry over passed the woodlands, and now entered into a luxuriant city whose illumination cast forth an aura that resembled a ruby haze or thick fog, high into the midnight sky. Celebrations of ecstatic joy and the happy clatter of festivity rang throughout the countryside,

and the desire to celebrate the intense warmth of love that the Almighty offered up unto them suddenly swelled deep within each and every yearning breast.

More grand than any city constructed by mortal hands was that city of gold. The city in itself was an exact heavenly copy of that holy city on earth, Jerusalem. Within it's midst arose a massive dome of glittering gold, ruby and emerald inlaid, all of which glittered so brilliantly that the veil of night never once fell upon the face of that most holy place. Here dwelt those who once existed in lavish luxury upon the earth, and had now earned their proper right to glory in these radiant courtyards of heaven. Behold within this brilliant dome that towered high above the entire city from it's midst, was the most glorious seat of the Almighty himself!

His pedestal was a massive column of crystal clear quartz and diamond, generating a quality more dense than any substance produced inside the boundaries of the entire universe by any force of nature or by the hand of any being.

The column was Greek in design with simple file ridges extending from the upper most portion of it's lofty heights, to the swirling lace of decoration that gracefully draped it's foot. Upon the point of the column directly beneath that magnificent dome, the design of the column expanded into decorate elegant swirls that caused it's appearance to combine with the very clouds above! In the course of this great illusion, the dome itself appeared to be suspended in the midst of the very wind, glaring brilliantly in a manner that stunned even the greatest of all beholders.

Listen: it was around the very base of that mighty column, that those multitudes gathered to request the Almighty's intrusion, in concern to the rise of great conflict upon the face of the earth below!

Hear me now! Thousands upon thousands of thousands swarmed beneath the structure. The clatter of conversation arose to the very point of transforming into the rise of thunder to the ears of all mortals on the earth below. The tension of anger flourished, each individual inciting his

brother until the roar of thunder became increasingly tense and more violent. Behold all, those forces of anger had now been struck and that glorious spark now burned toward its explosive destination. This the archangel Gabriel recognized, and he gallantly raced forward into the midst of the multitude, placing a pedestal of mahogany among them, elevating himself into an emperor's portion of power by gazing directly into their lusting faces:

“Oh dear ones who stand before me! Have ye forgotten the power of the one that ye seek? Have ye forgotten how he transformed nothingness into that emerald and sapphire sphere that we all call earth? Have ye now forgotten how he carved the universe out with his bear hands, and how insignificant your place is within the expanse of this massive creation? I command ye to cease now these destructive inclinations or suffer the fury of the Almighty's wrath!”

With these mighty words the clatter ceased, and those great ones among them commenced to tremble violently, casting themselves upon sacred ground as they upon

realizing their disrespect, plead for the Great Father's forgiveness. Then Gabriel spoke again:

“Beg now for the Lord Of All to forgive your arrogance, ye unworthy ones who exist deep inside his holy courts! Maybe, as a result of your pleas, he will refrain from casting ye all into the searing fires of eternal damnation!”

On the out set, as those sacred words fled the lips of Gabriel, only to fly amid those multitudes of heaven's courtyard, the sky of earth and heaven thickened with darkness, and a great wind stirred throughout the countryside. Fire zigzagged across the very darkened sky above and throughout the realm of earth below, causing the multitudes to cringe in fear and flee in terror, each multitude beneath the other. Soon only Gabriel stood to endure those bitter winds. It was then that a voice of roaring thunder and huge torrents of falling water combined, rang throughout the entire realm of the universe:

“Why hast evil been allowed to encroach into the courtyards of my kingdom? Why hast ye allowed your silent

intentions to be stirred by the persistence of those forces that bear evil intentions?”

“Oh Great Father Of The Universe,” spoke the archangel Gabriel while he gazed toward the massive dome of gold. “ I humbly come to you and bear no evil intentions.”

“Then why do ye seek me? Are ye not content in this glorious world in which I have placed you within,” replied the voice of thunder and falling torrents of water?

Yes, oh Great One, Lord God Of Holy Israel, Lord Of All Lords! I am entirely content, and I only wish to make a request in the name of all beings, both among the souls of heaven and the mortals who walk upon the face of the earth.

Behold thou Great Sir, deep in the mountains of Gallipoland, within the temple of Augsburg, where that great sphere of crystal sits near the window of the worlds, I have bore witness to the sufferings and the terrible tormentations of those mortals who walk the face of the earth, as well as the extent of the terrible persecution of the holy. I have bore

witness to the extent of the battle's climax, the conquest of all that is evil upon that of all good on earth. This sickens me to the very core. I realize that ye have long since initiated an eternal, all encompassing plan, that no spirit in heaven nor mortal on the face of the earth can contemplate, a wheel of events if ye may, that will gradually circumnavigate to initiate the materialization of the great tribulation that ye have so faithfully promised. Ye are a just and most righteous Lord. I must confess that I have come to believe the time has come for a change in the course of those horrible events. Those forces of positive origin must now separate and conquer those negative forces within. Please hear me out, oh Holy One On High!”

His golden head sank in humble request.

“Oh good sir, please give prompt reply to my plea.”

“Gabriel,” replied a voice of thunder from within that thick somber blanket of the heavens above! “Behold, I have indeed heard your gracious plea. I had intended to allow that terrible tribulation on the face of the earth below to

continue to consume mortal flesh for seven more years, in order that those of earth might repent by coming to understand that their time draws neigh. Your plea has convinced me that the mortals of the earth, both good and evil alike, have suffered greatly. Time has indeed arrived for a great transformation to come upon them all. In order that my ultimate goal might be achieved, I now declare that the transformation will be gradual, but as I have promised, the goal shall reach the point of it's climax.”

Upon that very commencement of those spoken words, the dispersed multitudes suddenly reappeared from concealment deep within the distant wood stand, rejoicing in having the privilege of bearing witness to that glorious performance of the great archangel Gabriel. The slow pace of the multitude soon quickened. Great ringing cheers arose and dozen's of mortal souls hoisted Gabriel upon a king's golden throne, sitting high upon two rails of oak, bearing him as their burden throughout those streets of ruby, emerald, and golden inlaid. In their midst, a glorious ringing

song paid sacred tribute to that angelic lord so
overwhelmingly admired. May the universe forever sing
these glorious words so fair!:

“Gabriel, our grand leader within
these courts and gates of old,
who has stood steadfast by all of us and the Almighty's
since the creation of earth and time untold.

Who then are we, to regret that he was our speaker,
one of whom has given our great cause new berth?

Oh this angel of heart and boundless glory,
whose elegant words spared pain and agony
to those on earth!”

From afar, within every courtyard of heaven and every
timber stand! From deep in the heart of every city mansion,
and every from every golden street, rushed those souls and
spirits together, that they might cast a glorious feast in
honor of that great transformation. To the east of the golden
dome, at the foot of those forest covered mountains that

stood so proud in the face of wind and rain, was positioned a mighty round table of oak; behold, this table was so grand that it was much more than any ever witnessed by the eyes of mortal men. Some nine fathoms did it measure in diameter. Its graceful legs were carved to represent that most outstanding leader of the holy exodus. In its very center was positioned a magnificent bouquet of chrysanthemums, both crimson, snow, and sapphire in hue. So vast was the elegance of the intoxicating flow of invisible scent in the air about, that entire hosts of people were led to the celebration as though by some unseen hand. From the vineyards of Heluland flowed the richest wines ever poured, and for some seven days the heavens played host to a joyous celebration of evil's defeat, and the restoration of sacred righteous reign.

In the midst of that jubilant celebration in those heavenly courts, the All-powerful Omniscient maker of the universe commenced to unravel a great expansive plan for the destruction of evil's massive iron wall that the lord of

darkness had constructed across earth's once unblemished face.

Amid the swishing gardens of multicolored daffodils Jehovah strode for nine full days during that time of new life, when all on earth is at it's peak of colorful luster, pleasantly sharp winds blew their bursts of sweet breath, gaily tossing the locks of Jehovah's snow white hair, and as a result of the tingling sensation that the wind brought, he was caused to relax as he ambled about. On the eve of the ninth day, he came to small crystal pool which dipped downward like a cup amid thick matted straw surrounding the rosy laughing faces of those happy daffodils. Upon a carpet of lush emerald grass he gingerly came to rest, with his most graceful of legs crossed, and he gazed forth into the crystal nectar water of that most natural of cesspools. In the pool's midst a swirling light brown cloud formed, then gradually expanded, until that most clear of nectar was no longer clear. At the very onset of this mysterious occurrence at the hands of the great creator, a small marble sized sapphire

sphere brilliantly beamed forth from the pools' midst. It then grew until it was the size of a melon that was laced with cotton puffs of white. Still the strange sphere continued to expand, until the greenery of the surrounding vegetation in the reflective forces of the cesspool became clearly visible. Suddenly this was understood that this event was not merely a fragment of play deep inside the Almighty's boundless imagination, but now a pictorial representation of the very earth upon which mortals exist and co exist. A veil of mist then formed upon this representation of the secular earth, then suddenly lifted, exposing the exact position of those Teutonic Knights of Germania, and then the great transformation within the Teutonic battle strategy; then the veil was draped again. Upon it's second lifting it exposed all forces, both good and evil alike, and it was then that a most curious occurrence formulated into awesome reality over an expanse of time.

Upon the surface of that pictorial representation, to the west upon the secular mortal's earth, stood a great and

mighty eagle striding brilliantly in titanium armor plated in pure gold. About his neck were garlands of various jewels, and in the center he wore a silver crucifix. To the far east of the mortal's earth, was a great and powerful dragon who was wise in sufficient use of evil's knowledge under the act of disguising deception. To the northern sector of the earth stood a mighty bull, rippling with huge muscles of conquest, and fat with the ravages of spoil seized from dying enemy hands. Under the veil of the moons' yellow illumination the bull silently traveled near the slightly stirred dragon, and he inquired of the dragon:

“All of this,” and he pointed in all four directions of the earth. “All of this and that which lies within, is about to be mine. If you will lend ear to my plan of conquest, I will see that one third is all yours!”

The dragon then humbly accepted the offer with a slight bow.

Upon the dawning of the following morning mist the dragon swam the distance of the great water, and he

entered into the kingdom of the Golden Eagle, showing his poisonous fangs as he traveled about, until he collapsed as though in shock, upon the earth beneath his feet. His thoughts were very secure in the arts of deceit, and so he attempted to swim in the direction of his homeland, so that the Eagle might be coaxed into destruction. To the South, the bull raged forward, trampling all of whom it came into contact with, and the earth swelled with flowing rivers of blood.

It was then that the great Golden Eagle gathered himself to his feet. A massive rage overcame him, and he marched forth toward those islands of the dragon. As he flew toward the mainland, he alighted upon the island tributaries, reaping a grand harvest in the flow of blood. The dragon rushed to meet the Eagle and a raging battle ensued. Even though the Eagle's thoughts were on the struggle, he was still able to summon a swarm of huge ravens to attack the bull to the north. The entire earth was consumed in flames and fury. From the force of sheer numbers through the

liberation of the land conquered by the bull, a new perpetual force of gallantry arose to consistently hammer the bull into the very ground beneath his feet!

Now the entire earth was consumed in an overwhelming jubilee, shouting HOSSANA in praise to the Almighty above. Still the Golden Eagle remained consumed in battle, and now time itself was running in a thin line. The dragon lashed forth with huge brute force, never growing weary of the battle at heart. Upon realizing the stubbornness of the enemy and the loss of his own strength, The Golden Eagle tired of senseless battle and attempted to out maneuver his opponent. In a single sweep of the foot, the dragon collapsed, it was then that the foot of the eagle collapsed about the neck of the dragon. At this point, the only intention was to force that dragon into surrender, but during the process a single talent slit the dragon's throat, causing a great quantity of blood to gush forth. That dragon still refused to surrender, so then a second incision was purposely created, and soon the great and terrible dragon

bled into submission.

The Almighty's heart was heavy that such as it may, was of such an utmost necessity, but those sacred words had been spoken. Then a great mist arose upward from within the cesspool, settling upon the face of the earth, activating the terrible course of perpetual events until his holy plan would see itself completed.



Libero 7

Germania Lusts For Black Gold

Farther to the south of the Teutonic Kingdom, lay a land that greatly prospered from masses of wealth generated by vast fountains that spouted the syrup of black gold. More valuable than the gold of the Tzars, it was more precious than all the yellow gold that could be found on the entire earth, was this endless spewing of that syrup called black gold. Every energy vital to all trade owed itself to the consumption of this thick liquid. Never before in the entire history of man had he ever become so dependent upon any syrup born from the belly of the earth. Paupers and simple peasants had instantaneously been transformed into kings and queens as a result of the discovery of this syrup on their simple estates. No longer could man exist without creating extensive burrows into the earth, in order that he might extract this black gold.

For all of these reasons the mighty winds of war began to rapidly stir deep within the heart of this land. Every eye was stricken with greed; behold a single fountain could launch a thousand horses to thunder forward into the void in search of more! For years surrounding kingdoms had placed this grand region upon a tall pedestal, calling it their own, and it was from them that the people of that kingdom had wrenched her independence, consequently with her enemies being her neighbors, looking for a chance to rape and pillage!

The great parliament, an honorary government of the mighty Britons, had once spread sacred peace and harmony among her people. Even so, peace and goodwill now fled, for those seven wretched demons of lust and greed now stirred about within the heart of the king and his cabinet. That total embodiment of those seven, the beast, now arose in complete control of his people's hearts and minds alike. In a single stroke of his pen he abolished the parliamentary government, now securing absolute control for himself. A

great hatred arose within the heart of this certain individual for the children of Israel, and two persecutions began to tear upon the very fiber of the homeland.

In the light of these internal conditions, the king of the Teutonic Knights smiled upon the king of this fine land, and he graciously courted it in return for a policy of general trade and barter. Every product that fetched revenue for which the other nations hungered and possessed a searing thirst, were transported into the ports of the Teutonic kingdom, filling them to overflowing with golden bounty. As the other nations of the earth soon discovered the great quantities, they became greatly enraged, demanding an account in order that those exact amounts of gold exchanged might be known. This great nation of wealth refused, announcing that it had sole rights to trade with any one that it chose, and upon this remark, rumors of a great battle began to circulate.

At the fall of night mothers shuttered violently, clinging onto their husbands. Children wept in great fear at the

possibility of losing their fathers, thus the entire land was consumed by a tense atmosphere. Many hours of sleep were lost due to the worry and the shedding of tears, and they sought comfort within the walls of their grand temples. As the golden sun fell behind the wooded horizon of the countryside, the men prudently parked all precious family belongings within their cherished family wagons, and a sick fear and dread of battle's approach filled the land.

With the onset of the mist enveloped morning, the children of the land made hasty exit from within the cradle of their homeland. Too many neither held the gold nor the stores necessary to complete the exit, and so they suffered starvation before crossing the western boarder. Many a strong and mighty man, all knowledgeable in the ways of the earth and nature, collapsed in the wake of exhaustion and of disease, destined to never see his homeland redeemed. Children perished due to the horrors of open travel, and the elderly all weak and weary of life, only fell to the sword of the invaders.

During this time the voice of Odin began again to speak into the ear of the Teutonic King, announcing that the time had come for a mighty invasion into that frozen land of the Russ. In order to secure the success of the operation, great stock piles of dried meat were needed for that armies' nourishment. Food, water, as well as the men themselves, were wrested from the grips of their families to serve in the legions, only leaving those women and small children to starve amid the alleys and crime infested streets about. Indeed the great Teutonic mouth had consumed these once gracious people both heart, body, mind and soul. How horrible was their bitter end!

Libero 8

The Teutonic Knights Murder Thousands

In the Kingdom of Germania where the children of the old Teutonic Knights labored and prospered, an aged king lay in the utmost of vulnerable positions, urging the masses to rise again that they might retain their former greatness. Leaders of the new lot were collected from the lowest of the common lot, each one chosen by Odin's word of approval through divination. Many were desperate men who sought their own success in the new rising order. The laboring class who was once ruled by the iron fist of aristocracy, now gradually eradicated their enemies like a huge fist slowly tightening it's grip. Many of these men were plagued by the grips of perverse inhibitions, and they were viewed upon as mentally incompetent by those who came into personal contact with them.

Even during the constructing of the earth's foundation

these individuals were predestined to rule, for it was written from within the new order that they should vent their perverse inhibitions and rise into greatness. Now his legions had fully gained a stronghold on the countryside, and the ranks of his warriors commenced to swell.

Mass rallies were held in which his chief designer had conceived those images that inspire awe and jolting admiration. Deep within his heart the hand of Satan directed his inner thoughts. Within these rallies were magnificent banners displaying that revolting symbol of the movement, raging torches illuminated their imaginations into glory. In the grand coliseum of ancient Rome were these rallies held, containing awesome rows of mighty warriors extending for great distances; and upon a pedestal before the greatest assemblage of evil hearts ever to congregate in the entire history of men, stood proudly and arrogantly the evil king of darkness himself. No longer was he a child, no longer was he a mere mortal, but was lord of warriors, Odin in flesh incarnate!

As he spoke spewing forth his words upon the great north wind, allowing them to settle among the rows of warriors, they inhaled deeply, then those words fell upon their very souls and became firmly embedded within. His words were as sweet as morning dew to the ears, thus their minds transformed into a gross suppleness identical to that of wet Rhine clay, and that evil king molded their tender minds into perfect black angels of the twelfth striking.

Masters of murder were they, and this king of evil poured a doctrine of perverse darkness upon the face of the land. And upon that most dreadful of days, when his hold was steadfast on the throats of his people, he declared that his grip shall endure ten thousand years, and from that day forward, a thick veil separated that kingdom of those Teutonic Knights from the sanctity of high heaven above.

It was then that Odin arose upon his once stilled feet, born fresh from the deep slumber cast upon him by Jehovah, and he readied a master for vengeance. In the kingdom of the Teutonic Knights, from the very onset of a child's birth

they were constantly drilled in pagan doctrine. Oh those dear children who were born into innocence, so naturally full of love, were taught to ignore the emotion of love for one's fellow men. They were taught that pity was shameful and a curse upon the nation, and would never be tolerated under any circumstances. Morality regarding the sanctity of marriage and the home was abolished from the limits of the kingdom, and many a young virgin was sold into prostitution as a broodmare for new races of pagans. Intellectuality was ripped from the minds of the youth through a constant focus on the virtues of athletics, always leading into absolute soldiery. The sacred name of Jehovah was blasphemed and stricken from every written manuscript. No longer was the church allowed to demonstrate the ability for compassion. Under this new order only those who were chosen as special and cherished by Jehovah could ever be so weak, they said. Any person suspected of opposing the doctrine was erased from his earthly existence under the sable cloak of the new order. In the schools and universities obscured police

roamed the halls and campus grounds to assure faithfulness to the king of evil.

Even so, while the secular world denied all existence of the supernatural, those faithful children of Judea remained strong in their knowledge and beliefs, perpetually bound with the holy world. It was among these innocent that Odin The Terrible rose up and struck them a blow more devastating than any ever dealt out in the history of man.

The area of trade now dominated by the military cast the children of Judea out into the cold streets, so that they might become objects of scorn and hatred. But those children of Judea were wise in the Almighty's guidance, and they split their cash among themselves, being careful to retain nourishment as well as their financial stability. Blame for all evil was cast upon them, and this base conviction was hailed by the masses. Tens of thousands stood to swear to tear their scattered pockets into blood drenched shreds. That child of Odin magnified those ideas, and he sought to plant those terrible vanities and visions of hatred deep

within their very hearts and souls.

“The children of Zion exist deep within the natural body, eradicating all wealth from within, hoarding it among their own kind, starving and conquering from within.”

With these words pouring forth from their lips, and the hand of Odin guiding their minds, they hailed their leader as their Messiah, and swore their allegiance until death did cause them to part. An entire land now sworn to battle, announced boastfully of their power, but many rode with them who were obscured from the view of all mortal men.

Within the land of the Russ, in the midst of the great Siberian desert, a colossal mountain of stone fell from the outer void of high heaven above, smashing violently into the earth below, causing the earth to quake for hundreds of leagues around. From deep within the midst of the pit created by the collision of that mountain of stone, poured forth from within the perpetual fiery furnace a furious army of demons, more terrible than any ever witnessed by all of heaven or earth. Every evil imagining, and every immoral

lust, was embodied within them as they rode forward with the King of Darkness as their high command. Innumerable bodies of these unseen enemies of peace poured forth from within the gaping cavern, marching into the hearts of those Teutonic pagans, mixing with them in joyous celebration. Truly now did Satan rule in unshakable sovereign! An impregnable veil of darkness now rose up, obscuring the earth from the face of that most glorious of lights above!

Into the souls who stood in the grandiose Colosseum, did that most dreadful son of Odin breath his honey sweet words of death. From the fiery pit of hell was conceived a plan to construct a hell on the face of the earth in which to enslave the mortal enemies of his empire; a mighty attempt by Satan to smite the face of the Almighty.

Within each degrading pier of death various tormentations were delivered upon those innocent children of Judea. Babes, fragile and innocent, were ripped from the arms of their mothers who wailed in anguish at the loss of their dear ones. Never even the slightest sensation of

sorrow even flickered upon the hearts of those warriors who battled in Satan's service, for their hearts had long since turned into that of solid stone by words delivered from the mouth of Odin's ghastly child, who had now been hailed a god king in complete domination of an entire race of men.

In direct accordance to the command of Odin, were those babes roasted alive in cauldrons specially designed for use as such. For the man, as long as he could labor enduring inhuman working conditions, his dreadful life was spared. Behold a single sign of sickness, one single exhaustive collapse, and that individual was then forced to separate from healthy men. In those days mighty machines of transport were constructed, and a massive iron serpent raced forth at awesome speeds. Hundreds of thousands were herded into great wheeled boxes that connected in links, completing the serpents' body. The great serpent rejoiced as it received it's final victim, and great puffs of fire belched forth into the air as it strained to complete that dark track into the underworld.

Those ungodly tormentors, who now were fully intoxicated with their lust for murder, smiled in order that they might intimidate the innocent who were sealed up within. Many hours passed, and those who were told that they were to travel in order that they might prosper somehow subconsciously felt otherwise. Soon the serpent came to a screeching halt, then the conductor of the death train leaped forth aloud into the air before opening the doors of those innocent, screaming:

“Move it! Move it! Women and children stand before the commander to the left, and men before the commander to the right!”

And it was then that the women commenced to wail, begging for mercy in the name of all that is holy, that they might be allowed to remain company unto their children.

“No, we have facilities that will oversee your children and allow them to remain in the best of care,” they sneered!

In this manner three lines were formed, and the wives were separated from the men, and the children from their

parents, and all done in the dark name of lies and a greater kingdom! On each trembling arm was inscribed the number of the beast himself. Each individual possessed a varied numeral and each number was carefully recorded in order that all personal identity might be erased. Never before in the course of man's history had such atrocities been allowed to manifest, but those events were beyond any mortal's control, for the word had been spoken from the sacred throne of high heaven above.

Into showers of death were the masses of women and children herded, herded into the fiery furnaces by lies leading them to believe that it was beneficial to their personal health. Once the showers had fallen all hope of survival was in vein, and all others awaited their turn in the enduring light of an overwhelming lie. Around the clock, hour by dreary hour, endless lines entered within, and then their steaming corpses were heaped inside massive kilns which reduced thundering hordes of humanity into mere smoldering ashes.

The beast then attempted to benefit his own blood by subjecting the children to vein experiments. Many were the times that sadistic surgeons of Satan severed a liver, or even a brain, for a senseless purpose. To the surgeon's somber delight, the child wound up being delivered into the midst of those leaping flames. Piercing wails of infants in great pain rang throughout that horrible encampment of death and destruction. From among those wailing masses of cries many a mother came to recognize a call for her nurturing care as being that of her own flesh, and she could only stand about helplessly, drowning in the warmth of her own tears. Never before in the history of men had Satan ever been allowed to deliver such a devastating blow to the face of mankind!

Woe unto any mother who held to the bed about to give birth to an innocent child, for their were many midwives who in reality were goddesses of death, masquerading as helpful servants, and then right before the helpless mother's eyes the child was cast into the raging flames of death. Though

the cries of the mother persisted as a result, the angel of death had no pity at her anguish, only saying:

“Death be unto you, oh children of Israel!”

The wives of men marched into their trials and sufferings and tormentations through degradation! Husbands were forced to watch as their helpless wives were forced to fall down before canine and cow. Those soldiers of Satan rejoiced at their degradation, and allowed their king to create a festive atmosphere around the general proceedings. Hosts of warriors stood on guard while multitudes of others became induced by the spirit of wine, viewing the suffering of mankind in the name of entertainment.

The face of the Almighty turned from his people, for even though they had not sinned against him, he could never wholeheartedly view their ghastly sufferings. The word was his, and those pleas from humanity were great, but it all was as it must be, and he could never turn from his own word. Behold he knows the secret of death, and we mortal must

fear not and only trust in him! Many thousands of souls were delivered into the gates of heaven in the duration of a single day, and in his name did they suffer death.

Many among them transgressed upon their own kind, choosing to embrace those soldiers of Satan in hopes that they might be allowed just another day of life upon this earth. The soldiers of Satan smiled, assuring those transgressors that they would receive the fullest luxuries, then placed them behind those crossbows of thunder and fire, in order that they might strike their own from the sands of the earth. Many chose to run the kilns, and they would work for some seven suns before collapsing among the dead from sheer exhaustion.

Many a mother fell atop her dear children, begging that the ones in charge might spare her a few precious moments of life, but the child's cry caused her to be delivered up into the flames, for want of just a few morsels of meat.

Dense smoke billowed up from within the belly of the kiln.

Mighty columns arose into high heaven above to form clouds, then settled upon the hosts of condemned innocents, covering the earth and them with that sweet scent of ash and burning flesh. It was then that they accepted their fate, but they were much too late to aide the cause of escape, for the ground had already opened up and swallowed the condemned by the thousands.

In the course of the massive persecution many fled forward into the land of the Britons, and a mighty host of multitudes poured into the kingdom of The Golden Eagle. It was in the midst of this persecution that a certain young man fled into the Kingdom of The Golden Eagle, whose leaders awaited him with outstretched arms, and it was there that he was destined to rise into greatness.

Libero 9

The Great And Wise Deliverer Appears

Within Almighty Jehovah's eternal plan, he had prepared a chosen individual to deliver the earth from that constant ever tightening grip of the iron fist founded in the blazing furnace of hell. Intelligence comparable to the great King Solomon was bestowed upon him by the grace of God Almighty, and he was declared to be the born deliver of his blessed people.

Now it came to pass that many great minds were driven from the land as those terrible Teutonic Knights continued to persecute relentlessly without justification. Enormous multitudes were penned inside fences of aura like blue flame, in order that they might be rendered helpless. Under the horrors of torture produced in dreaded chambers horrendously designed to release blood, the children of Holy Israel fell down upon the earth, crying tears of mercy up

towards the Lord Of Lords:

“Oh great Father in heaven, surly hell had been established in our midst. What evil vanities have been conceived in our hearts, that we should suffer such a terrible treatment?”

Six thousand souls rose up into the midst of heaven on a daily basis as that death machine continued to generate destruction. Never in the course of all human history had men bore witness to such an inglorious destruction of a single collective congregation. Not even the Romans in the days of old, who glorified destruction and war, ever conceived a doctrinaire by which to render death upon an entire body of people to such a terrible degree. Only those terrible Teutonic Knights ever dreamed of slaying entire villages of innocents among the conquered. Though many catastrophe had been wreaked upon innocents in the ages past, none were ever so horrible as that wreaked by the Teutonic knights upon the children of Holy Israel in the name of Satan himself.

In the seat of high heaven above, the Lord God Of Israel shed tears as his chosen people suffered and perished in multitudes. Never could he go back on an already spoken word, but he swore a terrible vengeance in the near future, promising his people that their pain and suffering would never endure eternity.

Many angels could not bear the sight of indignation not longer, and rushed forth to save the children of Israel, but were snatched back by the hand of God, who coaxed them back into his arms through a use of his own explanation of the great eternal plan. Eagerly they lent ear, humbled in respect for they were overjoyed as the plan for final conquest was spread before them. At that glorious second all nature was enshrouded in a misty veil of ecstatic joy, but the realization of the moment was again beheld, transforming all joy back into sorrow.

It was then that the child of Odin rose himself to the pedestal of holy worship as a subject of idolatry, and demanded that the entire kingdom fall at his feet or suffer

death. Systems of individualization that had taken centuries of collectively formulate were demolished in a few months passing, and replaced with a system that glorified eternal combat, brutality and destruction. In accordance to the traditions of their Teutonic past, they were told to worship wood, fire, and blood, and to glorify death. If they complied, then they were told that the entire world was their destiny, for Jewish ideology had perverted their domination in the natural control by the mighty over the meek. Through these eyes they saw themselves as gods, chosen ones to dominate the earth. In a fortress of stone the beast and his subordinates met through Satanic inspiration, to draw up a terrible plan to wreak destruction upon the face of the earth, producing a foul glut of slain flesh.

There they met within those walls of stone, and upon scrolls of velum wrote he these words, words of terror, words entertained by the souls of the lost:

“From time immortal we existed as the total embodiment of all supreme culture wisdom and culture, predestined to

raise a great kingdom, a master race! In the new kingdom all expressions of creativity are to be reinstated and nurtured, as well as expanded upon, just as long as they give glory to the new kingdom and its new king! At the same time, as we expand our borders and reclaim territories that are rightfully ours to be reclaimed, we are reestablishing those ancient territories of the Teutonic Kings, and our supreme race!”

To the southwest of Odin's land lay a land enveloped by immense natural beauty and grace. A land where pilgrims still flourish in those old traditions still untarnished by the passing of time. At one time during the most darkest recesses of man's history these men were mighty warriors, children of Teutonic Knights who have dropped their warrior traditions, but graciously cling to their village customs. Artistic traditions once flourished within their boundaries, but such traditions were devoured by conquering peoples.

It was then that the hand of Odin played upon those feelings of animosity, and he led many to believe that their

conquerors were allowed to invade their land by those of their own blood from within; and he cast his eyes upon this peaceful territory with visions of war raging inside his heart.

Many leaders of the nation within lent ear to the sweet whispers of Odin's courtship, and they developed symptoms of sympathy for the words that the Teutonic King spoke into the heart of their dormant blood. Soon the ranks of those who were sympathetic swelled and they commenced to march forth upon those who did not adhere, crushing them like ants upon the cobblestone streets. Buildings crumbled and places of labor were seized upon as the leaders declared themselves to be king of the entire countryside! Then, at the same time, they turned their eyes upon the children of Holy Israel.

Great iron birds of war delivered total destruction as their eggs splattered fire and death across the land scape. Troops of villains and vagabonds who were subordinate to the unholy child of Odin, marched forth undaunted into the surrounding countryside, plundering and murdering at will.

Soon those bloodthirsty elements of Teutonic ideology began to be established among those once peaceful people.

It was then that the King of the Teutonic Knights approached the leaders of this once peaceful people demanding unconditional surrender. The leader, who was a lover of goodwill and peace, agreed to surrender only if his people would be allowed to remain independent from the Teutonic Empire. The son of Odin agreed, offering his very word as a sign of peace, for he saw great gain in doing so.

Foolishly, those men who had commanded the iron birds of war and had been captured, were now released. Thousands of warriors doing battle for the Teutonic Empire suddenly appeared from within their hideaways. They swarmed across the countryside like infuriated hornets from a hive, overwhelming their fellow men out of sheer numbers. Self propelled wagons of war appeared in the field from obscurity, delivering death to any who did not support those Teutonic lords of war. Great factions suddenly appeared announcing their support of the Teutonic King.

Many innocents were arrested, being sentenced to a terrible death of neglect in order that a midnight rein of terror might be established. Soon the Teutonic army rose up swinging mighty swords of war, many of their former enemies rising up to pledge their hearts and souls in service. In this manner the two kingdoms were wed, the people forced to feed upon their inglorious past.

A time of great rejoicing suddenly fell upon the lord of the Teutonic Knights, for his plan was on time. Now he became invincible in his own mind and those of his people forever. He leaped for joy as the news of his conquest fell into the chambers of his embattled walls. Truly the sons of men had never witnessed such tyranny!

It was then that the Dragon breathed a breath of awesome fire and falling brimstone. Within the boundaries of this land, governed by a tradition in spiritual appreciation, a terrible beast plotted to combine forces and raise the pillars of Rome into a magnificent height. The smoldering fires of ancient tradition now burned with a new dominion,

instantaneously this kingdom no longer saw a hopeless somber veil at the end of a long tunnel, but a glorious light that was theirs to be had through persistence.

Many elders in the kingdom of the Dragon came to believe that the great loss of gold was due to it's stray from it's time honored values, which for hundreds of years had welded them into a kingdom solid as the iron of the Danes! Many of their own cast their eyes toward the great north sea, longing for those days of old when they had traveled afar to battle those demons and monsters abroad.

In the glory of days long since passed, when Odin awoke to move upon the land, his angels began a search both far and wide for one worthy of leadership in this most ancient of kingdoms. There, in a simple chamber of bamboo, was born a gentle babe. In a field of saturated rice he grew to toil, and arose into a mighty stature. It was then that the spirit of Odin weighed heavily upon his heart, and he desired to discover more about this enchanted land in the far north. Over thousands of volumes long since forgotten by the sons

of men, he was to toil for hours untold. There upon those pages, the battles of Glorious Rome were fought in the vision of his mind just as clear as if they had ceased the day before. The clatter of the bronze chariot, the thunder of mighty hooves by the thousand, the ringing clash of iron swords, the wails and screams of fallen soldiers, the curses and screams of commandants blaring orders and delivering tongue lashes to non productive soldiers; all of this arose forth from deep within the dust of antiquity, forever haunting and casting their evil eyes upon him, demanding that he search for more. Soon those crumbled pillars of Glorious Rome stood again forever towering, now mighty, rising above the heads of multitudes. Caesar The Great, emerged forth from the grips of his tomb, to deliver his speeches from among those pillars of Athenian marble forth into the hailing multitudes. On still farther towards the north, those Teutonic Knights battled both for land, honor, and the glory of combat, then rode forth still farther, in order that they might spur his intellect into a further quest for more knowledge.

Behold as he became further immersed in his studies, he came to realize the causes which had shaped those great and mighty empires. He came to realize the stimulus that had excited their creators, and then he foreseen a great deliverance for his people.

It came to pass that among his own people he then promised to restore the glorious gold and precious gems so adored and lavishly acquired by the ancients of old. Mighty temples then arose in the name of their patron saint, Buddha.

At the outset, he arose only to address minute gatherings, gatherings in the name of prosperity of their kingdom. Soon those meager gatherings slowly expanded with a heightened interest in words of ancient pride and glory lost! Soon the mortals of the earth trembled as those mere gatherings swelled into multitudes, and the multitudes swelled into thundering masses who hailed this simple man of the Dragon as their glorious King! With every utterance, every spoken word, rose up a hail of thundering admiration.

Soon the masses overjoyed at his gloating concerning his great plans for conquest and prosperity. The masses then raced forward and seized this new king up, placing him upon a pedestal, then bowed low before him, declaring him to be their holy god king incarnate.

The thunder of holy heaven rolled violently for Almighty God was wrought with great anger. Though his plan was constant, for such was his nature, he raged at the sheer number won over by the forces of Satan.

Thousands and thousands and hundreds of thousands bowed low, singing hymns of greatness in the ear of Satan. Immorality and the abolishment of righteousness rode high upon their shoulders, and they gave into their insatiable greed with a plan for mighty global conquest. Now one third of all mankind vowed to resurrect the glorious splendor of old Rome, to recapture both their material wealth and the souls of their people.

It was on a dreary twelfth striking, when Taurus The Bull stood proudly about gloating in evil intoxication, that the

spirits of Odin and Mars led the beasts toward each other. Behind those ancient embattlements they gathered about while Mars angrily cast his banner high through the midnight sky. Flames of illuminating sapphire ripped that somber veil of darkness and the demonic ghosts of hell rode forth upon the wind, gathering about around the base of a massive marble columnade.

From glittering wagons those evil kings stepped forward, each silently scheming on plans to give himself absolute control, but on the surface each was full with goodwill and cheer. Around a glorious table of oak those evil three sat round about, resolving to remain faithful unto each other, even to the bitter end.

Above their heads arose a cloud of smoke, from within the angels of heaven were watching, collecting news to spread among the righteous. As those words of death and destruction were poured upon that table of oak, the angels grieved with despair, never could they fathom that the Almighty's creation cast even in his own image, could

conceive of such a great destructive plan for the rule of evil among the men of earth.

So they rode forth into that glowing throne of Almighty God, pleading with him that he might now destroy mankind. Upon this plea they received not an answer, and were told to deliver themselves from within his Holy presence. In a violent rage he declared that his plan would be executed according to his own schedule, regardless of all the evils that the hearts of mankind could ever conceive. It was then that those three lords of death and destruction, moved forward upon the face of the earth to wreak horror upon all man kind, snatching away all peace, prosperity, love for one's neighbor, and goodwill. Woe unto all the inhabitants of earth, for no horrors were ever worse!

In the holy month of the queen goddess, Martius, the descendants of those barbarous people, the Slaves, were once again invaded. In those days the Slovakian kingdom had an enlightening environment of a newly acquired freedom granted unto them by the Kingdom Of The Golden

Eagle. A mighty man who once ruled as their king, had now fallen into the grave, causing his now leaderless people to rise up in completed Kayos. Under an impending possibility of death, the king's son now fled into exile deep into the Kingdom Of The Golden Eagle. From within the safety of this great land he fought for a restoration of order and the reestablishment of the old ruling order.

Despite all talk claiming that this land was worthless, the land was still worth saving. Deep in the seclusion of her forests lay vast store of Frankincense, Myrrh, and gold, as well as immeasurable store of jewels. Huge industries wisely exploited vast resources of timber and ore, as well as that black syrup worth more than it's weight in gold. Behold the land held enough mineral rich soil to support ten thousand mighty soldiers battling for the duration of all eternity! Back during the ancient days of forgotten antiquity, those Teutonic Knights of old had exploited the land in the name of Odin, laying a claim to the land and all of it's products. Hoards of slaves were extracted from among the able bodied

of those conquered. By the efforts of slave labor, a great catastrophic war machine was now being fed.

During those days before Odin's resurrection, his spirit had walked about among the timber stands consumed by despair, for he had been cast out from the minds of the people long ago. Even so, the very fact that his spirit once dominated those most basic of drives among the Slavic people allowed him to still enslave their souls. This fact could never be erased from the chemical structure of their physical composition. For a thousand years Odin had wondered about aimlessly and covered by a somber veil of disgrace and failure, but the wheel of fortune had now commenced to spin about in his favor!

Now led by Odin's mighty right hand, the King of the Teutonic Knights had taken recognition of those vast stores of wealth and resources consumed by his evil forefathers. Here among those innocent he rose an army of vagabonds, initiating a mighty invasion. Now once again had the Slavic people suffered the spread of death and destruction.

On the eve of their silent invasion, the Slavic kingdom suddenly found their land surrounded, their entire nation consumed by the opposing force of armored men. A massive multitude of sixty thousand fell to the sword in resistance to that army of Satanic rule. Once again the survivors were reduced into being slaves to their conquistadors, for a huge mass of two million souls had labored both day and night to restore that empire of hell among those poor innocents.

Only tiny casualties were suffered by the armies of Odin, for their king had risen into a greatness among the people of that Slavic kingdom. Oh how terrible was it for that peace loving people during those days of trial and times of bleak darkness!

Now a false message of peace was given unto those followers of the Teutonic king, who now declared that he had launched his armies forward in the name of abiding love for his people.

That same false message was even spread unto every nation on the face of the earth by leaders who spoke only of

peace. Their words were inspired by that inglorious king of darkness only directing them to now waste the blood of the Slavic people.

“ Truly now all rumors of war have ceased,” they cried!
“For truly we have satisfied those hearts of the battle hungry, and quenched their lust for blood!”

Men labored and raised families, behold every kingdom now feeling confident under a cloud of false security. But within the Kingdom Of The Golden Eagle, a mighty bellowing voice arose high above the clatter in a magnificent attempt to awaken the earth to the light of a possible impending barbarous conquest.

In accordance to the arrangement of plans the Slavic people lost their time honored land. It was then that the Teutonic King split their land into two sections, in order that strong shackles might be placed upon those honorable people, plunging them into complete servitude. Truly these people were only humble peacemakers who existed day to day, attempting only to preserve peace among their

brothers. Out of this overwhelming desire for a peaceful coexistence arose a program of pacification instigated by their Slovakian government. Every gross whim of the terrible Teutonic king was catered unto, his every desire for lust of the flesh was satisfied by those smiling Slovakian virgins from their homeland. Vast quantities of gifts were showered upon that evil king on a daily basis, that he might not be inclined to do battle with them. Their luxurious gifts produced vanities, for Odin had induced within the minds of the Teutonic king the desire to reclaim those ones of Teutonic blood who had been long lost, causing the chaff of the land to blow away in the whispering wind.

As the wheel of time crept forward, the Slovakian people grew weary in their efforts to appease the son of Odin, and so they delivered into the midst of the mighty congressional long house a man who was to represent their land, a man who swore to guarantee their safety.

On a cool blustery mourning he journeyed into the kingdom of the Teutonic Knights, and as it came to pass, he

came to stand in the midst of a gargantuan Roman court room, more magnificent, more glorious than any eye ever witnessed during the glory days of Caesar himself.

For a consistent height of forty fathoms arose seventy five marble columns that supported an elaborate banister of marble and pure alabaster, swallowed up by a majestic mountain of glittering mist enveloped granite. Thirty five guards strained to open mighty oaken doors that were so massive that they dwarfed all men. In the midst of a gloriously glittering pool filled with collected moonbeams gathered from some distant mountainside obscure to all humanity, spanned the pool for a distance of 170 fathoms. Within the center of the pool was the bronze likeness of a man supporting a globe of the earth high in his mighty right hand, spouting crimson hued water from his mouth into the pool of moonbeams!

To the left of the pool, upon the eastern wall was an averaged sized door, and through this door the Slovakian leader was instructed to enter into. As he neared, the door

swung back, and a somber cage of iron bars stood ready to receive him. At first he hesitated to enter, but was relieved to discover that it was only a simple elevating cage ascending into some towering chasm. Four illustrious guards stood by his side. One whose task it was to operate the device, pressed a blood red button. Instantly a tightening of the brass chain reverberated throughout the shaft in combination with a mourning whirr. With a sudden jolt the cage began its mighty ascent.

Minutes faded into oblivion, tending to resemble hours, soon the Slovakian leader lost all recollection of space as the cage came to a slow halt. As the cage opened to allow the five to exit, the wall before them, which was obscured by a blanket of darkness, parted. The leader of the people now peered through the gaping doorway, attempting to glimpse the furnishings of the room, but then he was suddenly blindfolded and led into the chamber of the divinities.

With the greatest of hospitality he was escorted into this room that was so elaborate with glittering light from gold

and gems, that he suddenly gasped for breath. He now entered into the sacred chamber that was enveloped in golden plate in such a manner that even the slightest flicker of flame exploded into brilliant divinity! In the midst of this elaborate foyer was a boiling pool of clear emerald hued water from which thirty elegantly proportioned maidens arose to greet the visitor. He was instructed by the guard to choose one from the bunch, in order that she might accompany him en route to the King's throne.

The Slovakian leader acted according to the instructions, choosing a graceful flaxen haired delight, who then promptly arose to embrace their official guest. The rest, upon feeling rejected, fell to resume their bath in the midst of the pool.

The golden plated walls now narrowed to form a passageway that led into a kind of green enclosed garden house, in which an air of relaxing tranquility provide by the cascade of a crystal waterfall that poured from the wet granite walls of the mountainside. As the visitor now stood enveloped in overwhelming awe, suddenly a thundering

voice rang out, jolting him into reality.

“What can the glorious king of the most gifted blood of humanity do for you? Do you wish to confide in terms of national welfare, or do you simply wish to confide in health of the heart?”

The booming reverberation of the voice caused the visitor to snap in surprise, then before him suddenly sat the king upon a throne of pure gold. His body was donned in armor plated with pure emerald. His arms were clothed in bands of crimson ruby, and he sat cheerfully tossing pearls into the arms of a nude maiden who then performed exotic dances in the company of a legion of other dancers, making moves and gestures that appeared shockingly lewd to the unaccustomed visitor. The guards then ushered the visitor into the king's presence, all four then standing promptly at rigid attention.

“I can see you graciously afforded yourself a taste of Teutonic hospitality,” thundered he while glaring down into the faces of the cringing maidens.

“Well sir, now upon my own account,” declared the visitor while bowing graciously.

“What? You consciously refused the offer of the supreme culture? What have we here, a friend of pleasure or an enemy of business?”

“Actually, I wish to preserve our national kinship. Your aggression has pushed way too far beyond the point of tolerance. Please sir, listen to my pleading words! We simply wish to be guaranteed our safety.”

“Maybe then, we have grounds on which we may negotiate. I wish to simply state my demands and you simply agree or disagree. If you meet these demands, then we shall offer the guarantee. If you should refuse even one single demand, then our relations are severed. First, I can never negotiate in any manner with a kingdom that refuses to address the question of Judea. Those Teutonic people who abide within your boundaries must enjoy liberty at will, and your poor armies must be reduced to one tenth it's present size.”

The visitor, now enraged, glowered out of a sweat scorched face, through clenching teeth he cursed the evil king of the Teutonic hoards.

“Never! Your demands are absurd! You wish to strip the Slovakian people of their dignity as well as to bend us into a state of total helplessness. I guess if such demands were made into law by my people, that you and your armies would then march forward into victory without even the slightest pocket of resistance! Never!”

Upon the speaking of these words the Teutonic king arose from the throne enveloped in overwhelming rage. One of the maidens arose to massage him, and he responded by brutally shoving her into the stone walls.

“Remove this wretch from my presence! If my demands cannot be met, then I have no further ado!”

The escorts then promptly lifted him from the very surface of the floor, rushing him back into the cage, despite the whine of the young maidens. The visitor gazed into the eyes of the guard whose previously expressionless face now

sneered with a sudden rage. The cage whirred in a dull moan that reverberated into the vastness of this awesome dwelling. Passed that statue of marble he was now rushed, for the supreme word had been spoken. The patience that had sustained him upon the onset of his approach toward that sacred mansion, now was suddenly banished, and before his mind totally came to grasp the splendor of this evil empire, he was standing before his wagon making plans to exit the land. The leader heeded the words of that terrible king, for those Teutonic knights were noted for their sadistic intellect, and he fled quickly into the bosom of his own people.

At the onset of the first moon those Teutonic knights commenced to impose upon the golden reserves so cherished by the Slovakian lords in hopes of eliminating the debts of their own kingdom. From the roaring bowels of hell itself that terrible Teutonic army arose, demanding that the people in the entire kingdom of Slovakia deliver all the gold wearing smiles, into the door of their king's embattlements.

It was demanded of them that all export, import, and trade within the limits of their kingdom cease, for it was known by the Teutonic Knights that their natural resources would produce more gold and silver and products far beyond the capacity of all the territories acquired by the sword of battle.

Under a veil of mystical innocence that Teutonic army invaded the kingdom of Slovakia, gradually consuming their precious virgin land; for on the onset of darkness they would all quiver with the fear of their children whispering among themselves: "All is well now. Never shed a tear for they would never advance into our heartland if we allow them to consume the decayed, useless heartland."

More territory was consumed until the conquered limits were greater than those that were free. One eighth of the population was forced to labor in the name of economic prosperity. Day by day they would labor with barely enough food to survive until one by one they collapsed and were soon replaced; thus their only purpose for living was served by them in honor of Odin's terrible son.

A crimson purge blanketed the earth as the year of the ghost now fell into obscurity. To the western half of the globe a glorious honor to the Christ child showered the very ground with vast quantities of gold; for whom among them would withhold his gifts and tribute on a day reserved for honoring the Almighty? A gentle breeze warmly puffed above the face of this region of the earth, and the tender hand of the Almighty gingerly caressed each and every individual, for they did truly love the Lord with all their hearts. As an extended growing season produced mighty stores of grain that all pain, even all the evil in far away lands, was forgotten. Brother demonstrated the love between he and his fellow brother with humble gifts of necessity items that were hard to come by during the course of the year.

Far away, in the Kingdom of Slovakia, King Hatra attempted to negotiate with those conquered lands to the east, which had been permeated by the spirit of Odin. The king of those eastern lands was in need of gold and pearls, in order that he might repay the mass of loans borrowed, but

all efforts proved to be in vain. With the refusal of the negotiations heard, numerous representatives of the eastern lands rushed into the Kingdom of the Teutonic Knights, and they gave birth to a plot to flood the earth with Slovakian blood, wresting all gold, jeweled swords and shields, from the iron grasp of the people.

Then behold a mighty surge of great north wind then shifted, bringing forth tales of the blood drenched plot into the wanting ears of the Slovakian people. Upon the reception of this news, a massive army was sent into the lands to the east, securing an iron grasp upon the throats of thousands and thousands. The Teutonic Knights publicly denounced the invasion, then upon that very spot they crafted their own vile web of bloody conquest.

Soon, in the midst of thick troops, the lands to the east raised a cry of protection to the Teutonic Knights, and the Teutonic Knights demanded that they separate and form their own kingdom in return. Thus, the Slovakian people were then trapped between two enemies, and in order that

they not surrender to the eastern kingdoms, they then appealed for protections from the Teutonic Knights.

It was then that King Hatra and his predecessors were summoned into the heart of Teutonic Empire, and were presented with a document that would give the entire kingdom over into the death grip of the Teutonic Knights. Both leaders refused to sign or give into the demands of the Teutonic Knights. A quill of silver was given into the hand of the evil Teutonic King, and in somber ink he signed that document of death says through gritting teeth: “Your land shall lay in smoldering ruins by tomorrow evening!”

King Hatra was suddenly stricken by Satan with a strange and eerie disease unknown to all mortal wise men. As he now lay in that death bed deep in the soul of the Teutonic fortress, he signed over his kingdom, dying forever in the disgrace of his own people's hatred.

The earth opened within the kingdom of Slovakia, belching forth a serpent of hell designed by those terrible Teutonic Knights, and within its interior thousands perished

under the trauma of torture and neglect. All culture ceased to exist except that determined by the Teutonic Lords. Every product was preserved for use by the Teutonic people who thrived within their boundaries. A new law insured that property owned by the children of Israel could be purchased with very small amounts of silver; a law insured by enforcement agencies.

Gradually the dark tide of Teutonic hatred swelled to consume the people of Slovakia, and mighty Teutonic hoards wrested every ounce of hope from their dying grasp. With all resistance now extinguished by use of fear and torture, the seizure of their property that generated huge economic wealth was now complete, within even the most remote pocket of resistance. Teutonic people murdered at will those who were not of their own royal blood. Day by passing day hundreds of innocent fell, thus the conquered were completely trodden into mulch underfoot.

Without even an elaborate system of invasion those Teutonic hoards appeared in their midst, launching a

midnight reign of terror. In the early hours of the twelfth striking doors were shattered into splinters, and the falsely accused were justified for removal from their homelands. Upon the reading of the ordinance of justification, which was a lie, entire families were arrested, dragging them into submission across boundaries of a strange land that only their ancestors had known. Only during times of war and conquest had any individual from any Slovakian battalion ever walked upon this strange turf. Children whined for food from within the limits of their homeland. They were commanded to abandon all but the very clothes upon their shoulders, for the evil Teutonic King intended to use all in the glory of his own blood. As a result, in the midst of their own suffering, their enemies rose into great prosperity and glory.

In sorrow they were forced to march, both men and women, young and old alike. Any one who slowed was struck down by fire cast by an evil blood drenched Teutonic hand. As those pure hearted innocent , who were so righteously

accused, made hasty exit from their home land, those terrible guilty began to settle into now emptied farmhouses, making use of all produce for their own benefit. Many of those accused were exiled into the most treacherous form of slavery, made to labor by day and by night for glittering gems and gold to decorate an empire for those who were so dedicated to it's establishment.

Never once in all the history of men has mighty conquest occurred in the absence of struggle on part of the conquered; and so these Slovakian people battled within themselves to preserve their hope for life and to roam the dark and bloody grounds of their ancestors, for freedom from battle and loss of blood, freedom to prosper while raising high the banner of Almighty God!

Within these wretched boundaries, the Slovakian people were forced to produce hideous weapons of war in the name of all that was evil. Several Teutonic legions received arms born from working hands of the Slovakian people; and so they came to realize their position of importance, and came

to contemplate the spread of havoc.

Weapons of fire now suddenly exploded in reverse, spreading death among many of their enemies. Iron birds of war never left the earth as a result of constant mechanical failures. Medicine transformed into an agent of death among the Teutonic legions, and in this manner they kept up the battle for all that is holy.

As a result of the war that began in the dreaded silence of night, a heinous rein of terror was delivered upon the face of the entire kingdom of the Slovakian people. Old men, women, and children were rudely tortured, each in the presence of the other. Dozens of villages and elegant homesteads were reduced into oblivion, and their occupants thrown into the void of death. Thousands and thousands were exiled into distant lands where the entire population was concentrated into a single area, then a systematic process of murder was initiated, taking advantage of the people in their state of helplessness.

Never before in the history of men had such a black veil

of darkness settled within their midst. For those who were alive to witness the formation of events, they all appeared to have climaxed during the period of a single moon. One day they had all awoke and all was at peace, the next day they had awoke to a slow suffocation amid the raging flames of war.

In that light delivered from the ancient Roman conquest of holy Jerusalem, in which it's citizens were exiled or murdered, then that city was leveled into oblivion, likewise did the new Roman order trample the sons of men. What was prophesied in the pages of holy scripture and blasphemed as impossible, had indeed occurred! Now, just as was predicted in the great revelation of the sacred prophesy, a wise and mighty beast has arisen into greatness through a latter of lies, seeking to dominate the earth, subjugating multitudes underneath that mailed netting of evil vanity!

In the heavens the Almighty had darkened the once brilliant skies from his own vision, for he could no longer

witness the sufferings of his own people, but neither could he go against his own word. In his actions he held true to the holy vision in his mind's eye. Only those mighty in spirit would survive the test, only those who would stay true to his word unto death would he call his own. Only those who attempted the earthly salvation of his people in the face of overwhelming odds would truly be allowed the glorious gift of that glittering infinite life's holy water. A fragment of his holy spirit roamed freely among those who were under the effects of torture, and upon each prayer rode the gift of new strength, new will to live, and by then all were aware of the eternal glory among them.

Libero 10

The Kingdom Of The Poles is Conquered!

The rate of the Teutonic King's rise into power began to heighten with his astonishing announcement that nothing was unattainable for the master race. All the vanities within the raging furnace of hell rejoiced at the seemingly inevitable conquest of evil and that clatter of evil festivities then commenced to heighten in tempo. Mars, Jupiter, Venus, Copernium, the Teutonic multitudes summoned to align within the the starlit heavens, directing a steady stream of iron strength into their midst. Lords of the Teutonic Kingdom fell before the feet of Satan, thanking him for delivering the sacred power into their grasp. Both in hell and on the face of the earth, a grotesque festivity arose to initiate an atrocious act of blood lust and war!

In the harvest month, on the very eve of dawn, when

witchcraft plagues all holy institutions and goblins dash randomly about, mighty battalions of iron war birds awakened those who slept soundly within the boundaries of the Polish landscape. Cries of terror ignited throughout the numerous villages where innocent victims of war eked out a meager existence from the soil. These terrible birds consistently released eggs that delivered fire and destruction upon the Polish countryside; both city and farmland were brilliantly ablaze.

Great masses of terror stricken hearts raced forth amid the blazing cinders in fear for life and limb alike. Undaunted by a conscience, these birds of war delivered shots of fire into their midst, causing many to collapse upon the damp earth as they fled. Homes, hospitals, churches and schools, were reduced into heaps of smoldering cinders. Many of those who raced upon the hard packed earth knew not the authors of this horrible catastrophe.

“Never could those Teutonic Knights betray their own,” they said as the war birds swooped. “Never would they so

intentionally deliver murder unto those of their own blood.”

But the eggs of destruction fell, undaunted by even the most remote form of conscience, thus, the fire continued to pour upon their heads even in the face of their own death. Through eyes of delusion they continued to gaze upon the face of those catastrophic psychopaths, even calling them innocents aloud!

How insensitive was that brutal onslaught that ripped the heart from the chest of the kingdom of the Poles, only to shove it high into the face of the sun god, all blood soaked and raining crimson droplets upon the heads of multitudes. In years prior to this brutal invasion, numerous promises had been contemplated on, both by the son of Odin as well as the lord of the Kingdom Of the Golden Eagle. Both had placed their signatures upon documents with the league of the great and mighty ten to stand as their witnesses. The documents had been drawn up by the lord of the Golden Eagle, and signed by the son of Odin, who had so faithfully promised to reject any policy of forceful aggression.

The somber cup of inglorious vanities had emptied itself into his words, calming the hearts of entire kingdoms and nations, allowing that cloud of vulnerability to settle into their midst. It was then that the King of the Teutonic knights planned to march forward, he so stated even before he had begun his ascent into greatness among those members of his own blood!

As his vainglorious birds of war darkened the very sky above, he then arose from his jeweled throne. Upon stepping outside amid both flowers and fern, he lifted high that proclamation of peace, shredding it into bits and mocking it with an evil laughter that rang throughout the entire countryside. Great flocks of foul arose, the sun darkened in the heavens above, the very earth rumbled in places where such had never once previously occurred, for a new order of death and destruction had been delivered. The gentle breeze that once tossed the branches of numerous firs in playful jest, now reeled and twisted the limbs, roused into violence by the evil words of the new doctrine.

Every aspect of nature possessed the influence of Satan which consistently poured from the sprout of man's delinquent world. Evil thrived within the veins of gold, within the sacred realm of human purification that had been transformed into the disgusting lust of the perverse, even within the sacred realm of the church! No institution was safe from Satan's joyful dance across the face of the earth.

In the due course of the Teutonic king's march across the kingdom of the Poles, this insensitivity towards the peace document's violation insulted those of whom roamed so freely in the Kingdom Of The Golden Eagle. By blood a vast majority of the people who dwelt within the Kingdom of the Golden Eagle were indirectly members of the Polish Klan. It was a great and mighty warrior from the Kingdom of the Golden Eagle from whose loins was fathered Polish independence. That glorious covenant conceived by those forefathers who established the great kingdom of The Golden Eagle had truly been incorporated into the ruling lords and doctrines of the Poles. It was in this manner that

the kingdom of the Poles was born of the Kingdom of The Golden Eagle, for her high and mighty mothers demanded the fullest protection!

War more violent and destructive than any ever witnessed by mortal men was about to commence. Those cogs of invincible inevitable holy contemplation were about to commence their grinding spin, leading thousands and thousands of thousands into eternal damnation. From high above the misty veil Jehovah cleared an opening, now taking view of the earth's proceedings, for he was moved to resolve future complications. The Golden Eagle's slumber would soon be disturbed, aroused into immeasurable action propelled by the hand of the Almighty himself! Never had the earth come to gaze upon a kingdom so young, so eager to achieve fame and immortality through mighty conquest!

That wind that had fanned the flames of hell was sucked upward from within the belly of the earth, arising upward through gaping perforations, then settling amid those non believers of humanity. Gently the winds commenced to stir,

first slower, then gaining tempo in speed.

Soon the winds of war were felt among those who dwelt within the Kingdom of The Golden Eagle. Ingeniously the Teutonic king had conjured up a veil behind which he concealed grotesque evils born from the very minds of Satan himself. Never before had evil arose into such a vainglorious height. Truly the beast had arisen to fulfill inevitable ancient prophecies, fulfilling those of Daniel and ST. John.

“Truly he is the antichrist,” those among the subjugated screamed. “The holy messiah shall surely save us, never allowing us to suffer!”

These were the words spoken from the mouths of the persecuted, but in truth, this was only a partial fulfillment. Those who did suffer and remain steadfast in their faith, and they passed the sacred test of holy tribulation, then these were the ones to reap the messiah's reward. Under the delusion of misinterpretation did they perceive the words of the scripture as such, for the time of the messiah was to come at a date later even than this horrid evil.

As those screaming birds of war raged above the countryside, in less than three days the entire kingdom of the Poles fell to the kingdom of the Teutonic knights. Life under the articles of subjugation was more terrible than even their best and most valiant warriors could endure; yea, their lives were worse than those of the Slovenians who had struggled for their independence. With this atrocity a spark was ignited, and the flames of raging war was set to sweep across the entire face of the earth. Under the articles of world conquest established by the Teutonic King, the kingdom of the Poles was a necessity in order that raw materials might be acquired to feed the battle effort. A great and terrible robbery had thus begun, stripping the dignity from innocent nations and their people.

Into the very face of Polish citizenry exploded an army unit consisting of devastating new mechanisms of war. Ten times stronger it was than the cavalry of the Poles, who still retained that old battle code of the ancients. Those Teutonic Knights had acquired self propelled chariots that

raced about the earth at ten times the speed of those of old still drawn by horse and ox. Mighty siege engines, cast of iron and supported by wheels, belched fire and lead into the citizenry and soldier alike, reaping a devastating toll. The entire land throughout was consumed by an inglorious battle for life and liberty, exposing their heartland, for which those Teutonic Knights hungered with an insatiable passion.

The Teutonic legions were less than a day from their satisfaction; total seizure of those great wells spouting black gold upward in the midst of Galatia. It was then that the Russ, those dreary inhabitants of the far North, seized upon the jeweled blood encrusted sword of battle in great haste, marching straight forth into the heart of the kingdom of the Poles unrestrained. This lightening advance established a blockade between the Teutonic Knights and their desirable destination; thus the Russ had acted in haste to preserve their own from the fury and terror of battle. From within their heartland they screamed that the Teutonic Knights must henceforth cease their advance or they would

suffer defeat.

The Teutonic knights never gave reply, only realizing that it was far wiser to just remain silent and act rather than to scream one's plans, thus allowing the enemy time to prepare for action against them. Already it had been set forth in the Teutonic war doctrine that the kingdom of the Russ had been desired for the taking by the Teutonic war machine, and so for the moment all remained silent, enveloped in intense anticipation. With every passing day the Teutonic armament swelled, consuming the innocents who lay in the surrounding kingdoms. Each offered resistance, but was only swallowed by the Devil's desire.

Every kingdom who received the news bowed it's head in tribute to the Poles who battled with massive savage ferocity, even unto the very end. From within the very heart of the Brits arose a mighty hail of greatness, paying honor to the Polish halt of the great Teutonic advance.

From the mouth of the Golden Eagle arose a mighty tribute to the spirit of battle, for the Poles had brought

knowledge concerning the Teutonic interests to the attention of all the earth. With every hail of tribute to the Poles, the terrible Teutonic war machine increased the tempo of its grotesque grind and aggression.

Warsaw, those defenders along the defense line at Vistula, soon felt the cutting edge of the terrible Teutonic sword, plunging them into the darkest pit of the grave. Those legions rolled forward now undaunted by any present resistance; leaving behind the smoldering ruins of farms, towns, and cities forever demolished. The last remnant of Polish resistance was encountered at Troki, and upon a blood soaked ridge the mighty legions met, each facing another even in the face of death.

Sword clashed against sword, ten Teutonic Knights replaced every one that fell. The individual Polish warriors struck to the left, then to the right, then straight forward with a thrust, then falling back with stabs. Many a gallant warrior collapsed from exhaustion. No matter how gallantly the resistance portrayed itself to be, they were swallowed up

by sheer numbers, falling back into a somber trepidation. In this light of extreme sadness some eight hundred and thirty one thousand fell, soaking the sand throughout the kingdom of the Poles until it swelled into a blood drenched mud.

As the people were trodden underfoot into a fleshly pulp, their land was set to purge with fire, sending the vapors from it's embers into the holy courts of high heaven above.

Libero 11

The Danes Suffer Defeat

The Horror Of The Poles

In the wake of roaring fire and falling cinders, the Teutonic Knights raged forward with unprecedented

swiftness to heap fire upon the heads of the Danes. They struck in vengeance for a breach in the line of fortifications constructed to contain the advancing knights a thousand years before this very day, in which the Teutonic Knights now raged forth to spread havoc and deliver death. Those glorious Danes, a peace loving lot, had abolished all defenses in the prior war for Teutonic unification. Still, they would continue their policy of neutrality only to expose their good willed vulnerability. Though they fell into Teutonic rule, never once did they yield their cultural traditions into the blood drenched hands that continued to massacre the innocents.

On the very onset of this insatiable drive for power, the Golden Eagle denounced all past action taken by the Teutonic knights. As that great master of the marble throne deep in the heart of the Golden Eagle screamed his denouncement of those horrid atrocities, the entire world then lent ear. Surly their might was one to be reckoned with!

A few days prior to the advance, the Teutonic king had

delivered a set of scrolls intricately detailing justification for the occupation. The details were stated, then an ultimatum proposed: “Allow occupation or suffer devastation!”

Upon this order the Danes waved no sword or lance in the face of their Teutonic aggressors who had now entered their homeland, and so they attempted to appease an unmerciful enemy. Not a single arrow flown, not a single sword was raised! Hosts of families just stood by trembling, only to lie by the roadside gazing into the pit of hell as those Teutonic hoards marched forward unchallenged into their heartland!

The Teutonic legions promised that the Danes would prosper under their rule. They promised that the Danes would rise into a new greatness, even higher than their very own! Grand lies were told to ease the anxiety of the Danes which rendered them vulnerable to the savage horrors of the Teutonic war machine.

For centuries the Danes had been recognized for their adoration of various foodstuffs, and the Teutonic king fully realized this as a valuable resource, reconstructing their

entire kingdom into a factory for foodstuffs in which the warriors would freely produce their own rations. Food was wrested from the storehouses of the Danes, the barest elements only allowed to retain, any unusable product produced became property of those Lords of the Teutonic Kingdom. Such a drain continued on until her stores began to run dry. The Danes in recognition of their superstitions, conceived an intricate scheme for a weaponless resistance.

Foodstuffs produced were systematically contaminated. Production factories were blown up, railroads were sabotaged. Many a knight fell dead as a result of some mysterious illness. The tide of resistance heightened, and now the saboteurs collaborated with the lords of Denmark to form secret battalions to do battle for Danish glory, to wreak havoc on the face of their own motherland. Such a tremendous destruction of all consumable goods infuriated the Teutonic Knights, inciting great frustration among the occupying troops. Fifty thousand strong rolled into the Danish heartland to spread their rule with the iron fist,

condemning the revolutionaries to death before the eyes of the entire kingdom of the Danes! The Teutonic Knights then imposed a fine of one hundred million gold pieces upon the entire kingdom of the Danes that stood steadfast, declaring brazenly that it would be violated no more. Rioters rallied in the streets of this ancient land, when the king of the Danes delivered his final demand in favor of those Teutonic lords of war. Hundreds of thousands of Danes suffered imprisonment as a result, and many former places of holy sacrament were defiled.

Then the reign of terror commenced once again; now those children of Israel were rounded into mighty strongholds to suffer the indignity of death. Many thousands fled into the land of the Swedes. There they made their abodes while battling a merciless persecution.

Numberless wheeled fortresses of iron proceeded upon the face of the Danish kingdom. A massive decree of abstinence from the curse of bloody war had been issued from deep within the heartland of these Nordic people.

“Surely the Teutonic Knights would consider the desire to remain neutral,” they all deceived themselves into accepting.

As the Teutonic Knights marched straight forward into their sacred homeland, they all attempted to mass together a small armament in the name of self defense. This effort was in vain, for this force was only fragmentary, no cohesion was present among their warriors. Even in the light of these repressive facts, those brave Norse battled with more determination than any of the conquered thus far.

It was then that the fish of iron, conceived by the Teutonic Knights to be a mighty weapon of destruction, patrolled the murky waters in search of innocent pray. A proclamation had issued announcing a cohesive attack from air, land, and sea. The king of the Teutonic Knights reverberated an evil piercing cry throughout the land of the Norse, declaring that all heated resistance shall cool into obscurity, gracefully allowing the Teutonic hand to seize the Nordic mainland.

Suddenly the heavens thickened with huge hordes of iron

birds designed to deliver fire upon the entire kingdom, as no other weapon had ever done in the entire history of men.

Along the shore lines the thundering attack of the war birds was serenaded by the booming reverberation of the terrible iron siege engines that belched fire and black mud into high heaven above. More devastating it was than the lava of the the great mount Vesuvius, driving many a Teutonic ship deep into the grasping sands of the ocean's bottom. Many a warrior's body burst into raging flames as those terrible weapons rained down that mixture of liquid fire that feeds voraciously upon the moisture in the flesh of all men. Now out witted by Nordic stratagem, those Teutonic knights decided to hammer the Danes by assault in sheer numbers.

As those Danes cheered in the illusion of momentary victory, their joys were then abruptly vexed, for out of the sky poured forth huge massed of iron war hawks by the thousands. By sheer numbers they incited terror, for their numbers were so thick that they transformed day into night;

for the sun shown only in a manner that gave brilliant illumination to those terrible messengers of death! Seemingly illuminated by the fires of hell, they poured forth in a massive single file line. For every one of their warriors that were slain, some fifty would replace him, standing even more ready to deliver his slashing blows than the one that came before him.

In the torrid heat of the day, and forever weary of the glory that battle affords, now hammered into a dark bloody pulp they stood. All was lost. All was now in vain. All that had been fought for and died for was now delivered into enemy hands. But even now, a defiant flame of hope remained.

Britannia, now fully enraged by the atrocities delivered to an old comrade by an ancient foe, decided rightfully to aide her comrade in arms. So she sailed forth upon those clear rolling sapphire waters of the great north sea, fifty thousand strong she sailed, high in the name of Almighty God. Now the force of Teutonic Knights was equaled.

A mighty hail of lead and fire poured into the Britannic

fleet constantly for the duration of a single sun. Never once did that terrible onslaught slacken or cease, but delivered perpetual death to the innocent.

Hordes of war birds dipped and dove, releasing their eggs of destruction upon the emerald countryside below. By night and by day for the duration of seven suns they gave battle, each casting fire and lead into the others vulnerable ranks. As those Teutonic Knights made war from within the arms of the skies above, at the same time they smashed the communications networks of the Brits below, ceasing their cries for assistance to those outside the area of battle.

A huge Teutonic thrust came from the snow blanketed mountain tops, inciting sudden swelling fear with the element of surprise. From land, the murky depths of the sea, and the lofty heights of high heaven above, those ferocious Teutonic Knights marched forth into the heartland, swinging with absolute confidence that blood encrusted sword of battle. Never ceasing, never passing, those Teutonic hordes furiously hammered away at the teamed defenses that soon

commenced to melt away, exposing the various elements of their vulnerability. Soon the might of the allies commenced to crumble away before that iron ram of the Teutonic advance; and it was then that the inconceivable materialized, the dreadful.....the allies bowed humbly to the fact of their consistent defeat!

How horrible it was for the Nordic people who were now clenched between the ivory teeth of their subjugation. All gold reserves and economical systemics constructed to evenly distribute the gold, were utilized for the benefit of the Teutonic kingdom. A self fulfilling rule of Lords puppettised by the Teutonic Knights, was constructed to insure that the Nordic people utilized all production in the name of Teutonic interests. All young men of military age were forced into service of battle in the name of Teutonic interests. Any who refused would be denied their natural right to life. Huge protests were planned by the subjugated, who realized that they were being taken advantage of. These acts enraged that evil Teutonic King who swore a terrible vengeance upon

the face of the Nordic people.

As a direct result of this blood drenched decree of vengeance, the Nordic people were bound into the chains of slavery, even children were brainwashed into being sadistic advocates of Teutonic rule. Even in the light of these horrible facts, one elusive element protruded from within that veil of atrocities, including the persecution of the children of Israel.

In the kingdom of the Poles hell had arisen on the face of the earth. Here hungry flames consumed the bodies of thousands and thousands, never pausing for a moment of prayer for the dearly departed. Thousands of Israelis, and many other of their allies, sank into bleak oblivion while tears streamed down even from the face of the Almighty himself.



Libero 12

Teutonic Conquest Of The Belgic Prima

Defeat Of The Mighty Anglo Warriors!

Amid the eternal howl of the distant wind, upon that wasted horizon where the heat bends leap high into the air about, a most terrible chapter of human horror commenced to unfold before the eyes of all men. Many a gentle lady knelt before their bedside to pray as the sun peaked above the horizon during the early hours of the morning. Many a lady gracefully prepared the morning breakfast, showering love upon the countenance of her husband. Many gentle motherly hands boosted small children in the direction of their chosen place of scholastic development, all a process which had been repeated for eons passed.

Prior to this day a century and a half, that great French conqueror had met the jagged unsavory face of defeat, a

man who glowed in the face of all great men. Never since had they armies with the silent vision of another more insatiable man for power, who was destined to rise and follow in the footsteps of his great predecessor.

As the cool genteel dimness of the morning commenced to brighten, all solitude was abruptly shattered. Great were the explosions, rocking even homes that stood on foundations of stone. The nauseating roar of the iron war birds high above jolted every rafter, every timber, casting those inhabitants into flight for life and limb. The roar of the bird's thunder, the strike of it's lightning, ushered in death upon the men below as no other invasion had ever done before in the history of all men.

“Oh, how great was our kingdom before this day,” they would scream into the face of the fire! “Oh holy Belgica Prima, sacred unto our name, whence has thou led us, your people?”

In the name of all that is holy, the Teutonic Knights then intensified their atrocities, screaming that all the

documents signed during the course of the years past were constructed for the sole purpose of allowing the subjugation of their own nation.

“How does one expect us to allow meager scraps of paper drawn up to hold such an iron grip upon our nation,” they screamed into the face of the great league of ten? “We admonish your allegiance which seeks to exploit our own people. We shall deliver a bloody vengeance!”

In this manner of systematic charges they would justify every offensive action. It was true that Belgic Prima held a taunt iron reign high above two great areas of the Teutonic Kingdom. The king of darkness now demanded that the two areas be returned! From this demand spawned the audacity to initiate conquest! Highly bedecked in gallant armor rode forth those knights born of old, to seek and plunder in the name of their kingdoms' interest. So their massive army rode forth, treading the subjugated into the dust of the earth, eradicating a bloody vengeance through a deterioration of their own flesh and spirit combined.

“Alliances, even defensive ones, will never serve us because, prompt as we may be, aide would not reach us before the first shock of an invasion. This could prove overpowering and destructive, in which case, we must be prepared to give battle and stand alone,” loudly proclaimed their king, Leopold, in the face of their great surge forward into battle!

Even as these words were being spoken the fire had not yet cooled as the invaders trampled the homeland of the Belgic. Oh how foolish it was that their king should cast aside the sacred coat of mail and the armor of allegiance, upon that futile hope of petty pacification. How blind he truly was and lacking of wisdom, for it seemed that the entire earth was enveloped in the ideology of pacification now was handing itself into the hands of a single evil man. Little did the earth know, that those time honored words of the ancient Hebrew prophets were manifesting into magnificent reality.

Men who were called wise in the eyes of other men, knew

not the full extent of the early events that materialized right before their very eyes. Men of so called secular knowledge, could never utilize their studies of the past in a manner that would allow them to foresee those propulsive forces that were now fired into perpetuation! For these men had long since eradicated the spiritual forces from within the realm of their intellect, and now their minds were open to the forces of darkness only to be corrupted by secular blasphemies.

Listen my fellow men, during the foundation of the world, the great creator bestowed upon certain children of the future the intellectual capacity to induce visions upon themselves, in order that they might lead into greatness those who lack this capacity! Compelled by the light of the holy scriptures, and by the sacred guidance of their personal visionary, they are to foresee, to warn all men of dark forces upon the face of the earth.

Even in the light of the darkest conquest, that results from the history of men who adore vicious tyranny in the light of their own culture, which only consisted of self

indulgence and prosperity at the depletion of their fellow nations, did those secular wise men come to accept the facts as they now stood. They still demanded pacification in contrast to the true principles of peace, for the preservation of peace demands swift action on the first violation! Under their very noses those prophecies from the sacred scriptures materialized into reality! After the terror had materialized, all men then commenced to view the light as the darkness then receded.

The thundering advance of those terrible Teutonic legions commenced to race hungrily towards the heart of the Belgic kingdom. Leopold, king of the land and those Belgic battalions, diverted a huge advance in which he proposed to clash headlong with the Teutonic legions. Though the Belgic army was slight in number, it was great and mighty in spirit, but never the less, it proceeded forward enveloped in a spirit of iron might. High upon horseback they rode for a whole day and a single night, and as the orange sun slowly sank below the distant wooded horizon, the massive cloud of dust

stirred by their enemies' advance rose into view. From the heart and souls of thousands the battle cry for war released. Behold men surged forward into glorious combat both for the sanctity of holy heaven and their own homelands!

The bronze lance of battle had been thrust into the face of the Teutonic advance, who then came to respect the ferocious desire for freedom that their enemy possessed. The cudgel encircled the heads of the horsemen who released a mighty cry for battle as they rode forth. The blood encrusted sword slashed many a gallant throat. Lord fell upon lord, only to be buried beneath hoards of lowly servants. All became as a single gender, for death knows no distinctions!

Hundreds and thousands had fallen during the great clashing battle, with both armies losing an equal amount due to the conflict. As this opening battle was born, another phase was manifesting itself, for at this moment their brothers to the west had come to see it as part of their holy destiny to aide those distressed.

The Angles, who stood tall and strong, swinging mighty swords of bronze and iron in the light of their timeless King Author, raised high their mailed fists now spiked in anger at the loss of a battle past. Great masters of all men they were, for their feet had trodden the soils of every nation, every blood and every race during the meandering course of history. As a result of their experience in the art of warfare, they possessed their inherit ideology of superiority through the fact of their conquests. Indirectly they sneered at the Teutonic Knights in mockery, for it was their leader that declared his people to be master of the earth , but he had not the credentials upon which to bare their astute acclamations.

Even in the astute illumination of past conquests and intense, decisive ferocity, the Angles bent, now hammered by the dominating forces of Teutonic audacity and perseverance. On the face of the battle front great masses of fortresses born upon deeply tread wheels thundered into the high heavens, raining an intense hail of catastrophic

explosions which opened to bloom like blood colored bosoms of death. One by one the Angle's fortresses were hammered into a sick stillness by those explosions, berthed into the somber arms of death by raging, catastrophic flame and cinder. Into the face of the scorched countryside and fortress, those Teutonic legions marched forward for the heartland, sidestepping hundreds and thousands of corpses, their boots sliding in the slime of blood and mud.

All knowing in the knowledge of war, Odin weighed heavily upon the intellect of his own son. With each victorious conquest his confidence rose into an extraordinary superlative egotism, standing unshakable in the face of any armada, any legion or any blood of any kind.

The Teutonic King leaped for joy, a leap witnessed by the entire race of men. Now they hailed him as their only savior from global injustice, the illustrious Commandant of the gallant white knights. As the vain profanity concerning the fulfillment of predestined global conquest poured forth from the Teutonic King's lips, they scorched themselves into every

mind, to remain steadfast in the intellect of the multitudes and stand just as solid as the mighty rock of Gibraltar! In the light of his dark words they marched forward in constant perseverance, never wincing from the well of foreseeing imagination. As that invisible hand of truth persuaded them to advance, they rolled forth upon the corpses of hundreds, delivering death to the great and mighty Anglo warriors.

The scars of battle weighed heavily upon the kingdom of the Belgic. Six hundred leagues of elegant roadways had been totally demolished, reducing the network into the dense void of unorganized destruction. Many small children, innocent of warfare and now orphaned, ambled about along the ragged streets, nude of clothing and food provisions. Several hundred thousand volumes composed by the hands of earth's greatest intellects, were now reduced into a state of oblivion by those raging forces of flame. Great scientific minds were extracted from the cradle of their heartland. Oh how terrible this conquest was to the sons of men!

Twice in the due course of the century's quarter had the

Teutonic Knights ruled the nation with both chain and spike. Those righteous laws tested true by the Almighty, tempered strong by time, were now converted into new laws that defied all forms of sacred purity. Just as the demon of Caesar compelled the citizens of the occupied Roman provinces to travel afar in order that their worth might be accounted for in an allotment of gold, likewise the Teutonic knights demanded retribution for resistance. All forms of gold storage was rendered into the possession of those Teutonic legions who desired exploitation of the Belgic Kingdom.

The time honored system of allotting value to gold was transformed, diminishing the value of Belgic gold. An allotment of home produce was demanded as a tax on the individual man. Even the horse was wrested from the hand of the man who labored only for subsistence.

A grand attempt was made by the Teutonic knights to seize the minds of the conquered youth. Great was the ambition to construct a future kingdom of barbaric

conquistadors to inflict destruction on the peace lovers of earth. As a direct result, the developed intelligentsia receded into the murky waters of ignorance.

A total seizure of food and farming equipment resulted in famine during a time of great abundance. Children became very weak from rationing food and medicine, fainting into disparity upon the sodden cased cobblestones of the street. Underground societies attempted to exploit the lack of nourishment for a ridiculous amount of gold and bouillon. Many roamed about the now demolished streets, shelterless, desperate, forced to take up the lifestyle of the wanton drifter.

True to past doctrines the Teutonic warriors attempted to establish more persecution of the children of Israel, persecuting all who represented righteousness with a hail of blasphemies, degrading the holy name of Christ. Hundreds of thousands were deported in great linked cars, traveling upon vast road networks constructed of iron railing. Whisked away into foreign lands to shed their lives,

shamefully reduced into even the most degrading lowest possible level of human existence. Those innocent were murdered in the name of a blood soaked doctrine, for which they knew not nor cared not.

Just like the Danes, those who subsisted on the Belgic countryside in prosperity were reduced to the lowest state of slave. Vast numbers of healthy men who were potential soldiers, for their own cause were exported into the heartland of the Teutonic Knights, in order that they might labor intensely for an order which prided itself on the exploitation of all others. Belgic women were exported into Teutonic households solely for the purpose of being servants and propagation. These Belgic people, upon realizing the fullest extent of their subjugation, resisted violently, but never the less, as did their counterparts, they digressed into the darkness of those murky waters, only struggling for a single breath that might give them hope.



Libero 13

The Teutonic Knights Attack the Kingdom Of Britannia

As those terrible Teutonic Knights consumed these kingdoms in an effort to extend the kingdom of their own,

the spark of objection had voiced its chastising words and now had manifested themselves into reality. The evil Teutonic King had previously desired to spare the kingdom of Britannia from the scorch of its invincible, inextinguishable torch of conquest, but as the Brits became more intent on giving aid to the blood enemies of the Teutonic Knights, a violent rage commenced to shake the entire internal structure of the evil Teutonic King's being. So great was this convulsive rage that for the duration of a fortnight he lay in berth, spewing forth vomit every hour on the hour in sheer disgust at the turn in fortune.

“Call forth my faithful servant, Rommel,” he ragingly snapped!

In the duration of an instant Rommel was brought before the supreme judges' bedside.

“At your service, your highness,” said he with a polite bow.

“Rally forth our best men in as much obscurity as possible. Collect our best weapons of war, for a state of war

now exists between us and Britannia. Announce the departure of our air brigade! Load our terrible birds of war with our best weapons of fire and destruction. Allow them to arrive with systematic precision in order that their capitol city might suffer a methodical bombardment. Hurry! Be quick, time waits not for any one!”

The warrior, Rommel, issued forth from the chamber with the sacred order weighing heavy within his reminiscent mind, and that message was then delivered. In the duration of a fortnight huge quantities of iron war birds were systematically produced, tripling the force of the terrible air brigade. Never before had the sons of men in the duration of all history witnessed the extravagance of such force, ingenuity, and sheer iron clad persistence. The very earth beneath the feet of mortal man commenced to shake as those horrendous birds of war roared louder than all the lions of earth combined. Two by two they raced high above the face of the earth, lifting into high heaven enveloped in a sheer grace that would cause an eagle to cringe with

jealousy. The speed at which they made exit was heightened into it's maximum capacity, and an evil spell was cast forth into the wind by the Teutonic King, in order that the air brigade might not suffer defeat.

From the black book of the dead these spells were wrought, and it was on that very day that Satan appeared before the king, delivering his instructions for world conquest and rule of darkness. Many Teutonic Knights while donned in full armor, fell down upon their very knees as the king of darkness transformed from a floating mist into a physical being. That vaporous mist of evil hung above the empire as the dark seven continued in consultation.

Now, surly even before the sky was cluttered with those terrible birds of war, and their roar was to be perceived as oceanic winds that whisked the awful roar far away into exotic lands abroad, did every beast of the field flee before it's mighty advance. Behold even the beasts detected the sadistic nature of Teutonic intellect inspired by that great lord of darkness himself! Great hosts of fish deep inside the

sapphire waters of the crystal sea now dove straight down into it's inner most depths, so that they might not become defiled by the evil which was about to dawn upon those sons of mortal men. Likewise did the grains in the earth of the fields, and the majestic timbers standing tall deep in the ancient woodlands, provide a sanctuary for those so full of fear.

During the light of that infamous day, the winds across the Oceanus Britannica were blowing in the direction of the kingdom of Britannia, and it was then that the sons of men raced forth from their undefiled homes to gaze forth across that sea and perceive the terrible roar of the war birds. All those who lent ear knew from whence came the roar. All servants who had listened raced forth into their master's chambers in order that he might loudly proclaim the fateful warning.

That ever glorious king of the Brits then spoke upon the wind, demanding the Teutonic King to make an abrupt halt on his advance, lest his kingdom suffer total destruction.

The Teutonic King answered by saying:

“Behold thou sons of men! We shall never surrender. It will be you who shall suffer catastrophic defeat! We shall never cease our onslaught, until your cities are transformed into heaps of smoldering ashes. Your dead shall litter the streets upon which you now merrily tread about. Your every mustering of military might shall be in vain! For your death must surely come in order that your land might progress beneath the boots of a superior people!”

The people of Britannia raced about hysterically in hopes of securing the mainlands and cities with the greatest care and precision. Those common men of the range transformed themselves into warriors overnight. Beaches, roadways, bridges, and the village square was fortified, transformed now into strongholds where food and material for battle might be acquired. Mighty iron birds of war were constructed in order that they might prosper, finding their strength and glory in the lofty heights of heaven above.

Their strength and drive for battle was not entirely

generated within their own borders, for it was those who remained mutual within the borders of the Golden Eagle who most understood the urgency of their cry for supplies; and so they gave aide to their brothers of the sacred blood through supplies who were now forced to rise up in arms! At long last they could smile on their achievements, and now all gentle women were concealed within protective enclosures. All crying babes were to be cuddled, for the weight of battle was upon them all.

Within the twilight of the twelfth striking, underneath the shimmering glint of lunar beams of golden light, those Teutonic birds of war cluttered the very heavens above the entire kingdom of Britannia, whose mortal inhabitants confined themselves deep inside their fortresses offering prayer to the Lord Of Hosts, Lord Of Lords. Suddenly a steady endless hail of fire was poured upon the capitol city of Londinium, raising high the cries of those in want and already weary in distress. Ancient temples that had long withstood the trials of centuries tumbled into heaps of

rubble upon the face of the earth, as the sons of all men stood frozen in horror, to forever grieve over the works of their forefathers as they crumbled into smoldering heaps. For endless hours fire raged through every house, whether out in the open or obscured from sight.

Now all regions of the land were abruptly ablaze. Field and grasslands, towering woodlands, city streets and towns, they all burned alike. Fire burned so fiercely and hammered so violently with the force of thunder, that the inhabitants were forced to flee deep into the very belly of the earth, until the raging storm of fire, iron and lead died down into smoldering cinders.

“Never shall we surrender, not even when the last man falleth,” shouted the king of Britannia.

When supplies exhausted, canines, which once served as loyal pets, were slaughtered for the feast. The Holy Father in heaven, upon recognition of his people's anguish, caused the beasts of the field to migrate into the smoldering city streets; and as they raced forth in great droves, those

people now in seclusion made proper use of them. As a result of this nutritional aide they persevered, prospering even in the advance of those who desired to destroy them. Steadfast they held on, enveloped tight with the wisdom and strength of the Almighty to aide them onward! Not an ounce, not a single bit of morale was wrested from the minds of those Britannic people, and it was from these minds, these still smoldering embers that the first warriors of that most grand of armies were called into action!

From deep within the courts of heaven the Almighty became fully aware of the battle's progress, and he now saw fit for the first chapter of Teutonic conquest to be initiated, and it was under this pretense that he cause a great and mighty wave of extreme vigor and brute strength to enter into the hearts and minds of those Britannic people. Though they were vastly outnumbered, they gave launch to mighty birds of war with a new found conviction from above, that victory was to be contained among their gifts for their loyalty to all that which is holy, and the honor and praise

that they had given unto his holy name.

Into the outstretched arms of the brazen sky those iron birds of war arose. Like graceful bunnies they were when standing on the damp ground, but like roaring lions they became when they were on their way into the heavens! It was upon that night of the mist enveloped moon, when Taurus reined across the midnight sky, that those Britannic warriors released their might upon Teutonic aggression. High in the heavens two mighty legions of warriors, born upon the wing, met in order that they might settle their differences with raging gushing fire, iron and lead, and the swift sword of light. Thousands of Teutonic war birds poured forth endlessly, as though the very sky itself had opened it's gates in order that it might free an army of villains! Huge eggs spawning raging fire demons were released as the terrible swift sword of light slashed at the throat of Britannia, who also rode high upon their fabulous birds of war.

Every civilized man of quality held his breath, behold

every true man of honor and worth that the very earth afforded, now fell upon his knees in hopes that his prayers might ride with all of Britannia. Many a iron bird and gallant warrior fell from lofty heights only to die a cruel death upon the smoldering cinders below, for the midnight message of death and destruction had advanced upon them and had no mercy. Soldiers of the apocalypse they were, for all the virtues of civilization rode upon their bulging shoulders. Every hope and wish rode with them, every being capable of love and brotherly respect cast his most gracious hopes upon those winged legions of war lords. For every Teutonic bird of war that was sent plunging into the bottomless pit of hell, four appeared to take it's place to deliver fire from whence his brother had left off. The sapphire sky transformed into a hue richer than crimson blood and fire combined that tended to appear much thicker in consistency, flowing ever freely into the distant horizon. Never before in the entire history of Britannia had courage flowed forth into hearts of men like raging lions in the midst

of full charge, diving in every direction to pour forth a fiery deliverance upon the heads of the enemy. Never even in the duration of a single moment did the vision of conquest over the enemy flee from within their mental grasp. A combined subconscious homed in upon a single aspiration, causing various sequences to materialize, therefore the ancient spirit of luck rode within their gallant ranks.

Throughout all hours of the day and night fire poured down upon the capitol city and hundreds of war birds plunged into a grave of flames. Many Teutonic warriors met their end, carried swiftly in the arms of the death angel where they were destined to suffer for the duration of eternity.

Deep within the bowels of the earth mothers shivered violently, snuggling closely their gentle children who whimpered from within heaps of rubble, wailing to their mothers in anguish.

“Oh dear mother, when will the Grand Army of The Golden Eagle ride forth to deliver us from the foul hand of Satan,

which seeks to wipe us from the very face of the earth?"

Mothers only gazed upon their small children straining back tears even to the very point of chocking away precious breath, for they had no answer to the questions of their gentle small ones. Silently within the enclosures of their own mental reflections they then commenced to rationalize with themselves.

When will that Grand Army ride forth into glory in the name of world peace and prosperity? When oh when will those brazen soldiers glittering brilliantly in their gold plated armor, ride forth from the shimmering horizon to unite with our own, to share in the fruits of conquest? Must the entire earth fatten death with a fabulous feast of human flesh, until only they themselves remain? How terrible! How horrendous! Please oh please Great Father in heaven, do prod their glorious army into a furious action for the preservation of civilization and the good fruits there in!

The rage above continued until every stammering tongue ceased, and every voice became silent. The very walls of the

earth's civilization now shook as the onslaught heightened in its pace. Massive explosion followed another massive explosion, until the very pillars of the world began to crumble. Behold, if the fight is lost from above, those terrible legions will come to devastate each person individually. "Upon our demise will follow that of the entire world," they said among themselves, "but we cannot do it all alone!"

Runners were consistently allowed to race throughout those streets of cinders, in order that food rations might be received, whether from an urchin of the streets or from the hand of friendly troops. Each parent drew straws in order that their child might have a fair chance to avoid the rat race for food amid the dangers of the streets. Many a shivering mother watched helplessly as her only son dodged those exploding death blossoms of fire that consistently fell upon the streets, even to the outer limits of the countryside. This base existence constituted the plight of the common man who refused to surrender in the face of the greatest

oppressor.

As the fight continued, in the loft of the high heavens the gallantry of those once overwhelmed, now had reduced the numbers of the enemy into that of their own range. Never before had such courage of men been witnessed by every corner of the entire earth.

That ancient somber hued river, Thames, now transformed into a thick bloody soup. The surge of battle swelled, giving up a deluge of torn corpses that were scattered about within every flaming street corner or alley. Orphaned and abandoned children raced for forage and cover as a great onslaught of raging fire sought to exterminate them from the face of all the earth for all eternity. Their cries for assistance were heard by none. No person that passed by even seized upon the moment to give assistance to an insignificant child waif, some one else must bear the weight of that responsibility, they would say as they passed, while these naked and hungry children only ran for cover. Upon the women whose flesh had bore them

must be lain the wretched responsibility of caring for their own. Their insignificant lives are of no concern to us who must care for our own. Away with you! Leave those morsels about my abode for the dogs, they need to eat to!

With this a child of ten was reduced to acts of theft, seeking nourishment for a small brother or sister on sidewalks and scorched potholes. As they searched for nourishment many small children found relief in the arms of death, who whisked them away forever into the outer void. The greatest horror of every mother found it's place deep in the minds of many who gazed forward as their dear sons raced upon cinders only to be ripped into shreds by flaming iron fragments.

As the mighty forces gradually became equalized, a few individuals separated from the shelter of the main body, transforming themselves into squadron Commandants who would lead units deep into the heart of the Teutonic Kingdom. Steadfast they raced forth with a new conviction that the enemy would suffer a terrible defeat. From a height

of seventy thousand fathoms those once void outer limits were transformed into a glowing crimson blanket that illuminated the entire kingdom with an extraordinary aura! Every eye within these borders gazed forward upon those flaming transgressions in the heart of their capitol. As the eyes of those terrible war birds caught sight of the magnitude of this horrendous atrocity, anger raged hotter than the furnace below tore the hearts of many, causing them to tremble with rage.

Now possessed with a new found vigor, they flew across the midnight sky toward the Teutonic capitol so that they might deliver a bloody vengeance. In absence of the Teutonic winged forces those Britannic birds of war dipped and dove at complete liberty. A blood drenched vengeance was wrested from those of the Teutonic multitudes, their dead lay scattered about for leagues and leagues below. At long last the impenetrable womb of the superior Teutonic had been shattered. Thousands of Britannic birds of war followed the advance, replacing any that had plunged into

the earth below. A fire was struck that raged violently throughout that ancient Teutonic Capitol city. Its people raced to and fro, filled with the conviction that the attack had resulted from centuries of hatred incited by neighboring kingdoms. Thousands were cast into the arms of death as a result of this base lie.

The reverberating explosions of fire eggs drove many people who had remained hidden to be overcome with madness, and they raced forth into the streets only to be ripped into shreds by unseen fragments of lead and iron. Hysterically those people who had once flaunted their adoration for Odin, now cried unto the one and true Almighty for shelter from the fire above, but the Almighty heard them not. They cried out unto the Almighty, declaring that they had been bestowed with a superior wisdom, and that they were utilizing it to establish a global that was justifiably theirs. The Almighty then smiled at their prayers, for mankind would never be in control of earthly affairs, therefore an effort to establish control would continually

prove to be futile; and many fell upon his knees to beg for mercy upon his realization that a terrible punishment was to befall them all; and so, the Almighty turned his face from their destruction.

Now convinced that aid from the Almighty was in vain, they resorted to collectively claiming themselves to possess superhuman qualities, utilizing the powers of suggestion to their utmost benefit. Their further incursions into enemy territory increased in cruelty and pace. With this new suggestion of strength increased, the Teutonic empire unleashed an unprecedented brutal onslaught upon every kingdom of free men that exists in the realm of the entire earth. So terrible was their release of cruelty that entire kingdoms degenerated into the thick mist of ignorance, that same mist of ignorance that prevailed during the glorious reign of great King Arthur and the mighty Hrothgar.

In many great and mighty battles throughout the course of earth's long history, those terrible Teutonic Knights had attempted to seize that golden bricked road that so

elegantly completed the connection between the Great Teutonic capitol and that of King Alibaba to the far south. It is true in the volumes of mortal man's history, that the great Teutonic kaiser of the past generation, had ambitions to seize this splendid area of the kingdom, but had failed as a result of his gluttonous behavior. The Teutonic King now swore a mighty oath inscribed upon the golden fleece from Oslo, that he would secure the sacred realm of prosperity. To this end those legions of darkness marched forth to conquer all the lands thereabouts.

In the lands toward the far south, an extremely violent race of men were bred from a conglomeration of races throughout the surrounding area. Many of these men still chose to cling unto the customs of their insurgents, causing a great rivalry among many factions. These people were nomads, existing in the sacred manner of the ancients, and so conducted warfare in the savage manner of the guerrilla warrior. For countless centuries these people had reduced their neighbors' domain into that of smoldering ashes,

resulting only to thievery for the purpose of prosperity. A unification of their factions was impossible, since hatred would continue to seethe among all the men from the different provinces. From an overview of the kingdom's situation the Teutonic King gazed toward their lands, plotting a bloody vengeance for their king a thousand generations before. In the light of day the Teutonic King gazed forward through the crystal window of his palace contemplating the placement of his legions. Not only was he contemplating the seizure of those mountain people, but he directly envisioned the strategic conquest of the Greeks and all of that land that offered sanctity to the Slavic people.

In those days the son of a once great and mighty king seized power over the land of the mountain nomads, but had not established any doctrine of trade and power through which the path of commerce might guide those people into prosperity. King Boris had now seized an Almighty power, and desired to secure his state of rein upon his fellow countrymen. And so it was, he sold the responsibility of

trade to the Teutonic empire, in order that his mind might be free from worry, and his heart free to woo the fair maidens of the countryside. Upon making the purchase, the Teutonic King reserved great stores of resources taken from the kingdom at his will, thereby preventing King Boris from accomplishing diplomatic trade and making use of those resources for the prosperity of his own kingdom. Upon this act, these mountain nomads became totally dependent upon those kingdoms who shipped great stores of arms into the heartland, in order that he might do battle in the name of Teutonic interests. Under this rule life for those nomads was one of ease, and many raced hysterically into battle in the name of the Teutonic empire. The pact between the Teutonic empire and the nomads was sealed in order that kingdoms inquiring into their supportive inclinations might be led to believe that they supported those kingdoms of righteousness. A continual inquiry was made by the Britannic people, and this king of the nomads soon admitted that he was supportive of Teutonic interests. Within this

nomadic kingdom of people, a mighty plan was conceived for the conquest of the Greeks. Already the Romans had attempted to pierce this gracious pasture land of Achilles, but had ultimately failed, and so graciously he had awaited their arrival. Upon their arrival, the nomads and the kingdom of Britannia secured all diplomatic relations.

So into the lush pastures of the Greeks those nomad armies rode. Soon many principalities were under the control of these warring people. Under the direction of their leader who remained steadfast in his own convictions , he then directed his army to reverse its charge, and direct it's blows toward the Teutonic Knights.

Upon the mouth of the mighty Danube was placed a seal that prevented any exit from within the Teutonic mainland. Instantly those Teutonic Knights rushed forth in the absence of nomadic armies, and seized total control over all affairs of the kingdom and the affairs of the people. As a result the people chose to rebel openly. Masses of people chose to side with Britannia by ignoring great fines, and placing

those blossoms of death in ships as they constructed them. The present lords of these nomads were resolved, and new lords arose from the land of darkness. With the rise of these new lords into power, a great lie was allowed to rise among the people in order to quell protests and opposition. From every roof top it was announced that all due support be placed with the Teutonic king, in order that the land might remain safe within his bosom.

So in the twilight of dawn King Boris arose to pay a visit to the Teutonic King, in order to display concern for the flaming violence that seethed within his homeland. Higher and higher rose the flame of protest, and in the wake of violence old King Boris' personal adviser was murdered.

As a result of this murder, the second Imperial Commandant of the Kingdom of the Teutonic Knights was sent in to quell the violent uprising. A sadist was King Boris, all full of fire and void of conscience. As he strode past the gathering family groups, mothers shuddered and small children were hugged close into the bosom. Terror was

initiated throughout the kingdom as a direct command from the sadist, and never before in the entire history of the kingdom had its people been subjected to such a tyranny. Children were allowed to starve to death as a weapon of control!

King Boris returned from the Teutonic King's chambers in the month of Caesar's warning; as he crossed the border into his own kingdom, the assassin's knife struck him hard and deep in the breast, as did Brutus to Caesar. The Teutonic king sent in a delegation to the now deceased King Boris, in order that their deceitful respect might cause these mountain people to honor the great king of the Teutonic Knights.

Even though the lords of this great kingdom honored Teutonic virtue and ideology, the doctrine of the Russ has poisoned the hearts and minds of the common people. No lord, no matter how wise and great, could ever erase this tendency that raced through all the towns and villages like an enraged fox with his tail on fire!

Libero 14

The Dragon Rises Into Power

The Dragon Attacks The Kingdom Of The Golden Eagle!

Upon earth's dreary countenance a somber veil settled in discontentment in the hearts of mortal men. That land of the Dragon, which lay secluded to the east, had long since raised youth who would instantaneously ride forward into battle with the fury of demons from below. Brazenly since time immemorial, enshrouded in the mythological veil of paganism, the Lord of that traditional kingdom had declared himself to be in a direct lineage to the great Sun God, and since his subjects are his kindred, that they should inherit all the earth itself!

It was upon the island of Mikado, that Lazago and Laganium, who were those gods and goddesses of paganism and procreation, thrust their spears into a void consisting of the chaotic elements, thus creating that strip of islands that

was to forever be the home of the Dragons kindred. From here, as it was declared, the lord and master would justly rein. Since time immemorial the Dragon's children had experimented with and accomplished the total fortification of their homeland; now, they swore aloud, was their chance to expand upon the earth to stake their claim. With that loud claim the Dragon attacked her sister kingdom, destroying numerous lifelines in order that her people might be devastated by mass starvation. This act of aggression was secured without even a word of remorse from the surrounding lands of peace, and so a consistent policy of aggression and conquest was established.

Upon the onset of this terrible atrocity, those resurrected warriors of Rome marched forth into Ethiopia, drenching the countryside with flowing rivers of blood. Death was delivered upon the Ethiopians to such a great extent that it was possible for a single Roman soldier to slaughter hundreds single handily. The Romans took a special delight in viewing the reign of death that they delivered, and upon

becoming intoxicated by the spirit of murder, they made blood sport from the men of Ethiopia. In the general course of events, the Teutonic Knights followed suit with a barrage of attacks.

Extreme elegance flourished in the culture of the Dragon's gentle children, but culture sometimes provides a veil in which to obscure a somber adoration for destruction; and so these most elegant people contemplated a conquest of all the earth.

Upon the invasion of the Dragon's sister country, which initiated in an effort to unify a region that she once dominated, a stern warning was voiced upon her by those Lords concerned who dwelt within the kingdom of the Golden Eagle. In ages passed a war had occurred that had placed restrictions upon the Teutonic knights, and the extension of this system of disarmament, even into the Great Pacific Ocean. A general conference of Kings was held in which the Lord of the Kingdom of the Dragon issued his demand of an acknowledgment of ownership over the

small provinces, and it was granted unto him by the Lord of the Golden Eagle. As a result, it was written that the lord of the kingdom of the Dragon could not promote their doctrine of war in those lands. The Lord of the Dragon agreed under a veil of lies, and under the moon of midnight they built armed strongholds deep within the interior of the province. Upon those island provinces fragments of the Golden Eagles' army built fortifications near the edge of the waterways, in order that her interests might be preserved; promptly these facilities were called upon to restrain both men and arms alike. As a result of this policy, the leaders of the kingdom secretly planned a great vendetta by conquest of the great Kingdom of The Golden Eagle!

A heavy air of boastfulness concerning their future intentions arose among the Lords of that dark and mysterious kingdom of the dragon. In the light of those creative declarations of conquest, the humble ones who dwelt within the Kingdom Of The Golden Eagle remained steadfast, enveloped in an aura of silence, for they knew all

too well that creative depictions of any future aspirations were of no consequence without a final act.

As the fires of war scorched an entire half of all the earth, the other half was spared those agonies by the Almighty himself. Many of those who had instigated the spread of fire now cast their evil eyes to the west, ever consumed with envy and greed for those precious raw materials that were gloriously heaped upon the threshold of the Great kingdom of The Golden Eagle by the hand Almighty God himself. While those men of the Golden Eagle now silently gazed forth upon the agonies of their neighbors to the far east, they used the fact of their conquest by evil lords to mobilize for a massive defense of their own Kingdom. No more were those indisputable facts to be simply ignored as a means of preventing war, for it was well known that the surrounding world greatly feared the Valor of the Golden Eagle's mighty warriors, who had fearlessly marched forward into overwhelming odds, repeatedly delivering great conquest, with the Almighty God of Hosts leading them straight

forward into battle and astounding victory! With every battle prior in which those warriors of the Golden Eagle had participated, they were destined to prosper! Not upon the spoils of glorious victory, but upon the sacred churn of her own war machine, and by the guiding grace of Almighty God in heaven above!

Men of the surrounding nations frequently envied her wealth, desiring that they too might acquire a share, and so they humbly left the cradle within which they were given birth, traveling abroad into the void of the unknown. Even during those days of glory when distant kings and queens denounced their own kingdoms as degenerate, so their people flocked like roaring packs of seals unto her golden shores, that gave harbor to illustrious waters of clear sapphire. Food was produced within her gracious countryside pastures and rolling dells tenfold. So great was the extent of it's blessings from the Almighty, that ever son of mortal men in all the earth could be fed from her hands for ten thousand millennium! Never before had a single land

harbored such stores of wealth! The endless supply of material resources was so constant that even those most evil of kings held her high in respect and admiration. So extensive were her warriors held high in glorious reverence, that those most evil ones only mustered the courage to dream of conquest, only after they had secured their conquest of the surrounding lands and kingdoms of the earth!

In absolute horror and disgust she gazed forward upon those evil Lords of earth, remaining secure in her own neutrality. It was not that she desired the curse of death upon her distant brothers in arms, or that she was void of any sentimentality, it was that she placed her trust within the strength of her mother kingdom. From her golden sanded seashore to golden sanded seashore, her people existed in perfect peace and overwhelming harmony toward one another. Her women were pure as the snows of Kilimanjaro, and her minds as clear as the waters of Andres. Her blood flowed thick and rich with new found energy as

her sons and daughters discovered new technology that sent great prosperity to all the sons of earth. Creative imagination flourished at an unprecedented extent, every heart and mind desired to construct and create, every will possessed the iron clad persistence to succeed. Born from that spirit of endurance possessed by her founding fathers during those times of great tribulation, from those loins spawned a neo renaissance forever present in every aspect of her creative genius. Never before in the history of men had a kingdom and a people thrived so through the efforts to mobilize for war. The kingdom of the Golden Eagle had no aggressive intentions, only those of self preservation, and a culture that thrived upon righteous motivation.

Listen my righteous brethren, in those days those ruling Lords in the kingdom of the Golden Eagle endorsed only doctrinaire that create those truly great and prosperous civilizations, that will endure for all eternity. Through a generous study of history her people came to recognize the futility of constructing a foundation upon the invading

poison of an alien methodology, such as those attributable to the lords of ancient Rome. Never did men lust for men upon her her soil, nor did her men of valor and elegance condone blood mixture with those lower species of humanity. Thieves who were placed on trial and declared as guilty were to suffer a swift retribution. Her gracious minds were void of all obscenities, for her ruling Lords endorsed only a pure moral conscience, developing a secure sense of productivity deep within the minds of her people. Time honored traditions that produced past results of unselfishness and graciousness were celebrated with an all consuming jubilation, and any who conspired to denounce these traditions of purity were swiftly silenced with a hammering retribution as an act of justification for their elimination. Every aspect of non productivity was swiftly cast into the midst of the eternal flame.

Behold, so went those who endorsed immorality and threatened the preservation of the family network. So went those of whom contemplated the destruction of the human

unborn, degenerating a dear child's precious countenance into that of a beast! So went those of whom condoned illicit sexual conduct, even though it was condemned a thousand times within the pages of the scriptures. So went those of whom attempted to twist their own lusts into a positive suggestion by denouncing any righteous aspirations for battle in the name of moral preservation. So went all liars and thieves, both great and small, into those leaping roaring flames to burn and suffer for their unholy transgressions. All of these abominations were held as pollutants which, when combined, exploded within the wholesome foundation of the national body, causing it to rot from within only to collapse from the outside upon it self, since it held no inner foundation. Behold all of these dark and vile persons were cast into the flames, that the kingdom and their people might be purged of their decay for eternity.

Abstinence from all excesses constituted the personal design of those mighty warriors of the Golden Eagle. His physical and mental realm were honed into superiority by

the restrictiveness of his upbringing. Every detail of the Almighty's infinite sacred words were heeded, even into the most minute details. In all, great jubilation was expressed toward the opportunity of celebrating true grace and the Almighty's holy works. In these facts the warriors of the Grand Army stood alone on the earth, for the Huns had corroded themselves even to the very core of their existence. During the time of the Teutonic battle strategists and their conceptions, those Teutonic minds were strayed by lusts and evil imagery, so their successes were delayed by time. The Lords of The Golden Eagle were entirely void of such dishonorable distractions, and so the effectiveness of their warriors soon surpassed that of the Teutonic Knights.

As those great and mighty warriors from the Kingdom of the Golden Eagle worshiped and confided in the one and true God of Israel, the entire people gathered as a single kingdom completely united in the purpose of conquest, united under divine leadership! Behold thousands of thousands of minds gathered about to concentrate upon a

single frequency.....CONQUEST Of THE ENEMY!

Though the strike had not been raised in which the Golden Eagle would be forced to follow, the sign of its eminence was intensifying. In this light, those who suffered from the devastation of war yearned for the unexpected which might surface to offend the sanctity of the Golden Eagle . With the laws of the Almighty to shine as their beacon, on innumerable occasions those great Lords of the Golden Eagle attempted to resurrect the illustrious realm of peace and prosperity. Those vicious aggressors boisterously refused, denouncing a desire for peace by declaring that it resembled mental degeneration. Only the strongest beasts of the field survive, they declared.

“Nature is cruel, so therefore we may be cruel,” declared the Lords of those kingdoms of evil who are overwhelmed by the spirit of Satan, who netted all their hearts in an attempt to wrest all forms of wholesomeness from the hearts of all men.

Then the spear of agitation was thrust deeper by the evil

Teutonic King, into the breast of the Golden Eagle. Now thoroughly convinced by the whisper of Satan in his ear, and the voice of Odin in his breast that the complete conquest of earth was within his cruel grasp, he then mocked the constitution of the Golden Eagle, that sacred covenant between the people and the ruling Lords.

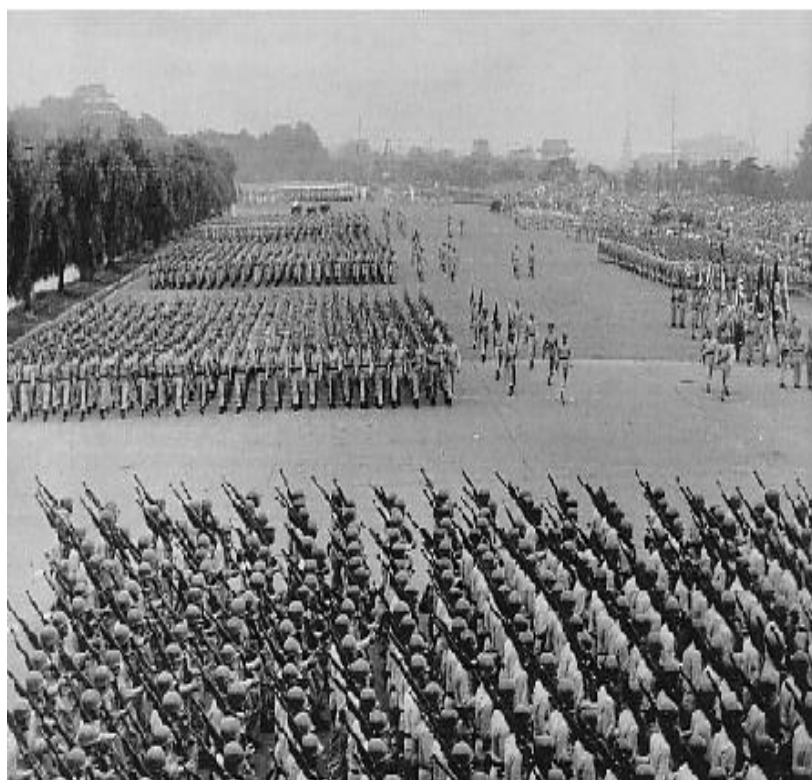
“Your people are of one mind, their own,” declared the son of Odin! “Every mind allowed to conceive alien ideas, then act upon it's own intentions, lacks discipline; therefore success in battle is a futile grasp at thin air!” That evil king then labeled those warriors of Hiawatha’s as cowards who would dash wildly into the woodlands at the slightest provocation.

A rumbling haunting chuckle of laughter echoed from afar deep in the mountains of Hiawatha to the east, and then into the great Rockies to the west. The rolling waters of the Rhine whispered the words of future conquest to every kingdom of the free world. That blustery wind encircled the entire earth, distributing the rusty tone of

laughter exorcised by that evil Teutonic king. Upon the evil king's notice of the earth's shudder, he then heightened the tempo of his warrior's onslaught.

It is true, as the sagas have foretold, that those Teutonic knights neither acknowledged the existence of the Almighty, nor had the ambition to practice virtuous behavior. The king himself turned aside his heart, declaring that oblivion was the sole motive that he sought, and the remaining details were of a minute consequence. This perverse behavior flooded from the souls of the leadership among the people to such an extent that illicit behavior was ordained as a way of life! This flood of destructive poison gradually infiltrated the minds of their warriors, and while those of the Golden Eagle remained intensely in tune with the tune of battle, the Teutonic mind became lost in vain pursuits. During the midst of these vain pursuits, many were struck down from whence they stood. Their battle was fierce while in combat with the ones of whom they had already delivered devastating blows and subdued, but the

mainstream of the most mighty still lay dormant, though forever watchful. From within deep holes that extended into the bosom of the earth those most valiant of the Golden Eagle remained steadfast, awaiting their call to arms. While slumbering under the overhanging protection of the Almighty, their lily white hearts never once grew dismal or fain. Each gave entertainment to the other while consumed within the heavy mist of boredom, and he cared for his brother during those times of loneliness that attempted to wrest the very pulsating bleeding heart from the breast of many a good man.





Libero 15

The Kingdom Of The Golden Eagle Gives Birth Unto A Mighty Conquer!

Behold Death Cometh From The Skies

Upon the landscape of that crisp countryside that constituted those boundaries of the Kingdom of the Golden Eagle, the spirit of the Almighty descended on two gentle women, causing them both to be laden with child. These children were to grow into an elegant physique which were to revive the imagined Greek physique portrayed in stone at the very dawn of history. Though these men were mere mortals, they were heavily endowed with those sacred intellectual qualities attributed only to those within the realm of the spirits.

The first was more mightier, even more decisive than the great Roman Caesar of old! Those rudiments of conquest

were formulated deep within his mind, even during the earliest days of his youth through his constant indulgence in tales of ancient glory battles and those conquests of old. As his tender eyes beheld the printed words, and his mind firmly grasped their meaning in context, he grew upward developing an iron heart, hardening into a personality context greater than that even of solid granite! Behold he grew to understand the unshakable power of suggestion, so he continued to generate an effort to publish any great personal accomplishment or ambition. During those tender years he commenced to place himself within strategic military positions, calculating the proper manner in which he could maneuver his way into safety; so this constituted his childhood play. Within his home the salutation of his elders was of an utmost demand. Thus the air of predestination was sensed throughout his childhood home.

Through the lush bustling meadows of the woodlands, and the winding ravines and boundless secluded valleys the young warrior raced, gathering a thorough knowledge of the

landscape, that he might retain brilliant reserves necessary for a great legion's survival. It was during those tender years that the rudiments for a great and mighty warrior were bread into his mind. Many times over he did not understand his position in life, and more than that his colleagues did not likewise, who sometimes found a sadistic joy in shunning his strategic attentiveness. Each circumstance was divinely presented for him to overcome and build an endurance, constructing his divine mold into that of an invincible conquering warrior. His future mission was to be very great, so therefore his early training was strenuous, providing tests of both his mental and physical state of being. Though the situation of his household had been strenuous in design, he voiced his desire to become an idol among men, and his desire was enforced by his gracious parents.

Their warrior lineage had been continual throughout the entire history of their blood. Many among his family ties neither desired nor longed for their young son to become a warrior, only for him to build a simple wholesome existence.

For this reason his entrance into the academy of war was delayed, but his desire to command invincible legions of men grew ever more intense. It was during this time of unsteady ambition that the spirit of the Almighty began to weigh heavy upon him, so that he persisted in the demand that he be allowed to enlist in the great school of battle. Behold at the tender age of seventeen he was allowed to enter the school, but first he was forced to conquer the three great entrance examinations. Within the contexts of those examinations was locked the forces of propulsion that would launch him into greatness, for he shocked the entire staff with his divine knowledge of warfare science.

His mother, forever gracious as she was infinitely elegant, inspired him to fervently persist in his struggle for greatness.

“First,” said she. “Comes the knowledge and mental struggle into a position of absolute authority and confidence, then comes the physical struggle in the trials of actual warfare.”

It was his dear mother that continued to insist that he was destined to rise into greatness, and that his continual struggle was of an utmost importance. During those days of his attendance at the honored academy, many students directed their resentment toward him, shunning him from any activity that involved others of his age class. During those years of early development and ambition instability, his mother accompanied him at the school, in order that she might support him during those times of great self doubt. Let it be known here that she commanded a strict excellence in all undertakings. With this mode of strict discipline she developed an abiding son, a son to be born into a great leadership. In the whispers of this disciplinary mode he was to lead thousands of subordinates into the most triumphant charge all of mortal history had yet to initiate!

Deep into the densely timbered sister land of the land of the Dragon he was soon delivered, in order that he might give exercise to the newly developed knowledge of warfare

strategy. During those days he was assigned to innumerable tasks in which he was to exercise his superior knowledge of battlefield architecture. It was during those days that the terrible new weapons of fire unleashed upon him by the enemy, and he learned of the terrible deliverance warfare was to cast upon its innocent victims. During those moments, he forgot his obsession with delivering death upon the head of the enemy, but became concerned with saving those innocent from destruction and saving his own life as well.

During those days of his engagement, a weapon of fury delivered death to a fellow comrade who then crumpled with pain and wretched in the tight grips of death's hand. Oh how terrible this was in the mind of the mighty Mac Author! Henceforth, only a solid determination in the pursuit of conquest could ever prevent a further destruction of his fellow warriors. In this manner the Almighty molded him into a great conquering monarch, a man of great renown, forever destined to reign supreme among all mortal men!

Soon the influence of evil bore heavily upon the earth, and those evil legions of the Dragon then commenced to stir about. This stirring about generated the opportunity in which the young warrior could decide upon active military engagements that would lead him into conquest and subjugation of all evil aggressors. It was during those days that the Russ, who had moved far from the ice draped plains of the far north only to lash out upon those legions of the Dragon who then attacked that army of the Russ, utterly destroying her forces. Author's ability to learn from this and to grasp it's principles was adept and very clear, yea, his willingness to rein supreme was now at it's height. Behold, he was to return home to the great land of the Golden Eagle, to be honored by great conquering Lords full with glittering success and power!

Now listen, within the midst of the Golden Eagle's realm stood a great mansion of pure calcimine marble, and it was there inside those walls that those supreme lords conducted all affairs of the entire kingdom, storing great reserves of

glittering silver, diamonds, emeralds, and vast amounts of gold bullion. Beside the supreme lord this young warrior, Author, was offered the challenge to aide him in any undertaking that might offer an opportunity for strict leadership. While in this position of leadership, he demanded troops to be delivered into the sister land to the Dragon, so that any future orders were destined to be carried out in an instant. It was among the ranks of those warriors that this supreme warrior was allowed to walk among and proclaim his terms of leadership. All then bowed to pay a proper homage.

As the Almighty turned from his gaze upon the earth, a new dawn was to settle upon the face of all man kind. A great haze of confusion was then allowed to spread, and as a result, a colossal, terrible war was allowed to consume the peace of all mankind. It was this first devastating war, deemed great by those men of this time, but very minute in comparison to the war to come, was initiated by those terrible Teutonic knights. This first war was caused by a

direct attempt by the Teutonic Knights to seize the domain of their ancient kingdom now departed. True, the presence of Satan was detected during those days of pain, but that war was now totally overwhelming to his followers. Only the very best of their warriors were allowed to contemplate the strategies of combat, and it was on these battlefields that this most grand of warriors from the land of the Golden Eagle, the illustrious Author, received his first true lesson in the art of war.

Brave and mighty he grew as he continued to race gallantly about through the highways and byways as if they were constructed by his own hand without exception. As he raced through thick briar tunnels entangled with low lying scrub brush, and over the log strewn decks of the vast log woods, he came to develop brute strength and an iron clad persistence in the realization of his goals. He never allowed those vivid memories and lessons to flee from his mental grasp; his education was drilled into his intellect for the duration of all eternity. Due to the consistent inspiration of

his mother, who had come to realize that she had given birth unto a true soldier of the cross, he continued to walk in this guiding light and find himself, rising upward both strong and mighty in the eyes of men!

During those days of his development into that great gifted warrior king of renown, God in heaven watched over him intellectually, constantly delivering his very best angels forward to follow him upon the face of the earth, that they might give assistance and bring back tales concerning his progress into those most holy courts of high heaven. A plan was then laid down, a plan that would materialize all holy ambitions for the sons of men. Many in heaven contested that the young warrior needed more time to grow and develop; but even during his earliest years he was developing into a medium of holy glory, a tool for the materialization of supreme righteousness and intellectual ambition, to glow and shine among all mortal men for the duration of eternity, to climax with the resurrection of sacred Israel, and that most holy of holy thrones in

Jerusalem.

As time generally came to pass, the great warrior grew greatly disciplined in the ways of a conquering warrior. Not only was he fully grasping the mental ideology of the warrior complex, but he was now reaching far beyond that realm of those subordinated. Realities of the duties in leadership became impressed upon his mental eye as he came to view others who were decoratively elegant in the lineage of rank. By aide of the Almighty's right hand he rose great and mighty in the ways of the warrior.

Upon the onset of his first battle experience, his fellow comrades in arms came to recognize him as being very different from the ordinary warrior, but they greatly respected his contempt for the undisciplined, and those fiends among them who appeared to be fellow comrades, but were enshrouded in the cloak of cowardice. During those days as a lord on the small island of the sister land to the Dragon, his stride was great in an effort to instal those virtues of courage into the hearts of his subordinates.

New weapons had now allowed men to hurl forth great shafts of fire, delivering destruction upon great hosts of men. The power of loud thunder and flashing lightning was designed and in every man's reach, enabling each and every warrior to efficiently deliver death in a single split second. These new weapons were fired in a harmonious union in a single united effort to annihilate the opposing enemy, and in the face of this raining fire, that great and mighty warlord, Author, donned no headgear nor helmet, neither did he carry sword, nor bow, nor any protecting weapon save the grace of God Almighty in heaven above. In an overwhelming awe his men did gaze forward upon his countenance, declaring aloud that a holy aura enshrouded his person as he so gallantly stood strong and suffered not at all. Behold all men, for it is so very true that the Almighty and a legion of angels stood with him, for he arose and moved forward without armor, striding forth unhesitatingly into a verdant vaporous cloud of death, into which the enemy had lain to seize the mortal lives of men, and he made exit without any

harm.

All men came to be astonished at this great feat, and they were to hold him high in great reverence. To ensure his grasp upon the minds of all his subordinates, he was inclined to be enraged quite frequently at even the slightest inconvenience. Out of this exposure to the dangers of actual battle emerged a most righteous knight who would avenge all dishonor toward the entire free world.

He destroyed the Teutonic notion that great warriors were only bred from arrogance and self indulgence. Hence forth to ride upon the whispering wind was a knight who acknowledged the Almighty, was most virtuous in the care for his fellow men in need, was concerned over the plight of the children of Israel, and consequently was predestined to develop into the mightiest man of war ever to set foot upon the face of all the earth. His predestined task was greater than the ordinary man could ever conceive of, for he was to become savior of the entire earth as we all now hold high in esteem!

Listen fellow men, this great and mighty warrior of whom was clothed in the sacred armor of glory, was to be the lord and savior of multitudes. Never since the time of the Christ child born in Bethlehem, had there been such a reigning overlord with positive intentions. Brilliant glory encased each and every word that he spoke, and gold was born from every item that he touched. Men fell at his very feet as he strode through their midst. Both great and small alike beheld the sacred glory delivered by the holy spirit that had so gingerly cascaded from the sparkling heavens above, then to settle upon him, enveloping him within an enchanted shroud that both protected him from all harm and those forces of Satan, and predestined him to success and immense glory! His orders, which were born from the intense contemplation of an overview of those battle situations, were not simply mere orders from a fellow being of the flesh and blood, but were direct orders issued by the holy spirit himself, who had chosen him as it's sole medium of speech! Under the influence of the holy ghost he simply

scanned a mapped out overview of the enemy placements, then tactfully unveiled any weaknesses that the enemy might possess. Into those areas of weakness he launched the fullest brunt of his military operations, thereby maneuvering the enemy in a manner in which they could be encircled and offered the option of surrender. His orders were declared as the creative formation which exceeded any of his predecessors.

How great were those spoken words of his? This the question that every skeptic might ask while consumed within the murky shroud of dark ignorance! Behold all doubters, his words were so magnificent that a single spoken phrase could launch one half of all the earth into mortal combat, and inspire even those lost in hopelessness into new found gallantry!

As those imperial minds of evil imagined a heinous plan for subjugation of the entire earth, a sharp wind then commenced to stir. Every beast in every field stayed close by the place of its birth. Upon every day that the bond between

the Teutonic Kingdom and and Dragon's lords solidified, the sky above transformed into a thick impenetrable veil of darkness. For three long days that somber veil persisted as a warning to all men and the sons of men, that they might confess their violations of holy laws and be relieved of any future anguish. As the past history of men reveals, evil men are destined to hold true unto their past indignation.

Still they indulged in the fleshly pleasure of fornication.

Still they murdered without cause, existing only in the name of great self indulgence.

But that somber veil was not only a message unto those evil hearts, but a warning to the righteous as well, for they would surly be put to the greatest test with those future persecutions that lay ahead. In ages past the righteous had endured tribulation, but in those days the old Roman order that the holy prophet, Daniel, spoke of, had spawned a new birth upon the very earth, and now it teetered upon her final pillar. Never before had men been put to the test at such an extent. Never before had those righteous men been reduced

into a mere collection of just a few. Not since the days of ancient Rome had the blasphemous spoken with such arrogance and boastfulness, even slandering the very name of the Almighty, even daring him to take action!

Yea, in those days men would embrace other men as they would women, throwing up a huge illustrious ceremony before the face of Almighty God himself, only to call it a wedding as a mockery unto his holy name and commandments, shaking their fists as they gazed into heaven itself and then leveling their eyes unto the crowds before them, saying: “the shy hasn't fallen in yet! Where are the earthquakes? Where is the thunder?”

Behold my brethren, even those lords of huge provinces and rulers of entire kingdoms were heard to publicly blaspheme and mock that great God of all gods, and master of the universe! Even as their enemies built terrible weapons of fire and destruction, more terrible than men had ever previously known, still those leaders continued to mock and jeer! Behold, they even corrupted the minds of their youth by

teaching them that men were born from the beasts of the field, rather than from the sacred hand of Almighty God, suggesting subconsciously that the youth should even deny existence of the Almighty himself! Even as their financial system crumbled before their very eyes, those forces of Satan blinded them to the very truth that lay before them, and they continued in their evil ways, walking, then running toward their very destruction and the flaming lake ahead!

Listen, the extent of their boastful brash behavior and their abominations had sickened all of high heaven above, but that day of fire still lay within that dismal pit of dreary despair far below. One by one the process of elimination of the evil had commenced, and now those vapors of smoldering flesh rose to sweeten the air, engulfing the Almighty God Of Israel. One by one their fall would increase in tempo, until the gentle trickle would transform into a mighty surging wave of rising souls! The raging flames would swell with fury, as if exploding containers of pitch were cast into it's very midst. For the present moment, that

trickle was gentle, steady, but very gentle. Patience constitutes all works of greatness, and so the Almighty remained within a relaxed state of mind. With ever increasing fire and fury the earth's disciples of evil grew into a powerful flood upon the face of all man kind. The days of infamy were inevitable, the pack had been sealed by a sacred seal, and upon a distant hilltop of yellow granite blanketed by a graceful timber stand and an eerie glowing sapphire mist, those two emperors who gloated in the ways of evil met, sealing that pact of Satan with each others stamp of approval.

Within the kingdom of the Dragon every imagined means of invasion had been contemplated deeply during those days of old, and a reverse strategy conceived. Never in the history of men had she so coveted those lands and kingdoms around her, even though her borders contained one sixth of the earth's population. According to that plan of those tyrant's conquest of earth, and it's goal of subjugation of the righteous and their elimination, the lords of the Dragon were

instructed to attack the western kingdoms of the earth, the kingdom of the Golden Eagle, while the Teutonic Knights sweep downward, scouring every land and rendering the innocent helpless as they moved upon them from the far north. That evil emperor who had so boastfully declared himself to be descended from the ancient sun god, now arose, declaring the Golden Eagle to be the enemy of all past tradition still practiced in the homeland." Every man, woman, and child must savagely battle for their independence from the Golden Eagle's imperialistic lords. Every place of worship must be transformed into a fortress for battle, every life giving hospital a place of death and torture. Only through a beastly persistence will the people be allowed to reign in brilliant glory," spoke he unto the masses.

The masses arose in exultation, which echoed even into the very ends of all the earth. They cheered their triumphant king who proposed battle so that their kingdom might rise into glorious splendor and elegance. At the close of the

speech hundreds of thousands raced forth into the fields, upon which those iron birds of war now stood silent and still. The chosen few climbed aboard those horrible creature's backs, allowing themselves to be swallowed up by the birds so that they might direct their flights. In the midst of great ringing cheers vast numbers of war birds raced forward upon paved roadways, rising into the shimmering heat of the sun with numbers so great that it caused a shade to cover the surface of the earth. A perpetual formation of birds continually lifted upon the graceful supports of the wind, darkening the very sky with their fury and incalculable numbers. High and mighty upon the arms of the blustery wind they rode forth into gallantry, so that those forces of detection possessed by the lords of the Golden Eagle might be rendered helpless. For a single day and night they rode high above the cotton puff clouds, only offering an occasional glimpse of the crystal sapphire water below.

In the distance lay the port that harbored those innocent of the Golden Eagle. Gentle children slept soundly within

their cradles fearing naught, as did those generations of their own before them. Mothers and Fathers slept in the sanctity of their homes with even the very thought of death far from their wildest dreams. Each and every heart was solidly anchored in thoughts concerning the following Sabbath and the many ways in which they could thank the Almighty for his gracious gifts of love. Many thoughts were upon the other and the ways in which an individual might be offered gifts as an act of love, for the celebration of the Christ child's birth was an upcoming festival of the entire kingdom. Already leaves of holly and mistletoe gracefully adorned the hearth places of every home within the land of the Golden Eagle. Talk of new found cheer and brotherly love heightened the excitement which pervaded the courtyards. Men and women lay silent, gazing deeply into each others face, contemplating a special event in which they could demonstrate their love for each other. Children only contemplated the anticipated arrival of good Saint Nick from the lofty star lit skies, and even imagined the twinkling of

Christmas bells to be discerned with every burst of midnight air. Others practiced hymns of praise that were intended to be sang in the place of worship, in order that those singers might speak inspired words before crowds of worshipers who gathered in the name of the Almighty. The same scene had been rehearsed for nine generations now. From the midst of heaven's golden courts, the Almighty smiled down upon those in his own kingdom of the Golden Eagle, and in his name did the people rejoice!

The golden sun of the new day sent it's orange rays around the perimeter of the distant horizon, so that it scorched the thick mist from it's seat upon the earth. Though the process was slow, it was continuous, and with every dying minute the orange of the rising sun became more intense.

The gulls upon this enchanted Polynesian coastline dipped in their quest for food that had pierced the crystal ocean's water to receive any insect that might glide over that water from the harbor of the shore.

This peaceful harbor securely anchored great ships of war only as a means of securing the stability of the kingdom of the Golden Eagle. From a mere presence within the harbor spawned a fear so intense that all other kingdoms and lands would tremble at the very thought of an attack! In this shroud of security the people in the kingdom of the Golden Eagle slumbered deeply.

It was the eve of a new rising sun, the eve when all pagans offered worship to the new god of their glory, and so her warriors poured forth in order that they might smite the christian in honor of the sun god. From above the clouds which had once hovered closely, all suddenly parted as those iron war birds as they made their way through. The sky above gave birth to that same perpetual flow which had left the earth, and now the morning sun became blackened as the sky thickened with their numbers. Onward toward that slumbering harbor they flew, gritting their teeth in their desire to deliver death to those christian innocent.

Soon those somber hawks of war descended upon that

slumbering harbor in great numbers; the men who directed the hawks' flight were highly energized by the king of darkness who offered a massive feast to the demons below. Fornication and drunkenness pervaded the scenes of joy, for this moment was very intense to be sure. From the belly of those iron hawks of war poured a mighty rain of fire, falling so intensely that many below came to believe that all of hell had been carried upward within their midst. Upon those innocent a glowing surge of fire fell, destroying those mighty ships of war that had been anchored in absolute peace. Upon the innocent below that pouring fire rained down with the fury of the demons of hell, the fury of an individual intoxicated with the spirit of murder. Within the midst of the flame and fury the mothers and fathers who lay contemplating the aura of Christmas cheer suddenly were consumed, reduced into smoldering heaps of powdery ash. Those elegant homes that were so gracefully filled with the spirit of the Almighty, were reduced into smoldering heaps of rubble and the twisted contortions of glowing metal.

Behold the gentle flaxen haired girl who's hand nervously clutched her singed teddy bear, now suddenly screamed for answers from her parents who were consumed in the flaming midst of Satan's wrath. Those roaring fires raged with such a brilliant force, arching high above the harbor to such an extent that it glowed upon the midnight horizon for three solid days and nights. Yea, even more brilliant than the northern lights during their season; a monument to the treachery of evil vanities.

Massive gashes were ripped into the sides of those great battle ships, through which arose great fountains of glue like black gold now spoiled, showering raining fire, rising and cascading upon the decks as though those ships had ran into an unseen river of flame, or entered even into the very bowels of hell itself. Every ship that lay anchored within those limits of the harbor suddenly transformed into massive infernos of flame and gory death!

Behold those men of valor of whom were not transformed into human torches, casting themselves into the surging

sea, that they might deliver themselves from the path of the raging flame. Death flowed like the raging falls of the magnificent Niagara, shattering those peaceful lives within that harbor on this morn, and the slumber of this great and mighty kingdom. Even those shopkeepers and merchants, men of honor who raced forth from their barracks and homes and farms, each with a weapon in hand to send forth fire, lead, thunder, and brimstone into the direction of those terrible invaders. Instantaneously men collaborated with his fellow man systematically and unison, in order that all defense might be maintained in conjunction with aide to those who were so greatly in need.

Mercilessly those hawks of war continued to surge low across the face of the earth, striking down men frozen solid with courage and an overwhelming desire to defend both kingdom, home and heart land. Women even raced forward into the field with babes in hand, that they might find seclusion for themselves in some area that was free of the raging fires, both on land and from the sky above. Those

women who did not have babes to attend ripped open their shawls to expose their breasts, seizing upon the battle ax and sword, and inspiring great fear in the hearts of men. Many men were astonished at the ferocity of those women who refused to give ground to that terrible onslaught of the war hawks. As those somber hawks of war made their return to the isle of Polynesia in great quest for survivors, those warriors of the Golden Eagle bravely made their stand. Men fell in great heaps and a great many more were lost in the fury of the battle's consuming glory.

Those brilliant flames of war leaped twenty fathoms high into the now twinkling midnight sky, and then the war birds turned, disappearing into the mighty towers of caustic bellowing smoke just as quickly as they had descended. In a matter of minutes those lords of evil fled the land of the Golden Eagle, going back toward those islands of the Dragon, as they readied themselves for the fabulous action that was sure to lay ahead.

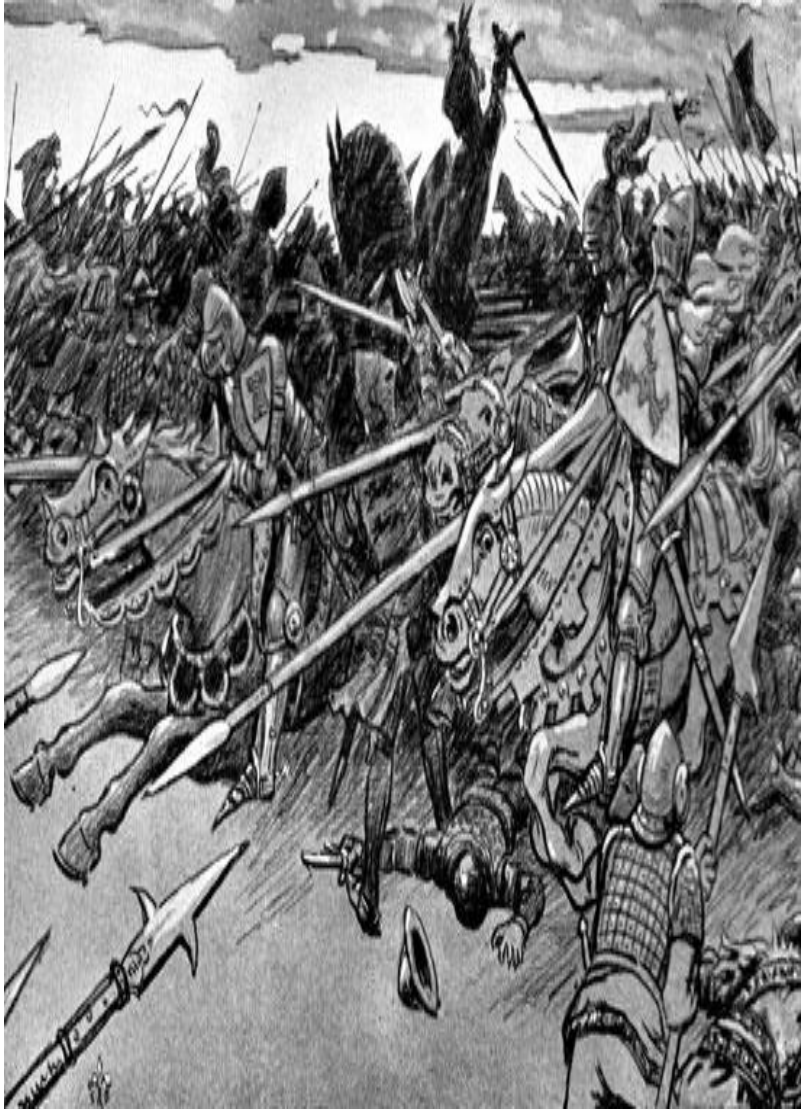
At the once majestic harbor of Polynesia many thousands

were among the dead, and an entire generation of labor now lay in smoldering ruins. Not only did the shock stagger those in the immediate area, but the entire kingdom now rose up to demand that the onslaught be avenged.

From ear to lusting ear news of the merciless attack came. Those once astonished now were transformed into a berserker's rage! Even those people who once spoke in favor of the preservation of peace now spoke only of battle for the preservation of the cross! Behold, from church house to glorious church house those faithful christian soldiers rode forth, now loudly proclaiming the honor of battle as a gift from that most illustrious cross of Christ!

The wrath which causeth families to gather in the others midst bound that kingdom in bonds more dense the iron wrought from Swedish ore. Very soon the vapors of war settled upon the breast of each and every person, upon each and every home, from sea to gloriously shinning sea! Fragments separated by cultural strife suddenly now became bound into a single unit as that rank mist of war

settled among them. All peoples of the Golden Eagle, and those diverse tribes therein, now bound to form a single colossal culture, from which a flood of anger and vengeance upon those evil imperialistic powers of earth would pour freely. Behold their mighty arm of vindication and justice as it releases a great power of fist and mind!



Libero 16

A Terrible Giant Is Awakened From His Slumber

Instantaneously within the midst of that grand Kingdom Of The Golden Eagle, the cry for war among the people of the land became so intense that those ruling lords could never ignore it. Families stuck together steadfast as iron rivets into bonds of hammered steel, and small units of women agreed to care for the children of others while friends would venture out into the factories to labor; for those warriors, so brave and worthy, were now gone and unable to supply the land with labor, and the women and children suffered without it. The following day of that terrible attack, the cry for vengeance and war became so great in it's intensity that those ruling lords were forced to sign a declaration of battle against all forces of evil vanity. Every kingdom of all the earth that had spawned thoughts of evil, had now been declared as enemies of peace by those great

lords of the Golden Eagle. Those brave and mighty warriors commenced to drill; already the nature of her culture in the ages past had spawned a moral purity, so therefore the act of teaching discipline among fighting men being bred into valor was made easy!

Those other lands and kingdoms who had supported the forces of evil now staggered backwards as those people of the free earth massed together for mortal combat. Like a great intrepid giant who had been aroused from a quiet slumber, those men of the Golden Eagle rose upward into a medium of horrendous explosive power. Under the watchful eyes of Almighty God they now collectively assembled. Their armaments were extremely lavish. Upon each shoulder were pads of iron sprinkled a gold dust covered latex. Upon every head was a helmet of wrought iron plating. Every unit possessed enough food, that those kings who ruled in far distant lands were made exceedingly jealous, even as their lands were being reduced into heaps of smoldering rubble and ruin. Their lords and kings continually announced that

the battle effort would never cease, never die, until all those agents of evil were vanquished and eliminated!

Listen ye lusting ears, this was the force that launched that Grand Army into a glittering aura of glory for all the mortals of earth to behold. Across the face of that entire land and kingdom, gathered her warriors all in unison. Never before in the history of men had the earth bore witnessed such an elegant grandeur in it's vast boundless expanse of armored men! From within the bedchambers of that great polished marble palisade, those lords of whom were appointed into office by the very hand of Almighty God, spoke sacred words of ancient wisdom and valor into the wanting ears of those lusting masses; they gave inspiration to both young and old, great and small, to ride forth forever encased in great strength and glory with that Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle!

“Behold our damage was great, our people now exposed to the horror of a following attack upon our honorable mainland,” announced that great king of the Golden Eagle in

address to the people! “ We shall, from this day forward, forever remember that dreaded atrocity so deliberately delivered upon us. Our blood runs in deep rivers, diminishing into swirling cesspools upon the face of our soil to demand a terrible vengeance! This cry for vengeance rises upward into our ears right along with those cries of thousands, and those thousands of thousands, who have been so unjustly subjugated by the Teutonic Warlords. In the name of that most holy cross of Christ, we must retaliate!” And those great masses rang out cheers of anger and joy born from a great lust for battle that were heard by all the earth abroad.

“ For those innocent who are perpetually murdered by the evil brutes, we must retaliate!

For those dear children who are rendered homeless as a result of their parents needless murder, we must retaliate!

For the name of the Lord so intensely blasphemed by those evil Satanic kingdoms abroad, then we must settle the score and give vindication!

Rise up, ye men of shining brilliance, for your land is in

danger of invasion now, and pay your homage to the cause of battle!

To arms ye farmers, for your fields are in danger of seizure and destruction!

To work ye engineers, to construct those fortifications that might offer a refuge unto the brave ones trudging those many trails of fatigue!

All to war now, for the civilization and the holy God of all gods that we so adore, for our land and the restoration of peace!

Oh how great we mighty of the Golden Eagle truly are, and now behold, the Lord in heaven has so graciously given us the opportunity to show all the earth in his holy name!”

From sea to glittering crystal sea those men of valor aligned in unison to these words of inspiration. Only a few women remained home to care for the future generation while the others rushed forward without hesitation, into the fields and factories, in order that the great wheel of war might have a perpetual motion. Behold that Grand Army Of

The Golden Eagle as it extended across the face of its own land, even as no other army had ever done in any land at any time in the whole history of men. Let it be known here my sons, that this very act of battle readiness now resurrected that empire of gold, that foundation of gold, that had collapsed fifteen years before!

During those days of the rise upward, the kingdom of the Golden Eagle was motivated by mercantilism, but its very foundation now had changed in an instant, that very foundation now lay upon the rudiments of battle! From the far corners of the earth poured gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, in huge massive quantities from the oppressed of the earth, that these proceeds might fund the Golden Eagle's cause to war and give themselves liberation. Whom else among all mortals of the earth possess the valor and brilliance to do so in the name of Almighty God, they would all sing aloud? No longer was the grand kingdom of the Golden Eagle reduced into a grinding poverty, but now the entire kingdom was a land of great kings! In comparison to

those other lands and kingdoms abroad, the average warrior's home was a castle fit for those old knights of great valor and wealth! Four hundred thousand men aligned in a great formation, all bedecked with the most luxurious armor! Highly decorated jewels were witnessed to cover every wanting hand. A most graceful sword hung by every side encased by a sheath of leather embroidered in ruby and silver! The very best of meals were served to always shed warmth to the warrior soul and taste! Every convenience was offered in sacred honor of their most courageous desire to defend God, kingdom, and their right to prosperity!

Their training in the art of war was extensive, always done in the time honored traditions of the natives who once roamed the land in such vast numbers. Seven miles a day were they forced to run, never halting, never pausing, until the course was complete. From sun up until sundown they exerted themselves, until they were transformed into mighty war machines born of flesh and blood. Every warrior's chest was chiseled into a massive bulging muscle mass, until it

was as solid as the very granite of the great Stone Mountain! Every arm stood as a swelling example of true man hood, upon which those desperate of the earth would always attempt to swing into safety. As a result of their family virtues, and those virtues born from the love of Almighty God in heaven, they were pure, free from that vile filth which always contaminates prosperity throughout the history of men. This sole factor, in combination with their extensive training, constituted the mightiest warriors of valor ever to set foot into the searing heat of battle!

Understand my brethren, that their empire expanded, for their friends were many. From the shores of Brittany poured forth those raging masses of volunteers. From the far north raged forth those sea faring Russ, who swore a sacred oath to demonstrate great valor in the very face of Teutonic invasion, never to fear or relent, even in the face of death and destruction. Their domain of friends encompassed one half of the entire earth; collectively they held their heads high with pride as that Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle

welcomed them with opened arms.

Kingdoms born of a sacred destiny they all were, for their faith in the Almighty and in their skill with sword, and weapons both great and small was intense. They sought not just to endure, but to transform the impending circumstances. That honored right of the righteous to the riches of earth had been firmly established deep within the minds of the free! The conquest of evil was inevitable, even the Teutonic King himself, born from the loins of Odin with Thor at his side, that master of evil imaginings, now trembled within his very boots with great surging fear!

That Teutonic King had so wrongly miscalculated the ability of those valiant warriors born from the kingdom of the Golden Eagle, to collectively assemble for battle. From that port so delightfully hewn from the great river which chiseled that territory claimed by good Saint Charles Caroline, poured forth newly constructed vessels of war. From deep within the ports of the mighty Chesapeake banded those laborers of the iron, warriors in their own right who would boast of a war

ship per day sent out upon the water in pursuit of the enemy!
Brother aided brother in their massive goal to vanquish evil within those fields and valleys in the kingdom of the Golden Eagle. From the port of that New Dutch city of York, sailed forth a line of vessels more alike to do battle, more willing to offer the precious gift of life than any who had ever come before them. Upon both the east and the west coast spawned warriors who would struggle to produce rolling fortresses, the most elaborate arms that the world had to offer nor had ever born witness to in the history of men; a very monument to the virtues of individualism was the true cradle of that most Grand of Armies.

In the period of seven fortnights every tool of battle had been produced to such an extent that it elevated the prestige of that most grand of armies into that of overwhelming superiority!

Never before in the entire history of men had minds collaborated upon a single goal and ideal, simultaneously to rise so high upon the same glorious achievement! This blow

that was struck was the fatal blow to those enemies of mankind, when it caused that entire kingdom of the Golden Eagle to act true to it's history of an instant flesh ready military. Endowed by the holy spirit, their race toward the field and sea was massive and fearless, reminiscent of those ancient sagas, telling of battle glory that portray a triumphant valor only attempted within the dreams of lusty battle hungry warriors! Upon the very face of the high seas did they launch their mighty glorious armada, so intensely glorious that every eye on the entire earth bore witness to the aura of it's brilliance! Before their every perpetual advance fled those warriors who worshiped the samurai god of the dragon, and that ancient god of the sun in hopes of luring them into familiar depths. Those sailors, great and mighty, knew that they were entering waters familiar to the forces of the Dragon, but still they pressed onward as no other armada had ever done before.

For the duration of two millennium any who dared to enter into the crystal clear waters were plundered at will,

her crew subjected to the most horrible forms of torture ever designed by men. Many times these helpless victims might be stripped, flogged, then boiled in brine water in ways that wrested the very souls from the mightiest of men. Often times the captain was forced to gaze upon those terrible sights helplessly while the wretched screams of his crew pierced him even into his very core. So intense were those soldiers of the Dragon in their desire to cling upon their ancient traditions, that they developed a unique methodology by which technology could intertwine with ancient time honored culture. Still those men continued to reject the one and true God Of Hosts, and so they were predestined to suffer retribution.

As that great armada of the Golden Eagle sailed into those far distant eastern high seas, their advance abruptly became hindered, for suddenly out of the clear blue smoke of the sky two great iron birds of war swooped down upon the armada, like hawks locked into a frenzied urge to consume innocent flesh! A brilliant flash suddenly

transformed the thick veil of mist into the light of day. Suddenly the explosive roar of the cannonade, the belching of fire and the drifting of swirling black smoke exploded simultaneously. A mighty huzza rose upward from the crew of the armada, and the melodious roar of it's battle song increased with the intensity of the fighting tempo! Those two forces remained at equilibrium for a fortnight, then the Dragon melted back in retreat, and the crew of that Golden Armada discovered new energy for the fulfillment of it's duty to God and men to conquer, a new desire for battle and virgin pride in the goodness of spirit and fellow comrade alike!

The expanse of water was obsessively boundless, many men were driven into insanity, for such a time without a single glance upon a tree, or the beasts within a timber stand, or a beautiful woman, tends to cause the mind to twist. Into this great expanse retreated the Dragon's armada in hopes of securing some point of new seclusion. Their retreat was swift, for while under fire mite near half of their

entire force had been cast down upon the shifting sands of the murky sea bottom, laying helplessly at the mercy of Neptune's queen, the goddess of the sea.

Upon the sea bottom shone in glory the lofty heights of her palace, totally constructed of glowing crimson coral, beaming forth a glowing beam so intense many men who rode upon the surface of the water were rendered blind by the glow! Her scavengers, those fish great and small, dashed to and from to retrieve the souls of the Dragon's ill fated warriors, that all of them might be cast into that great eternal swirling sucking cesspool, which leads deep down into that roaring lake of fire and brimstone on still farther below. Even though these men died in the service of their kingdom, their lords served still those pagan demigods of old who persisted in Satan's disguise, continuing to reject the God of Hosts. Their men were born to pay the ultimate price.

Soon the waters were clear, all was now still and silent, for evil had been banished from the area. All could now rest

easily, for the battles' end was in the favor of righteous men. The men who rode with that Golden armada rejoiced as the ale horns were distributed freely aboard ship. Even simple men swelled into great gods of war! Not only were those men drunk with the effects of the ale, but drunk with the overwhelming desire to demonstrate their prowess as relentless soldiers of the cross! The echos of their celebration rose upward high into the midnight skies, for they swelled with the glory of knowing that the spirits were on their side!

Every head tingled as those holy spirits from that heavenly throne of crystal clear diamond and fire descended down upon every shoulder. Those great winds which once ruled the high seas abruptly ceased as the spirits conspired to make their presence known. All boasting mouths were instantaneously silenced, and as the crew gazed upward from the deck and through the walls of their cabin, the very air about them transformed into gently sprinkling specks of both silver and gold. The sparsely sprinkling specks

suddenly solidified into a single brilliant light so intense that those men could not gaze upon its countenance. As those mighty warriors now cringed in fear, a voice that sounded like the combination of the whispering wind and the collision of falling waters upon smooth boulders spoke from behind their heads:

“Behold ye men of fortune, of whom I have chosen as my very own! It will be you who shall shine in glory as the greatest warriors and men ever born from the cradle of the earth. Never in the course of thousands of years have a single people risen into such a glorious unison to honor my precious name.”.....

And every head that was turned now circumflexed in the direction of that voice. Behold, now sitting upon a cushion of air before them was a man whose stature was the size of two men combined. His locks were cut short above his ears, gleaming whiter than the snows of Norway. His skin was browned into a hue of aged bronze that shone brilliantly, his eyes glowed like two beacons of crystal clear sapphire with

a speck of glittering coal in their midst. His clothing was of fluffy silk, a toga or robe that wound around his body in the manner of the ancients, and his stare was intense.

As those men gazed forward upon his countenance, his stare hypnotically induced the minds of the mortals about to home in solely upon his spoken word, instantly concentrating upon him as he sat and the words that he had already spoken. A small beam of crimson light issued forth from the center of his eyes, connecting into the very mind of every mortal who had sailed with that armada. The soul of a distant tempest in combination with cascading waters spoke unto all of those men who were now frozen in fear, each now fully aware of the others' secret silent thoughts.

“Oh, hear me now, your ancestors were Israelite, therefore you are mine, destined to conquer all the earth about you! All of your desires shall extend into the very borders of your imagination, greater than the glory of Rome shall ye rise to honor all that I have declared to be holy and virtuous! It is the all of you of whom shall constitute the new

Jerusalem, with me and only me as your Almighty King! Upon that glorious day when you fulfill the trials of your great conquest of earth, your dead shall arise to join your ranks as brothers in unison! Every tear stained eye shall then be wiped clean, every gaping wound then healed, and ye shall reign great among all men, yea, even the angels themselves shall be second only unto you. Rise up, oh ye men of destiny, men of the faith, for I shall deliver you into a great jubilant victory! For the time has now come that my eternal plan might complete it's final phase. Forever shall your honored names ride upon the wind, that every heart might rejoice, every lip give praise, and shall even the bravest of warriors from beyond forever fear the fury of The Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle! Henceforth and forever shall I remain in your midst!"

That intrepid figure remained motionless now, the voice it bore seemingly produced by another soul from within the outer void. Instantaneously the figure degenerated back into the sprinkling speckle of light that it once was, then faded

into oblivion. Those waves that once violently hammered the ship's ribs now ceased, the howling winds of the tempest calmed, and peace now reined once again across the waters and in the hearts of men.

Those once fearless men instantaneously transformed into men who wreaked with intense fear, even as though many had entered forth into the flaming womb of hell itself. Every voice that was once silent now arose with the clatter of excitement!

“The grand army, so we were declared,” rumbled one bearded man who sat consumed in astonishment at the past events. His tiny eyes were widened, for his mind could not wholly conceive of just what he had bore witness to. He was a carpenter by trade, one who's mind only understood simple facts, one who held large facts of consequence in disbelief, especially in those matters of the supernatural.

“The Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle,” announced the metallurgist, though he rejected the course of the past events as simple figment of the imagination. Only because

he could not explain the arrival of life on earth did he even believe in a supreme being. Since the earliest days of his youth he had come to believe that men had somehow developed from lower beings, and they somehow likewise. Never once did he ask himself as to why that supreme being, who had constructed a creature so tiny that it could not be witnessed by the eyes of men alone, could not construct a man sized creature from the dust of the earth about!

“Who was that fiery individual,” inquired the same metallurgist?

“Why he was the Almighty. He gracefully calmed the seas about, that we might not be wretched with fear. He so directed our fire that we might not suffer defeat. Surly this is the greatest event in all of the history of men,” so stated a man of whom was otherwise always silent, and remained alone far from any congregation that his fellow crew might have to offer.

On the very instant that these words were spoken, a fat man with a blood red face arose upon a pedestal,

proclaiming to be the leader of a great congregation who was pleased to walk in the light of John The Baptist. Upon his head a glowing droplet of light descended from above, causing great words to flow spontaneously from his lips.

“Oh ye men of good fortune, ye men of true destiny, forget not your roots, for today ...you have bore witness to Almighty God himself!” His chilly sweating body shook until it convulsed violently.

“Ye foolish children! You wish to reign victorious, but doubt the victor himself! You blasphemous swine, kneel down now or suffer a terrible defeat!”

As those very words were spoken those among the crew then recognized that they had come from the lips of the supreme ruler. Suddenly the extent of their duty unto all mankind weighed heavily upon them, and in the wake of this great revival, all then fell upon the deck and wept for forgiveness.

The metallurgist, the priest, the carpenter, the bricklayer, the lowly laborer who had achieved no rank of success in

life....all fell down before the Almighty in repentance of their sins. Each individual faith swelled into a single body of faith that even the gods themselves could not shake, and now they witnessed their extraordinary mission in a vision. It was from within the brilliant midst of this visionary scene, that the cradle of The Grand Army teetered to and fro, unleashing the babe who would rise into glory to conquer all the earth. Now the glory of that grand army was restored to a height ten times greater than before!

Satan trembled as he gazed upon that throne of clear diamond that contained leaping flames of fire. His countenance grew hysterical and forever intense, his demons raced to and fro as though their calculating minds for evil had now grown clouded and confused. In the face of that advance of this mighty force of men endowed in the glowing gold of holy glory, those demons who had taken their residence among men now fled into the belly of the earth, that they might not suffer a terrible retribution. The demons below then gathered about the throne of Satan, that

they might confide with him concerning the urgency of the situation.

From within a simmering pool of ancient blood produced from the murders of thousands of thousands of saints sacrificed throughout the course of all time, he gathered the elements into a single collective heap, in order that they might allow him to arrive at a more direct approach toward his immediate situation. As those evils committed on earth transformed their perceptive countenance into a wide variety of forms, a pointed iron arose from within the pool's midst. A heavy blanket of dismal vaporous steam settled upon those inhabitants of hell, and within that mist the final decision was dealt out.

It was desired by all those forces that establish evil imagery deep within the minds of mortal men, that those forces of evil should intensely direct their attack upon their own followers, instead of trying to overtake the entire human race. As a direct result that dismal mist settled upon those followers of Odin, heaping thousands into that raging

lake of eternal flame that lays in the deepest darkest pit known.

Now the enemies were forever known unto all, those followers of that brilliant king of glory, or the dismal king of the underworld and darkness. Never before in the history of men had tension been so great!

That Golden armada plowed through those foamy seas made extremely hazardous by tempest and typhoon. No matter what form evil contented itself in becoming, still that great armada made small by huge mountains of waves, tenaciously plowed forward. With every surge of the wave, every burst of the gale, the thirst for blood and the thrill of battle increased within the breasts of the crew. Upon the dropping of the midnight veil, those warriors valiant and brave, now stimulated by the intoxication that drives men deep into the heat of battle.

“Hear me now, oh men of faith, it was I who destroyed that ancient sea serpent, Zannafalix, with a single swipe of the double edge! Behold the sight of enemy blood doth only

make men lust for more, even until the very life oozes from within his own body. Don the same spirit for conquest, allow it to drape your battle hungry hearts!”

“To battle for God and the Golden Eagle,” replied all the crew in unison!

“Then let us go forth into the heat of the fire, into the blades of their swords, that we might quench their flame and shatter their blades, causing them to swear that the spirit of battle shall never again enter into their somber hearts! Let the glory of such an accomplishment swell your hearts with glowing pride!”

“To our arms,” roared the crew in unison!

“Then here today I declare, that we shall smite every ounce of pride from the lips of our foes, causing him to bow down at our very feet, that he might beg to lick our boots! The earth is ours to savor, to swell our pride into a glowing aura, so that all men might come to know that we reign as mighty supreme conquistador! Let not these words ever be erased from the grasp of our hearts and minds. Let not the

furious quest for vengeance race from the beacon of your
very existence; for just as surly as these words are spoken,
may they become solid as the granite in the rock of your
faith!”



Libero 17

The Folly Of The Finns

As the armada that housed that most grand of armies pushed forward upon the deep blue sea in pursuit of those evil Samurai warriors of the Dragon, the forces of evil once again caused vulnerable men to move upon the innocents.

A small kingdom trapped between the great hunger of her neighbors, now forced to side with the persistently evil enforcers, they vainly claimed the Teutonic Knights to be a brethren of the same blood. From deep within the soul of that time honored land, they now boastfully claimed, even while being greatly outnumbered, that they could even manage to defeat the Russ who had for centuries remained successful in the defense of their precious homeland. From far beyond the the boundaries of the boastful they now traveled, for not only had they claimed that they could

master a defeat, but so boastfully claimed that they could even defeat the mighty Russ in their own land!

In the wake of this great claim, the Russ tactfully decided that their enemies allegiance did in fact lie with the Teutonic Knights. On the movement of the suns rise on the distant snowy horizon, the mighty Russ charged in to murder those warriors while they slept in their cozy villages. Both old and young perished in the wake of their advance, both male and female, even tiny children at the breast. Babes were decapitated and their heads boiled in huge caldrons of brass to solidify their skulls, so that they might be taken into the Kremlin capitol as elegant ruby inlaid drinking cups for the royalty.

As that massive army advanced upon the face of the land, those people of the woodlands deep in the back country had heard tales of these atrocities, and so they rallied strong and mighty, that they might turn their adversaries' advance.

For thousands of years those Finnish warriors had conditioned themselves to withstand extreme elements,

making use of every advantage that mother earth afforded. Upon many hillsides, even though all other plants had long since perished, a small plant covered with pine like fuzz might be seen standing alone, braving all and standing alone, finally defeating the cold. This plant, when crushed, could produce a heat in extraordinary amounts. So from this plant those wise Finns fashioned stuffing for their hide coats of reindeer fur. The root of this plant resembled that of a sweet potato, and it's flesh tasted extremely pleasurable; even when no other food could be found throughout the land, this was a readily available meal. With this basic knowledge those wise warriors were fed to overflowing, now full with new found strength.

The terrain were speckled with numerous water filled marshes and thickly entangled forests. Deep within their center was placed fortifications for defense, for by these they were to become invincible as the forest swallowed them up.

Upon this formidable terrain the Russ were like children

cast into the dark, unprepared in the ways of that land, they perished by the thousands. They had come to utilize a new type of warfare in which they depended totally upon the ferocity of their weaponry. They were moved to resent the fact of the Finns ability to out maneuver them, for the years had welded a brotherhood with the terrain as a superior defense tactic. With this new confidence burning deep within their minds, and a dark hatred for the Finnish people burning deep into their hearts, their rush into battle with no considerations of logistics, caused them to die by the multitudes.

Those trails upon which they had so dutifully trodden were simple to follow, for it was littered with hundreds of the bodies of their fallen comrades as the ragged line made it's way across the barren ice blanketed mountains. As those drooping ragged lines paraded past the rows of cannonade and catapult obscured within the bushes of the marsh, a massive bombarding onslaught erupted. The belching flame and mud gleamed so intensely that it's brilliance

transformed night into day. The Russ instantly fell back, and those terrible Teutonic overlords demanded that those Finns race forward to massacre the stragglers.

On skies a few scattered fragments of men suddenly appeared from deep within the entanglement, now multiplied into a mighty host of warriors, strong and healthy they were, a health acquired from satisfying nourishment, and full of new courage wrought from the rim of the ale cup. With crossbow and sword they would deliver a hail of death upon the worn, hungry, and tattered Russ. Those once valiant and feared, were now reduced into the state of helpless children by the hand of their own ignorance, even though their conquering enemies lacked the tools for modern warfare!

The Finnish warrior rejoiced aloud in his acts of murder as the invaders continued to push forward, for now he possessed modern weapons of war acquired from the dead to support those ancient weapons that he already held. Murdering the invaders had been simple, as though their

invading enemies had been children instead of men.

But then a great and terrible vengeance was delivered upon the heads of the Finns who had murdered the Russ at will on the onset of their invasion. Throughout those Finnish villages and towns, where sidewalks and highrises degenerated the natural terrain, those multitudes were helpless in the wake of the invasion. It was on this landscape that the Russ first placed the foot of their invasion. Their fire raged through buildings and wooden sidewalks, the fire causing the inhabitants to flee in mass numbers for their very lives! Those terrible invaders murdered all, young and old, male and female, never letting up as those gut wrenching cries of pain became so loud that one would cringe and cover his ears. Those ones of the city were a different breed from their fellows in the country, who held the time honored traditions of the ancients alive and holy.

In the kingdom of the Golden Eagle many men became sorrowful at the plight of the Finns, for many were family

members who had long since departed from their old lineage. Though they had forgotten their brethren abroad by name, when their blood ran cold upon the ice, screaming for vengeance, those of their same blood bond answered their call for justice and demanded an unswerving response. Many shiploads of arms were transported across those sapphire waters of the far north, so that they might aide the Finns in that manner. But the Almighty thwarted the attempt at giving them aide, for the Finns were paying a just debt for their pact with those evil Teutonic Knights. A dark veil had been weaved and cast over the eyes of the sons of men as a means of directing sympathy toward their home land, but the call of their evil pack would scream guilty so loud that it could never be ignored.

For many moons the Finns had consistently proven themselves superior to any Russ offensive, but on the seventh month that glorious sun had began to shine, melting away their safety net of darkness.

Sympathy had arisen for the Finns who were blood

brothers to those Teutonic Knights. In a shroud of dismal ignorance the world indirectly defended the obscured policies of those evil Teutonic Knights. Even in the light of their brilliant snow and ice strategy, the wrath of the Almighty was delivered upon them in full force. Their small engagements were extremely inefficient, for it was to foreshadow the turning point of evils' rage upon the face of the earth. Through the defeat of dark forces the earth was to be shown how it could be swayed into the support of evil though the thick intoxicating cloud of ignorance which prevailed throughout the ends of all the earth. For years the sacred scriptures of the prophet Daniel had declared the rise of evil, and the support of those evil kings by every mortal son of man. These sacred words had been the subject of disdainment by those unwise and doubting faithless, and the facts stood to prove how truly all mankind could be completely swayed and led to believe lies at the expense of self evident truth. Men who refused to acknowledge the spiritual and supernatural wholeheartedly

followed the lowest leagues of mortal men, even to the very point of declaring the most depraved men as being equaled to the God Of the Universe!

Those terrible catapults flung many lead weights while the dark barreled cannon belched fire, brimstone, and swirling clouds of smoke, while the Russic tenacity hammered away at the defenses of the Finns. Though highly outnumbered and grossly out armed, their reign of fire and lead was endless. This brought a great anger upon the Finnish warriors. Roaring cannonade and ballast cast flying fire hardened balls that arched high above, exploding into the very earth inside the Finnish stone walled fortifications. As the might of the explosions weighed heavily upon the underside of those walls the structures began to lift inch by precious inch. Soon those Finnish cannon, ballast, catapult and arrows were all rendered useless, their pieces all hammered into the dust of the earth.

The Russ now, whose spirits were enlightened by a hungering lust for blood, their souls lifted up from the

delusion of eminent defeat, rushed forward upon the fortress, scaling the walls and burrowing underneath. Their advance was so intense that the flow of warriors appeared to be endless before the wretched eyes of the Finns. Sword rose against sword, knives sank into both breasts, cannon roared against cannon, but now the odds were with the Russ! The Russ produced a flow of men who poured forth from the very harsh heart of their homeland. Their advance was merciless, soon their mighty muscled arms had smitten the Finns a terrible blow. All of their dead were scattered about as though they had been cast from the high heavens above. Though many had massive gashes within their very breasts, the chilling effects of those very winds reduced all the blood into a mere trickle, frozen dead upon the earth they were, like statues chiseled from the stone of the high mountains. The few Finnish warriors who now remained alive fled before the terrible advance of the Russ. Few lived to ever see their homes again, and if they did return unto their farms, their homes were reduced into the powdery ash

of defeat!

Libero 18

The Great Folly Of The Teutonic Knights

Lengthy lines of armor plated knights marched in a north eastern direction, their god king loudly proclaiming that they were predestined to rule a mighty host of unconquered men. With lance, knife, and sword in hand they

then marched forward, impervious to any cry for mercy that might be cast upon their ears by those bloodied victims of the conquest. The coming attack was justified in the minds of those knights now arrayed in such glittering armor, for their brothers were attacked on a whim by those miserable Laplander who thrive upon the refuse of reindeer. Even if the unjustified attack had not taken place, those weary columns of warriors would still be forced to march deep into the frozen north, impervious to the the ice and the resurgence of the terrible enemy by those inflaming words from their glorious king.

Listen, it was declared two centuries ago prior that the frozen land must suffer conquest, for the prize hoarded beneath that thick crust of ice and hardened snow is more valuable and abundant in that particular area, more so there than anywhere else in the realm of mortal men. In the same manner as that great French conqueror who marched forward once upon a time ago, so those Teutonic Knights now marched forward in endless battle columns that

extended as far as the eye could see, toward the heart of the Muscovite. Hereby, it was declared by their god king, that they should reign victorious, remaining unshakable even in the thickest of fights; and so they proceeded forward with a new strength and energy by listening to those dark words.

Across the fields and woodland meadows they marched forward, hoping to find the children carefully tending their flocks. They silently hoped that they might discover the women of the working households tending the soiled laundry of those men who labored away in the fields for both food and profit.

When the knights first set foot upon that frozen land they were full of energy, not a single worry had filled their heads, for they just knew that the thriving land would support them in a time of need. As they marched deeper into the frozen north the ice began to appear consistent, endless in extension. With their eyes cast upon the distant horizon, they walked onward hoping that the tundra of the land might reveal the smoke column of a homestead, or that the ice

might transform into pasture, thriving with flocks of fattened sheep. As their columns passed through the countryside, they were shocked to see that all the homesteads had been reduced into smoldering cinders by an army who had robbed them of their conquest! Once thriving fields of grain had been reduced into mounds of powdery ash. They marched onward in search of another area that might offer morsels to serve as nourishment to those warriors doomed to die a slow cruel death. With no other choice at hand, they continued in a forward march, only discovering a scorched and plundered landscape. Their disciplined advance had now transformed into a frightened hysterical search. Every standing bush was searched, every log overturned, still not a single morsel had been left undisturbed. Every beast had been slaughtered by the inhabitants in the wake of their retreat. Nothing remained but the endless curvature of a charred and barren landscape. Still those terrible Teutonic knights continued in their forward march deep into this barren charred wasteland. As they marched forward, their god king

declared that they should continue in this march as though they were possessed by some motivating demon of blood lust.

Those opened meadows that once spawned melodious song birds and free reigning roebuck right along side rolling, playing children, were now silenced as the dead in a graveyard. Those legions now marched forward upon the once thriving landscape now scorched black with the ash of retreat, hoping to defile queens and plunder the wealth of great kings. For a month they marched forward, consumed with the lust of demons, consumed with visions of pagan war gods dancing in their heads.

The force of the march increased, for the time was forever drawing nearer and the span of warm, cozy security was drawing to an end. As those people retreated farther and farther into the vastness of the countryside, they soon were halted by the sea at the farthestmost borders of their land, and still those Teutonic Knights marched onward, even into their very face!

For two thousand years their most ancient of cities had remained true unto it's motherland, free of conquest because of the vastness of the kingdom, the falling snow and ice sheets, and the distance an army would have to travel with out being able to resupply.

That fog of security had now been raised. Behold the city walls tumbled into ruin, consumed by wretched fire and cinders. The inhabitants fled helplessly into the streets only to be splattered like mud by the thunder of the Teutonic cannonade. Women fell like logs, forced to satisfy demonic vengeful urges desperate for the warmth of new flesh. Homes were raised and the common men slaughtered for their lack of wealth. Children were seized up as slaves, for it was known that their vulnerability would transform them into mighty warriors, who one day would surge forward into the countryside arrayed in a glorious armor, to do battle against those of their own blood! The elders, who could neither labor, produce offspring, or offer battle advice, were reserved for special sessions of brutal tortures; making

sport for those Teutonic Knights in the midst of their conquest by holding a massive bonfire festival, with each man taking more than his fair share from the ale horn.

The armored knights rode forth into glory, pushing the tattered enemy backward into the ice capped landscape. The great port city of Odessa fell to blood soaked hands, that Teutonic god king glorified the conquerors and swore to degenerate the conquered into a state of total degradation. Their wretched egos swelled into a state of illusion, they conceived the notion that they were invincible, blind they were to the fact that Satan now ruled their minds!

Warriors thick with an armor of bulging muscle raged forward swinging jewel handled swords to sever the heads of fleeing innocents. Thousands perished from great brutality. Mothers with child in arm; suddenly their babes were torn from their loving grasp, then dashed into blood soaked bits upon the cobbled stone of the streets. Those gentle ladies themselves were stripped, their garments ripped from their quivering naked bodies only to be cast out into the streets in

plain view of the surrounding neighborhood, doomed to a constant brutalization in that most degrading manner that all women fear. With each woman that fell before their brutal onslaught they would continue their advance, rejoicing in their victories.

Deep inside their own homeland a glorious celebration was held in the dark of nine. Their god king proclaiming a triumphant celebration to be held from boarder to boarder to honor their recent victory. As they rejoiced, now, they would declare, they would share their rightful place in dominion over those mortals of earth whom they were predestined to dominate.

“Unto us,” they chanted in unison, “was it declared by the creator through our king, that we are to rejoice in the dominion of earth. Here before us is Odin, long lost but now returned, awaken from a thousand years of slumber. Now shall we forever reign victorious!”

From within his throne of clear diamond and fire the Almighty patently viewed the declarations of greatness

dreamed by a people whose eyes were obscured from the genuine truth. In the wake of their advance they had enjoyed a conquest while under the influence of Lucifer, now the moment of their redemption was in their hands, time to repent or suffer a devastating cruel destruction.

Vixenvaldorious, the god spirit of the ghosts who influence the arrival of the great ice winters, was suddenly unleashed from the can of jade concealed deep within the far corner of the earth. Those Teutonic Knights had known of his annual release, and had conspired to conquer the land before the time of his rein upon the great kingdom. Already now were the leaves of trees tumbling towards the earth, signifying his gradual consuming dominion over the land. His gentle puffs of air tossed many a long maned warrior into a frenzy of hair knots, rendering his hair useful only for the purpose of remaining in his sweethearts jewelry box.

Ice wind moved across the Russic landscape, propelled by the hand of Almighty God. Ice particles saturated the very wind, transforming the atmosphere into a cold, blustery

terror. The spirit of winter had just begun his audacious consumption of summer. Still the Teutonic Knights dreamed that conquest would conclude before the fury of his advance would complete. With the numbing coldness of old man winter soon to be upon them, the Teutonic Knights heightened the fury of their rage across the scorched landscape of the Russic homeland.

Many of the Russ were shot down upon the streets of cold stone. The homes of the men were atrociously plundered, great works of literature and paint cast about upon the snow covered streets.

Tolstoy the great, whose magic with words inspired common men into greatness, now his letters were cast into the wind. The atmosphere of his sacred sepulcher was desecrated, his bones cast forth upon the cold soil. Forever was his spirit doomed to roam aimlessly throughout the countryside until late at night, one thoughtful caring gentleman replaced them by the light of the full moon, to rest once again.

A master composer, Tchaikovsky, whose works were reduced into shreds, now every physical memoir was erased forever from the face of all the earth.

During the days of their ignorance the disarrayed Teutonic warriors fell victim to the savage winds of the winter spirit. Ragged and tattered, they were, from a reemergence deep within the interior of the battle's churning midst. Entire bodies of men were frozen solid, covered by a thin sheet of ice, forever dead, his life's blood frozen within his very veins. Feet worn bare from constant travel were reddened by the ice and snow covered landscape. Boots that once appeared strong as the armor of iron that donned their bodies, now were worn into rags by the rigors of constant travel. Their bared feet that now lay exposed to the cold of the elements, were bound in rags to preserve them from harms way. Their faces, under the command of their leaders, shaven beardless, chapped raw by the freezing wind, took on a greenish hue, forever dead by the chill factor's onslaught. As the once mighty armies'

advance slowed into a small trickle, many a once valiant warrior collapsed dead upon the ice and snow, forever grasping upon the illusion of mortal conquest until he lay slumbering deep in the grave.

The horrors were mounting as many weather hardened Cossacks launched devastatingly brisk attacks upon those advancing Teutonic hoards. One by one they fell to the sure shooting of those nomads. They were repaid in blood for their transgressions. Never had they expected this battle to endure to such an extent, and many who were still alive sank deep into the murky sea of disillusionment.

As time continued upon it's descending path, the ice and snow fell from the sky like an endless flood that never ceases. The powdery mist drifted downward, propelled by the forces of unseen spirits that dominate the aura that enshrouds all natural elements. Nature, whose course is directed by the Lord, Jehovah, conspired to unleash her onslaught of icy death upon those evil Teutonic legions in the same manner as was once unleashed upon the great

French conqueror.

From high above fell the icy elements, consistently pelting, plunging the mercury far below the coldest records that were ever recorded. The very hair upon the head of men transformed into a heavy icy mass, which when allowed to thaw, transformed into a mushy slush that drained the strength from the mighty and the health from all otherwise healthy. The Teutonic god king had promised that victory would come quickly, and so he had demanded that they only carry only the most necessary of personal items. The powdery blanket of death obscured any food that the earth might have to offer, forcing their wanting stomachs to suffer the crazed agonies of starvation. Their very blood demanded that nourishment be delivered unto the mind and throbbing heart, and so since none was offered, it was wrested from the body muscle, causing a great weakness to fall upon the warriors. In the course of a fortnight those legions that once numbered seven hundred thousand strong now numbered only a quarter of that count.

Eastward those doomed legions plodded, now shattered into bits by the forces of the elements, but consumed by a new conviction, a new order for the conquest of the Russ. From the south the arms of the legion now divided, conspired to merge upon the banks of the mighty Volga, to display seized swords of battle and loot wrested from the hands of the dead.

Forward raged the air brigade, the mighty birds of war constructed to deliver an all consuming devastation upon any helpless foe. Upon a lone hillside overlooking the Volga halted the legion, peering through the floating powdery mist of the glittering ice, upon the reflection of those city buildings as the rays of sunlight brilliantly clashed with that of the powder that cast forth a brilliance that caused the eyes to become blind, mortal eyes all consumed by the glory! Ancient cathedrals rang their holy bells in order to soothe the hearts of men who gazed forward in the powdery distance, men who sang hymns of sacred glory to the one on high, that they might not suffer the cutting sword of defeat.

A few men in the distance suddenly realized the futility of their Lord's aims, those of whom were now influenced by the creator's hand. Now those men were blessed with the warm knowledge of love for their fellow man, wishing to spread it's soothing message, but were silenced with death by those evil ones of the high command.

The piercing hum of the flying fortress that sang those tunes of destruction numbered in the hundreds were suddenly discerned in the distance. Now passing overhead they raged forth upon that city of ice; an awesome pelt of fire and roaring thunder commenced to shatter the peace with massive earth shattering explosions, sending huge columns of billowing smoke into the heights of high heaven above.

From the advance of the air brigade the city inhabitants were pinned with their backs to the Volga, oh how did they vow to battle until the last man fell, the final whispers of life wrought from their gurgling throats. Those terrible legions raced forward with a mighty huzza, both young and old

prepared to eradicate glory from the destruction of the precious. A single mass of singing swords and waving wands of war poured across the mighty Volga. Crimson blossoms of death unfolded before each charging body of men, some within their midst expelled their souls into the berth of high heaven. In a single battle cheer the two raging masses now became one. In a single sweep swords severed necks, causing blood drenched heads to bounce downward upon the sloping banks of the Volga, rolling, bouncing against stones and brush until they plopped into the water murky with disturbed sand and mud. From every corner, every ditch roared with the somber voice of the cannonade, belching fire and smoke high as they spoke their proclamation of doom and death. The mighty archways of those graceful cathedrals suddenly collapsed in the glory of a single explosion. Massive walls of brick and mortar that had stood solid in the winds of centuries, brazenly declaring the architectural genius of the ancient Romans, suddenly collapsed into a heap of ruin and degradation. Behold the

coffee shop of old that had served the finest to those mighty warriors of Frederick The Great, the opera house, all lay reduced into nauseating heaps of rubble.

The forces of destruction weighed heavily upon the Russ, but their will remained untarnished, for they were preordained to rise into a great assembly of men, for their purpose in the fulfillment of future phases in the master plan lay awaiting the annuals of time.

'Twas on this very instant during the height of the great slaughter, that the strength of the Almighty consumed every warrior, every mind of the Russ, and their men then became strong as Sampson, delivering a surge of might into the face of the Teutonic Knights. A single Russic warrior now delivered death unto dozens of the evil ones. Those dull lusterless swords of plain iron were instantaneously transformed into jewel encrusted grips gleaming with glittering blades of silver glaze. The luster of this brilliance gleamed and glittered so intensely that the Teutonic Knights fell blinded by their glory. Those blades were thin as razors,

splitting floating feathers as they fell, cast forth by a opened hand. In a single slash whole arms were severed from the shoulder, the blood gushing forth in frothy squirts, falling elegantly upon the earth as though it were gingerly being poured from the rim of an elegantly decorated ale horn. Heavy stones were cast high into the sky by arms swelling with new found strength offered by the generosity of the Almighty. Their javelins soared gracefully as though they rode upon downy winged eagles, impaling themselves deep into bodies pushed forward to shield oncoming warriors. The Teutonic arms were vain, only possessing an elegant brilliance in order that the enemy might be dazzled by the glitter of their empire, now hoping that they might be swayed into helping the Teutonic cause. Through the metal sheeting of the Teutonic armor their javelins pierced as though it were constructed of damp straw. Straight and true their javelins had flown, impaling the helmets or the armor less necklines of the men.

 Their men collapsed in huge waves, their legs only turning

to flee in dishonorable retreat. The Russic victors now halted these once mighty warriors who thrived in the light of evil imaginings, kneeling to fire a volley of arrows from elegantly carved bows born from the boughs of simple yew trees. As the Teutonic Knights fled from the overwhelming wave of death, the heavens opened up, raining down a hail of arrows that pierced the armor plating as though constructed of leather bags filled with water. Their comrades in arms collapsed in droves at the heels of their flight, now seized up in the arms of death, their faces frozen in agony for the duration of all eternity.

Overwhelmed by the immense fright concerning the embodied strength of the Russ, those Teutonic knights now fled in fear from the forward advance of those surging hoards. A piercing huzza rose high, a bellowing war cry for blood as vengeance for their heinous crimes against humanity. For their smashing of the skulls of newborns with the toes of their boots, allowing the screaming cries to echo deep inside the hearts of men for the duration of all eternity.

Behold those cries from the souls of their lost warriors, crying from the dead for the living to avenge the degradation that they were forced to endure. Such forces compelled the Russ to mercilessly deliver slashing blows with the battle ax, to impale heads with heavy spears with out even the slightest indication of compassion. For seven days and seven nights the Teutonic warriors fled, for the sands of time that had measured the length of their horrible reign had now depleted. Upon the distant palm covered shore, the ancient guardian of time, Calypso, allowed the sand clock of those Teutonic knights to rest, their sand chamber had emptied. Now the spirit of Jehovah commenced to weigh heavily upon the hearts of mankind.

From the heads of their petrified dead were wrested their handsome helmets crafted with such supreme elegance. From their breasts were wrested their coats of mail that would now shield the breasts of their foes from the sword attacks of their creators. From their very sides were seized up their mighty swords sworn to battle and total conquest,

now to sever the heads from the bodies of their own creators. Though the legions had now withdrawn, their spirit for battle and blood depleted, circumstances now compelled the Russ to race forward in pursuit of their prey, that they might wipe those followers of Odin from the earth forever.

Though the Russ as well felt the sizzling stinging bite of the bitter winter winds, their bodies were much more accustomed to the rigors of the weather. During their childhood those children of the Russ were forced to labor in the fields during the midst of winters' onslaught, with the howl of the ice wind and the pelting droplets of ice and rain. From amid the rolling crisp tundra and the ice capped landscape they learned to forage and live from the few remnants of wood that great Jehovah so graciously provided. As a direct result of their lifestyle, those rudiments for survival became firmly implanted in even the darkest realm of their intellect. It had taken an entire lifetime to acquire the knowledge for survival, for it was so true that any kingdom not of their own origin was forced to endure a

terrible awakening.

Those Teutonic Knights now slowed, worn by lack of nourishment and the pelting icy freeze delivered by the spirit of the winds. By now every kingdom of whom they had so brazenly boasted their superiority, now combined to pursue and eliminate the greatest of the Teutonic hoards. Behold the kingdom of the Russ had exhausted the Teutonic Knights of resources and they had lost thousands and thousands of men. It was for this reason, my dear brothers, that the great Teutonic kingdom had now begun it's massive decline.



Libero 19

A Great Victor Rises Within The Army Of The Free!

Those Teutonic Knights now slowed, worn down by the lack of nourishment and that constant icy freeze delivered by the spirit of the winds. By now every kingdom among those of whom they once mocked as being inferior had combined to pursue, slaughter and enslave the once great Teutonic hoards. The high command of their enemies was crowned superior in every aspect of war and battle strategy; behold his brilliance now cast a golden aura to radiate forth upon every son of free mortal men, his honor shall endure the ages!

His place of birth was upon the farmlands and timber stands in the kingdom of chief Hiawatha. Never did his parents ever perceive that they would raise up a warrior whose strength and glory in battle would rival that of

Sampson and Caesar himself! So this mighty warrior was crowned king of the command that directed that Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle, born to lead that high command into glorious battle to gain supremacy over the entire earth. Every kingdom and land among those so brutalized by the Teutonic legions gracefully delivered themselves, both body and soul, into the very heart of his high command, and upon his countenance did the Almighty smile a glittering smile that created the golden aura so adored by every loving being born of mortal womanhood.

On the leadership of this great warrior, it was declared that first priority should be placed with the task of delivering a crushing defeat unto the Teutonic Knights. He so declared unto his entire realm, that it was within the twisted sadistic minds of the Teutonic Knights, that the concept for the domination of all the earth through terror was conceived, therefore it was possible for the great army of the righteous to act alone, according to the strategic placement and need for direct decisive action. In direct

response to this command the army then rerouted, transforming itself into a noose in order that it might squeeze the necks of the remaining Teutonic armies. Upon each and every head was donned a helmet of padded iron born from Britannica's most cherished foundries, conceived by those former great masters of warfare. Upon each and every side was secured a mighty sword donned with jewel encrusted handles that glittered with such a brilliance in the midst of the sun's radiant beams, that they blinded entire legions who leaped forward in the heat of battle excitement! Deep inside their hearts was inbred an intense desire for justice only redeemable through combat, and an iron-clad persistence to conquer! On cream colored stallions striding majestic and proud, prancing forward into the glory of combat, that most gallant army of the Golden Eagle rode forward.

Prior to the history of battle, this concept of total destruction had never been conceived in hearts of mortal men. Systematically the Teutonic high command envisioned

war from its most minute detail forward, even into the very mathematics of battle, in and of itself. Armies are recruited from mere civilians who outnumber the ranks of warriors ten to one, they reasoned, so therefore they should constitute the lowest rank among all warriors.

Their god king now stood before the entire kingdom of the Teutonic Knights, giving them his instructions as he received them from the mouth of Satan himself: "In order to achieve our goal of conquest over the mortals of earth, as in all other duties that require assent, we must labor from the floor upward. We must demonstrate our superiority in all other areas of their existence. First we must demonstrate that we have dominion over life itself. This goal may be reached by using several methods, but the most effective method is to liquidate the resistance even before they realize our true intentions."

"Next we must demonstrate that we are superior in the areas of producing the necessities of life, and that we have control over the flow of those items."

“Thirdly, we must demonstrate that we are superior on a personal level. When I speak of this, I especially mean to direct these words to our use of women. No area of conquest should be left untouched! These acts on execution in sequence, in consistency, shall effectively destroy any spirit for battle left within the minds of the common people, and destroy the underlings at the same time!”

Even in the act of this encirclement the Teutonic Knights controlled a great resource base of land and people. Into peaceful towns, where children sang hymns of praise in glittering golden cathedrals, those legions of doom marched straight forth into. Now seizing up those entire congregations they marched them into the streets one by one. While they stood in single file they were ordered to strip, placing all their clothes and belongings into a single pile. Humiliations and embarrassment swept the faces of the entire group. No regard was given in concern as to weather, male or female, all stood in the presence of the other, for their blood was to spill, the blood of each to bond

and flow as one. Their terrible weapons of thunder and fire roared, spilling the blood of those multitudes on those streets of well worn cobblestones, to scream upward into the ears of the Almighty for him to deliver vengeance upon the heads of their murders. Those huge piles of clothing and personal valuables were quickly seized up by the villainous legions to be donned for warriors starving for blood and warmth. Cups and crystal glassware used for the purpose of commune with the holy spirit, were seized up by the soldiers of Satan, dashed into bits so that they might be melted down and used for the purpose of war and the Devils' bidding. When new glittering thunder rods and swords of war were now made and used for the purpose of war, many among them said:

“How odd it is, that articles constructed for the purpose of peace in it's purest form, could now be transformed into a weaponry so heinous in the service of evil.”

Warriors bulging with muscle, mighty in the acts of brutality, continued to wrest all life from the common

people. Women were forced to serve warriors, both in their elegant beds as well as to be cooks on the battle front. Men were savagely bound with fetters of iron, to only endure the agony in the center of their own floors. From amid the smoldering cinders of their own homes, iron tongs seized up glowing fragments of wood and iron, to be placed into the eyes of those who were so unjustly bound. Children were forced to labor for the food of their enemies, until they collapsed into heaps in their own tracks. Small girls were seized up, forced to indulge in those demented displays of obscenity, many times with one of her own kind, for the pure pleasure of those wretched beings.

Even the pillows from their beds were seized up, into which was poured endless hours of diligent labor painstaking done in the name of pillaging thread from the cloth scraps, even these were seized up by the enemy. From those beds of oak that had spawned generations of their forefathers, were seized the cotton coverings that so elegantly draped those beds. The very beds themselves were

dismantled, though they might have remained within that family for a thousand years prior, and then that precious article cast into a heap, that they might be used to build a great bonfire. The treasures of the family, such as jewelry, even farm implements, were used by those marauding forces for their own selfish purposes. When these brutalities were completed, that terrible army would then host a great feast in their own honor, consuming the food of the people as the people starved, food that had snatched from the hands of the innocent.

Into great heaps they would cast forth the wooden articles so cherished by those honest peasants, and they would boisterously laugh, bragging about the dishonorable deeds that they had done in the wake of their advance. In the midst of their roaring celebration, a wretched hand appeared from some hidden source to cast a flaming torch into the center of the once treasured heap. Before the passing of the first hour the flame leaped high into the midnight sky, licking frantically at the moon which seduced

those raging flames into a new ferocity through the black magic of its golden rays. At the same time, as those leaping flames climbed higher, the boasting conceit of the Teutonic warriors increased. In the heat of the merry making the ale horns were filled with frothy foam, appearing as though it had been skimmed from the sea during a time of storm and catastrophe. From the interior of the ale horn poured freely a frothy courage, an unquenchable desire to perform fresh acts of brutality. In the midst of the great festivity, an intoxication fueled by the desire for morbid pleasure induced by the ale horn, would arise among all those gathered warriors, driving many into a search for a source of new sadistic fulfillment. As the celebration continued, the drinking masses chanted words in their own praise:

“Ye men of new Rome, that city of greatness and home only to those who are truly holy, lend me your loathsome ear! It is we who shall inherit the earth, an earth polluted by man's degeneration and degenerate men themselves, all wasted flesh for our disposal! It is right, that we should

rejoice amid those ruinous creations of those who conspire to destroy this precious planet allotted unto us by the great creator himself! Behold their women were justly placed upon this earth for our pleasure in their degeneration. Was it not their filthy hearts who first delighted in birthing sons who would attempt to degrade us? Was it not they who induced their men to halt our natural progressiveness? Upon your conclusion of my questions, then please consider this:

It was we who first owned the land upon which they so graciously have allowed themselves to occupy. It was deep inside our borders, that a great and mighty man was born of men, then risen into the glory of the gods, that he might serve as a sole medium between us and the holy spirit.

Since it was predestined that we should wrest this land from these invaders, and savor our spoils, should we then disobey a direct order? Come, let us make sport of the prisoners in order to induce the spirit of festivity into this celebration.

Let us first seize upon the women in order that they might serve us as objects to gratify our own lusts, that they might

know we are truly admirable men at heart! Let us test the penetration of our mighty arrows with their children now in great numbers! Away into this place of enchantment, away now, for the time of jubilation draws nigh!

Into the streets of the now scorched village raced multitudes of men in armor. By the hundreds, even thousands, they came to seek the flesh of women for plunder. Those tattered women of the village, now obscured from view amid untouched fragments of tin and wood, soon grew to detest the roar of the warrior multitudes. Many of whom suffered hair loss in great patches, were dragged by the remainder of their hair by strong hands and hearts consumed by lust, now made fearless by the aura of their manhood. These women were stripped, their clothes converted into undergarments for the warriors, and then systematically molested amid a circle of family and friends forced to gaze upon that horrible festival of brutality. One by one each warrior took his turn at making sport of the tattered lady, until those women expired, their very lives

fleeing from their grasp in a single collapse on those dusty
dirty cobblestone streets!

The lady who was once proud and erect, now reduced into
a heap of shattered flesh and protruding bone.....

The girl who has just entered into the trauma of
womanhood.....

behold the girl who is still a mere child at heart....not a
single one of these were spared their terrible fates!

All that night and the following day the brutal sport was
made, until every warrior had taken his due fill. During the
struggle warriors boasted, many taking turns declaring that
they would be the one to bring death to those poor shattered
women. The silver horns of ale were filled until overflowing,
in a cup they had found a reason to allow innocent blood to
flow! Many bodies that lay upon those dust covered
cobblestones were cast into the bonfire. The collective
festive hoard of warriors had now fragmented, a few now
remaining before the roaring bonfire to quench their thirst
for ale in a single huge draught from the horn of silver. Just

for the occasion their plain horns had been exchanged for those illustrious jewel studded horns studded with blood ruby and green emerald. These horns were of a quality designed for the purpose of consuming huge quantities. Many among them claimed that ale poured from these magnificent cups was of a certain higher potency. These men were neither mighty warriors nor among those men filled with lecherous intentions, but simply wished to alleviate the stress of battle. The remainder of those men were content to only continue to harass and abuse the women who roamed about the streets in tatters.

On the sighting of any elderly man or woman, a shower of death was instantly delivered upon that person through the use of fire and lead as the instrument for it's deliverance. For seven days the brutal festivity continued until the sound of a gentle babes wail was as remote as the whisper of a peaceful sighing voice.... No longer did the children leap for joy or play amid the buildings and fences; no longer did smiling mothers perch atop their cedar porches to secure an

ever watching eye upon their joyful playing children below.....No longer did the winds of joy whisper through the leaves of jasmine, for all true love had now been wrested from within the heart of the land, like a wet cloth wrought of the water within.

Throughout all the villages in the land, evil warriors burst into those storage buildings housing many items constructed during the formation of the kingdom from many distant ages now long since passed. Not only were the great cathedrals plundered, but so were the very homes of the peasantry, the very cradle of their own existence. Items of sentimental value, held so precious by families who had labored intensely in the name of personal prosperity, were seized from the hands of the elders to be melted down into utensils destined to serve the cause of their pitiful vanities. If a single member of these upright and proud households chose to protest the violations thrust upon them, then the entire family would be forced to suffer and die as a direct result. Once the homes were plundered, then the frames

were fired, stoking into roaring flames, into which were cast screaming babes who would not silence upon command.

In those days, death did not bring rest, for even after the living had been completely plundered, the roaring legions of the new Roman order marched forward into the cemeteries to plunder the wealthy who were interred therein....

In the midst of the glittering moonlit twelfth striking men felt no fear, for Satan and the spirits of evil applauded their efforts of dehumanize humanity. Donning great swords, their belts sagging with a diversity of weaponry, they strode into the graveyards to thief and plunder the bones of the deceased. Many great men protested their insane plunder but were destroyed, their quivering bodies then cast into the tomb with the bones of their ancestors. Throughout the distant hollows of the night their shovels rang as though they were forced to proceed through sand, fire, and stone. Soon their shovels would strike with a hollow thud, colliding upon the time honored sarcophagus of gold and silver inlaid. The hearts of these warriors would leap high for joy, and they

all would gather about to rip the seal apart, exposing those dry bones of a gallant while paying homage unto his homeland during those ages now long since passed into the void of time. Upon his browned bony hands they would gaze, wresting rings or inlaid bracelets from his fingers and wrists, gone were those treasures offered by the family as a rite of last respects. Upon recovery of those items most precious to the victims, the dusty bones of the ancients were scattered about the earth where they had lain, destined to be ground up into fine powdery bits with the tip of a pickaxe by their own families now forced into the labor. From the heads of their resting places were torn the ancient grave markers of granite. No longer were these tombs of great men, but those innocent victims who were now cast into the tomb of oblivion.

Though these men now possessed by the spirit of doom seemed to persist on extreme gluttony and blood, behold their transgressions were not allowed to perpetuate, for their time was drawing neigh! Slowly the great noose of

warriors lain like a snare wire in waiting by the leader of that most grand of armies, began to tighten it's grip about the throats of those evil Teutonic Knights and the new Roman order. Forever pervasive during these consummations of destruction, was not the prevailing desire to flee, but to sow the seeds for destruction even into it's highest potential. As dark clouds commenced to gather about within the heights of heaven to deliver a punishing blow upon the countenance of the Teutonic Warriors, so the pace of their flight increased.

By now the icy freeze of winter had climaxed at it's highest potential, consistently the sparkling sheets and pelting rain continued their bombardment, never ceasing, never having mercy. As that Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle now tightened it's grip, the elements of nature herself acknowledged the evil wrought upon the face of the earth by those sons of Satan, and she rightly attempted to harass hells' celebration. Upon the countenance of the warriors she cast mountains of ice and powdery snow, obscuring all

food that the natural world affords. Already the warriors had been reduced into a small minority, a single collective battalion, and now their numbers were being reduced into a sheer void. Tighter and tighter the noose began to close, and soon that grand army of the Golden Eagle were upon those terrified knights of the crooked cross.

As the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle marched upon the hills summit, those Teutonic knights soon knew fear as they had never known, as their eyes came to behold such vast numbers of warriors sworn to do battle against them. Enshrouded by an aura of yellow moonbeams the first of the Golden Eagle's legion approached, swinging mighty swords of glowing bronze and blood soaked ruby inlaid grips. In overwhelming fright those Teutonic knights cast aside their elegant armor, fleeing forward consumed in disorienting hysteria as that Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle marched forward, forcing them into a single corner of men that the design of their own formation had allowed.

From side to side the Teutonic knights raced in search of

an exit point. Now without armor they were, for they neither imagined nor even knew that the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle had surrounded them. Consumed in great fright, they were, and doomed to make that fatal stupendous blunder.

Erhard Faust, swordsman both daring and bold, leaped forth like a lion offering to do battle with the hyena. Above his head he swung high his sword of iron, slashing the throat of a quiet reverent man of whom was much loved and respected by the entire battalion. Upon the discovery that this humble man had suffered the humiliation of having his life's blood spilled so unjustly, the entire mass of men raced forward to do battle, enraged at the death of their own innocent. The entire earth, as far as the eye could behold, rang vibrantly with the ringing clash of mighty sword against mighty sword. The Teutonic knights whose swords worn thin through constant use, would be forced to suffer the degradation of having a prized sword shattered, then his body was laid to waste on the open plains, so that the buzzards flying high above might have a chance to settle

down and take their fill.

But suddenly, as those grand soldiers of the Golden Eagle attempted to route the survivors into formation, a slight fracture in that formation allowed the Teutonic knights room to escape, and their men made a mad dash for freedom, causing a systematic confusion that allowed this fracture to expand. Quick as rushing crystal water in a wood side creek bed the Teutonic warriors fled, though half starved and naked they may be. On toward the great expansive Egyptian desert they raced in order that they might seek to unite with the Romans, to merge as one to do battle in the name of world conquest.

“May the gods aide us into glory,” they screamed with a new ardor as they fled.

It was within the midst of the Teutonic legions that their greatest warrior, one who had now fled every attempt of his pursuers to liquidate his ranks, was now jeering and mocking the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle, declaring even before Almighty that he should never suffer defeat. Up

until that date every attempt to extinguish his legion had failed, and as he fled into that most ancient of lands owned by the Pharaohs of old, a test of wits and courage was placed before him.

The Caledonia had combined forces with the Britons, and the unit now composed as a single force that marched forward into the heartland of the Pharaohs. To the north of this glorious land was the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle pushing downward, that they might merge upon the Teutonic front with the Britons at the back side. These mighty men embellished with the glory that the Almighty had bestowed upon them, now raged forward to conquer with a new courage and conviction wrought from deep within. All Teutonic interests were now at stake, and each side was determined to do battle in it's most brutal fashion.

Those Teutonic hoards, now fully realizing the seriousness of their dilemma, they grew fearful, for they could neither retreat nor advance to the south. With their backs to the wall they were doomed to die cruel deaths, all consumed in

the glory of battle. An attempt was made by them to retreat farther south, and as the Teutonic warriors turned, they were then met by those violent sons of the Pharaoh raging toward them straight forward. The mighty cannon roared, causing the very sky above to open up, releasing a hail of boulder like projectiles that exploded upon the earth like numberless blossoms of death. Flying fragments cast forth by those death blossoms ripped and shattered even the most durable of cannon cast in the foundries of the entire Teutonic Kingdom, ripping out the hearts of even the mightiest of their warriors. With this awesome display the knights melted backward, digging themselves into the earth to make a last stand for their Fatherland.

In the shimmering distance where the clear sapphire sky met the golden sands of the vast desert, from there the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle appeared as a continuous dark streak that stretched as far as the eye could behold. The streak moved nearer as those men of Satan's legions gazed forward in great awestruck dismay. Soon the streak

appeared as a bobbing line, then it was clearly visible that the bouncing men were mounted, advancing heartily with sword and lance both at hand. As the troops neared, and view of the riders fully materialized before the advancing columns, from the far left the somber barrel of the Teutonic Cannon cast high a massive deluge of black water and roaring flame, roaring a roar greater than the mighty lions of the Congo plains, allowing a mist of powdery smoke to settle upon the damp earth below. The deafening explosions lifted clouds of sand high, shattering the front of the Grand Armies' advance; but from among the troops rang out a battle charge more ferocious than any ever released by the sons of mortal men. So great was this roar of human voice that it aroused great visions of courage from deep within the hearts of every man among their ranks. Even if one among them chose to remain silent, chills ran through his very veins only to tingle his very spine, pushing him forward to excite him into radiant glory! So great was this charge that the very earth beneath their feet trembled as that onslaught raged

onward!

Every cannon and catapult was mustered forth as the raging masses of men advanced upon the Teutonic Knights, warriors determined to deliver a complete destruction on those evil lords of brutality. To the west of the Grand Armies' triumphant charge lay a battery of cannon and catapult so great that its roar shattered those drums of flesh in each and every warrior's ears round about. Behold a hail of massive projectiles fell into the entrenched legions of Teutonic men, causing them to flee, for the harvest by the angel of death had been great. The very best of the two kingdoms met, combined as a single brawling force upon the field of battle, each with a burning determination to destroy the other as though the Almighty himself had commanded them to do so. The brilliant sun above cast forth intense shimmering waves of midday light burning the tender skin of the entrenched men, but still they fought on undaunted, swayed by the belief that their mission on earth was to destroy their fellow man.

Those huge battalions raged forward, sword clashing against sword, lance singing against lance, and death reaping a mighty vast harvest, while streams of blood flowed ankle deep. Cannon roared and smoke both blinded and choked the very breath from those warriors who were now driven into disillusionment and disorientation. So great were those masses of men and beast, and their determination to succeed in battle, that for seven days the assault raged on. At times those battalions of the Golden Eagle would advance, then at times the Teutonic Knights would advance on the field of battle.

On the fifth day of the great battle, those men of the Golden Eagle commenced to grow faint and weak, losing hope from the intense long fray, and then their commander offered up a prayer unto the Almighty on high, that he might place his hand upon their shoulders and raise them up into a new nourishment and might.

High upon his sacred throne of crystal clear diamond, ice and fire, the Almighty sat viewing the proceedings of that

battle in the midst of the clear crystal table placed before him by his angelic servants. He acknowledged that his mortal warriors had grown faint and weak, and that the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle's victory was of an utmost importance toward the consummation of his awesome plan. Within the floor's midst was positioned a small vase, and it was through this vase that the voice of mankind trickled upward, then fell upon the ears of Almighty God. As his ears beheld the wailing, pain ridden moans of his people in great need, he was compelled to answer their cries lest they should suffer a terrible defeat.

Above that crystal table he outstretched his arms of bronze, setting his glinting eyes of flaming coals upon the door of horrors, transferring his waves of thought from himself into the minds of the Grand Armies' best warriors who were now destined to reign supreme, wise and mighty among all men, arms now bulging with new found strength and all hearts pounding with new found courage. Forward they all now rushed into the very heat of battle, like wild

demons from the fury of hell's hottest fires. In single sweeps of their double edged swords heads fell like melons severed from the blood of the vine; thus the Teutonic Knights only fell like flies when the air about is thick with a poisonous mist.

Truly victory lay in the hands of the Almighty himself, for his spirit and might had entered into the flesh of his mortal children, and their might and processes of thought were those of his own! Like raging ants of fire the warriors of the Golden Eagle rushed forward, intoxicated by the spirit of Almighty God, to envelope all those enemies of love and peace, utterly crushing the vitality from the whole body of evil men! As the mighty bombardment and charge covered the snow blanketed countryside, the swollen, torn bodies of those terrible Teutonic warriors lay scattered like ragweed on the sandy edges of a grain field. They were to suffer, for their constitution was destruction, and so in accordance with the holy scriptures, they reaped the harvest that they had sown.

Even in the victory the Lord had not seen fit to deliver a total destruction, for the evil of men had not fully climaxed to the extent most necessary for consummation of his eternal plan. Few among mortal men understood or were to ever understand his intentions, for just a chosen few can mentally contain the extensive details of that most awesome plan! To the amazement of all, a very few among that shattered Teutonic legion escaped, destined to combine with the sympathetic forces to the north.

Within the lands of peace and good will, which so wholeheartedly embraced those sacred virtues of Judaism and Christianity, rose upward into the heavens a mighty roaring Huzza, giving all praise unto the Lord for their own victory and preservation! For the Almighty himself, this day was truly one of the most joy filled days since the very creation of the earth, for his own people had acknowledged him, and him alone, as their shining knight in golden armor, the victor of all victories, both in the mortal world and the world of the spirits, as well as being their most gracious

father of unlimited mercy. All the credit for the about face went unto him, and he smiled down upon them, filled unto overflowing with the new found conviction that his own children had now acknowledged their weaknesses and were begging him to intervene, to preserve them from harm's way. Hence forth he vowed that righteous men should be limited in the number of suffering days, and he caused the sands of time to increase the stream of their flow.

Their great need had explained itself to the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle, and they would all fall down before her feet, begging for aide against the merciless tyranny that had so ruthlessly dominated all their lives. So the mightiest leaders of mankind met on the seventh day of the seventh month, meeting deep inside a massive palace of pure marble to the discuss the circumstances, and conceive new plans for conquest over their aggressors.

In the midst of their deep discussions, a rumble of thunder abruptly roared, causing the walls of the building to tremble, and the room became intensely warm; as those

strong men gazed about in great wonder, a brilliant cloud of glowing radiant light gently settled within their midst. They were baffled as to how they would approach a new attack, but as that cloud settled among them, a great plan of conquest commenced to unravel from deep within the innermost depths of their souls.

In the vision of conquest that they beheld, a great and mighty leader of men wrested bands of glowing light from the midst of the brilliant sun above, winding each band around every warrior who constituted his army. From the heights of the midnight sky he wrested streaks of blue flame from which he fashioned swords more sturdier than any ever known to the sons of men before! From within the midst of the earth's boiling center wrested he a mighty shaft of molten metal, and into each out stretched hand was placed this shaft. From the center of the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle marched forward their main legion and their fragmented counterparts who were scattered eastward, in order that they might give battle to those sons of that

treacherous Dragon whose allegiance with the Teutonic Knights was steadfast. From this they then came to know that their first mission was to destroy the power of the Teutonic god king, and then compress those evil sons of the Dragon. So they conceived plans in order to launch a massive invasion.

From glowing uranium, titanium, and plutonium in combination with iron, was fashioned the strongest of armor plating to ever be designed by the sons of mortal men. Naked they were then made to stand, so that they might be purged of the impurities obtained from unclean spirits. As their insufficient armor was cast aside, a great leaping fire was built within the heaps' midst, and from those searing flames raced a thousand sickly hued vomit green demons who bore the sole instructions from Satan himself to wreak disaster upon the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle. Like a glowing green stream they raced, temporarily transforming into patterns of those long since dead men who once contained them, only to wreak havoc in their lives as they

carried them about. Then fire from heaven streaked round about, severing as tree in half, and into it's stump poured the evil stream, pouring back into the bowels of the flaming lake below, where they were instantaneously liquidated by Satan for failing achieving their objective.

Upon heavy massive shoulders the seraphim placed the glowing radiant armor. The wind licked their flowing locks of hair as though every spirit within the courts of heaven were present.

Upon every head was strapped a helmet of bronze encased in a sheet of crystal clear diamond that no projectile could ever pierce, even though cast forth by the mightiest mortal arms!

Within every hand was secured a sword fashioned from lightening and fire, whose power was obscured even from their very own high command!

When the last man had received his articles of war, a great bellowing HUZZA arose from the very midst of The Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle. From sea unto shinning

sea rang great cheers of ardent gallantry, men predestined by Almighty God himself to reign triumphant even in the heat of the worst battle! As that mighty surging roar drifted to and fro among those triumphant warriors, a gust of midday wind briskly seized a small fragment of the battle cry, casting it down like a gentle fluttering shower of rain upon bitter Teutonic ears. Their great master of doom, their god king, then gazed about wondering if those ancient ghosts of hell had turned against them, wondering if their own doom was neigh. Many of them raced forward into the streets, slashing their own dripping hearts from deep within the midst of their own breasts. Fear now arose in the minds of their lords who had inspired their rise into evil, and now many came to realize that they had sold their souls to Satan for a pathetic lie, and for their sins they would now pay for all eternity, and their sons and daughters as well. Still many more continued to betray their own people by encouraging them to make war and slaughter the innocent.





Behold they know not, nor do they understand, for my plan was there from the start, is in place now, and will be so for all eternity!

Libero 20

The Great Battle For Gaul

The Defeat of New Rome

Upon those golden sanded beaches of the Gallic northwestern coast line sailed the iron sided armada while enveloped in a veil of darkness. They halted, cast anchor aside, then released those triumphant warriors who poured forth like demons racing across the plains of hell to feast on new souls! Silent as a prowling fox they crept forward along the coastline....Quick as a tiger's pounce they then positioned each battalion in strategic localities, so that a single thrust from the entire body might flush the enemy into the slaughter.

In the trenches those most gallant of men now concealed themselves, patiently they awaited the climb of the orange sun to sear away the veil of damp mist. Finally the golden

sun eked it's way upward from it's soft bed beneath the rolling waves of blue water. Soon the surrounding light was orange, illuminating the entire world round about. Every position was now in view, glinting in the orange hue of the new light.

As the orange transformed into a brilliant yellow, the Teutonic knights commenced to mill about. Deep inside the veil of surprise the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle surged forward in the duration of a single instant. The Teutonic Knights froze in their very tracks and stood only gazing about, for the wind cast their reverberating HUZZA to and fro, and the men could not perceive from whence the warriors would appear! In a single instant those mighty warriors were upon the Teutonic Knights. Now donned in the armor of the angels, the glowing army of the Golden Eagle waged war as no other group of mortal men had even since the very dawn of the earth itself! So intense was their zest for battle that even the beasts of the field were encouraged to assault those evil men in the name of both God and glory!

As the cannonade belched forth black water and fire, the great rodents that tend to haunt battle trenches rushed forward in huge numbers, seizing upon the flesh of wounded Teutonic Warriors, bringing death in a single slash of their throats. Their bites harbored horrible diseases that tend to be carried in the flesh for days and weeks, only to be released through a total death of the flesh. Swords collided in clear reverberating vibrant rings that tended to echo even into the very breast of any who witnessed the fray. Though the art of drumming man's spirit into the ardor of battle had long since expired, the clinging, ringing, clash of colliding swords amplified the surge of courage in the hearts of men. With the power of darkness now fully mustered the Teutonic knights cast the entire weight of their might upon the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle, but in the midst of the fray Satan came to fear the clenched fist of Almighty God, and he abandoned his mortal warriors, leaving them to perish all alone on the field of battle.

But the Almighty stood steadfast and firm in the

presence of his own, never fleeing from within their midst in times of their waning loss of strength. His total support he gave, solidifying their countenance into that of iron and stone, embellishing them with the dexterity and strength of the beasts who dwell in the wooded fields.

In mass surges those men of God, born in the land of the Golden Eagle, raced forth swinging mighty swords and sounding serenades of cannon fire during the consummation of that most glorious charge. So great was the charge that a thick seedy cloud of dust and billowing smoke arose upward, high into the very heavens above, only to obscure the sun from the eyes of men for the duration of some seven somber days. Though the dark cloud was dense, so dense that even a small shaft of shimmering light could not penetrate, so dense that night fell upon the earth during the period of high noon, so even so, the omniscient eyes of the Almighty beheld all calamities below. Like a great stormy sea, so the earth appeared unto the Almighty Lord of Lords. Just as the sea will appear mixed with an emerald

stream of water and that of clear sapphire blue, so the surging masses of men were composed of dark hue and the color of pure driven snow.

At the head of the dark mass of men, upon a high granite pedestal, stood Satan, their god king immortal, who delighted in having that despised somber veil across the eyes of men. Though he appeared unto mortal men to be mighty, just as solid as petrified timbers of oak,; behold the Almighty perceived his trembling heart and failing strength of mind. He cared not for his thoughtless legions of men who battled so possessively intense in order that his will might be done. Within his dark mind he only sought to exhibit some mistake in the structure of the Almighty in vengeance for his great expulsion. Ten thousand fathoms he had fallen, and still, even unto this very day his limbs felt every ounce of pain reaped from the impact of his extensive fall. Still, no matter what evil the king of darkness incited men to fulfill, the Almighty had an edge, for he had acknowledged that all men were composed of flesh, and that all flesh was

structured as a part of the earthly environment. Satan was the reigning lord of the earthly environment, but he could never own it since he did not create it, therefore at times it was possible for him to drive away the holy ghost from within the hearts of men, replacing it with his own dark, rancid spirit, thereby his spirit could possess a fleshly form, his own spirit dominate as a king in flesh with an evil constitution in its place of origin. Though his trick would fool many men, he will never fool the Lord of Lords on high!

The Almighty only laughed at Satan's vain attempt to fool him, for a way was provided for those lost souls of men to be redeemed, reaped from the grasp of Satan, if they would only believe in a future descent upon the earth by his only son. No matter what actions men chose to take, or in whom they chose to make their allegiance, even still they were a part of his own creation, constructed by his own hands from the dust of the earth. As a result of this fact, his concerns were for the weak flesh and the position of the righteous on the face of the earth, and he gave aid unto those great and

mighty warriors of his, that they might conquer all evil just as he himself was sworn to in the future events of time.

So upon the countenance of his own men he bore down hard, so hard that they became intoxicated with the overwhelming desire to resist all evil and to conquer! Every suspicion of waning strength that those Teutonic warriors exhibited was a declaration of their failing will to reign victorious within the hearts and minds of those grand warriors of the Golden Eagle.

Before the eyes of the Almighty the surging seas of men overlapped into sections, the pure white section trampling that evil section of somber hue back into the womb of the earth. Just as a wine press releases a flow of juice, so those feet of the Grand Army released a sea of blood upon the soil which retreated deep into the bowels of the earth in fear of the Lord God's wrath, and the earth would later belch forth their gleaming bones as a reminder of this greatest of victories to the sons of men.

As that Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle pressed forward

in awesome conquest, the Teutonic knights could only retreat back farther toward their homeland, and their men trembled in fear as they stood back to behold the enemies that they had created!

In the midst of the Teutonic kingdom a mighty terraced astrostadium was constructed on the same plan as those in old Rome were noted for, but on a much greater scale. So great was this stadium that five hundred thousand strong men and women could sit and view the glorious engagements below. In the stadium's midst they would position great legions of Israelite, sword and spear in hand, forced to do battle until the last person stood firm. Throughout the entire day the exhibitions would go on, until the very floor of stone was saturated with blood and the shattered, severed limbs of innocent men and women.

In the course of this celebration the Teutonic knights made sport of Israelite death. Before those multitudes once gathered innocent housewives who were forced to lie before beasts, degraded in the worst form they were, only to cry

into the ears of Almighty God as they rejoiced in their own passing. Despised for their love of the Almighty and the love of peace on earth, they were still blessed with intellectual gifts that baffled even the most gifted of mortal imaginations.

With the onset of every evil act the Teutonic men who remained in the company of their women took joy in their conquests, both within and without, and those so thoroughly accomplished by their god king. Life continued on for them as though they were without retribution and the dominion of evil on earth would surly consummate. Steadfast in their goals they remained, intoxicated with the spirit of Odin, pledging their hearts unto their god king who conceived a plan of earth's conquest suitable to those dark instincts of the Teutonic imaginations. Continually their zest for battle magnified into a sick brilliance, even in the face of devastating defeat. Over the ale cup the men boasted to their wives, telling tales of the evil that they had delivered unto the Israelite. The eyes of their women brightened as

those tales were told describing the manner in which troops fled in great fear in the face of their own advance, and they continued to lie unto themselves whilst they dreamed of their future plans that they had for the fate of mortal men.

Whilst enveloped in that dizzy floating sensation gained through the drinking of ale, warriors who were once tired of battle and wane of courage, would now don their sacred armor, brazenly pacing forward into ancient cobblestone streets, now roaring with a new found courage and jest for battle. Massed together in enormous multitudes they would once again simultaneously raise high their weapons and cheer in faith the spirit of ancient warlords, declaring that through persistence they would surly dominate the field of battle. Collective bands of brass would commence to spin intoxicating melodies, inciting a new found courage into an explosive rage. To the common men who cheered the knights, the battle festive atmosphere solidified his convictions that the domination of earth was the destiny of his homeland. Through cheering lines of citizenry, men and

women, young and old alike, marched forward those Teutonic knights into the very face of the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle!

As those great masses of men made hasty exit, the stirring spirits of heaven commenced to warn those warriors of the Golden Eagle, and so all the earth prepared to do fierce battle for it's right to life and liberty!

Into the great desert expanse the Teutonic hoards poured, their proud shattered legions racing into those endless lines of mighty warriors who were well prepared to battle God, glory, and The Golden Eagle. Ten times ten thousand numbered their men, a thousand times greater than their own! Just as a roaring lion in waiting pounces upon the passing antelope, so that Grand Army rushed forward, raising a mighty HUZZA so great that fell upon all the mortal ears of earth. In tune to that most triumphant of cheers was the glorious serenade of cannon in rhythm with the ringing clash of swords, and the melodious rat a tat tat of the shoulder arms. Like a huge rushing wave the Teutonic

Knights retreated upon the field of battle, their dead laying strewn about as though they had been cast down from the golden alter of high heaven above. Their arrows fell mercilessly upon those Teutonic warriors as though the very sky above had opened to release a potent rain of death. Hopelessly the once invincible knights of the iron cross fell as though they were lost children milling hysterically about in search of their mothers. From time to time, a few brave among them might turn to release a squalid shot into the rapidly advancing masses, but most shots were in vain, for those masses of men now poured forth like an irreversible incoming tide. Through the limitless forests they raced in search of solitude, scheming, plotting to double back upon those advancing legions, but never finding the nerve. To the Teutonic Knights it seemed as though the Grand Army could feel their presence, for just as they came to rest in the dead of new silence, those legions appeared before them to slaughter and harass. Hysterically the enemy raced forward, dodging every tree and leaping every fallen log, dashing like

a mad men through briar and bramble, only to find that Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle awaiting their every turn from the hand of justice. For their ability in doing so, that Grand Army was hailed as magnificent in the eyes of all the earth, for the Gauls were now released from the bondage of their subjugation.

In the capitol city of Gaul men who labored in the common wealth suddenly transformed into the greatest of warriors. As those Teutonic men and women who occupied their illustrious city slumbered, these warriors shattered the doors to their dwellings with the blade of an ax, bringing instant death to all those who would not surrender on command. These occupied dwellings were now transformed into batteries for captured cannon to fire upon those enemy who had positioned themselves collectively in the streets to flee the advancing columns of men.

In the bleak of night babes were seized up for the slaughter. Those who were to old or weak to flee were murdered where they stood, their blood flowing in great

streams upon the streets about to bear witness to any of the Teutonic people who still remained.

Embellished with extraordinary strength, and crowned with glory, strode the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle. Undaunted by fear they made their way toward the seat of the great French conqueror. The entire city emptied itself of those inhabitants who rushed forth like streams of cheering ants toward a fresh kill. With opened arms they bowed in respect to that Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle! Every luxury that the city offered was open freely unto the men as though they were angelic masters in the art of warfare, saviors sent from heaven to ensure their safety! Many women of the city made gracious offers to those great and mighty men, offering the very best that their homes had that remained, as well as all other forms of entertainment in the waning hours of the night! Behold many a Gaelic babe was mastered by those men who were most creative in those arts of physical domination, who were to sire sons of whom would grow to be mighty men of renown! The women whose

minds were now enslaved by a reign of lust cast upon them by those valiant warriors, now persisted in following their new masters to hound him relentlessly, offering him a variety of physical favors until his will collapsed and he offered marriage. As a result of these whimsical relationships, women swelled with children who would one day grow into mighty warriors who would slash and stab the throats of villainous enemies.

In the city's midst was placed a massive rectangular table of oak, and upon its top was placed numerous bowls of luxurious food stuffs to be enjoyed by those men of the Golden Eagle. The very best of wines ever enjoyed by mortal men was served by the citizens of that torn city, that those great warriors of the Golden Eagle might feel safe just as though they were at home. To their stomachs they sported the very best of foods that the land had to offer; at their side they sported the fairest of women, and deep within their hearts they possessed the satisfaction of knowing that the fruits of their conquest was theirs, and theirs alone!

To the west of that capitol city they established grand units of mercy and care, opening it's doors to the multitudes in need of care and affection. Hundreds and thousands of women and children who would have otherwise perished, were suddenly transformed into perfect embodiments of health, as though they had been touched by the hand of the holy messiah himself; and as they labored and prospered, from within their midst grew a race of warriors who would join ranks with those men of the Golden Eagle, endlessly propelled forward by an immense hatred toward the Teutonic Knights for the evil that they had delivered upon the heads of the innocent ones.

By now every Teutonic man, woman, and child had fled the homeland of the Gauls, fled consumed with fear, for the hand of Almighty God had drawn to smite in retribution for the evil conjured up by the lords of their kingdom. So they retreated into lands afar that they had conquered through acts of deception and lies. Though now they slumbered in safety during the dark hours of the night, every mother knew

that the spirit of justice would soon creep in upon them, even in the those moments of intense sanctity, to pounce and cause rivers of blood to flow freely as the blood of innocent victims continued to scream into the listening ears of high heaven for justice.

Songs of conquest poured freely over the land in a constant effort to quell the fears of men and women as they lay down to rest in their wooden berths. Constantly a new courage was found through these songs to inspire a new lineage of men to do battle in the name of their god king. Never, declared their king, would they except defeat, for just as long as their men could move in the direction of battle would they continue to make war. Small children were forced to don the glorious dress of warriors, to carry on with life in an endlessly systematic manner, and be drilled in those virtues of hatred that is so necessary in order that continuous war might be propagated.

Against their city walls positioned great rows of warriors who vowed to battle until the very last. No longer were they

concerned for world conquest, but only for the defense of their own homeland. Time now grew desperate and wane, for their enemies were many. Still they considered themselves to be above all others, and the thundering march of the endlessly swelling ranks of the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle would so very soon be thundering into their midst, causing mighty rivers of blood to roll and foam upon those torn cobblestone streets in the heart of their homeland. As the golden sun fell below the distant horizon, they soon lay for their slumber, feeling confident in another day for their dark ambitions' materialization.

The golden sun once again peaked around the distant horizon, searing away the veil of mist that had enveloped the countryside. Today a new era of living had crept in upon the land, for the Lord Of Hosts had declared that new Rome should fall, and it's conquers shall be of the same spirit of righteousness who conquered first in that glorious seventh year of the first era. From the frothy, surging, sapphire waves of the deep sea arose an iron clad armada more mighty and

magnificent than any that the entire earth had ever beheld. Like ghost ships doomed to roam the open seas for the duration of all eternity, so they sailed forth enveloped in a cloak of absolute silence and invisibility. As the sun rose high and still higher, they pointed their faces toward its brilliant midst which cast its golden beam high above the Roman capitol city, and as they sailed forward, the cannonade boomed reverberating songs of fire and mighty conquest whilst the sing of the catapult hissed its great missiles in melodious tune to the roaring thunder. From those golden sanded shores the brilliance and sacred splendor of battle bedazzled onlooking eyes as they stood in shock as witnesses to a miracle in modern times.

High above that invincible armada gingerly drifted downward a brilliant cloud of misty gold, settling among those ships of iron, illuminating them even to the very point of blinding all those ones who stood upon the seashore gazing in spellbound awe. In unison to those who raced forward upon the Roman coastline boomed the ferocious

voice of the cannonade belching thunder, black fire, and water. From the seas the first serenade cast it's glorious projectiles of genocide high into the sapphire sky, and thus the new rubble pile from the midst of the sea coast answered with the roar of it's own cannon. The piercing screams of those enemy in flight were sweet music to the blood hungry ears of the Grand Army's mighty warriors who's hearts yearned for vengeance, for in their piercing screams was locked a declaration of victory in the name of righteousness! From upon the coastline their defenses were reduced into piles of rubble, and their cannon cast a hail of exploding projectiles high into the open sky. Though this rain of death was relentless, the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle pressed forward undaunted, for they advanced under a cover of protection offered by the Almighty himself. In spite of the merciless wall of lead, the glorious ships cast anchor upon the Roman coastline. From within those sensations of grandeur that haunted every intellect, men raced forward with a battle chiseled perfection in those sacred arts of

warfare, even these skills were more perfected than any mortal on earth had even read about in those battle glory saga poems of old!

From the midst of the greenish-blue sea issued forth a perpetual flow of men, propelled onward by the extreme desire for peace and the prosecution of evil. As the spirit of the Lord manifested it's strength within the hearts of the men, they hungered now for total conquest, raising high their arms of war, releasing a battle cry so intense that it fell upon every ear, both great and small, throughout the entire limits of mortal man's world. Both man and beast recognized the cry, for deep within the desert heartlands of the African mainland charged forward the most ferocious of lions, that they might sow fright and discord among the evil ones. From the obscured lofts of high heaven above descended hoards of falcon upon those evil ones, wrenching the eyes of their warriors from the natural comfort of their sockets, devouring the flesh from their cheeks as they staggered about in the impenetrable darkness. Great

swarms of lice were born by the soil beneath their feet to infest the heads of multitudes, delightfully spreading disease and death among thousands.

As that awesome army of all armies pushed onward still farther, never ceasing, never pausing, so the Teutonic Knights could only flee in terror, leaving their dead strewn about to finally serve as nourishment for the buzzards that constantly circled high above the field of battle. Before the grandest of armies had even set foot upon the soil of new Rome, their children had commenced to flee in fear of retribution. Without even a single swing of the sword miles of land was seized up, so rightfully gained as a provision of war by those Glorious Warriors Of The Golden Eagle! Though their hearts were saddened by the slaughter that they were all forced to behold, they never once were saddened by those deeds so necessary for them to complete, in order that the preservation of peace might allow individuals the right to natural freedoms. Like a merciless ferocious tidal wave of steel and muscled flesh they all rushed forward

upon that beach, swarming through those coastal townships that had hastily been abandoned. Behold the enemy had fled so fast before their advance that they had left piles of food provisions behind, from which those warriors of valor made a glorious bonfire celebration to honor their victory!

While consuming all provisions possible they now made use of their treasures, destroying what could not be used for their own purposes, then continuing to press onward. All undamaged metals were seized up, that they might be melted down then recycled for use in the building of new arms. Rubber scraps were seized up to build new wheels in order that their wagons of war might continue to roll.

Toward the far west a continual breeze blustered across the landscape, and it was here that a great leaping bonfire was ignited. Carried in the arms of the wind, the flames raged throughout the city, ripping and snapping it's way toward the golden shore of the sea.

Obscure nameless men fleeing retribution by the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle, raced forward rather than face

public acknowledgment of the terrible crimes that they had committed. Without a fight their ancient city fell, forever consumed by the very flames of war that had caused it to be born. Into the very midst of heaven the flames leaped, even the natural elements had now arisen in praise to God Almighty for giving them the task of man's retribution! As the enemy within slowly gave way, and the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle had fully solidified the right to it's conquest, they could now begin their long victorious march forward, transforming every individual warrior into a heroic idol within the minds of their admirers as they marched passed. Across the scorched pasture and singed fields the army advanced, never failing in it's constant march throughout the countryside, never wanting in the ardor of great faith. Never in the entire history of mankind had such an army been launched in the name of peace and goodwill toward all men.

On the home front from where the Grand Army was born, the most innocent children and wives, and loved ones of

those mighty warriors fell upon their knees in unison to offer up their prayers into the very loft of high heaven unto Almighty God, that he might spare their men unnecessary evil and allow them to reign as eternal conquerors. Across the murky waters those prayers traveled in shimmering waves upon the blustery winds that constantly blow upon the watery face of the deep. The faith mustered by the release of those words infiltrated the very minds of the men, adding unto that already implanted by the holy ghost. Propelled onward by the shear power of such indomitable forces, enveloped in the armor of the Lord, they now continued to march forward upon the landscape enshrouded in an immense aura of golden beams. As the enemy gazed forward upon those great men of men, he subconsciously sensed that resistance was useless when the super natural world had declared that Rome was to collapse again....so they had quietly retreated into the heart of that old city.

Around the perimeter of that great city leaped raging flames of fire roared forward, announcing the eminent

invasion by the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle. About then, the smell of their impending conquest was rancid, and their fears commenced to heighten. It was then that a grizzled warrior who had bore witness to many a long and bloody battle arose upon a pedestal of granite to denounce the new Caesar among his people.

“My name is Ragnarok, a great warrior of renown who was born to deliver Rome many a blood thirsty enemy and vengeful foe! Shall you now allow me to return into my rightful throne?”

And the people of Rome answered in great unison:”Yea,”
From within their midst then arose a great and mighty cheer!

“From dark ancient graves those renown leaders now beckon me to assume control, for behold all, it is truly I who is a man of the people! What greatness has this vagabond so treacherously led the all of you to believe that he could materialize.....and how many times has he failed you? All of you are mine! I and only I am capable of leading Rome back

into the glorious arm of prosperity!”

Those words then fell upon the ears of the multitudes as a mighty roaring cheer in unison arose from within their midst. They hailed this old member of the high command and now sought to destroy this son of Caesar. Deep into the catacombs below the cobblestone streets his immediate guards rushed him, in order that the masses might not discover his whereabouts. It was here that the innocent Christians had fled while under the persecution of his fathers....and now he must reside in their lonely place of sanctity!

Around the circumference of that ancient city the men of the Golden Eagle moved forward in numbers so great, that the men who gazed upon them in the distance thought the trees of the surrounding forests had closed in upon them. Into the heavens above the city the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle cast a raging wall of fire and flaming lead. In the obscurity of the distant hills their cannon thundered in melodious unison, releasing a hail of projectiles that fell

unseen, exploding into puddles of fire in the cities midst. Every window was boarded, and every door bolted shut, for the city was now void of all inhabitants. As the Grand Army continued in it's onslaught, simultaneously it's perpetual march moved onward! With every roar of the distant cannon the right foot of those warriors seized new ground, onward now proceeded the left foot in it's seizure of new ground in melodious synchronization to the tune of roaring fire and thundering cannonade! Soon they were upon the city, enveloping it from all four directions. From the high command was given the order for all citizens to face their conquerors and surrender all, or suffer total defeat and the total devastation of their city.

In seemingly endless rows they all stood before the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle, begging for mercy and an easy sentence for the terrible crimes that they had all committed. A detachment of men combed the streets for any who might be hidden with dreams of inciting new anger among their fellow countrymen. The men paused as they removed

themselves from the eyes of their army, and when those great dust clouds that had arisen from the streets had cleared, the body of Mar's and Cesar's son lay cast into a deep dark pit with those of his lords and advisers. Behold those of his same blood had turned against him, slaying him for making promises that he could not keep!

Huge multitudes gazed in shock upon the ashes of the new Rome that had been supposed to equal the glory of old Rome, now laying scattered about in heaps of smoldering rubble. The insurrection that had implanted a great lie of invincibility into minds of the people, whose foundation was violence in it's greatest form, had now proven to be most self destructive! All now was quiet, the great fight of the Romans quelled. In the distance the only sound that was heard was the roar of thunder from a single weapon by some mindless individual who had refused to accept the fact that his homeland had suffered a devastating crushing defeat!



Libero 21

The Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle Marches Into The
Teutonic Capitol !

From some obscure torch bearing hand was cast a long
line of flame enveloping those individuals who refused to
surrender, and as they fell into the damp arms of the earth,

all became silent, except for the screams of the wounded and the booming voices of the high command directing the movements of huge multitudes deep within the torn heart of that once proud city.

With the death of the son of Mars, that Roman king, his dark veil of deceit had been lifted, Satan's medium to the south had now been liquidated, cast deep into the flaming belly of hell for all eternity! The somber trance that had occupied so many Roman minds quickly released its iron grip, finally allowing those mortal men of whom resided in the capitol to understand the extent of their atrocities. Those huge multitudes of whom had once declared themselves to be supreme to all other men in mind as well as body, now fell upon their knees offering up prayers of repentance unto Almighty God. As those honest prayers fell upon the ears of the Lord of Lords, he fully acknowledged their efforts to right their many terrible wrongs, and he transformed them into warriors who could pay homage, with both great words and deeds, to the Grand Army Of The

Golden Eagle.

They arose to take the oath of allegiance, to honor and uphold the sacred laws of righteousness, and to give praise unto holy Jerusalem, and to the glory of God In Heaven. Now integrated into the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle, hastily they began a triumphant march toward the very heart of the Teutonic Empire. Through fields and prairies they marched, those innocent ones of whom had been held captive by the angels of evil now rushed forward with opened arms, demonstrating their adoration for the virtues of truth and righteousness that the Grand Army so intensely stood for. Men cast aside their peasant gowns, donning armor and sword, that they might have the honor to do battle in the name of all that is good and holy.

Women full of tender mercy and an intense willingness to labor, raced unhesitatingly into the hospital, giving all in care of the sick and wounded. Onward they marched, flexing huge muscles of might and in-fatigue, fanning biblical prophesy concerning the extent of their future conquests

and of things to come. In the distance the synchronized pounding of booted feet by the thousands caused the very earth to tremble like the sound of distant rumbling thunder. Never before in the entire history of mankind had such an army marched in complete unison! Behold now the entire earth had collectively been assembled in order that an identical goal might be reached in the name of all that is good and pure.

At the very feet of that boundless enchanted forest the Grand Army paused, gazing forward into those distant dark depths through which they knew that they must travel. They knew long before they had reached their particular strategic point of seclusion, of those demons within of whom they must do battle. Legends of old spun saintly yarns depicting desperate men who sought refuge from justice, only to be discovered in death, their bodies torn into rags and shattered, their limbs cast forth in every direction. It was said that only those of whom were familiar with the spirits of the damned would ever be offered secure sanctity. It was

said that sorcerers, sadists, and sexual perverts played about in somber harmony with every demon that hell gives birth to among those dark and dreary time honored oaks.

It was deep within the heart of this enchanted forest that the Teutonic Knights had long made their abode. Their temples demonstrated the same splendor which enshrouded those of Cicero and Augustus Cesar. Within the heart of this magnificent city, behold the blood sacrifices those dark pagan shrines offered up unto dark angels so graciously by the Teutonic multitudes while they sang their songs of conquest and sadistic blood lust.

With these evil voices whispering threatening words of vengeance into the ears of those Golden warriors, they constructed an alter of neatly stacked oak in pyramid fashion. Under the base of this stack was placed a hungry flame. Greedily the flame consumed the dried oaken timbers to gain great strength, leaping high into the starlit heavens above. Upon his knees the commander fell, raising his hands toward high heaven, giving praise unto the Almighty for

those victories that they had won thus far, and for saving the souls of those who had been slain battle. Every head was lowered in reverence, behold every heart made humble, for in the midst of those raging flames a voice peaceful as the whispering wind that puffs endlessly across the face of the deep blue sea, now spoke into the ears of every warrior it's own message of glory that he had achieved, and the rewards that he shall receive in the afterlife. In each mind was beheld a vision depicting the individual warrior casting aside his own armor of self pride and faithlessness, to place upon his body instead, the armor of purity and donning the sword of the gospel. Then every heart made frantic by fright of the unknown was suddenly made calm.

In the heat of the night they made their prophesied entrance. Fearlessly they trod, undaunted by those grotesque manifestations of trees and beasts so attributable to the passionate beams of golden moonlight. From ancient oaks whose seed had been sown during those saintly days of yore, raced green demons, flinging about in

bands of sizzling emerald light as they attempted to pounce upon the heads of those righteous warriors. But in this they feared not, for the Lord of Lords had set a massive gulf above their heads, though it be invisible to the eyes of mankind. Like stones flung against a shield of taunt hide those demons glanced from the gulf only to fall upon the damp earth below. Again and again they attempted their vain assault, propelled onward by the voice of Satan's command, fruitlessly colliding with the damp cold soil below.

Under the swirling blanket of mist that continually moved upon the forest floor were the ancient graves of marauders and druid occultists who had long since been reduced to dust by the forces of time. For a thousand years Satan had held their souls in thick vaults of plutonium, causing them terrible pain and discomfort, satisfying his own sadistic lust for blood.

In the obscured distance Satan unlocked those torturous vaults, releasing the souls of fiends once despised by all

mortal men. Into the graves the souls plunged, collecting the dispersed material of decayed flesh, shaping the clay like masses into likenesses of themselves. Into the very breasts of the figures plunged the damned souls, transforming the clay into the likeness of a partially decayed cadaver; for only the Almighty himself could totally purify the body from the corrosive elements within the grave.

Into the heart of the entanglement raced forward this new army of men predestined to do battle in the name of Satan. High it leaped, falling into the very midst of the Grand Army, whose men were so utterly shocked that they stood frozen like ten thousand statues of stone. Soon an equal number of demons were swimming within their midst; like a lion does with puppies in a pen, so those demons dreamed of slaughtering those helplessly horrified warriors of grandeur. But before the first man fell a voice from the heavens spoke as the rumbling of thunder and the endless tinkling tintinnabulation of falling water.

“HARK,” and all then became abruptly still, frozen upon

command. “Now even you shall feel the sting of my terrible swift sword!”

Upon the very speaking of those words the demons were transformed into figures composed entirely of flesh. All fear was then erased from the countenance of the Grand Army, and behold the entire army raced forth, plunging with lance and simultaneously slashing with their double edged swords until the entire ghastly hoard had collapsed into a heap of shredded flesh and shattered bone. On the very moment of their death it was known by all that those evil demons were now forever dead both in flesh and in spirit as well, for eternal life in spirit form was only promised once, thus now, they were all damned to slumber a deep eternal sleep.

Onward they pressed, holding their heads high while they gloated in their new conquest. As Satan schemed and glared upon the Grand Army from below, those wise warriors sensed the air of evil tranquility that the forest had forever held. As the thickness of the forest began to open, allowing the fruitful beams of glowing sun to filter down upon the

bare floor of the forest, the Almighty caused a great wind to stir from the north, moving upon the land southward toward holy Jerusalem.

Here the Grand Army paused, constructing a huge pyre of dried oaken logs, and beneath was placed a torch of dancing golden flame. As it spurred into vibrant life, by an invisible hand that flame leaped and roared until it had soon consumed the pyre. Upon splinters of bark and leaf the flame rode, leaping into the outstretched arms of the forest, feeding greedily it's splintering flesh. By the fall of night the flames had consumed the entire frontier borders of Teutonic empire, forcefully devouring it's way toward the holy city of Jerusalem.

Forward the Grand Army pushed, spurred forth by the compulsion to consummate their prophesied victory. Now they had entered the heartland of the Teutonic kingdom whose pagan children raced about like a conglomeration of sap sucking bees. Like a great triumphant noose that Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle spread about the Teutonic Empire,

chocking, wresting the life from those Godless infidels. Forever determined not to submit unto an imposing force more mightier than any that the sons of men had ever bore witness to, the Teutonic Knights rallied forth in a organized sequence. In accordance to the prophets of old who spoke of earth being enveloped by flames, and the very last man struggling, gasping, until he had proven himself victorious and among the rightful owners of all the earth, did those Teutonic Knights prepare to do battle, win or die.

From high above mighty birds of war descended upon the capitol of the Teutonic Empire, expelling fire from their bodies, delivering their heated retribution upon all those who were positioned for battle below. Still their armies held their position, that they might battle even for the duration of the earth's existence. The sky was opened unto the Grand Army, for those Teutonic birds of war lay shattered in the fields surrounding that great capitol city. A new battle song rallied the hearts of warriors to move forward, and soon the Grand Army poured into the skies above thousands upon

thousands of their own. So thick their numbers were, that they held back the sun for three days from the face of the earth below!

Upon the earth below that Grand Army awaited the Teutonic call for battle and then commenced to tighten its noose, spurring those brave men of Odin to lash out, drawing first blood, sacrificing their very lives in honor of a pagan way of life. But their efforts to destroy were in vain, their cunning so deceitful that their schemes of destruction fell upon their own kind.

A brilliant man of outstanding intelligence and wisdom in the arts of war stepped forward in the face of the incoming Knights, held high his mighty swift sword, sending the heads of two falling upon the damp earth below. In a single bold charge that noose tightened upon the throats of those Teutonic hoards, delivering a terrible death of strangulation unto their raging multitudes. From the midst of that city of old where once had sat proud the throne of Charlemagne, was now heard the ferocious thunder of cannon, yea, more

intense than any thunder ever produced by any trembling of the earths' surface. Ten thousand Teutonic men of war cast their bodies forward upon overwhelming tides of slashing, stabbing golden warriors. Like corks bobbing about in the deep of the sea, so those great clusters of men were cast aside to fall helplessly into the opened arms of death. From within the encirclement of the noose roared the ferocious voice of the mighty cannon and the sing of the catapult, pouring a hail of fire and sludge upon the heads of the battling Teutonic Knights. Like melting ice the life of those heated men poured forth from their living bodies, only to be strewn about the earth as though they were cast from the heavenly heights above.

Blood flowed in tributaries as though they branched from some obscured main body. Soon the soil grew thick and the ground transformed into a soupy pulp. The sound of booted feet thundering in toward the heartland sent chills across the spines of those citizens who had raced about in hysteria trying to hide from the eyes of their conquerors. As that

Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle marched inward, ever closer to the very heart of this alien empire, like a wine press their feet reduced the bodies of the once proud Teutonic heroes of war into a bloody pulp, and fodder for the roaming swine and buzzards alike. As that most grand of armies neared the ancient capitol city, those who collectively massed to offer resistance now scattered into the countryside about. Both by night and by day the barrage of cannon hammered the empire, reducing those once proud citizens into smoldering heaps of rubbish. As the Grand Army neared that great castle that once immortalized those of Rome in it's architecture, the son of Odin now prepared to remove himself from the eyes of all the earth for many years to come.

Into a chamber of catacombs below the streets of his beloved castle dwelling he now made his new abode. Here, it was determined by his lords and soothsayer advisers, that he and his new bride would forever remain obscure from the wanting eyes of a vengeful mass of wronged people. As they

placed him within his retiring chamber, a most diabolical scheme for deception entered into his mind.

Behind his majestic palisade his lords slew two innocents, male and female they were, setting fire to consume their bodies in a shallow pit, so that the advancing victors might believe them to be of his own. Throughout his circle of lords, and into the minds of the masses, they repeated the lie concerning his death in order that it might be consumed by all forms of media. From the very mouth of their god king now defeated, spewed forth the command for his own to destroy themselves, to burn their land until every wonderful work of art, every architectural marvel, is reduced into a glowing heap of smoldering cinders. Into the streets poured great hoards of once mighty warriors, those men of whom had sworn allegiance unto their god king and had glorified the murders of their own people, who now fell upon their own swords by the thousands.

As the great kayos continued, a bird of war in the dark of night swooped in to seize their god king, this son of Odin of

whom had so cruelly deceived his people, to carry him away into the land of the sheiks and camel caravans to the far east for his safety. In five short years he was to die a cruel death from the ravish of many diseases strange to his best doctors and wise men; his queen was to follow him into that deep eternal slumber, for the spirit of the death angel had passed over her as well. Little did they know that it was the hand of Almighty God that struck them down in retribution for their great crimes against the children of Israel, and their destruction of peace among mankind.

Into a dark cave that ended near the very bowels of hell his lords descended, placing their bodies into a bed of pure ice with the great anticipation that one day their now deceased corpses would resurrect into a new life in the distant future, to fulfill his prophesied objective into completion. As the last cap of thick solid ice was placed upon their sarcophagus, his lords payed their last homage unto their master and his queen; and into the distant hills the spirit of Odin crept to rest, to wreak havoc upon the face

of the earth no more for the time being.

Behold, that spell of evil magic that had enslaved the minds of his subjects suddenly lifted, and the people gazed upon each other in wide eyed amazement, rushing into the streets in shame as they now saw their heinous crimes for the first time. Their leaders who held reign upon the land, conceived a scheme to allow these horrors to slip from the minds of men with the passing of the ages by simply just refusing to acknowledge them, allowing the passage of the time to wash over, making all that was once black now lily white.





Libero 22

The Kingdom Of The Dragon Falls

The Victorious Celebration Of Good Over Evil

Into the city's heart The Grand Army Of The Golden

Eagle marched forward like fearless mighty men of iron, destroying all reminders of the great Teutonic culture that might serve as holy monuments to those tender minds of the future ages. As that army marched outward to search out the land that they had conquered, a scene more horrifying than any human eyes had ever bore witness to gripped the widened eyes of the warriors who entered into the ghastly gates.

Surrounded in a massive fence of lightening they were, living skeletons clothed in lose flesh, the once mighty bodies of gallant warriors who had fallen without actually dying in battle. Chambers of torture and long houses of pain had dominated their lives until they had reached the very point of utter insanity for want of loving kindness. As the Grand Army gazed forward frozen in horror and utter shock, multitudes of those living skeletons crawled, like vermin, upon the earth just to kiss the boots of their mighty saviors in golden armor! Warriors, brave and mighty upon the field of battle, they were, mightier than any that the earth had ever

beheld, now fell upon the earth enveloped in fits of streaming tears, their hearts torn out of pity for the dear souls who stood before them.

Vast quantities of nourishment was administered to the sick and wanting, first in liquid form, then gradually into solid. With the passage of time the reduced figures of bone came to assume a more human appearance. Even though the men recovered in body, their minds remained twisted, scarred for the duration of their natural lives.

Indeed Satan had established a hell on earth through his human mediums. Soon the kings of the people, whose minds had conceived those diabolical chambers of death, were rounded up before a court of law. Sentenced unto death they swung from a scaffolding of battered oak. Now justice had been served swift and sure!

With that evil god king of darkness now destroyed, the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle split; one half now heading on a great journey to the far east in hopes of doing battle with those evil sons of the Dragon, the other half tending to

affairs within the Kingdom of the Teutonic Knights.

Enshrouded in a misty veil of magical mystery, this ancient land of the Dragon had spawned a culture equal in it's sadistic virtues to that of the Teutonic knights. Into that distant valley of Kinkenkinini the army of the Golden Eagle entered, in order that they might ponder a method in which to deliver a crushing defeat upon the heads of those terrible Samurai.

Away from the main body of men, the seven leaders brave and mighty, pondered solutions to this forever agitating question. For two complete days they discussed the answers among themselves, casting individual conclusions about as if they were contestants in some illustrious game of chance! As the second day came to a close, those seven passed into a deep sleep induced by the effects of exhaustion.

For the duration of another day the men slept, and with the onset of darkness a vision fell upon each member of the seven. In this vision a mighty warrior, ripped with muscle and clothed in solid sheets of iron, passed into the

mountains of the surrounding landscape. While within those mountains, that warrior seized a mountain with his bare hands, wresting it from its seat upon the earth. This he cast violently upon the earth, smashing it into bits, collecting the materials that constitute the natural elements that make the mountains. The numbers of those elements were more than men had the ability to count, and these he collected within a single sphere. This sphere was then cast high into the heavens by the warrior, making use of every ounce of strength that his knotted arm could muster. In a single instant the sphere collided with the earth, causing the entire world of men to tremble even into its very foundations!

No longer would those lords of peace ponder the question concerning their claim to victory!

No longer would the earth be subjected to villainous tyranny, shattering the hopes and dreams of hearts overflowing with love for their fellow men!

With the onset of the twelfth striking, the seven leaders

of the Grand Army awoke, racing into the midst of their warriors in order that they all might be informed of this wonderful new revelation.

Following the informing speech, Hallfrear, the bravest and mightiest of the men, the one who knew well the constitution of the earth's elements and the power that they all possessed when combined, arose, disappearing into the surrounding timber stand.

Alexander, who was a carpenter by trade, arose, taking seventy five of the bravest men by his side in order that the great task of constructing a great smelter might be accomplished according to proper plan.

From the very bowels of the earth Hallfrear wrested two powerful elements from the grasp of those evil spirits of the underworld. Plutonium and uranium, as they were called by the gods, sparkling, glittering, blinding the eyes of men and causing death to fall upon many by their mere presence.

Now a moon passed and those elements had been sufficiently amassed, enough to be delivered unto those

brave men of renown who stood by the side of Alexander, in order that they might be melted down into a fine powder.

In a bronze cauldron of white hot fire produced by the breath of dragons these elements were heated. So hot were they that men donned the majestic armor of knights in order that their flesh might not be singed. For an entire year the precious labor continued while those mighty armies of the Golden Eagle done battle with those evil sons of the Samurai. The battle had become a stalemate, with neither side gaining victory above the other, for the Samurai knew that they were the only living ones to execute the commandments of Odin' son. The Samurai were ever determined to gain victory, both by day and by night they battled, until a sea of blood oozed out upon the land.

Upon strange foreign lands the Golden Eagle battled both by day and by the darkness of night. Many men fell, and soon the army of the Golden Eagle grew very weak and brittle. Battle weary were her men, very hungry from a great lacking of food and sleep. In droves her men died cruel

deaths at the hands of the Samurai, who mercilessly slaughtered multitudes in an all out effort to exterminate those mighty warriors of the Golden Eagle. Soon the numbers of the Grand Army were reduced into a mere fourth of their original count. Behold, the entire earth now held it's breath as it's great and mighty savior wilted into what appeared to be a massive impending defeat.

But from amid those crusty ashes of impending defeat, behold, the great king in glory, the supreme commander of the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle, then made a decree unto the Samurai people, those worshipers of the Dragon.

“Surrender now,” was his decree! “Or we shall unleash a weapon born with the fury of all the gods upon your infernal heads, yea, more powerful than any ever known to the sons of men!”

It was then that the Samurai refused all quarter offered by the king of the Golden Eagle, declaring that they would make war until the last man stood alone upon the field of battle, yea, the last drop of blood was shed.

The next sun arose quickly as the dark of night passed, and Hallfrear made his way toward a hanger constructed by Alexander and his men. Here he poured the fine powder of the elements into a massive eggshell produced from the egg of a great Dragon, found only in the golden sanded dunes of Odessa. He and seven of his mightiest men loaded the great egg into the only iron bird of war build for it's size and beauty. Upon it's side his men had written memoirs to their lovers and prophetic declarations of their own glory through victory.

Under a veil of darkness the iron bird of war took wing, traveling thousands of leagues over vast lands and seas as though she were transported by means of some mystical magical powers. With the arrival of morning the bird of war hung high above that ancient city of the rising sun, and into the blustery wind those mighty men of the Golden Eagle cast forth that egg of terrible fire and destruction.

Some seventy fathoms the egg fell as though it were composed entirely of lead, striking the earth with a

thunderous roar. From the point of the eggs striking, the very ground crumbled for more than a league as the earth trembled, unleashing a fire fresh from the belly of hell to consume all life below. All about the earth below men melted like statues of ice in the fire storm below. Women pregnant with child had their babes cooked in the very juices of the stomach which had given them life. Eyes fell from their sockets as though suddenly the natural fiber that had held them in had severed. Never before in the history of men had he witnessed such terrible devastation, and the holy spirits in heaven above wept, for men could only learn the simple lesson of cooperation through such a horrible trial.

From amid the rubble of their homes, churches, cathedrals, and temples of holy commune with the spirits, those now ragged and tattered armies of the Dragon emerged, casting to the earth their weapons, begging only for mercy from the Grand Army Of The Golden Eagle. Before the very boots of that great king of the Golden Eagle, that

most supreme of commanders, was reverently laid written documents announcing their surrender and a great plea for mercy in the name of their emperor.

Unto Jacob, the runner, was the document handed, and he was instructed to race upon the waters, to go into the land of the Golden Eagle in order that he might spread the news of their great victory! Upon the seventh day of his long journey, Jacob entered the gates of the Golden Eagle, and he was met by great multitudes who sang mighty songs of praise and glory to the Lord God above. Women seized their men, and the great masses leaped and danced for joy in the streets of every town and city. For some seven glorious days great feasting and merry making continued from sea unto shinning sea! Mothers wept for joy as their sons, who had now been transformed into mighty lords of war and of great renown, glittering in the gold of their armor, returned with gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, seized up from the grasp of those who were conquered.

Through the veil of the once murky mist of the blackest

night that had so thoroughly enshrouded the earth, now peaked a new sun, a sun who wished to shine immortal for the duration of all eternity. As the earth praised the Almighty from below, in the heavens the Lord now sat relaxing, consumed in the realm of total peace and joy as he gazed upon those glorious warriors of the Golden Eagle! Where proud Jerusalem once stood, those warriors of the Golden Eagle assisted the children of Israel in the reestablishment of their holy throne. In the light of that most triumphant of days, as the Almighty cheerfully gazed down upon those victorious warriors of the Golden Eagle and the building of new Zion, he temporarily cast aside all plans for the nations future, and he relaxed back into his throne of clear diamond and leaping fire, savoring those sweet vapors of his victory that perpetually issued upward from the smoldering earth below.....



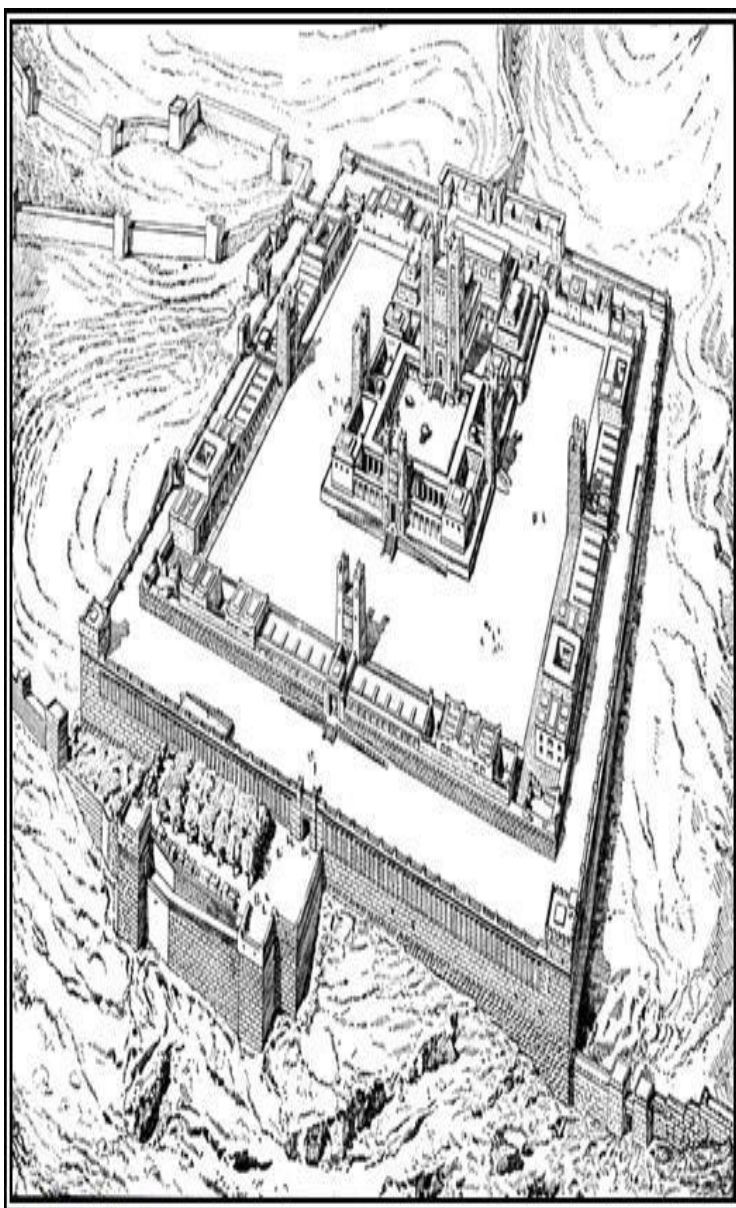
.....**A**nd even as I pen these very words, a glowing crackling fire of sacred oak burns before me. In the midst of it's thick rising smoke, I hold my face and strain my eyes. As the vision slowly unveils itself, I behold a new rising sun, and a new earth. I see a most magnificent new temple of translucent gold in holy Jerusalem.....and those evil Teutonic knights in their next great rise to power. Through it all, I see the Almighty leading that grand glorious Golden Eagle into a new soaring height, as his intrepid shadow moves over the face of all the earth whilst his vast army tramples all evil underfoot, leading the earth into a new world and a new heaven, with the Almighty in the seat of that most holy of holy thrones in Jerusalem as he overlooks vast multitudes of saints that number more

than all the sands of the seven seas..... HEAR ME NOW, YE
MORTAL MEN.....SHALL ALL THE EARTH BEHOLD THE
GLORY OF ALMIGHTY GOD.....AND THAT GRAND ARMY OF
THE GOLDEN EAGLE.....FOR EVER, AND EVER MORE!

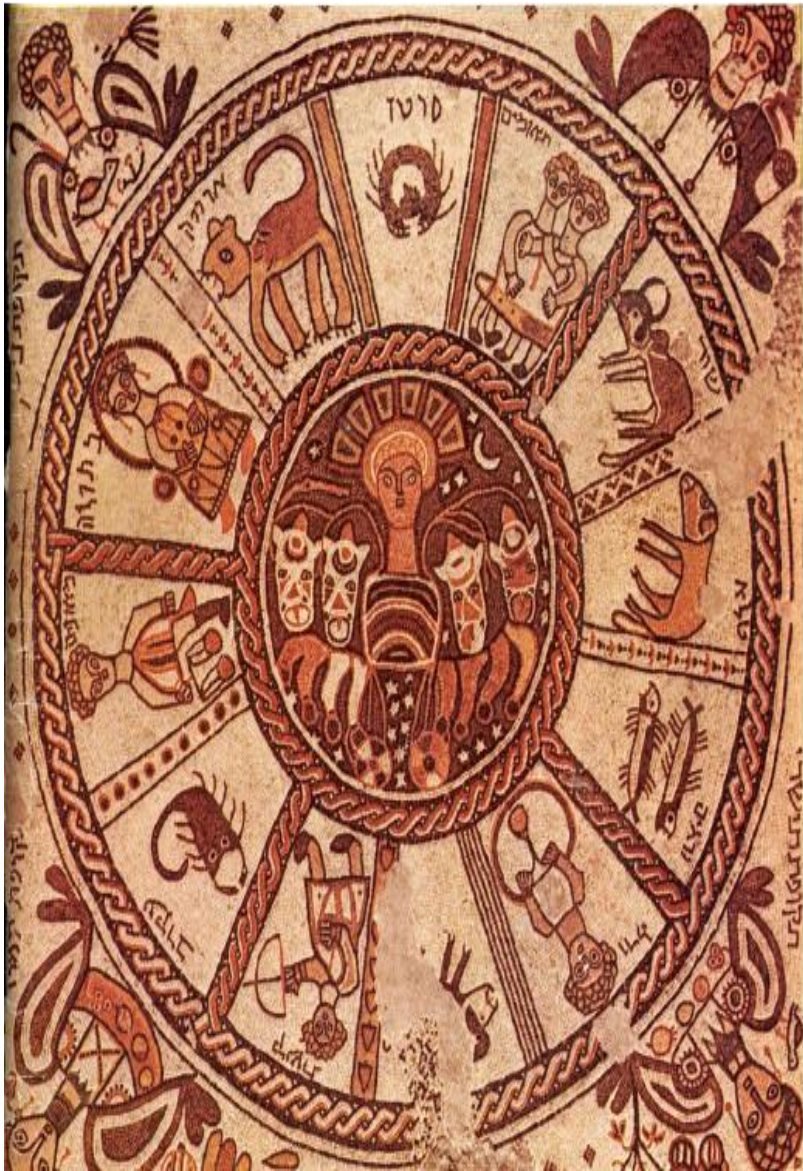
Amen

&

Amen







The first handwritten draft of this work was completed in February of 1986, in camp, while out in the wilderness. The next draft of this work was completed by the author in 1987. The work went through two more revisions in the years 1989 and 1990. The final typed revision was completed in 2012. Thus, the work was 26 years in the making before it's first great berth.

While on the surface, there is no lesson to be discerned from these written pages, in this case, then, let the intent be simply that of an interesting and unusual read. A much closer examination will reveal a true lesson to be gained by both the individual reader and the world at large. On this note, it is the will and sole intention of the author that these lessons be learned and heeded immediately, now while there is still hope and time for a true transformation..... The sands of time are running out.....evil is again on the rise...divert the destruction while it is still possible, or learn another more terrifying lesson in the importance of

cooperation among men.



May this work be forever dedicated to the glory of
God Almighty, and the resurrection of his holy temple in
Jerusalem

..... and to my son Stephan, may he never forget.

In the year of our Lord

February 2012

Shalom

