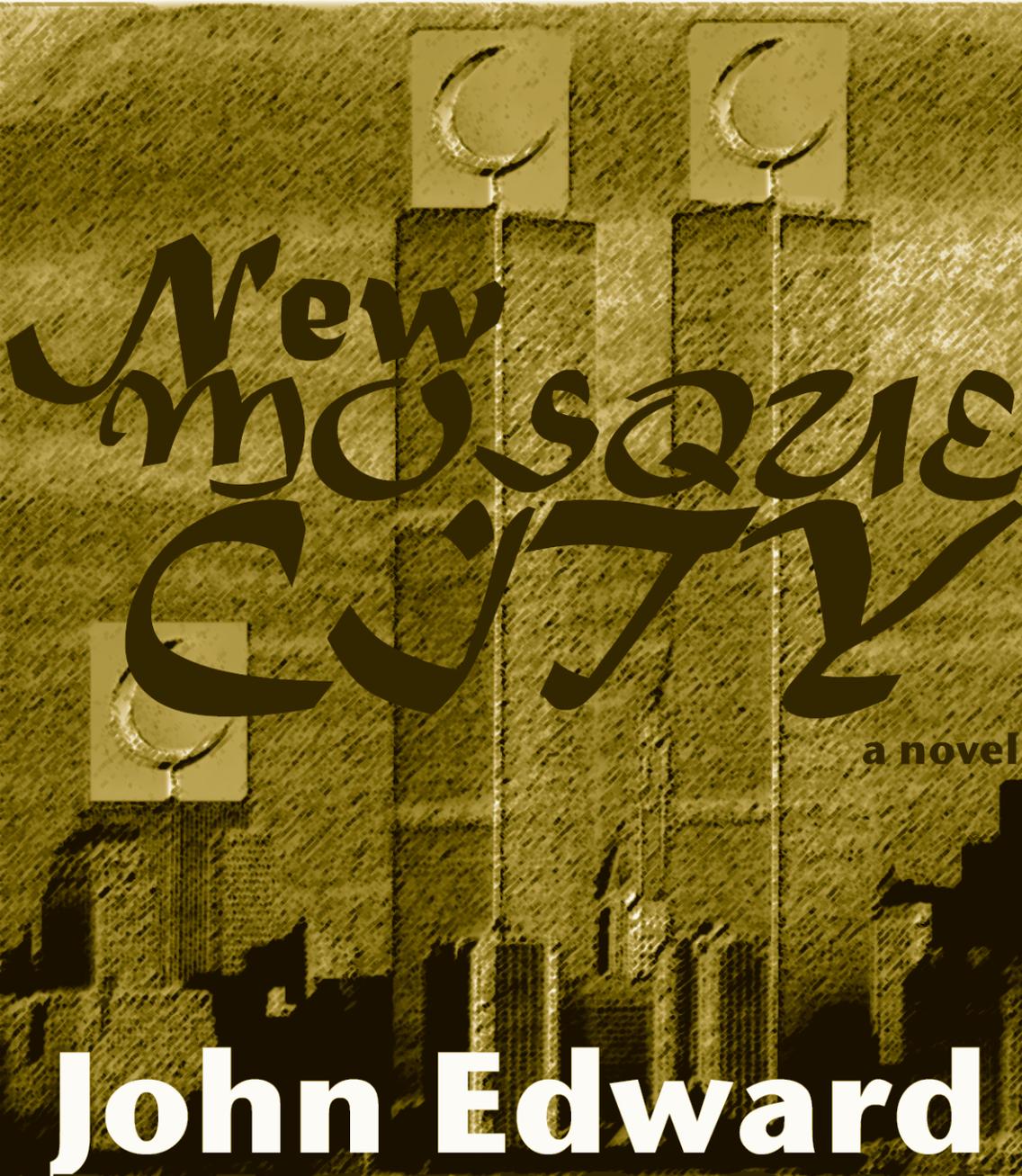


"We are engaged in a social, political, and cultural war. There's a lot of talk in America about pluralism. But the bottom line is somebody's values will prevail. And the winner gets the right to teach our children what to believe."

—Gary L. Bauer, author of *Doing Things Right*



a novel

**John Edward
LAWSON**

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A Note From the Publisher: No Korans were harmed in the creation of this book.

A Note From the Author: Every Koran was harmed in the creation of this book.

New Mosque City © 2010

by John Edward Lawson

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New
MOSQUE
City

a novel

John Edward Lawson

Also by John Edward Lawson

Novels

Last Burn in Hell (Picaresque Book 1)

Collections

Discouraging at Best

Pocket Full of Loose Razorblades

Poetry

SuiPsalms

The Troublesome Amputee

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A Child's Guide to Prison

A Child's Guide to Death

As Editor

Tempting Disaster

Sick: An Anthology of Illness

Of Flesh and Hunger: Tales of the Ultimate Taboo

Take me down
to the New Mosque City
Where the goats are green
and the burqas are pretty
Oh won't you
please take me
home...
yea-ee-aahhh

—Tanks 'n Pansies, "New Mosque City"

Praise!

“We should invade their countries, kill their leaders and convert them to Christianity. We weren’t punctilious about locating and punishing only Hitler and his top officers. We carpet-bombed German cities; we killed civilians. That’s war. And this is war...Not all Muslims may be terrorists, but all terrorists are Muslims... Being nice to people is, in fact, one of the incidental tenets of Christianity, as opposed to other religions whose tenets are more along the lines of ‘kill everyone who doesn’t smell bad and doesn’t answer to the name Mohammed.”

—Ann Coulter, author of *Godless: The Church of Liberalism*

“I never liked you anyway, pretty motherfucka!”

—Nino Brown, *New Jack City*

“They would have us believe that Islam is just as good as Christianity. Christianity was founded by the virgin-born son of God, Jesus Christ. Islam was founded by Muhammad, a demon-possessed pedophile who had 12 wives, the last one of which was a nine-year-old girl.”

—Jerry Vines, Southern Baptist Convention

“What ever happened to ‘I am my brother’s keeper?’”

—Nino Brown, *New Jack City*

“The long-term goal of Christians in politics should be to gain exclusive control over the franchise. Those who refuse to submit publicly to the eternal sanctions of God by submitting to His Church’s public marks of the covenant—baptism and holy communion—must be denied citizenship.”

—Gary North, author of *Foundations of Christian Scholarship*

“Yo baby, we talkin’ about combinating and consolidating, that’s what’s up!”

—Nino Brown, *New Jack City*

“The Bible says we are to be salt and light. And salt and light means not just in the church and not just as a teacher or as a pastor or a banker or a lawyer, but in government and we have to have elected officials in government and we have to have the faithful in government and over time, that lie we have been told, the separation of church and state, people have internalized, thinking that they needed to avoid politics and that is so wrong because God is the one who chooses our rulers...If you are not electing Christians, tried and true, under public scrutiny and pressure, if you're not electing Christians then in essence you are going to legislate sin. They can legislate sin. They can say that abortion is all right. They can vote to sustain gay marriage. And that will take western civilization, indeed other nations because people look to our country as one nation as under God and whenever we legislate sin and we say abortion is permissible and we say gay unions are permissible, then average citizens who are not Christians, because they don't know better, we are leading them astray and it's wrong.”

—Katherine Harris, decider of the 2000 Presidential Election

“Relax, you'll be great. A-number-one. You're the best man for this job. You're a fuckin' genius.”

—Peretti, *New Jack City*

“When the Christian majority takes over this country, there will be no satanic churches, no more free distribution of pornography, no more talk of rights for homosexuals. After the Christian majority takes control, pluralism will be seen as immoral and evil and the state will not permit anybody the right to practice evil.”

—Gary Potter, Catholics for Christian Political Action

“Would you please shut the fuck up before you have a seizure!”

—G-Money, *New Jack City*

“I want you to just let a wave of intolerance wash over. I want you to let a wave of hatred wash over you. Yes, hate is good...Our goal is a Christian nation. We have a biblical duty, we are called by God to conquer this country. We don't want

equal time. We don't want pluralism...Our goal must be simple. We must have a Christian nation built on God's law, on the ten Commandments...When I, or people like me, are running the country, you'd better flee, because we will find you, we will try you, and we'll execute you. I mean every word of it. I will make it part of my mission to see to it that they are tried and executed."

—Randall Terry, author of *Accessory to Murder: The Enemies, Allies, and Accomplices to the Death of Our Culture*

"I wanna shoot you so bad my dick's hard!"

—Scotty Appleton, *New Jack City*

"As the church watches from the sidelines, the ungodly elect atheists and homosexuals to school boards and legislatures to enact policies and laws that destroy our Christian children and discriminate against Christian families... Atheistic secular humanists should be removed from office and Christians should be elected...Government and true Christianity are inseparable."

—Robert Simonds, Citizens for Excellence in Education

"You're incapable of running this shit."

—Nino Brown, *New Jack City*

"Go back to what our founders and our founding documents meant—they're quite clear—that we would create law based on the God of the Bible and the Ten Commandments."

—Governor Sarah Palin

"You used to be a prom queen? Now you ain't nothin' but a prom fiend! Look at you now. Look at you!"

—Pookie, *New Jack City*

"Anybody that believes in separation of church and state needs to leave right now."

—Star Parker, Coalition on Urban Renewal & Education

“Cancel that bitch! I’ll buy a new one!”

—Nino Brown, *New Jack City*

“Our culture is superior because our religion is Christianity...There were no politics to polarize us then, to magnify every slight. The ‘negroes’ of Washington had their public schools, restaurants, bars, movie houses, playgrounds and churches; and we had ours...Rail as they will about ‘discrimination,’ women are simply not endowed by nature with the same measures of single-minded ambition and the will to succeed in the fiercely competitive world of Western capitalism.”

—Pat Buchanan, author of *State of Emergency: The Third World Invasion and Conquest of America*

“Fucking Cain. My brother’s keeper. What is this glass dick you’ve been sucking on?”

—Nino Brown, *New Jack City*

“I’m an old-fashioned woman. Men should take care of women, and if men were taking care of women today, we wouldn’t have to vote.”

—Kay O’Connor, Kansas Senate Republican

“That fucking skeezer? You think I give a fuck about her? Fuck that ho bitch! I don’t give a fuck about her!”

—Nino Brown, *New Jack City*

“The demise of our community and culture is the fault of sissified men who have been overly influenced by women.”

—Tony Evans, Promise Keepers

“That curry-goat eatin’ skinny-ass!”

—Nino Brown, *New Jack City*

“We are engaged in a social, political, and cultural war. There’s a lot of talk in

America about pluralism. But the bottom line is somebody's values will prevail. And the winner gets the right to teach our children what to believe."

—Gary L. Bauer, author of *Doing Things Right*

"Look man, I don't know about all that 'change the world' shit, but what I do know, is that they be going crazy over this, man! I'm tellin' you! And the bitches? Oh, Lord! The bitches! Yo! They do anything for this, man! Yo, I had my jimmy waxed every day last week, ya understand?! Several times a day!"

—G-Money, *New Jack City*

"They're 12 percent of the population. Who the hell cares?...[Obama the Magic Negro is] a halffrican American...an affirmative action candidate...Obama is more African in his roots than he is American and is behaving like an African colonial despot...Obama is an angry black guy."

—Rush Limbaugh, angry white guy

"Sit your five-dollar ass down before I make change."

—Nino Brown, *New Jack City*

"Just from what little I've seen of her and Mr. Obama, Sen. Obama, they're a member of an elitist-class individual that thinks that they're uppity."

—Representative Lynn Westmoreland

"Scottie, help me...I'm gonna die!"

—Pookie, *New Jack City*

"Black guys use it all the time. Turn on HBO, listen to a black comic, and all you hear is nigger, nigger, nigger...We've got a black man as president, and we have more complaining about racism than ever. I mean, I think that's hilarious... nigger, nigger, nigger is what you hear on HBO...You know what? If you're that hypersensitive about color and don't have a sense of humor, don't marry out of your race...goodness gracious me. Ah—hypersensitivity, okay, which is being

bred by black activists. I really thought that once we had a black president, the attempt to demonize whites hating blacks would stop, but it seems to have grown, and I don't get it."

—Dr. Laura Schlessinger, author of *In Praise of Stay-at-Home Moms*

"I knew I should've treated you like a hooker, you ain't nothing but a high-priced ho!"

—G-Money, *New Jack City*

"You start out in 1954 by saying, 'Nigger, nigger, nigger.' By 1968, you can't say 'nigger'—that hurts you. Backfires. So you say stuff like forced busing, states' rights, and all that stuff. You're getting so abstract now you're talking about cutting taxes, and all these things you're talking about are totally economic things, and a byproduct of them is blacks get hurt worse than whites."

—Lee Atwater, chairman of the Republican National Committee

"Idolater! Your soul is required in Hell!"

—Old Man, *New Jack City*

"You look like a fucking pig in heat, and if you get raped by a pack of niggers, it will be your fault."

—Mel Gibson, author of *The Passion of the Christ*

"This ain't business, bitch, this is personnel."

—Scotty Appleton, *New Jack City*

"We quadrupled the TSA, you know, and hired more people who look more suspicious to me than most Americans who are getting checked. Most of them, they just don't look very American to me. If I'd have been looking, they look suspicious...I mean, a lot of them can't even speak English, hardly. Not that I'm accusing them of anything, but it's sort of ironic."

—Ron Paul, author of *The Revolution: A Manifesto*

“Is this another one of those ‘black things?’”

—Nick Peretti, *New Jack City*

“The Media is ruled by Satan. But yet I wonder if many Christians fully understand that. Also, will they believe what the Media says, considering that its aim is to steal, kill, and destroy?...Sex education classes in our public schools are promoting incest...Evolution is a bankrupt speculative philosophy, not a scientific fact. Only a spiritually bankrupt society could ever believe it...Only atheists could accept this Satanic theory.”

—Jimmy Swaggart, Jimmy Swaggart Ministries

“When I want your opinion I’ll tell it to you.”

—Stone, *New Jack City*

“I don’t know that atheists should be considered citizens, nor should they be considered patriots. This is one nation under God.”

—President George H.W. Bush

“Well, that’s the difference between you and me. Don’t get mad, Tito. It’s the law. Sucks, huh? Well, maybe when this is over with, you can come and work for me.”

—Nino Brown, *New Jack City*

“Either you are with us, or you are with the terrorists.”

—President George W. Bush

“Now, I don’t know what you got left in your so-called rehabilitated little body here or whatever, but you better find somethin’. ‘Cause you owe a lot of people. You owe a lot of people. You owe ‘em, fool.”

—Scotty Appleton, *New Jack City*

“Those who control the access to the minds of children will set the agenda for the future of the nation and the future of the western world...State Universities

are breeding grounds, quite literally, for sexually transmitted diseases (including HIV), homosexual behavior, unwanted pregnancies, abortions, alcoholism, and drug abuse...Today's children...they're damned. They're gone."

—James Dobson, author of *The Complete Marriage and Home Reference Guide*

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, a mind is a terrible thing to waste. Now back to the titties."

—Scotty Appleton, *New Jack City*

"So anyway I'd be rubbing your big boobs and getting your nipples really hard, kinda kissing your neck from behind...and then I would take the other hand with the falafel thing and I'd just put it on your pussy but you'd have to do it really light, just kind of a tease business..."

—from the sexual harassment suit against Bill O'Reilly, author of *The O'Reilly Factor For Kids*

"Get the fuck out of here! I know damn well ain't nobody sucked your shriveled-up dick."

—Nino Brown, *New Jack City*

"Raising your children under Americanism or any other principles other than true Christianity is child abuse...You do not have the right to be wrong, regardless of what any man-made or demonic charter says...Democracy originated in the mind of a rational being who has the deepest hatred for God...Do you realize that the only thing that gives democracy existence is sin? The absence of democracy is perfect obedience to god...The best way to insure the earth is never over populated is for sensible and righteous governments to clear all forms of atheism and heresy."

—Robert T. Lee, Society for the Practical Establishment of the Ten Commandments

"Now if the tenants cooperate, oh, it'll be lovely. They'll be loyal customers, if not, fuck it, it'll be like in Beirut, they'll be live-in hostages."

—Nino Brown, *New Jack City*

“The Christian community has a golden opportunity to train an army of dedicated teachers who can invade the public school classrooms and use them to influence the nation for Christ.”

—James Kennedy, author of *The South Was Right!*

“They got that shit hooked up like *Mission Impossible*, man!”

—Pookie, *New Jack City*

“Just like what Nazi Germany did to the Jews, so liberal America is now doing to the evangelical Christians. It’s no different...More terrible than anything suffered by any minority in history...The feminist agenda is not about equal rights for women. It is about a socialist, antifamily political movement that encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism, and become lesbians...I know this is painful for the ladies to hear, but if you get married, you have accepted the headship of a man, your husband. Christ is the head of the household and the husband is the head of the wife, and that’s the way it is, period...[Homosexuals] want to come into churches and disrupt church services and throw blood all around and try to give people AIDS and spit in the face of ministers...[Planned Parenthood] is teaching kids to fornicate, teaching people to have adultery, every kind of bestiality, homosexuality, lesbianism—everything that the Bible condemns.”

—Pat Robertson, Christian Coalition

“I love you, man.”

—G-Money, *New Jack City*

“You know, we all have our inner demons. I, for one—I can’t speak for you, but I’m on the verge of moral collapse at any time...I’m thinking about killing Michael Moore, and I’m wondering if I could kill him myself, or if I would need to hire somebody to do it...No, I think I could. I think he could be looking me in the eye, you know, and I could just be choking the life out. Is this wrong?...When I see a 9/11 victim family on television, or whatever, I’m just like, ‘Oh shut up.’”

I'm so sick of them because they're always complaining...Al Gore's not going to be rounding up Jews and exterminating them. It is the same tactic, however... And you must silence all dissenting voices. That's what Hitler did. That's what Al Gore, the U.N., and everybody on the global warming bandwagon [are doing]... So here you have Barack Obama going in and spending the money on embryonic stem cell research...Eugenics. In case you don't know what Eugenics led us to: the Final Solution. A master race! A perfect person...The stuff that we are facing is absolutely frightening...This president I think has exposed himself over and over again as a guy who has a deep-seated hatred for white people or the white culture....This guy is, I believe, a racist."

—Glenn Beck, author of *The Christmas Sweater*

"I should have killed you myself, bitch!"

—Scotty Appleton, *New Jack City*

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John Edward Lawson

Author's Note

ON SEPTEMBER 11, 2001, this is what happened:

I was hard at work on the final pages of my first fiction collection when I was interrupted by a phone call just after 8:30 in the morning. It was my good friend Chris, calling long-distance from Pittsburgh. We kept in touch on a regular basis back then via eMail and instant message, so a phone call meant something important.

He was “stone-cold bugging,” as they say, because a jumbo jet had just crashed into one of the World Trade Center towers. As he watched the live reporting—which focused on an insistence that this was a random accident, not intentional (even though all the witnesses described the plane’s behavior as intentional)—a second jumbo jet crashed into the other tower. The reporters hightailed it and Chris, being my wife’s cousin, worried about her working in the District of Columbia. I was oblivious, as I am most days, ignoring the outside world in order to create things.

So I jumped to it and got Jennifer on the phone. At the time she worked for a defense contractor next to the Pentagon. She’s not a flappable sort. That was too bad about New York, but she wasn’t leaving her job over something happening hundreds of miles away. I urged her in the strongest possible terms; she told me to call back if developments got worse.

So, I called Chris and we bugged out together, trying to keep up with all the conflicting reports and updates by running as many radios and televisions as possible. Then the Washington, DC news radio station starting running calls from people stuck in traffic...they had just witnessed a low-flying plane crash into the

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Pentagon. It wasn't clear if it was a small plane or a jumbo jet, but then one of the TV stations started showing smoke rising from the Pentagon in the distance. None of this was being carried nationally yet, so Chris initially thought my brain was scrambled by all the chaos, I think.

I called Jennifer back and laid it all out, demanding that she escape while she still could. She was already ahead of me, though.

Her trip home was hellish: gagging on the fumes from the smoldering Pentagon, getting caught in a stampede when one of the transformers on her subway train blew and everybody thought it was a bomb, drowning in rip tides of communal fear due to the information blackout spawned by the collapse of our cellphone networks.

That was not the end, of course. She had to go past the Pentagon twice a day, smelling that stench as they tried to get the smoldering ruin under control, trying not to think about what had happened—or what could still happen.

For me, pieces began piling up. The authorities detailed the terror cells, including the local one in northern Virginia, where my wife worked. The memory came to me of something that happened months before, maybe a year prior to 9/11. It was the memory of a fellow who ran into my wife in her job's parking facility. He needed assistance with something. He was a recent Middle Eastern immigrant. He began calling her on a regular basis, at her job.

It seemed beyond the scope of casual interest in friendship. At first we had chalked up his persistence up to misplaced "biological imperative." In light of 9/11 it became clear to me that my wife had been pursued by terrorists, and her place of work was a potential target for annihilation; I'm not so sure she wants to see it in the same light.

That would seem reactionary at best, save for the fact that a different Middle Eastern male stole mail from the lobby of the building, apparently—in the minds of the security experts—trying to ascertain who worked at the two defense contractors in the building, and what their positions were.

Perhaps worse than the initial attack, and the repeated display of the burning towers and their collapse on television programs and commercials, was the police

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state we lived through in the aftermath. Maybe this didn't happen around the rest of the nation, but in the Washington, DC area we had warplanes constantly patrolling, helicopters looming and zooming, humvees and men with machine guns at all the major intersections. Lots of things happened that didn't make it into the news, either nationally or locally; helicopters chasing people through our neighborhood at two in the morning, police and military units breaking down doors and hauling people away.

There was also the huge deficit generated by a one hundred percent drop in tourism. Of course, on the Maryland side the governor was blamed for the deficit and ousted. But really, who wants to visit the biggest bullseye on the planet?

And for good reason: next came the anthrax. It was everywhere. Not just the government buildings at the heart of downtown Washington, DC Federal agencies have auxiliary buildings in pretty much every neighborhood throughout suburban Virginia and Maryland, and the anthrax-laced postage went through all those facilities.

My mother was employed at Department of Health and Human Services in Montgomery County, Maryland at the time. The anthrax problem was so bad they decided to open an anthrax center, and my mother was manning the counter when it first opened. Despite all the public notices not to bring samples of suspected anthrax into the clinic, well, pretty much everybody brought suspicious substances in and presented them to my mother.

Then we had the snipers. They struck the neighborhood by my parents, the neighborhoods by three different friends of mine. I filled up the gas tank every time in order to take whatever bullet might have been intended for my wife.

As you might surmise, we have had some experience with terrorism. It is personal for us. From 2002 through 2008 I was stopped and inspected on every trip through an airport, which was quite often as I do a lot of business traveling. My bags were doused with chemicals to check for explosives. I was groped. My one-and-a-half-year-old son was taken and groped, because I was holding him in the security line. Maybe they were afraid of an exploding diaper; all parents have experience fearing exploding diapers of a different sort, but I digress. If you have ever had your vehicle surrounded by men in body armor, bearing machine guns,

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and been ordered to get out...then stuck in a detention center for hours and hours on the way back into the USA after a trip to Canada as I was...well, you know for sure terrorism is personal.

Based on what's happening in the media recently, I started contemplating "what if" scenarios. Could a group that hates the idea of the United States of America infiltrate, come to power, turn our nation into a state of religious extremism? Turn the clock back thousands of years to the Middle Eastern lifestyle they have no experiential knowledge of?

Sometimes I look to Ecclesiasticus 36:22. "A perverse heart will cause grief, and a man of experience will resist it." In comparison to other nations we are young, too young, and as such have little experience. It seems we are unable to resist a perverse heart on the societal level.

Inspired by D. Harlan Wilson's *Peckinpah* I decided to take a break from my latest poetry collection and write this book instead. Hopefully it is completed before a mosque-wing has been added to the White House.

—John Edward Lawson,
Bowie, Maryland 9/29/10

John Edward Lawson

Salvo 1: *Zombie Teddy Bears*

TIED UP AND left for dead at the roadside. Cars, trucks roll on by without their occupants caring or even noticing in most cases.

Sarah kneels at the murder site. She is intent on seeing that justice is served. That the dead are remembered.

Exhaust-laced gusts ruffle her auburn-highlighted brunette hair, her red dress. The cigarette butts being tossed from vehicles, the beer and soda cans rolling by, they are easy for her to ignore. What she cannot tolerate is the storm of apathy raging around her.

The teddy bear won't stay upright so she binds it to a signpost using plastic chord built to last, not the biodegradable variety pushed by tree-huggers. Looking into the plush toy's shiny brown eyes she reminds herself not to think of volatile organic compounds being generated by a slender body decaying.

Not to think of those VOCs building to the point where they split open a toddler-size abdomen, burst eyes that never achieved enough age to wear corrected lenses.

The black putrefaction stage of child death has nothing to do with the forget-me-nots, morning glory, and aster she arranges around the teddy bear, forcing the stems under the plastic binding.

Sarah puffs a gust of breath from the corner of her mouth, attempting to dislodge the stray hairs dangling over her horn-rimmed glasses and nose. "Wisdom 3:5-7... 'Chastised a little, they shall be greatly blessed, because God tried them and found them worthy of Himself. As gold in the furnace, He proved them, and as sacrificial offerings He took them to Himself. In the time of their visitation they shall shine, and shall dart about as sparks through stubble.'"

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There was a time when she denied the finality of what happened. She lashed out at every worldly thing with unreasoning rage, prayed that she be taken instead, hid under the covers unable to leave bed for weeks at a time. Now she has accepted the truth of it all.

In New York City a Christian church has just been demolished via a series of implosions, the variety of which children enjoy viewing on DVD with narration by a man who “sounds” like a “construction worker.” In the amount of time it would take to watch a *Most Amazing Explosions!* disc the construction of a mosque has been completed.

A hybrid car putters by. Adorning it are several bumper stickers, ranging from simple pentangles to *Have a wonderful day...the Goddess made it!* to the holy Ichthus fish symbol given legs, hair, sunglasses, a phallus, and what appears to be a lit marijuana cigarette.

While the secularists go about their lives as if nothing is wrong: every building in New York City is being replaced with mosques. Decades of palling around with terrorists via being allied with Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Jordan, and others has come back to bite the United States on the keister in the form of the Manhattan Purchase Part II: This Time It's Personal, wherein a dizzying array of front companies slowly bought up NYC with oil money.

Sarah stands, wiping pollen and stem-leakings from her palms. *It's time*, she thinks, *to get holy and kick some teeth!*

She strides away determined to do just that. This spot—where a toddler was crushed by a minivan—seems much brighter after her departure.

John Edward Lawson

Salvo 2: Islamic Empire State

VENICE BEACH CHRISTLIST > PERSONALS > STRICTLY PLATONIC

*PLEASE REPORT SUSPECTED EXPLOITATION OF MINORS TO THE APPROPRIATE AUTHORITIES

Proselytizing for the First Church of FSU

DATE: 2010-08-28, 12:49PM PDT

REPLY TO THIS POST

EMAIL THIS POSTING TO A FRIEND

SWF w/military training seeking partner who is a TRUE BELIEVER for road trip/ crusade to STOP the invasion of NYC. Have toys, tools, XP, partner must have burning desire for early rapture. Location unimportant, will provide pickup. Does it stab your heart? Well then let's stab THEIRS!!!! Man or femminalie but no beasts please - the Lord commands me to slay the Beast.

* It's not okay to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

>>>>=====>>>>

RE: Proselytizing for the First Church of FSU

Hi :) My name is Sarah, saw your ad and <3 <3 <3 it! What a GREAT idea! Read it and went 8P Sign me up NOW Will finance trip or do whatever else you need! BTW live within 5 miles of you!!! Yours in CHRIST the LORD, Sarah Sonnillon

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RE: RE: Proselytizing for the First Church of FSU

Howdy SS, good to hear from ya. Name's Anne Vetis, father was Greek Orthodox, mother was Irish/Italian. What kind of name is Sonnillon? Where do you fellowship at? I'm over at St. Luke's. About me: full submission and supplication 24/7, U.S. Army Ranger, saw action overseas, READY TO SEE ACTION AGAIN.

RE: RE: RE: Proselytizing for the First Church of FSU

Really! How's XXXXXXXX doing? He had a rough patch a few years back, haven't heard from him since. I'm at St. Mark's. Sonnillon is from dad's Armenian roots, mom's family was German/Scottish. From G.I. fam, no military background myself, am Christian counselor for singles, couples, even TV. When can we get this show on the road?

RE: RE: RE: RE: Proselytizing for the First Church of FSU

Can you make a clean break from the material world within the next 48 hrs?

-Anne

RE: RE: RE: RE: RE: Proselytizing for the First Church of FSU

Can leave tomorrow if you like. Already severed all ties. I'm ready to bring the Seven Gifts of the Holy Spirit, don't expect anything for Christmas ;)

-S

RE: RE: RE: RE: RE: RE: Proselytizing for the First Church of FSU

Seriously, BYOB bring your own Bible, that's all you'll need! See you @ XXXX XXXXXXXXXX XXX, Venice Beach tomorrow 0900 Zulu!

-Anne

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Salvo 3: *femminalies*

THE MEETING PLACE is a rest stop teeming with families, and their wails or laughter; with people walking dogs, and their pick-up lines or silence; with vehicles, and their revving, exhaust, the pops and dings as they sit and cool off.

Sarah sits at a neglected picnic table going over her calendar. It is the first day of September, the month devoted to Our Lady of Sorrows by the Catholic Church.

“Hey,” comes a voice. “You Sarah?” A tall, dirty blonde femminalie with a farmer’s tan approaches. She is fit and friendly enough, even while being dead serious.

“That would be me.” Sarah stands, finding herself only as tall as Anne’s shoulder. That’s what she tells herself, but she stands well below the shoulder.

They shake hands. “Anne. Is that a calendar? Excellent.” She takes a look, then says, “The goal is to complete our mission by the Feast of the Triumph of the Cross.”

Sarah circles the fourteenth of September. “Simeon told Mary that a sword would pierce her soul. She watched her son die a slow and terrible death. You’d think people would be able to see it happening all over again.”

“Too true.” They watch the passersby, shaking their heads with hands on hips. “Well, we’ve got two weeks to change all that. Today is the first, and...what’s this? IAE?”

Sarah clears her throat. “The International Association of Exorcists holds a convention every 2 years. I need to make a stop there. It’s outside Oklahoma City this year.”

Anne makes a calculation. “You’re in luck, babe. That’s not too far off the projected route, or the fall-back route for that matter. Consider it done, so long as it doesn’t throw off the schedule.”

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"I'll only need an hour or so."

"Perfect."

A car bearing a *Marriage Is So Gay* bumper sticker and Massachusetts license plates putters by. They share a look.

"We need to get changed." Anne displays a pair of orange and blue fire resistant suits. "My ride is...different."

"What, is it a tank?"

"Sorta."

In the time it takes to meet and shake hands: an unveiled femminalie walking the streets of New York has been overtaken by a roving pack of Muslim males, stripped, tortured, raped, stoned, tortured, raped, and beheaded. The blood of the unveiled baptizes every street corner, a marriage of filth and violation, the kind of marriage that is certainly not gay in Anne's mind. Not that she considers any form of marriage gay.

The blood of the unveiled fills washbasins, fountains, and toilets in every mosque. Muslim children brush their teeth with it.

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Salvo 4: *Litany of the Saints*

LORD, HAVE MERCY on us. Christ, have mercy on us. Lord, have mercy on us. Christ, hear us. Christ, graciously hear us.

God, the Father of heaven, *have mercy on us.*

God the Son, Redeemer of the world,

God the Holy Ghost,

Holy Trinity, one God, *have mercy on us.*

Holy Mary, *pray for us.*

Holy Mother of God,

Holy Virgin of virgins,

Saint Michael,

Saint Gabriel,

Saint Raphael,

All ye holy angels and archangels,

All ye holy orders of blessed spirits,

Saint John the Baptist,

Saint Joseph,

All ye holy patriarchs and prophets,

Saint Peter,

Saint Paul,

Saint Andrew,

Saint James,

Saint John,

Saint Thomas,

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Saint James,
Saint Philip,
Saint Bartholomew,
Saint Matthew,
Saint Simon,
Saint Thaddeus,
Saint Matthias,
Saint Barnabas,
Saint Luke,
Saint Mark,
All ye holy apostles and evangelists,
All ye holy disciples of the Lord,
All ye holy innocents,
Saint Stephen,
Saint Lawrence,
Saint Vincent,
Saints Fabian and Sebastian,
Saints John and Paul,
Saints Cosmos and Damian,
Saints Gervase and Protase,
All ye holy martyrs,
Saint Sylvester,
Saint Gregory,
Saint Ambrose,
Saint Augustine,
Saint Jerome,
Saint Martin,
Saint Nicholas,
All ye holy bishops and confessors,
All ye holy doctors,
Saint Anthony,

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Saint Benedict,
Saint Bernard,
Saint Dominic,
Saint Francis,
All ye holy priests and levites,
All ye holy monks and hermits,
Saint Mary Magdalene,
Saint Agatha,
Saint Lucy,
Saint Agnes,
Saint Cecilia,
Saint Catherine,
Saint Anastasia,
Saint Clare,
All ye holy virgins and widows, *pray for us.*
All ye holy men and femminalies, saints of God, *make intercession for us.*
Be merciful, *spare us, O Lord.*
Be merciful, *graciously hear us, O Lord.*
From all evil, *O Lord deliver us.*
From all sin,
From Thy wrath,
From sudden and unprovided death,
From the snares of the devil,
From anger, and hatred, and all ill-will,
From the spirit of fornication,
From the scourge of earthquake,
From plague, famine, and war,
From lightning and tempest,
From everlasting death,
Through the mystery of Thy holy Incarnation,
Through Thy coming,

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Through Thy birth,
Through Thy baptism and holy fasting,
Through the Institution of the Most Blessed Sacrament,
Through Thy cross and passion,
Through Thy death and burial,
Through Thy holy resurrection,
Through Thine admirable Ascension,
Through the coming of the Holy Ghost the Paraclete,
In the day of judgment, *O Lord deliver us.*
We sinners, *we beseech Thee, hear us.*
That Thou wouldst spare us,
That Thou wouldst pardon us,
That Thou wouldst bring us to true penance,
That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to govern and preserve Thy holy Church,
That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to preserve our Apostolic Prelate and all orders of the
Church in holy religion,
That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to humble the enemies of holy Church,
That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to give peace and true concord to Christian kings and
princes,
That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to bring back to the unity of the Church all those who
have strayed away, and lead to the light of the Gospel all unbelievers,
That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to confirm and preserve us in Thy holy service,
That Thou wouldst lift up our minds to heavenly desires,
That Thou wouldst render eternal blessings to all our benefactors,
That Thou wouldst deliver our souls, and the souls of our brethren, relatives, and
benefactors from eternal damnation,
That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to give and preserve the fruits of the earth,
That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to grant eternal rest to all the faithful departed,
That Thou wouldst vouchsafe graciously to hear us,
Son of God, *we beseech Thee, hear us.*
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, *spare us, O Lord.*

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Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, *graciously hear us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, *have mercy on us.*

Let us pray.

Almighty, everlasting God, who hast dominion over both the living and the dead and art merciful to all who, as Thou foreknowest, will be Thine by faith and works; we humbly beseech Thee that they for whom we intend to pour forth our prayers, whether this present world still doth detain them in the flesh or the world to come hath already received them stripped of their mortal bodies, may, by the grace of Thy fatherly love and through the intercession of all the saints, obtain the remission of all their sins. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who with Thee in the unity of the Holy Spirit liveth and reigneth God, world without end. *Amen.*

Salvo 5: Cookies for Clinton

TO CHANGE INTO their fire resistant suits, gloves, helmets, and neck collars Anne and Sarah have to share a toilet stall. It took twenty minutes of waiting in line just to find out the other stalls were incapacitated by food poisoning victims.

“What’s so great about this ride of yours?” Sarah asks, trying not to butt-bump Anne.

“Got a name. Animal.”

“Okay, so Animal is special or something, right?”

“It’s all about the power-to-weight ratio, baby! Engine’s twelve litres, generating twenty-one-hundred horsepower. Runs on methanol, takes about eight gallons per mile. We got ourselves a sixteen-hundred gallon tank up on back, armor-plated. That means we gotta re-up the fuel before we hit two-hundred miles of travel. As you might surmestimate, methanol is not doled out like food stamps at every gas station you come across. Drop points for fuel have already been arranged by the silent majority. How’s that suit do ya in the crotch?”

“My crotch has been done better.”

“I heard that! Now here’s some more Animal specs for ya: the engine is seven-hundred-ten cubic inches. The tires are seventy-two inches tall, fifty inches wide, twelve PSI of air, weigh a thousand seventy-five pounds each, and Animal can float on water with these puppies.”

“Float? Um...is that going to be necessary?”

“Never you mind ’bout floating, Animal can actually swim and whatnot!”

“Do I want to find out what the ‘whatnot’ part is?”

“Probably one of those ‘if ya don’t know ya sure don’t wanna find out’ kinda

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deals.” Anne gives Sarah a playful punch on the shoulder. “You gettin’ all this? If worse comes to worst you the one gonna be tasked with completing the mission. Knowing your equipment can mean life or death.”

Sarah finishes zipping up. “Right.”

On their way outside Anne continues. “Animal can hit ninety-five miles per hour and weighs twenty-two thousand pounds! Ramming speed is achieved at forty miles per hour. It’s marked on the speedometer.”

A crowd mills about, ignoring the approaching femminalies. Animal stands bold as an American flag, rising twenty feet off the ground. Twisted steel and death appeal.

“So...it’s a monster truck.”

“Affirmative.”

“Is that the best stealth move?”

“Element of surprise. It’s so obvious nobody will see it comin’”

After forcing their way through the spectators Sarah and Anne stand beneath the chassis.

“We enter and exit through a hatch in the floor, tank style.”

“Aren’t tank hatches up top?”

“Don’t you worry your pretty little head ’bout it. Now, we gotta use a little gasoline to start Animal up by squirting it into the blower intake. Your job.”

“Sounds a little sexual, in a creepy kind of way.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll walk you through it. The helmets are equipped with two-way radios.”

“Oh. Is that why I can hear you so clear?”

“After the startup procedure I’ll walk you through securing the kidney belt and five-way racing harness. Then we’ll go over the fire extinguishers and onboard fire retardant system.”

Sarah begins to wonder if this is a worthwhile endeavor, but then she sees a newspaper on the ground. The headline reads: *Mosque Stimulus Bill To Appease Muslims.*

This has not escaped Anne either. “Lord have mercy, that’s like sending Girl Scouts sellin’ cookies at Bill Clinton’s house!”

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“I heard on the news Clinton declared a new national bird. The spread eagle.”

Anne turns to Sarah. “I think you and me are gonna get on just fine.”

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Salvo 6: Pilgrimage

From the U.S. Army Rangers Handbook

15 - 1

VEHICLE CONVOY OPERATIONS

This chapter outlines a technique for conducting vehicle convoy operations. Convoy operations present a challenge to the Ranger leader. Trucks and other combat vehicles produce a large signature on the battlefield and increase your unit's value as a target. Vehicle movement is restricted to roads and terrain that they can traverse; therefore, a sound plan must be implemented to minimize the possibility of compromise.

15-1. **PLANNING CONSIDERATIONS.** This paragraph explains how to plan a vehicle convoy IAW the eight steps of the TLP.

a. **Receive the Mission.** (PL will extract the following information from Company OPORD).

- (1) Truck Support (number and type of Truck, ACL).
- (2) Weather. Road conditions.
- (3) Truck pickup and drop-off location / marking.
- (4) Truck movement Timeline (Pick-up time, roll time, H-hour).
- (5) Truck Routes (primary and alternate, Check points).
- (6) Drop-off locations (primary and alternate).
- (7) IED/Contact compromise and contingencies.

b. **Issue the Warning Order.** During the WARNO the PL gives a basic overview of

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the Truck Movement and gives specific Task to Maneuver Units.

- (1) Manifest Personnel (PSG).
- (2) Pick up point security and set-up (PSG).
- (3) Primary and alternate routes (Security SL).

c. **Make a tentative Plan.** PL considers METT-TC.

(1) **Mission.** Develop your Ground Tactical Plan and then develop a truck plan that best supports it.

- (2) **Enemy.** Consider enemy patrols and activity in AO.
- (3) **Terrain.** Evaluate routes and dropoff and pickup points using OCOKA.
- (4) **Troops.**
 - (a) Truck ACL.
 - (b) Chalks and chalk leaders identified.
 - (c) Chalks planed with tactical integrity & self sufficiency.
 - (d) Key leaders and weapons are cross-loaded.
 - (e) Pickup point marking team identified.
 - (f) Pickup point security teams identified.
- (5) **Time.** PL considers the following when evaluating time available.

- (a) Movement to Pickup point.
- (b) Recon of Pickup point.
- (c) Emplacement of security.
- (d) Marking the Pickup point.
- (e) Pickup point Posture time.

d. **Initiate Necessary Movement.** PL decides whether to move the platoon to the pickup location or to conduct a map reconnaissance and complete the plan.

e. **Conduct Reconnaissance.** (Is not necessary if pickup point is secured and established by Higher HQ's).

- (1) Leader's Recon consists of PL, RTO, Chalk Leaders and Pickup point Security element.
- (2) PL determines suitability of Pickup point.
- (3) PL determines security plan (either overwatch or strong point).

f. **Complete the Plan.** Complete Truck Movement Annex on Page ??? of the

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Ranger Handbook.

g. **Issue the OPORD.**

h. **Supervise.**

- (1) Back brief from chalk leaders.
- (2) Rock drill of truck movement and contingency plans.

15-2. **FIVE PHASES OF TRUCK MOVEMENT.** Each phase must support the ground tactical plan, which specifies actions in the objective area to accomplish the commander's intent for the assigned mission, be it a raid, ambush, recon or other followon missions.

a. **Staging Plan.**

- (1) Secure the pickup point (strongpoint or overwatch).
- (2) Mark pickup point (day/night).

b. **Loading Plan.** Each Ranger is assigned a truck.

c. **Movement Plan.**

- (1) Troops awake and alert during movement.
- (2) Platoon leader and chalk leaders tracking route progress.
- (3) Compromise and contingency plan.
 - (a) React to IED.
 - (b) React to ambush.
 - (c) Truck breakdown.

d. **Dropoff Plan.**

- (1) Establish security of dropoff point (overwatch or strongpoint).
- (2) Dismount vehicles.
- (3) Recon and secure assembly area.
- (4) Adjust perimeter as chinks arrive.
- (5) PSG clears the trucks when last chalk departs.

e. **Ground Tactical Plan.** Execute after platoon is reconsolidated or minimum force required is assembled.

15-3. **CONVOY TECHNIQUES.** The following convoy techniques have been

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included for your convenience:

- Convoy warning order
- Convoy brief
- React to Ambush Near/Far
- Convoy forced to stop (Methods 1 and 2)
- Break contact
- Recovery/CASEVAC Operations

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Salvo 7: From Your Ear to God's Q-Tip

IT HAD SEEMED that they would leave after changing into their jumpsuits, but with going through the vehicle convoy procedures for hours on end Sarah's head is ready to cave in. It has occurred to her that one vehicle does not constitute a convoy, but she has withheld that insight.

Before she knows it they are on the road. Anne makes idle banter, relieving the tension. "You heard about the refugees? Uh-huh, from New York City. Steady stream of folks pouring out while they still can. Government's got a tent city set up outside New York now, of all things. Guess we can't call it Jew York anymore."

"Could we ever?"

"Obamacare, 'cause I sure don't!"

"What do you care about?"

Anne flexes her shoulders in the attempt to get comfortable. "Keepin' it biblical. Supporting the righteous, punishing the wicked. Maintaining a hygiene standard, the tools of warfare, and a good sense of humor through it all. I hope we can keep 'em all goin' for these next two weeks."

Sarah nods. "O most holy and afflicted Virgin! Queen of Martyrs! thou who didst stand motionless beneath the Cross, witnessing the agony of thy expiring Son--through the unceasing sufferings of thy life of sorrow, and the bliss which now more than amply repays thee for thy past trials, look down with a mother's tenderness and pity on me, who kneel before thee to venerate thy dolours, and place my requests, with filial confidence, in the sanctuary of thy wounded heart; present them, I beseech thee, on my behalf, to Jesus Christ, through the merits of His own

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most sacred death and passion, together with thy sufferings at the foot of the cross, and through the united efficacy of both obtain the grant of my present petition. To whom shall I resort in my wants and miseries if not to thee, O Mother of Mercy, who, having so deeply drunk of the chalice of thy Son, canst compassionate the woes of those who still sigh in the land of exile? Offer for me to my Savior one drop of the Blood which flowed from His sacred veins, one of the tears which trickled from His divine eyes, one of the sighs which rent His adorable Heart. O refuge of the universe and hope of the whole world, do not reject my humble prayer, but graciously obtain the grant of my petition.”

“Amen to that!” Anne pulls them up alongside a station wagon, then passes it. “You know how to tell who owns a station wagon? A Republican station wagon has wood panels; a Democrat station wagon has death panels!”

“But...they don’t make station wagons anymore, do they?”

Anne ignores the comment. “So how’d you come across that little advo of mine, anyways? Don’t think anybody else noticed it.”

“I get these cute little alerts in my faith-based eMail. You can customize it to let you know about anything that has the proper keywords.”

“Faith-based eMail? Now what the heck is that, I wonder.”

“Faith-based eMail is when you hit ‘send’ and pray it gets through all the spam filters.”

“I done heard that!” Anne’s face draws into a scowl as they come around a bend and see the miles-long traffic jam ahead. “Well now. A holy mission like ours, you think we oughta wait for the secularists to get their act together?”

Sarah snorts. “Absolutely not.”

“Best brace yourself.” Anne presses a large red button on the dashboard. Giant tiger paws extend from the tires, three tiger paws per tire, each armed with a set of razor-sharp claws.

Animal scales the barriers at the roadside, the hills and trees, tearing a new highway of righteousness into existence.

Somewhere a mosque wakes from troubled sleep, sweaty and confused by an omen of doom.

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Salvo 8: Christian Spell #1

ST. EXPEDITO NOVENA: Oh, Glorious Martyr and Protector, St. Expedito! We humbly ask to have fortune and prosperity for our country, that the sick get well, the guilty get pardoned, the just be preserved and those who abandon this valley of tears rest in the Light of The Lord and the souls of the dearly departed rest in peace. Please let us proceed unobstructed as we travel the roads of this nation in search of spiritual justice. Amen.

Salvo 9: Rant

ANIMAL HAPPILY PADDLES through primordial rivers surrounded by forests even Native Americans never mapped. The size of its floatable wheels and suspension system precludes water from reaching the undercarriage.

Anne pounds the dashboard. “I knew we forgot something! During the supply check we left the water just sittin’ there on the grass!”

“Wh-what? We did?”

“And now we’re out here ten billion miles from nowhere without a water supply!”

“Well...” Sarah considers the bottle she has been drinking from. “Here. We can ration this for a while, at least, right? Maybe one sip each every couple hours until we’re out of here.”

Anne sizes her up, then the bottle. She pulls Animal up onto the riverbank. “Is that so? Is that so, now? How convenient. How utterly convenient that you should happen to have the only water supply available. Have you considered the ramifications? You are offering me biological contamination in a world without sanitation! Look outside your window!”

“I am *what*?”

“Backwash, babe! You able to guarantee there’s no backwash in that microbial experiment lab you got going? ’Cause I’m not about to partake of no swine flu. Nuh-uh! I ain’t goin’ out like that! Can you certify there are no common cold germs in your saliva? How about mononucleosis—you got that one saved up for me, right? Have you been tested? Have you been kissing around? How about the hubby...he been kissing around? I bet he has. You’re good looking, so he’s got to kiss around just to prove that having a good looker on his arm isn’t beyond his lot

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in life, that it's natural, it's God's law, so much so that you'll stay no matter what he does. See? You see the logic behind all that, right? Uh-huh. You're loading your sister-in-arms up with diseases from the get-go. No? Am I wrong? Should we do a DNA smear on the hubster's lips and see what comes up? I bet you don't want that to happen, I just bet. 'Cause then maybe I'll find out about that Epstein-Barr virus tucked away like Skoal in your left jowl. See! Thought you'd get that by me. Like you're all slick and whatnot. Uh-huh. Why don't you just open a vein into my mouth while you're at it. It'll save us a whole lot of time skipping all the pretense. Because it's not like you're dropping spit filled with chickenpox, tonsillitis, mumps, cold sores, upper respiratory infection, or measles. Better yet, German measles. *Mulloscum contagiosum!* Don't want to forget about that one. Hey, with friends like you who needs to be worried about mosques running rampant and chopping up our cathedrals? And what's this on the rim of the bottle here—otitis media, of course. Shoulda known. Shoulda seen that comin'. You Christian sexualists specialize in that otitis media. That, and hand mouth and foot disease. Amen! You kiss your enemy with that mouth? From where I sit those lips of yours are enough to shut down a college STD clinic. Good Lord! And don't you even think about that slapped cheek syndrome. I'm immune to that one, see, I got the booster shot in Iraq. Do you even realize what you've done, Pandora? It is exactly this kind of reasoning—or lack thereof—that has led to the recent breakdown in our ties with the Eastern Bloc nations, leaving us wide open to the threat of Godless Communism after nearly a century of holding it at bay. Have mercy! What else did you figure you could transmit with that saliva, huh? Polio! Am I right? So you can get more state-funded stem cell research from your international network of baby murderers. Sliced open any bellies today? Does it feel good when you rip a screaming infant from the womb and chop it up for your Nazi experiments? Does it? Why, so you can say you beat polio of all things, dang it! We already done beat that dang thing! Or is Hepatitis-B the excuse today? That's it. That's gotta be it. Why not. Or better yet, cytomegalovirus, because who in their right mind would be expecting that!"

Sarah grabs the bottle, takes a sip, then returns it.

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Anne shoves a waiver at her.

“What is this?”

“Certify your intent in a legally binding manner, missy.” Then she presents a nondisclosure agreement, a DNA test, a contract with America, and articles of faith.

Sarah snorts. “You know what? You can take these and give them to all those politically correct, money-stealing, weeny flag burners who live with their mothers and want a nanny state that you like to pal around with.”

“Just a test is all. You passed with flying colors.” Anne drinks some water in order to demonstrate her confidence in Sarah.

“That’s good. Because I used a syringe to inject knockout drugs into that bottle. You’ll be unconscious in a few minutes and I plan to do savage things with your body.”

Anne freezes, then goes for her sidearm.

“Don’t worry, kiddo. Just testing you.” Sarah drinks the last of the water.

“Oh...oh, well now...that sums it up, don’t it? And then she drinks the rest of the water supply to top it all off. The straw that broke the camel’s back sending Ali Baba tumbling to his death, right? That is the roman candle up the camel’s hindside. You were sent here by the antifamily lesbian abortionist pornographer commie conspiracy to finish me off. You—”

Sarah bounces the bottle off Anne’s helmet. “What’s all this about, really?”

“I need to know I can trust you with my life is all.”

“And how do I know you’ll take action when the time comes, when it’s my neck on the line?”

Anne watches the scenery for long moments. “My sister was always getting sympathy for all the abusive encounters she had with men. It never seemed to end, it was like she had worse luck than Job. Then, one night, I dropped by to borrow some sugar for some baking and observed her randomly attacking her sig other with scissors, instigating conflict where there wasn’t any. They were just sitting there watching TV and bam she went nuts. So of course he got physical, he had to defend himself at the very least, right? Then he left in a huff. I thought about it, and it was always her ‘abusive’ sig others leaving her, not the other way around. After

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that I chopped off my sister's hand to teach her a lesson. As if there's not already enough trouble for feminalies in legitimately abusive relationships, right?"

"Too true." Then, "Mary, most holy Virgin and Queen of Martyrs, accept the sincere homage of my filial affection. Into thy heart, pierced by so many swords, do thou welcome my poor soul. Receive it as the companion of thy sorrows at the foot of the Cross, on which Jesus died for the redemption of the world. With thee, O sorrowful Virgin, I will gladly suffer all the trials, contradictions, and infirmities which it shall please our Lord to send me. I offer them all to thee in memory of thy sorrows, so that every thought of my mind, and every beat of my heart may be an act of compassion and of love for thee. And do thou, sweet Mother, have pity on me, reconcile me to thy divine Son Jesus, keep me in His grace, and assist me in my last agony, so that I may be able to meet thee in heaven and sing thy glories. Amen."

"Amen." Anne's expression brightens as she produces a water bottle from next to her seat. "Let's get on out of here and find us some pavement. I think we're about halfway to Afribama out here!"

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Salvo 10: *What About the Huts?*

Series Name: The Huts

Life Span: 2001-present

Duration: 19 minutes

Category: Comedy

Award Nominations: 3 Emmy for Best Comedic Series, 7 Emmy for Best Supporting Actor in a Comedic Series, 2 Emmy for Best Supporting Actress in a Comedic Series, 5 Emmy for Best Lead Actor in a Comedic Series, 109 Razzies, 3 Bangin'st Bootay in Prizime Tizime Spike TV Awards, 9 Urbanest Dark Person MTV Awards.

Cast:

DeJuan Black as Niggerman Hut

Sharntelle Jones as Leonetta Hut

DeVon Penn as Boy Hut

LaCynthia Cole as Kenisha Hut

DeDavid Jackson as Little Boy Hut

Eugene Levy as Uncool White Guy

Tag Lines: "Got Hut?" and "You Give Good Hut, Baby"

Critical Reception:

Due to chronic under-education (referred to on-screen as both "ignorancy" [by Uncool White Guy] and "ignancy" [by the regular cast]) the Huts believe they have successfully completed the "back to Africa" desires of their fore bearers by relocating from Chicago to a Southern plantation. Although the plantation property is located in Alabama the Huts refer to it as "Afribama" in deference to

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their willfully “ignant” beliefs. Hijinks ensue.

Not surprisingly, the show’s premise drew fire from the left-wing media; notably there was resistance to a protagonist being named “Niggerman.” However, in light of the fact his name was taken from a cat belonging to a character in one of H.P. Lovecraft’s works the name “Niggerman” became viewed as both homage and protest, shifting the liberal media debate to whether we should “rethink” our “icons of American literature” or “let” them exist on their own “terms” with consideration to the times in which they “lived.”

The Huts went on to enjoy enormous mainstream success in the national market, garnering multiple awards, generating the largest syndication deal ever, and germinating several spin-offs. Socialist and drug-culture publications continue to denounce *The Huts* to this day, but the influence wielded by these outlets is minimal.

Episode Guide:

Season 1 Episode 1: The Huts relocate from New York City to rural Alabama; culture shock, inertia follow.

Season 1 Episode 2: The Huts meet their neighbors, the Uncool Whites.

Season 1 Episode 3: Boy Hut gets a job selling watermelons.

Season 1 Episode 4: Leonetta Hut tries to apply for welfare, disability, Medicaid, and an appearance on *Springer* all before the midnight deadline.

Season 1 Episode 5: Kenisha Hut gets a job selling her ass.

Season 1 Episode 6: Uncool White runs for mayor; Niggerman Hut, suffering from ears full of dried peanut butter, thinks he hears Uncool White is running for “massa.” Hijinks ensue.

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Season 1 Episode 7: Leonetta gets a job selling crack babies to laboratories.

Season 1 Episode 8: Niggerman runs for “massa.” Hijinks?

Season 1 Episode 9: Little Boy Hut gets a job as an animal inseminator at the local petting zoo.

Season 1 Episode 10: Niggerman can't find his “stash.” Accusations fly.

Season 1 Episode 11: A sale on chicken wings causes a stampede. Niggerman is among the customers trapped when the fast food franchise collapses.

Season 1 Episode 12: Uncool White Guy comes over to help fix the plumbing; Niggerman mistakenly believes Leonetta is sleeping with Uncool White Guy. Hijinks!

Season 2 Episode 1: The President of Afribama makes a visit.

Season 2 Episode 2: Watermelon famine strikes, putting Boy out of a job.

Season 2 Episode 3: Forty-nine of Niggerman's illegitimate children settle nearby, setting up the rival nation of Congofornia. Tribal warfare ensues.

Season 2 Episode 4: Ass famine strikes, putting Kenisha out of a job.

Season 2 Episode 5: The Huts start an anti-literacy campaign, believing “literacy is spread from child to child in our schools and must be stopped in our lifetime, because that damn shampoo costs too much!”

Season 2 Episode 6: Crack baby famine strikes, putting Leonetta out of a job.

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Season 2 Episode 7: Niggerman finally gets a job...as the face of the KKK publicity campaign.

Season 2 Episode 8: Leonetta's home-cookin' gives the family gas. Big, big, gas.

Season 2 Episode 9: Boy pretends to be "Girl" in order to get all the "benefits of sexosity" (sexism) such as doors being opened, better consideration at job interviews, etc.

Season 2 Episode 10: Zoological semen famine strikes, putting Little Boy out of a job.

Season 2 Episode 11: The family brawls over the last piece of fried chicken.

Season 2 Episode 12: Uncool White Guy comes over to fix the air conditioner. Niggerman thinks Kenisha is sleeping with Uncool White Guy. Hijinks...

Season 3 Episode 1: Insurgents take over the gas station!

Season 3 Episode 2: Local officials round up the children and force them to attend school!

Season 3 Episode 3: Watermelons!

Season 3 Episode 4: Chicken wings!

Season 3 Episode 5: Ass!

Season 3 Episode 6: Gas!

Season 3 Episode 7: Little Boy finds Niggerman's stash; he and his friends

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accidentally get high. Ho ho, the laughs roll on!

Season 3 Episode 8: Niggerman ends up on his own jury when the locals can't tell the difference between blacks, and neither can he!

Season 3 Episode 9: Kenisha gets into a "your mama's so fat/hairy/etc." contest with her bootylishious rival...for the entire episode!

Season 3 Episode 10: Leonetta pretends to be a news anchor and reports the news "down home style" for a day before the producers realize it!

Season 3 Episode 11: Niggerman works for the NAACP by accident, believing they are actually the NCAA basketball organization!

Season 3 Episode 12: Uncool White Guy comes over to fix the refrigerator; Niggerman thinks he's having an affair with Boy; hijinks, okay?

Season 4 Episode 1: Leonetta wins a massive bust enlargement and goes through with it, with hilarious consequences.

Season 4 Episode 2: Hands Across America part 2: interstate groping!

Season 4 Episode 3: Watermelon ass cheeks...now seedless!

Season 4 Episode 4: It turns out Kenisha died at age 5 from an undiagnosed infection, and has continued on all these years as some kind of hoodoo zombie! What the hell, man!

Season 4 Episode 5: Kenisha wins a massive bust enlargement and goes through with it, with hilarious consequences.

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Salvo 11: *The Hampty-Hamps*

PRODUCERS OF *The Huts*, high on their success, launched a high-profile, high-concept series to run concurrently with the the continuing *Huts*.

The Hampty-Hamps, originally rejected years before *The Huts* was conceived, featured Native American actor Harpo Clawbert as the paterfamilias of the Baldeagle clan.

Synopsis: The Baldeagles, an Apache family, find themselves uprooted from their reservation and relocated by the Department of the Interior to live in the Hamptons. This formerly exclusive area has been condemned due to the revelation of toxins in the soil. Meanwhile, the former Hamptonites, themselves relocated to the Apache reservation, become even richer when the world's most massive oil supply is discovered there. The Baldeagles get by day-to-day in the ghetto of the Hamptons in this heartfelt dramedy filled from beginning to end with belly-laugh.

The Hampty-Hamps lasted seven episodes before cancellation. The parent company ordered network executives to force the producers out of *The Huts* and replace them with docile bimbos. Furthermore, the parent company targeted the producers with a \$350 million lawsuit, claiming damage to their reputaions, wallets, morale, spiritual wealth, sex drive, renown, size of harem, face, street cred, stick-to-it-tiveness, nose picking capacity, horse buggery, bugshittery, trickle-downosity, tumescence, lickability, and other "unspecified" damages. The parent company not only won the suit, but was awarded an additional \$475 million, and executives were each granted the opportunity to administer ten lashes to each of the losing producers.

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The parent company has over seven hundred executives; the producers died mid-lashing, but this did not halt the proceedings, and the corpses were stripped of flesh, cartilage, dignity, mushy stuff, bone, and soul by the whip.

Docile bimbos launched the following popular *The Huts* spin-offs:

Africology, wherein Boy Hut (DeVon Penn) impersonates a doctor to get a job as a Hollywood gynecologist to the stars.

Bootylooty, wherein LaCynthia Cole (Kenisha Hut) hosts a reality show featuring femminalies giving men tips on how to better trick them into bed, pregnancy, servitude, debt, and so forth.

!shiTsTains!, a “gotcha journalism”-style program hosted by DeDavid Jackson (Little Boy Hut), wherein he “gets the dirt” on “people.”

The actors who portrayed Niggerman and Leonetta Hut—DeJuan Black and Sharntelle Jones, respectively—got “too uppity” for television programming, choosing to stick with film roles. Black accepted only lead roles, no matter what the quality of the project, and floundered within three years. Jones proved more cagey, accepting lead roles only in independent “art films,” while participating in major productions as part of star-studded ensemble casts. This approach garnered Jones seven award nominations with two wins, while allowing her to appear in some of the industry’s biggest blockbusters.

Salvo 12: Evil Dead Teddy Bears

DESPITE THE TIGHT vehicle convoy deadlines Sarah insists on a pit stop. She and Anne stand at what appears to be the remains of a homemade memorial to a child killed in a car crash. Sarah's bottom lip quivers as she clears away the cards and toys and flowers, all of them damaged by exposure. Anne understands at last and takes a respectful step back.

As Sarah spruces the scene up she prays: "O Lord, who art ever merciful and bounteous with Thy gifts, look down upon the suffering souls in purgatory. Remember not their offenses and negligences, but be mindful of Thy loving mercy, which is from all eternity. Cleanse them of their sins and fulfill their ardent desires that they may be made worthy to behold Thee face to face in Thy glory. May they soon be united with Thee and hear those blessed words which will call them to their heavenly home: 'Come, blessed of My Father, take possession of the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'"

"Amen." Anne can't think of anything else to say; child-loss discomfits her.

Sarah finishes with the forget-me-nots, morning glory, aster, the teddy bear. "2 Kings 2:23-24... 'From there Elisha went up to Bethel. While he was on his way, some small boys came out of the city and jeered at him. 'Go up baldhead,' they shouted, 'go up baldhead!' The prophet turned and saw them, and he cursed them in the name of the Lord. Then two shebears came out of the woods and tore forty-two of the children to pieces.'"

That last bit causes Anne's lips to pucker, her eyes to narrow, but she figures everybody deals with grief in their own way. "Amen."

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Salvo 13: *Humanae Vitae*

NOT TOO LONG after presiding over a dead child memorial, they notice flashing lights behind and below them. Then comes the siren.

“Here we go...” Anne grumbles. She pulls over as best she can, removes her helmet, and gets to work on the restraints.

A highway patrolman strides up to the driver’s side, then realizes the window is two floors up. He struggles to scale the wheel, the side, making it to the window before Anne can disembark. “Ma’am,” he begins, then loses his grip and slides to the pavement.

Anne sticks her head out, begins to say something.

“Little lady, you need to exit this vehicle with your hands up!” The patrolman is red-faced as he adjusts his hat and reflective sunglasses. With a hand on his sidearm he watches her descend the ladder. His mood does not improve when it becomes apparent she is much taller than him. “Your papers?”

She presents her proof of citizenship, patriotism, employment, domicile, and worship.

“Your papers are in order.” He hesitates, making her reach for the documents before handing them over. “For a second I thought I’d have to send you off to an Independence Camp up Alaska way.” His gaze lingers on Animal. “You know, get you off welfare, teach you hygiene and job skills. Heard Anchorage Prison got a few cots left.”

“Sir, with all due respect this truck cost over \$250,000 to put together, sir. Sir, with a modicum of additional respect I’m a highly-paid intelligence officer doing God’s work in the wars on Terror, Drugs, Horror, Crime, Malaise, Poverty...oh, and the War on Discomfort, sir.”

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“I’m a-still gonna hafta call this here sumbitch in on account of it’s highly irregular to find a pair of girlies tearin’ up the pavement in this kinda contraption. The DMV gonna tell me to haul you girlies in? ’Cause if you’re giving me the run-around I’m a-get mighty unpleasant out here.”

“Sir, you can call the DMV, DMZ, and TMZ, sir. Sir, our info is verifiable, sir.”

He takes his time patting her down over and over while communicating with his colleagues via radio. His hands slink over her every square millimeter. Superiors bark admonishments at him, making it clear she is an untouchable instrument of the government. They threaten to write him up if they discover any further hindrance to her travels.

Voice steady, eyes on his shoes, skin flushed, he says, “Okay, missy, you’re cleared to go. You just try to adhere better to the laws of the road next time.” He turns on his heels and storms back to his cruiser. Discovering that she has not only not scampered back to the refuge of her lofty cab but is watching him intently, he fails in the battle of wills and speeds away from the scene.

On reentering Animal Sarah greets her with a headshake of disillusionment and a tearful, “That little troll will burn in the hot place under Satan’s hindside.”

Anne smirks, strapping herself in. “We already had the 1960s, but it’s nice to see you’re still an idealist. You just keep that up, kiddo, and you’ll be all right.”

They share chuckles, arm-pats, and an energy drink. Animal purrs.

The minaret of yet another fresh-baked mosque has violated the Manhattan sky.

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Salvo 14: Third World Lover

WHEN FEMMINALIES HEAR that Anne entered the Armed Forces, served in wartime deployment, succeeded as a ranger, the response is always silence accompanied by a disgusted *you whore!* expression.

Men react with exasperation that a femminalie would attempt to lay claim to such tough ground, then something clicks behind their eyes and a lascivious *you whore!* expression takes root.

The reason is: military femminalies are sex toys for the real soldiers, at least in the popular subconscious. They heard about GIs with two X chromosomes chained to bathroom fixtures during the Gulf War to be abused day and night. They said to each other, "Well, they were just asking for it." They think about those chains on the toilets, and they think of Anne.

All of that slides off her back like sin from a virgin mother. What got to her was returning home from war overseas to find her husband and child gone. Some joker acquired her information and contacted her mother, her sisters, her husband claiming to represent the Red Cross. That cash transfers were required to cover emergency medical procedures for Anne at an emergency facility to the rear of the combat theater. Her whole family was financially wiped out.

And they all blamed it on her for joining what should be a man's service in the first place.

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Salvo 15: Behind the Scenes With The Christlorette

FADE IN:

DIRECTOR: Beautiful, beautiful. We just need to take five while some technical difficulties are resolved.

DP: Take five, everybody! Take five! And you, get over here, yeah you...no, you!

The cast and crew disperse.

Many head for the craft service table, some line up for the restrooms, a handful of others try to catch some sleep by plopping down where they stand.

SARAH (V.O.): My name is Sarah Rochambeau Sonnillon and I am what we in the trade call a Christian Sexualist.

Sarah busies herself talking at the ten contestants—Tami, Rita, Dorothy, Fiona, Nautica, Becky, Brittany, Margo, Aurora, Vicky—while they are immobilized by makeup artists and hairstylists.

SARAH: ...ducers wanted me to pop in and have a little chat with you about whatever it is that's bothering you.

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TAMI: Well, it's not just her, a lot of us are struggling with it all.

MAKEUP ARTIST: If you insist on moving around I can't be held responsible for how you look.

DOROTHY: It's just, there's this stereotype of religious fundamentalism being tilted in favor of guys. And now here we are, all of us fundamnetally religious, competing at the beck and call of a single guy's attentions.

SARAH: You have just touched on one of the biggest miscoceptions about our faith, and I thank you for this chance to clear the air. Genesis 1:27... "So God created people in his own image; God patterned them after Himself; male and female He created them." That explicitly says both men and femminalies are equal, made equally by God at the same time in His image.

Sarah smiles beneficently at them all.

NAUTICA: We're made in God's image too, just like men?

SARAH: Exactly, hallelujah!

NAUTICA: So...you're saying God has boy parts and girl parts?

The smile freezes on Sarah's face.

SARAH (beat): *That is not what I said at all.*

TAMI: But you can see where there could be some self-esteem issues wrapped up in this, right?

SARAH: As devout Christians we understand, accept, and rejoice in the fact that

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God comes first, so what we need to do is focus on building God-esteem instead of self-esteem.

MAKEUP ARTIST: You know, we've only got a couple minutes to try and make them look fuckable. Maybe you can do this later.

FIONA: Excuse me? *Excuse me?* Why, I've never—you—if you want to make me into some kind of sow rutting in the streets then you can just get in a parachute and go straight up!

Fiona storms away, but not before she catches Sarah giving her a clandestine wink and thumbs-up.

MAKEUP ARTIST: Oh my fucking God. Really? Did that just happen?

VICKY: I don't know what set you think you're on, but this is a *Christian* production in a Christian land.

Vicky, Rita, and Margo exit.

MAKEUP ARTIST: Only six left to go, awesome! We might actually get this done.

The audio engineer wears a Got Hut? T-shirt. He is hard at work playing eeny-meany-miney-mo with the microphones.

SARAH: Okay, back to what you girls were saying. If you're poor you can stop twenty-four/seven at the ATM...atonement, truth and mercy! Just make a withdrawal. And if you're lost you just go on ahead and follow your GPS: glory, praise, and salvation!

The hairstylists make "scrunched faces" at each other behind Sarah's back.

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BRITTANY: We're under a microscope all day and night, and we're trying to be friends but we're all fighting each other for this one dude who's sitting pretty through it all, and it never ends, it never stops. I don't know just how much more of this I can take. It's like slavery or something.

SARAH: "1 Timothy 6:1-2...Christians who are slaves should give their masters full respect so that the name of God and his teaching will not be shamed. If your master is a Christian, that is no excuse for being disrespectful. You should work all the harder because you are helping another believer by your efforts. Teach these truths, Timothy, and encourage everyone to obey them."

BRITTANY: But...but it's not fair!

SARAH: Fair? Dear, we already had the 1960s. Deal with it.

The DP comes around, looking annoyed.

DP: There you are. Come on, everybody's waiting. The production is already a half-hour behind schedule.

He drags Brittany away. The other contestants follow her.

After they are gone Sarah shrugs, looks into the camera.

SARAH: I'll pray for Brittany, but I don't think she's got the humility or repentance factor on her side. Plus, she used to perform various "acts" for lunch money in school, of all things.

[inaudible dialogue]

SARAH: Oh! Well, technically speaking, I'm not a board-certified psychologist so

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her whoring around doesn't fall under any kind of real "doctor-patient privalage" kind of thing. It might even make a good sound byte for the next commercial! What do you think? Nah—no, nevermind. Maybe you should just cut this whole last bit altogether.

CUT TO:

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Salvo 16: Purgatorious Ignis

STUCK IN TRAFFIC again. Local authorities, in conjunction with the FBI, have erected a checkpoint. All drivers and occupants must show their papers.

Sarah has been more than merely restless for too long. “Isn’t there anything you can do?”

“Do? Do about what?”

“We’ve been sitting here forever.”

“When it comes to clearing out the illegals it’s your patriotic duty to bestill that booty.”

Sarah snorts.

“Did you just snort?”

“Yes, but it was for medicinal purposes only.”

“Har-de-har-har.”

“Look, can’t you just pop those claws out and tear through here?”

Anne shakes her head. “You forgot your papers, didn’t you. Or maybe you didn’t have any papers to begin with? Your name really Sarah Sanchez or something?”

“Don’t be a four-letter-word.”

“Me...be a...how dare you!”

“How dare me? You’re the one being a four-letter-word about things!”

“And you’re being an itch!”

“An...an itch?! You would call me that word?!”

“Well, stop itching and I won’t have to call you that.”

“I am not itching!”

“Sweetheart, you’re itching more that a bug bite in a patch of poison ivy on my

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mother-in-law's behind when she's PMSing and off her bipolar meds!"

"Just 'cause you're a ho don't mean you gotta be an A-ho!"

"Who you callin'—"

The doors of the coupe ahead of Animal fly open. Eight dusky-skinned family members pile out and head for the hills. The trunk swings open and four more family members run for the border.

A local marshal shouts a terse warning while special agents call in air strikes. Thirty seconds later a drone plane zooms by and the underbrush ignites. Billowing fire, smoke, scorched flesh rain, flaming cloth tatters, animals and plants blown to their base elements. The shockwave steals the air, rocks the vehicles, spreads stench and a sense of ennui.

This turn of events puts things in perspective for both Anne and Sarah. They share a look, a wry grin, and a few rounds of: "Aw shucks, girlfriend."

The authorities contemplate the abandoned coupe, and the traffic jam. They opt to continue the checkpoint.

Witnesses roar a unanimous cheer. One of them shouts, "Try and steal our jobs!"

Somewhere a mosque is crying.

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Salvo 17: *Free Market*

KNOCK AT THE door.

Administrative assistant answers.

Hundreds of Mexicans, Chinese, Russians, Nigerians, Ukranians, and “ethnic others” storm in, wielding knives and “improvised weapons.”

They squeal, “Take us to your leader!”

Several repetitions are necessary before the administrative assistant can successfully interpret their funky English.

They are ushered into the supervisor’s office.

“We want jobs!”

Knife to the supervisor’s throat.

“What?”

“We want a dollar an hour, no breaks, no health insurance, no holidays, no retirement accounts! Got it? Are you writing this down, beeeeeeeetch? Get it wrong and we’ll kill you all!”

“I’m writing! I’m writing!”

“Good, keep writing: rape the femminalies, randomly kill the men, sell us to business partners! Hold our children hostage to make us do dangerous things!”

“Okay, okay, just please don’t do anything crazy!”

“You make sure to abuse us and we won’t have to.”

“All right. See you tomorrow.” Then, as they depart, “Your first month’s wages will go to paying for your uniforms, training, and administrative costs.”

They put their weapons away. “Now you’ve got the right attitude. You keep cooperating and we won’t have to get violent.”

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Once the dust settles the supervisor informs the administrative assistant to withdraw their “help wanted” ads.

John Edward Lawson

Salvo 18: *First Theory of Conspiracy*

MEMBERS OF THE political Left Wing gathered under the auspices of the National Correspondents Dinner.

They discussed torture rooms, a prison called Abu Grahib.

Played audio of screams from flesh being torn, burned, electrocuted by dangerous implements.

Played screams of men, femminalies, and children being sexually assaulted.

According to the liberal “journalists” the hardest part was listening to children begging for the sexual violation to stop.

They all agreed to break the story within two weeks, when they had gathered enough liberal, Left Wing facts to go public.

The Pentagon got wind of this.

Word came down the chain of command: find somebody bearing the name of a coalition partner nation.

The person should be femminalie.

Make sure they’re on active duty at Abu Grahib, or any other military prison and transfer them to Abu Grahib ASAP.

Enter Lindsay Englund.

The British have been, with Canada, our most cherished allies, but still—in the wake of 9/11 any foreigner is suspect, so blame it on England.

My bad, I meant Eng-*lund*.

And, femminalies in the Armed Forces are nothing but whores, as evidenced by her pregnancy.

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Sadistic whores.

So, the “England” whore became the public face of US-led torture in post-Saddam Iraq.

The military launched a blitzkrieg of so-called whistle-blowing on themselves beating the two-week deadline the liberal Left Wing tree-huggers had set.

Those ponytail-wearing, pot-smoking Socialists never will learn.

Meanwhile, the role of feminalies in the military came under “serious” scrutiny following the “controversy,” Abu Grahیب was demolished and a prison with a different name was built, Iraqis of all ages were still snatched off the streets at random.

All of this was accomplished while effectively burying the “real” story the socialist media had wanted to air, all the stuff that would look a lot “worse” to the public.

The good guys always come out on top, missionary style.

“Horse shit,” screams a member of the talk show crowd. “It’s not torture if its an unlawful combatant you fuckin’ traitor!”

Hundreds of people pour out of the bleachers, storming the stage to rip the Brigadier General to shreds for his heresy.

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Salvo 19: Ex Post Facto Territorial Integrity

THE WASTELAND ROLLS by. Occasionally Animal passes a vehicle stopped by the roadside as police check the driver's papers, and those of the occupants. Drones patrol the horizon, guided by CIA specialists at Langley, Virginia.

Sarah's leg twitches. Her suit and mask are hotter than usual. "How much longer until we get to the convention?"

"We gotta make the fuel re-up first, which is way over here, see? You lookin' at the GPS or what?"

"Glory, praise, and—"

"Don't irk my last nerve."

"I see it, I see it."

"The convention's all the way over here."

"Mary most sorrowful, Mother of Christians, pray for us."

"It's not that bad, is it? You borrow a book from the exorcism library and need to return it by noon?"

Sarah gulps. "Now, don't you go taking this the wrong way, but..."

"But?"

"But I've got demons. Or, well, just one demon." Anne laughs, perplexed. "It's not funny! Okay? Straighten the effing-H on up. This is for real. I'm got an old school demon of hate in me, and I need my weekly exorcism session."

"Weekly? How long does it take? They didn't get it right the first time?"

"It's not like that. In real life exorcism takes years."

"Oh." Then, "Well, it's not gonna take years for this gas tank to run out. It's

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gonna happen right here today.”

“I hear you, I hear you. Now that I think about it, there’s a self-exorcism prayer they taught me to keep myself in check.”

“There’s a what-what?”

“Here, pull up over here!”

Anne stops Animal on the shoulder, taking up the entire right lane as well.

“Excuse me while I go exorcise myself.”

“Mother most sorrowful, please refrain from spitting on us.”

“Amen!”

Sarah releases herself from the buckles, climbs the ladder down from Animal’s belly, and hurries into the underbrush to spiritually relieve herself.

John Edward Lawson

Salvo 20: Build Wealth and Confidence With Self-Exorcism!

IN THE NAME of *the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*

[*Sign of the Cross*]

Amen.

PRAYER TO SAINT MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL

Most glorious Prince of the Heavenly Armies, Saint Michael the Archangel, defend us in “our battle against principalities and powers, against the rulers of this world of darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.” Come to the assistance of men whom God has created to their image and likeness and whom Jesus has redeemed at a great price from the tyranny of the devil.

Holy Church venerates thee as her guardian and protector; to thee, the Lord has entrusted the souls of the redeemed to be led into heaven.

Pray therefore that the God of Peace allows men of faith to expel Satan, that he may no longer retain men captive and do injury to the Church.

Offer our prayers to the Most High, that without delay they may draw His mercy down upon us; take hold of “the dragon, the old serpent, which is the devil and Satan,” bind him and cast him into the bottomless pit “so that he may no longer seduce the nations.”

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EXORCISM

In the Name of Jesus Christ, our Lord, strengthened by the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of our Savior, of Blessed Michael the Archangel, of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul and all the Saints (*and powerful in the holy authority of our ministry*) we confidently undertake to repulse the attacks and deceits of the devil.

[*Sign of the Cross*]

Psalm 67: God arises; His enemies are scattered and those who hate Him flee before Him.

[*Sign of the Cross*]

As smoke is driven away, so are they driven; as wax melts before the fire, so the wicked perish at the presence of God.

[*Sign of the Cross*]

Behold the Cross of the Lord, flee bands of enemies.

[*Sign of the Cross*]

He has conquered, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the offspring of David.

[*Sign of the Cross*]

May thy mercy, Lord, descend upon us.

[*Sign of the Cross*]

As great as our hope in Thee.

[*Sign of the Cross*]

We drive you from us, whoever you may be, unclean spirits, all satanic powers, all infernal invaders, all wicked legions, assemblies and sects; in the Name and by the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, do may you be snatched away and driven from the Church of God and from the souls made to the image and likeness of God and redeemed by the Precious Blood of the Divine Lamb. Most cunning serpent, you shall no more dare to deceive the human race, persecute the Church, torment God's elect and sift them as wheat. The Most High God commands you, They with whom, in your great insolence, you still claim to be equal; "They who want all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth." Yahweh commands you.

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[Sign of the Cross]

The eternal Son commands you.

[Sign of the Cross]

The eternal Holy Ghost commands you. Jesus, God's Word made flesh, commands you; He who to save our race outdone through your envy, "humbled Himself, becoming obedient even unto death;" He who built His Church on the firm rock and declared that the gates of hell shall not prevail against Her commands you, because He will dwell with Her "all days even to the end of the world." The sacred Sign of the Cross commands you, as does also the power of the mysteries of the Christian Faith. The glorious Mother of Jesus, the Virgin Mary, commands you; She who by her humility and from the first moment of her Immaculate Conception, crushed your proud head. The faith of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul and of the other Apostles command you. The blood of the Martyrs and the pious intercession of all the Saints command you.

[Sign of the Cross]

Thus, cursed dragon, and you, diabolical legions, we adjure you by the living God, by the true God, by the Holy God, by Yahweh "who so loved the world that He gave up His only Son, that every soul believing in Him might not perish but have life everlasting;" stop deceiving human creatures and pouring out to them the poison of eternal damnation; stop harming the Church and hindering her liberty.

[Sign of the Cross]

Begone, Satan, inventor and master of all deceit, enemy of man's salvation.

[Sign of the Cross]

Give place to Christ in whom you have found none of your works; give place to the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church acquired by Christ at the price of His Blood.

[Sign of the Cross]

Stoop beneath the all-powerful Hand of God; tremble and flee when we invoke the Holy and Terrible Name of Jesus, this Name to which the Virtues, Powers and Dominations of heaven are humbly submissive, this Name which causes hell to tremble, this Name which the Cherubim and Seraphim praise unceasingly

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repeating: Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord, the God of Armies.

[*Sign of the Cross*]

O Lord, hear my prayer.

[*Sign of the Cross*]

And let my cry come unto Thee.

[*Sign of the Cross*]

May the Lord be with you.

[*Sign of the Cross*]

And also with you. *Let us pray.*

God of heaven, God of earth, God of Angels, God of Archangels, God of Patriarchs, God of Prophets, God of Apostles, God of Martyrs, God of Confessors, God of Virgins, God who has power to give life after death and rest after work, because there is no other God than Thee and there can be no other, for Thou art the Creator of all things, visible and invisible, of whose reign there shall be no end, we humbly prostrate ourselves before Thy glorious Majesty and we beseech Thee to deliver us by Thy power from all the tyranny of the infernal spirits, from their snares, their lies and their furious wickedness; deign, O Lord, to grant us Thy powerful protection and to keep us safe and sound.

[*Sign of the Cross*]

We beseech Thee through Jesus Christ Our Lord.

[*Sign of the Cross*]

Amen.

From the snares of the devil, deliver us, O Lord.

[*Sign of the Cross*]

That Thy Church may serve Thee in peace and liberty, we beseech Thee to hear us.

[*Sign of the Cross*]

That Thou may crush down all enemies of Thy Church, we beseech Thee to hear us.

(Holy water is sprinkled all around.)

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Salvo 21: We're #1

FIVE MINUTES AWAY from the re-up point Anne slows down. “Babe, I gotta stop and feed my parasites.”

“Mine have been rumbling for a while now, too.”

They pull over at a rest stop, disengage and climb down. They locate the closest of several fast food places. At the counter they order a Combo #1 with no cheese.

“A...#1 with no cheese?”

“That’s right.”

“But the #1 is a cheeseburger.”

“Uh-huh.”

“If you just want a plain hamburger, there’s combo—”

“I want a #1 but hold the cheese.”

The cashier hesitates. “Ma’am, I’m not sure I understand.”

“I’m just asking for a #1 with no cheese. It’s not that hard.”

“Actually, it is.”

“Consider this my protest against the socialist education system.”

“Ma’am, I’m going to have to ask you to leave.”

“This place smells like cockroaches have tracked grease all over the place anyway.”

“Is that a racial slur, whitebread?!”

“Cockroaches are a separate species of insect, not a race. Get a grip.”

Their protest done, they stop at a second fast food franchise. The cashier seems friendlier.

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"I'll have the Freedom Fries and Salisbury Steak. My friend here wants the Freedom-Fu, a Susie Roll, and Luftewaffles."

"What kind of Susie Roll?"

"California."

They take a seat with their food, hold hands and bow their heads with eyes closed. "Most holy Virgin and Mother, whose soul was pierced by a sword of sorrow in the Passion of thy divine Son, and who in His glorious Resurrection wast filled with never-ending joy at His triumph; obtain for us who call upon thee, so to be partakers in the adversities of Holy Church and the sorrows of the Sovereign Pontiff, as to be found worthy to rejoice with them in the consolation for which we pray, in the charity and peace of the same Christ our Lord. Amen." Then, off the looks of the people at the next table: "What? This is a Christian nation."

The femminalie facilities of the rest area are unclean, with slime mold slicking the tiles of the floor and walls. The doors to the stalls are missing. So is the toilet paper. The "feminine products" dispensers are empty, save for cobwebs and dust. Petrified diarrhea and vomit darken one corner of the chamber.

"This is a joke, right?"

"Always know the alternative route to your destination, and the enemy will fail."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Meeting in the men's room, ASAP"

The men's facilities include a refrigerator stocked with liquor samples, temporarily unmanned Susie bar, aromatherapy lounge, and a "private film screening booth" that costs a dollar a minute. The gleaming walls are lined with ten fully stocked condom dispensers.

"Oh no they didn't!"

"Oh yes they did."

Anne leaves, then returns with a crowbar.

"What's that for?"

Anne jams the bar into the side of a condom dispenser. "Denying the enemy."

Sarah smiles, then lends a hand.

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**Salvo 22: DSM-5 Behavioral
Disorder 2.5 Monastica Coactum
(see Fig G-8)**

SARAH STANDS BY Animal, shifting her weight from one foot to the other, wearing her helmet to mask the sweats and shakes.

Anne talks to a guy standing by a light pole in the junkyard. She hands him an envelope.

He takes a look at the contents, turns and walks to a shack. He knocks twice, then waits, then knocks five times. A slot opens and he deposits the envelope. The slot closes.

A minute later three men drive up in a tanker truck, attach fuel lines to Animal.

“This is the pure shit,” they call. “Unadulterated and underated. Unexpected, undected, uninspected and uninfected. Un—”

“Okay!”

Sarah keeps an eye out; she knows paranoia is a side effect of her current condition, but she can't help feeling that cops are about to swoop in on them.

Salvo 23: *Ad Extirpanda, Or: Love Letters From Alberto Gonzalez*

NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO is the only thing coming in out here in the middle of the Great American Nothing. The host has two guests, one being an artist whose controversial works have resulted in the assassination of his wife and child, and a social conservative political commentator whose family has not been executed.

“That’s too bad about your sig other and rugrat,” says the social conservative, “but I fail to see how that makes you, or your ‘art,’ worthy of the national political spotlight. Why should all the cameras be pointing at you?”

“They shouldn’t.”

“Because otherwise, really, I’ve never heard of you before. How are you supposed to be a famous painter?”

“There are three places you can check for me. First, check my Wiki entry online and read up on my background and accomplishments. Then check on Artazon.com and look at some of my work. Then, the third place you can check is *in your wife’s bed.*”

Anne has a laugh at this, checks for her companion’s reaction. Sarah is doing worse, and nothing seems to penetrate her torpor.

“You bring up a good point,” interjects the host. “You work solely with the electronic medium. Why is that? How does one exist in the art world without any physical paintings or sculptures?”

“You can’t burn an electronic painting. You can’t melt a 3-D model. That’s why. And—” A heckler interrupts. “*I will break your jaw with my cock.*” Then, “As for you over here, did your jaw spring a flat? Because I will be happy to jack it up for you.”

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A mortorcycle gang speeds by. From their insignias and other paraphenalia you can see they are the Hell-Drinking Beer-Raisers, or HDBR.

Anne tunes back in, just in time to catch the end of the social conservative's statement. "—because we have the God-given right to defend ourselves. So—"

"You can stop right there. Next topic."

"Don't shush me like some child because you don't have an arguement for your so-called 'gun control.'"

"I don't have an arguement?"

"That's right."

"Okay. You started off saying that a govenrment which restricts gun ownership is one that fails to trust its citizens, that does not believe in its citizens, so it's essentially an anti-citizen government."

"You got that right, and—"

"Then you say that you need guns because you know your fellow citizens have guns, so you want guns to keep all those gun-owning citizens away from you. You don't trust them. So which is it? Are the citizens responsible enough to have guns or not? Once you have an actual position on the subject then you'll have enough veracity to speak on it. Hence: next topic."

"Heretic." Sarah turns off the radio, then slouches back into her suffering.

Anne clears her throat. "You ever heard of the bay leaf trick? The prayer to Archangel Michael? They came in handy for me and mine back in Iraq. We just need to find us a market, and a place to do the deed."

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Salvo 24: Christian Spell #2

TAKE BAY LEAVES, and don't use them to cook a stew.

Use a pen to write the names of the Archangels on them.

Wrap the leaves in cloth, making sure to use white cloth.

Tie up the bundle and carry it with you.

This is how you win at sports.

If your contest is more of a life-or-death affair:

Dissolve crown of success crystals into some bay laurel tea.

Have somebody dump the mixture over your head as you pray.

Make sure you're praying for victory at the time.

In fact, here's the invocation to use:

"Great Archangel Michael Archangel, defend us in battle, be our defense against the wickedness and snares of the devil.

"May God rebuke our enemies, we humbly pray; and do thou, O Prince of the heavenly host, by the power of God, thrust into Hell the Adversary and all other evil spirits who prowl about the world for the ruin of souls.

"Amen."

Then give a thank-offering to some charity like an orphanage or femminalie shelter, or to a protection force such as the police or an armed forces organization.

After which you go kick teeth.

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Salvo 25: *Vade Retro Sathanas*

THE CONVENTION CENTER is just as the brochures described it: contemporary in design, lushly appointed, overloaded with tropical plantings incongruous with the locale, and certainly able to hold thousands of conventioners.

But all stands silent. Programs and other scraps of paper tumble along the pavement, carried by the breeze.

Animal will not fit under the covered driveway at the front entrance, so they have to park around the side. Anne does not mind this, as she has no great desire to hand the keys over to some valet who probably speaks no English.

Sarah fails to keep up with Anne as they rush through the desolate parking area and lobby; Anne has to drag her along.

“Excuse me,” she says at the desk. The clerk is unable to make out her words, so Anne removes her helmet, muttering under her breath. “Excuse me, could you please direct us to—” She stops to blow stray hairs off her nose and lips. “—to the International Association of Exorcists Convention.”

“Ma’am, I’m sorry but they had their final address and prayer this morning.” Then, off her expression, “You could oughta be able to catch a passle of them folks at the airport.”

“The airport’s like an hour away!”

“Hey, don’t yell at me over it. Just sayin’ is all.”

“Sorry, I’m sorry, it’s just...well, things don’t work out the way you think, and...” She sighs. “You know anybody can perform, like, you know...exorcisms and such?”

“Scuse me?”

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“Religious sorts, ones who might have some specialty in dealing with demons and the like.”

“Ma’am, I don’t...well, now, hold up there a second. Up the road, yup, up the road a ways is a convent. Or is it a monastery? They got `em some sort of cloisters up there, that’s right: Carmelite Nuns. Maybe you could oughta try there.”

Sarah leans on Anne’s shoulder, quaking. “Thank you so much for this. You are a true life saver, bless your heart. Could you give us directions by any chance?”

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Salvo 26: Christian Spell #3

IF YOU ARE in search of a home, or wish to sell your home, bury a statue of St. Joseph upside down. He is known as “The Underground Real Estate Agent.” Yes, it counts even if you bury it outside of a convention center.

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Salvo 27: Mt. Carmel's Creme-Filled Center

THEY BURST INTO the convent just as the Sisters are sorting through crates filled with thousands of CDs. They arrive not a moment too soon; Sarah has the shakes so bad that Anne has to help her walk.

The nuns are draped in black from head to foot; even their faces are obscured, because this order seems to actually wear their veils down. The first thing to pop into Anne's head, other than a vague feeling of unease, is to wonder how they can see through the black cloth.

"Dear me," one of them says. "Can we help you?"

Sarah, unable to answer, allows Anne to do the talking. "That depends." She realizes the nuns cannot hear her, so she removes her helmet. "That depends. You have anybody onsite trained in exorcism?"

The nuns shrug, look at each other. "I'm sorry dear. That's not what we do here."

The CDs are all death metal and the like: Deicide, Danzig, Tear Da Club Up Thugz, and so forth. "I can see that."

"Oh, these. We run a depository for those seeking to remove Satanic influence from the world of music. These will all receive Holy Judgement."

"If you can't exorcise me, she will," Sarah says, gesturing to Anne.

"Um...that's right. Just give us a cot and three squares, or a dust patch and a bottle of water, or a latrine and a bread crumb, or a—"

"You can use one of our cells."

"Um...really?"

The Sisters seem to share a knowing glance, although it is impossible to be

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sure on account of their faceless condition. “We can tell who you are from your garb. Your Holy Cause is known to us, and we want to help. You can consider yourselves honorary members of our order. Now, please make yourselves at home. This way...”

Salvo 28: Conspiracy of Silence

THE CELL IS six feet by ten feet. What meager belongings they have are on the mattresses, along with a pair of habits; the veils are composed of a black outer layer, with a white inner layer. The veils are no less intimidating up close. Included is a blessed brown scapular for each of them to wear beneath their habits.

Anne props Sarah up in the cell's single chair, wooden and uncushioned. Next to it is a hand-carved night stand.

Anne retrieves two flasks, as per Sarah's instructions, along with a badly photocopied book held together by a ridiculously large clip. She reads over the instructions, then sighs, realizing she needs to trace the sign of the cross on Sarah's skin with the oil—head, hands, feet, shoulders, on so forth.

After wrestling with her for five minutes she finally has her down to her underwear. She doesn't mean to slam her down onto the chair, but she has used up too much strength to be gentle.

Insects creep along the walls, as do shadows. Chants, prayers forces their way in. Burnt incense is carried on the air.

The photocopies are waiting. The flasks are waiting. The demon is waiting.

She reads that the exorcising priest should “vest in surplice and purple stole.” She has neither of those things, but the habit offered by the Carmelite Sisters should do the trick. She throws them on and begins...

After making it through the Litany of the Saints Anne realizes she is supposed to add: “Antiphon: Do not keep in mind, O Lord, our offenses or those of our parents, nor take vengeance on our sins. Our Father, who are in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on Earth as it is in heaven. Give

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us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.”

Sarah joins her for the the final five words. She seems to be fading in and out of consciousness.

Anne begins Psalm 53: “God, by your name save me, and by your might defend my cause. God, hear my prayer; hearken to the words of my mouth.”

Again Sarah joins her in reciting the last line, but her tone is somehow more wry and suspicious. As Psalm 53 progresses her mood deteriorates, until finally she spews a tirade of profanity unlike anything Anne has ever heard.

She realizes she forgot to do the anointing. “Come on, come on...” Oil on fingers, fingers on skin, cross on skin. Over and over as Sarah writhes, belches, growls. Images flash in Anne’s mind of rubbing oil on her husband’s bare skin, its vanilla scent vibrant in her nostrils. “No, devil! You don’t get me that easy!” She tosses the oil on the top bunk and continues reading at maximum volume. *“I command you, unclean spirit, whoever you are, along with all your minions now attacking this servant of God, by the mysteries of the incarnation, passion, resurrection, and ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ, by the descent of the Holy Spirit, by the coming of our Lord for judgment, that you tell me by some sign your name, and the day and hour of your departure. I command you, moreover, to obey me to the letter, I who am a minister of God despite my unworthiness; nor shall you be emboldened to harm in any way this creature of God, or the bystanders, or any of their possessions.”*

The nuns gather around in the hall, enjoying the festivities with some popcorn. Nothing this exciting has happened here in years.

Salvo 29: Tough Enough 1

THIS IS HOW cloistered Carmelite nuns roll:

The day starts at 5:30 with rising, morning prayer.

Then mental prayer.

Then Holy Mass.

That's all followed by Thanksgiving.

Washed down with midmorning prayer.

Finally there is *breakfast*.

Spiritual reading.

After all that you are thankful for *work*.

You have midday prayer.

Examine your conscious even more thoroughly than when a mirror is before you and you're checking for lumps, as there is no surgery available for spiritual cancer.

Dinner, AKA "din-din."

Mid-afternoon prayer.

Back to *work*.

Vespers followed by mental prayer.

Supper...the time of supping, AKA "be a man and sup it up."

Freestyle.

Recreational activities such as traditional dances of the world.

Office of readings, followed by the night prayer; Quakers don't have a stranglehold on quiet reflection.

Goodnight.

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Salvo 30: Please Visit Our Gift Shop... Satisfaction Guaranteed!

In Prayer: Up Close and Pious #4

She supplicates long time!

Featuring Sister Josephine Bactria Mary Emmanuella

Runtime: 4 hours

The Carmelite nuns of Mission City are at it again! In this, the fourth installment of *In Prayer*, we get to see Sister Josephine Bactria, or “Jo-Bac” to her friends, in solo action. We see her kneeling in prayer for two hours; multi-angle viewing is enabled. The second half is a close-up of her face as she prays. The entire frame is filled. This reviewer gives two crucifixes up!

Between Sisters: Penetrating Secrets of the Confessional

Her dirty secret exposed!

Featuring Sister Marguerite Simonella Petra St. Joseph and Sister JoBeth St. Bart

Runtime: 3.5 hours

They are locked in the dark together, taking turns rocking the box with the most tantalizing whispers you’ll ever hear! She ate the last of her sister’s birthday cake... she scratched the floor when she dragged the bucket in a moment of weakness... she stole the comfy toilet paper reserved for the abbess! The sisters take turns and flip-flop halfway through. Two crucifixes up, way up!

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Scared Straight Deep Undercover

Watch these sisters plunge the depths of the assumption!

Featuring Sister Chamberlinda Claricia Zealot St. George and Sister Jasmine St. Claire

Runtime: 5 hours

These sisters demonstrate many of the falsehoods perpetrated in the Left-wing socialist media regarding the lives of nuns. For instance: we see Sister Chamberlinda bathing Sister Jasmine. No, she explains, this sort of thing is nonsense generated to lead the public away from Godliness! We see Sister Jasmine flogging a bound and gagged Sister Chamberlinda. No, Sister Jasmine explains, this lie is a creation of Satan meant to keep femminalies in the secular world of damnation and insanity. We experience five hours of such scenarios! Thank goodness they set the record straight about what nuns do, or don't do as the case may be. Two crucifixes all the way up to Heaven's gate!

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Salvo 31: Tough Enough 2

SISTER THERESE JUNGFRAU Eunice Benedictine walks Anne and Sarah through the convent's winding, silent corridors. They miss this place even before they have left.

“What does it take to become a Carmelite nun?”

Sister Therese Jungfrau Eunice Benedictine says, “Prayerfulness is a must.”

“That much I've seen.”

They share a laugh.

“You also have to joyfully turn your back on family, friends, nation, international coalitions, world and worldliness. You have to amputate any and all reproductive parts of your psyche, dreams, and the portions of your being seeking to interlock with men. These desires are forever replaced by the overwhelming urge to work long, long, long, unending hours of manual labor. That, and the desire to pray in all things. We even use mental techniques on each other to eliminate dreams from the sleep state, replacing them with night-long ‘slumber prayer.’ And you have to be willing to give yourself willingly, to submit at any and all moments if called to do so, to live a life of willing submission in every conceivable sense of the word.”

They share another laugh.

Sister Therese Jungfrau Eunice Benedictine slows to a stop, placing a hand on each of their shoulders. “Anne, Sarah...are you ready to submit to my unctions, and those of my sisters, and those of the Order, and of the Holy Trinity?”

Sarah's eyes...Anne's eyes...Sarah's and Anne's eyes on each others eyes, then on Sister Therese Jungfrau Eunice Benedictine's eyes, or what seem to be her eyes through the veils...peering, clandestine bobbing and weaving to locate Sister Therese Jungfrau Eunice Benedictine's eyes.

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Realizing their problem Sister Therese Jungfrau Eunice Benedictine lifts her veils. It turns out she possesses the beauty, charisma, sexiness, largess, caché, perspicacity, and holla-factor of any ten celebrities combined.

They hate her.

She continues, "I want you to make a video, with me. The three of us together. It would be our hottest seller, I'm sure!"

Eyes: narrowing, narrowing, narrowing, glances ping-ponging between the femminalies.

Anne clears her throat. "Much as we are honored to be asked, we really need to get back on the road ASAP."

"Are you positive?"

"Those video ideas of yours make my parasites tremble."

Sister Therese Jungfrau Eunice Benedictine plants a kiss on each of them. "I understand. You are only able to submit to each other dutifully. Perhaps that is in itself a Holy Unction, considering the Good Work you have embarked on."

She renders herself faceless again, and the trio continues out to the parking lot.

The Sisters send them on their way with waves, probable smiles, possible tears, and a box of items from their gift shop: cookbooks, almanacs, prayer books, videos, a commemorative medal of their founder, and icon cards of Maria Carmeli/Mother and Child/Our Lady of Tenderness/St. Joseph and Child.

There is also a "charism package" containing black metal CDs from the convent's repository. When Anne and Sarah try to protest Sister Therese Jungfrau Eunice Benedictine informs them, "When you run out of songs to sing, when you are out of range of positive radio programming, when you don't have spiritual music to put in your player, you can always listen to Satanic music. Satanists are, in fact, more Christian than most citizens, because they believe in all aspects of the Bible, not just the pleasant parts. Most of these discs include the recital of some scripture, in one form or another."

"Um...what?!"

"To be a contemporary Christian you don't need to believe in Satan, but to be a Satanist you have to believe in God and Jesus. The Satanists you meet,

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they're generally strictly-raised Christians looking for an excuse to indulge in the hedonism of our contemporary world. Satanism affords them those excuses."

"Wow. I never thought about it like that."

"Pop these in from time to time and you'll be familiar with the Satanic mindset when you encounter it. Satanists are the easiest converts of all, so don't be afraid of reaching into the fire to salvage them."

"All burns can be soothed by the living water, and He who poured it."

"Amen!"

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Salvo 32: Terrible Triangle

Extracted from:

RELIGIOUS REQUIREMENTS AND PRACTICES
of Certain Selected Groups

A HANDBOOK FOR CHAPLAINS

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endorsement of the Department of the Army, or of the Chief of Army Chaplains regarding the organization, beliefs, or doctrine of the religious groups described in this manual. It contains information on these selected religious groups provided by the groups themselves. Errors or changes may be reported through official channels to the Chief of Army Chaplains.

CHURCH OF SATAN

Post Office Box 7633

San Francisco, California 94120

Anton S. LaVey

High Priest

AKA: Satanists

HISTORICAL ROOTS: The Church of Satan is an eclectic body that traces its origin to many sources—classical voodoo, the Hell-Fire Club of eighteenth century England, the ritual magic of Aleister Crowley, and the Black Order of Germany in the 1920s and 1930s. It departs from its predecessors by (1) its organization into a church, and (2) the openness of its magical endeavors.

CURRENT WORLD LEADER: Anton Szandor LaVey, High Priest.

ORIGINS IN THE U.S.: The Church of Satan was formed on Walpurgisnacht, April 30, 1966, in San Francisco California, when Anton LaVey proclaimed the beginning of the Satanic Era.

Initial growth came from coverage in the mass media. Articles included coverage of LaVey holding a funeral for a member of the U.S. Navy killed in San Francisco.

NUMBER OF ADHERENTS IN THE U.S.: Between 10,000 and 20,000.

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ORGANIZATIONAL STRUCTURE: The Church of Satan is focused in the Central Grotto in San Francisco. It accepts or rejects all potential members and charters other grottos (congregations) around the country. Isolated individuals relate directly to the Central Grotto.

Power to regulate members is in the hands of the Head of the Church.

LEADERSHIP AND ROLE OF PRIESTS: The Priesthood of the Church of Satan is not comprised of individuals who are necessarily adept in the performance of rituals, though pastoral and organizational abilities are not minimized. The rank of Priest is conferred on those who have achieved a measurable degree of esteem or proficiency and/or success; one's level of membership within the Church is commensurate with his/her position outside the Church.

Hence a respected career soldier or Commissioned Officer in the Army might qualify, though be totally uninvolved with group activity. This form of stratification determines the leadership and selects the governing body of the Church. Rituals are conducted by a de facto priest i.e., a celebrant member who has evidenced a working knowledge of and ability to conduct services and is authorized by the Central Grotto.

WHO MAY CONDUCT A RITUAL? Anyone, but a priest is required for group worship.

IS GROUP WORSHIP REQUIRED? No, but it is strongly encouraged, because it is a strong reinforcement of the faith and instillation of power.

WORSHIP REQUIREMENTS: Worship in the Church of Satan is based upon the belief that man needs ritual, dogma, fantasy, and enchantment. Worship consists of magical rituals and there are three basic kinds: sexual rituals, to fulfill a desire; compassionate rituals, to help another; and destructive rituals, used for anger, annoyance, or hate. Grottos often gather on Friday evenings for group rituals.

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MINIMUM EQUIPMENT FOR WORSHIP: Varies with the type of ritual performed but is likely to include a black robe, an altar, the symbol of the Baphomet (Satan), candles, a bell, a chalice, elixir (wine or some other drink most pleasing to the palate), a sword, a model phallus, a gong, and parchment.

FACILITIES FOR WORSHIP: A private place where an altar can be erected and rituals performed.

OTHER SPECIFIC RELIGIOUS REQUIREMENTS OTHER THAN WORSHIP: None.

DIETARY LAWS OR RESTRICTIONS: None.

SPECIAL RELIGIOUS HOLIDAYS: The highest holiday in the Satanic religion is one's own birthday. Every man is a God as he chooses to recognize that fact. After one's birthday, Walpurgisnacht (April 30) and Halloween are most important. April 30 is the grand climax of the spring equinox and Halloween was one of the times of the great fire festivals among the ancient Druids. The solstices and equinoxes—which fall in March, June, September, and December and mark the first day of the new seasons—are also celebrated.

FUNERAL AND BURIAL REQUIREMENTS: The priests of the Church of Satan perform funerals, and the Central Grotto should be contacted in case of death.

AUTOPSY: No restrictions.

CREMATIONS: Only permitted in extreme circumstances, such as an expedient measure where it is necessary to safeguard the health of others.

MEDICAL TREATMENT: No restrictions.

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UNIFORM APPEARANCE REQUIREMENTS: No restrictions.

POSITION ON SERVICE IN THE ARMED SERVICES: None.

IS A PRIEST REQUIRED AT TIME OF DEATH? No.

ANY OTHER PRACTICES OR TEACHINGS WHICH MAY CONFLICT WITH MILITARY DIRECTIVES OR PRACTICES: None.

BASIC TEACHINGS OR BELIEFS: The Church of Satan worships Satan, most clearly symbolized in the Roman God Lucifer, the bearer of light, the spirit of the air, and the personification of enlightenment. Satan is not visualized as an anthropomorphic being, rather he represents the forces of nature. To the Satanist, the self is the highest embodiment of human life and is sacred. The Church of Satan is essentially a human potential movement, and members are encouraged to develop whatever capabilities they can by which they might excel. They are, however, cautioned to recognize their limitations—an important factor in this philosophy of rational self-interest. Satanists practice magick, the art of changing situations or events in accordance with one's will, which would, using normally accepted methods, be impossible.

CREEDAL STATEMENTS AND/OR AUTHORITATIVE LITERATURE: The writings of Anton S. LaVey provide the direction for the Satanists—*The Satanic Bible*, *The Compleat Witch*, and *The Satanic Rituals*. (See also “Ethical Practices.”) Members are encouraged to study pertinent writings which serve as guidelines for Satanic thought, such as works of Mark Twain, Niccolo Machiavelli, G.B. Shaw, Ayn Rand, Friedrich Nietzsche, etc.

ETHICAL PRACTICES: The ethical stance of the Church of Satan is summarized in the Nine Satanic Statements: “(1) Satan represents indulgence, instead of abstinence!; (2) Satan represents vital existence, instead of spiritual pipe dreams!;

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(3) Satan represents undefiled wisdom, instead of hypocritical self-deceit!; (4) Satan represents kindness to those who deserve it, instead of love wasted on ingrates!; (5) Satan represents vengeance, instead of turning the other cheek!; (6) Satan represents responsibility for the responsible, instead of concern for psychic vampires!; (7) Satan represents man as just another animal, sometimes better, more often worse than those that walk on all fours, who, because of his 'divine and intellectual development' has become the most vicious animal of all!; (8) Satan represents all of the so-called sins, as they lead to physical, mental, or emotional gratification!; (9) Satan has been the best friend the church has ever had, as he has kept it in business all these years!"

Beyond the above principles, Satanists generally oppose the use of narcotics which dull the senses, and suicide, which cuts off life (the great indulgence), and stand firmly for law and order. The Church of Satan is not to be confused with "Satanist" groups which have been found to engage in illegal acts.

HOW DOES THE CHURCH OF SATAN RECRUIT NEW MEMBERS? The church does not proselytize but welcomes inquiries from honest potential Satanists who hear about the Church from the various books about it, the mass media, or word-of-mouth. New members must go through a screening process before they are accepted.

RELATIONSHIP WITH OTHER RELIGIONS: The Church of Satan stands as gathering point for all those who believe in what the Christian Church opposes and members are generally hostile to its teachings and resultant behavior patterns. To a lesser extent, the same position holds for Eastern religions.

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Salvo 33: Springer

THE NEXT FUEL re-up is nearby. Food first, and a potty break.

The only thing available is a pub full of locals. The air is thick with the scent of overused grease.

Food is on the menu, but it is not recommended. The alcoholic beverages are all homegrown, like back hair and lice. Nothing has been cleaned more recently than the barkeep's great-great-great Confederate Colonel grandfather last had a bath.

On a wall-mounted television talking heads continue to blab about the ongoing tragedy of a train and school bus collision somewhere near St. Louis, Missouri. The fingers are starting to point, accusations to fly, fangs to bare.

Everyone stares at the heavily-veiled pair of nuns saying a prayer of thanks over their food. The looks intensify with: "Zechariah 14:1-2...Lo, a day shall come for the Lord when the spoils shall be divided in your midst. And I will gather all the nations against Jerusalem for battle: the city shall be taken, houses plundered, femminalies ravished; half of the city shall go into exile, but the rest of the people shall not be removed from the city."

"Amen."

They attempt eating and for the for time realize the cods to the sides of the veils are not to tighten them, as with a hood, but are part of a pulley system. After raising their veils to half-mast the nuns continue.

Then: the heckling.

From every corner it comes. This is southern Baptist territory. Shit-kicker territory. The nuns do not respond, instead hastening the pace of their

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consumption. The heckles grow exceedingly more sexual and threatening. People start throwing things.

A giant man at the next table stands, his size shocking everyone into silence. He gestures at the horndogs, his skin about to shred from restraining the primitive rage surging within. *“I will fuck you so hard your mother will jump up and file a rape report! Now bring your ass-cheeks over here so I can tear them apart like my name was Jeffrey Dahmer!”*

Nobody moves, breathes.

“No? Then: shut...up!”

A tough guy nearby regards the giant with drunken dismissal, laughs.

The giant turns on him. *“Something funny?”*

“Just lookin’ at some fool wishes his dick was twelve inches long.”

“Why would I want my dick to be to be shorter?! Go fetch some tartar sauce so you can get somebody interested in that shrimp dick of yours, you fuckless ratsuck, before you die a virgin! Which is gonna be sooner than you think!”

The femminalie accompanying the drunkard, apparently high on meth herself, rises unsteadily, shrieking: “You ain’t got no right! Who’s you, anydamnfuckinway?! I’ll break a bottle sideways up your asshole, asshole!”

The giant takes a moment to look the meth-head up and down. *“Shave your breasticles before attempting to speak in public. You’ve got more crabs than Red Lobster, so you’re the perfect match for shrimp-dick here. I’m coming over there now to throw your ass in some boiling water where it belongs! See if I don’t!”* He makes a move and the couple scramble to the parking lot.

The sheriff chuckles, slouching. “Dang-on, somebody jus’ got theyselves tol’!”

“Dat...dat man just made all kinda terroristic threats up in dis sumbitch, sir. All due ’spect, you gotsa jack his shit the fuck on up.”

The sheriff regards the giant, then removes his badge, slapping it down on the tabletop. “T’s off-duty, see? Now show some common sense an’ allow a good ole boy ta drink his brew in peace.”

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Salvo 34: Counter-Reformation

THE FEMMINALIES FINISH regaling the giant with the spectacle that is Animal, then step towards the restrooms.

Anne says, "Excuse us while we slip into something more comfortable." Sarah elbows her. "Less comfortable. We're changing into something way less comfortable. So should you." Sarah elbows her again. "Except for you shouldn't take off your clothes. Just leave them on. Don't ever take them off." A third elbow, and this time Anne retaliates with a 101st Airborne "evade and demoralize" elbow. Soon the elbows are fast and furious, landing blows from head to foot; girlslapping ensues, accompanied by Greco-Roman wrestling and punctuated with: "Stupid habits! Can't see dick!" "You're not supposed to see dick, keep it holy!" "Don't talk at me 'bout no holy! You put the 'ho' in holy!" "Don't call me ho, A-ho!" "Silent night, ho-ho-ho-holy night!" "Don't say that, you infidel has-been wanna-be-that-never-was pious!" "How's my boob smell? You civvies never could get outta a headlock!" "Stupid habit, I can't see jack!"

The giant calmly records it all on his iPhone, then uploads it to the InterWeb. Instant viral hit.

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Salvo 35: The Mosque Man Prophecies

THE OPEN ROAD squirms under the moonlight's voyeuristic strobe. Sarah and Anne are decked out in their safety suits, silent.

The giant clears his throat, then screams to be heard over the noise of the unsoundproofed interior. "Those helmets don't look too comfortable. You always go faceless?"

"Yep."

"You even know what each other look like?"

"Yep."

"What's the new get-up all about, anyway?"

"Flame retardant materials. Braces and straps to prevent spinal injuries in a crash."

"Don't suppose I could get one of those outfits...I mean, that looks like one mother of a gas tank out there."

"What's the point? You're going to Hell sooner or later anyway."

"Don't be an A-ho."

"Well, it's true. Look at him. We all know you like looking at him."

"A-ho."

"What are you two saying? I'm having a hell of a time hearing you!"

Anne digs out a headset from beside her seat, tosses it over her shoulder. The giant puts it on, shifts his weight trying to find a comfortable position. Now that he can hear them clearly nothing is said; instead, they crank up the latest Hellmonger compact disc.

He realizes why his perch is uncomfortable: it is composed of hundreds of

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unused condom packages. “Look, let’s get something straight right here and now. I appreciate the lift, but I’m not looking for a ‘ride,’ and I hope you aren’t either.”

The femminalies give each other confused looks.

“What I said back there,” he continues, “that was really just a joke. About the twelve inches thing.”

“Oh, now wait a minute...”

“I just don’t want there to be any, like, confusion about my motives. Or yours.”

“Now you just hold it right there, mister!” Sarah tries to wag a finger at him, but it takes a full thirty seconds of unbuckling punctuated by multiple usages of *um, hold on, almost there, and I’m gonna let you have it you just wait and see*. When she finally gets herself turned to face him she sees the stream of “sex packets” pouring from his hands. “That. That I can explain. We can both explain. Um...you tell ‘im, Anne.” She faces forward, initiating the buckling process.

“Denying the enemy, brother.”

“Denying the enemy?”

“I didn’t stutter, hallelujah.”

He nods philosophically. “So what tastes better...rough ride cherry-lemon or death-by-chocolate-impalement? Do these things even taste like actual food?”

Anne sizes him up in the rearview mirror. “All I know is the implements of Satan come in every flavor available. And if I wanted to grind on you you’d know it, because I’d be on you faster than a chicken on a junbug hoppin’ on a flea up the butt of a dead dog gettin’ done by a cheetah in heat onboard a Concord jet with a nuke chasin’ its tailpipe.”

“Well now, that is fast. And graphic. And troubling, but not in a vague way.”

“Thank you.”

Sarah glances at him in a mirror. “So what are you supposed to be, some hedonist boozaholic that took chastity vows? You sure aren’t a brother of any order.”

The giant sighs again, watches drones speeding across the night sky. “My wife and son were killed recently. Murdered.” Faceless hordes seem to be gathered in the woods along the horizon, probably immigrants. “I’ve never been a proponent of the whole one-night stand thing. What I mean is...people always hook up trying to fill

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some need, and if that worked they wouldn't need to keep hooking up with strangers, would they? But they keep doing the same thing over and over again, expecting to feel all right, but from what I've seen they just feel worse, more desperate. They keep turning their backs on their problems and act surprised every time they find that knife in their backs. Well, deal with your problems first. Then you can be with somebody and experience real happiness with them, because you'll already be happy with yourself." Animal crushes something at high speed; judging from the amount of jiggle in the cockpit the crushee was moose-sized or less, maybe a motorcycle. "Sorry about the rant. Guess I have strong feelings about relationships."

"You ever been with a femminalie possessed by demons?"

"No matter how I answer that I'm screwed, right?"

"Retracted."

"You ever been with two femminalies possessed by demons?"

The giant understands now that the condoms cover boxes of military ordnance: Heckler & Koch HK XM8 antipersonnel rifle, Heckler & Koch HK XM25 automatic grenade launcher, MPS AA-12 automatic shotgun, and worse. His eyes narrow. "I'm starting to think so."

The femminalies share a giggle. "You're so bad."

"Shut up." Another giggle.

"Virgin most sorrowful, pray for us."

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Salvo 36: *Shitbirds of a Feather Get Wiped Together*

THE ROCKET FUEL connection is late. The giant stretches his legs while Sarah and Anne wait, discussing their plans in hushed tones.

The abandoned junkyard is in the middle of nothing. There are no artificial lights for miles and miles around. Everything appears slate blue under the moon.

The fuel merchants attack from three sides, in pairs. Anne is ahead of them, using her sidearm to kill two within seconds.

The next thirty minutes are spent on suppressing fire, maneuvering to flank in the dark, reloading. The giant stays put hiding behind an empty fuel tank. That is, until a stray bullet pierces the tank igniting fumes within. The flames expose another pair of smugglers drawing close to Anne's position; Sarah empties her clip into them and keeps pulling the trigger long after they are dead. Anne, for her part, deals with the final two who jump up thinking they can take advantage of the distraction.

Sarah finally allows herself to breathe, is disgusted by the stench of burning tires, carpets. "What's wrong?"

Anne holds up the cash. It is torn and blackened from stopping a bullet. She holds a moment of silence for their funds, then contemplates their fuel supply.

As they trudge back to Animal Sarah grabs Anne's arm. "Wait, wait. We ought to say something over him at least."

"Okay."

They step near the giant's flailing form as it continues to burn, to bleed. Sarah clears her throat and raises her voice to drown out his cries. "2 Samuel 12:11-14..."

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“Thus says the Lord: ‘I will bring evil upon you out of your own house. I will take your wives while you live to see it, and will give them to your neighbor. He shall lie with your wives in broad daylight. You have done this deed in secret, but I will bring it about in the presence of all Israel, and with the sun looking down.’ Then David said to Nathan, ‘I have sinned against the Lord.’ Nathan answered David: ‘The Lord on his part has forgiven your sin: you shall not die. But since you have utterly spurned the Lord by this deed, the child born to you must surely die.’”

Anne gives her a pat on the back. “Well said.” She surveys the carnage, chewing gum. “We’re gonna have to think up some other way to get ’r done.”

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Salvo 37: Second Theory of Conspiracy

so, YOU'VE GOT the World Trade Center, and that's really what it is. The center of trade in our nation and maybe the whole world.

It's destroyed in the shock attack of all time. Stocks drop like never before. The money lost is equivalent to the entire economies of any five other nations combined.

Do we roll over and die, or do we keep going? The Bush administration braces things up with the real estate market. Boom. That works.

My wife and I, as small business owners, we were deeply impressed by this move. It stabilized everything. It would serve as a launching point, you know, for the whole rest of the economic recovery. We couldn't wait to see what the rest of the plan was.

Then it turned out there was no "rest of the plan." The real estate market stayed insanely strong, but everything else was left wide open in that, well, all the effort and focus was on keeping real estate strong.

Meanwhile, the oil companies took it off the chain and down the drain. They jacked up prices like crazy, and I'm not going to debate the ethics of that or reasons behind it, there's plenty of people who can argue both sides.

The problem is oil is about the only industry that effects every other industry, all aspects of the economy. So every other business starts feeling the pinch and has to raise their own prices.

Now the consumers are getting hit from every side. They're unable to keep making mortgage payments, and there goes the real estate industry, the one financial crutch we had.

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The thing nobody wants to say is that the terrorist attacks on New York and Washington D.C. truly broke the back of the economy. And since we have been afraid to say it all this time, we did not address it. Did not resolve the problem. We just dragged ourselves around with our hands, face-down in the mud, and told ourselves it was the same as running a marathon.

Language is the basis of thought. When you get into limiting what language can be used, you eliminate much what the mind can do, especially in the area of critical thought. If people understood there was still financial risk they wouldn't have extended their credit to the point—

“Shut up already!” yells somebody from the audience. Soon the stage is overrun and the guest is ripped to Jell-O-esque bits. The cameras keep rolling; ratings keep rolling.

Salvo 38: Round 1

SUNDAY STARTED OFF just like any other day at Fine International Market, located on Fenton Street in the city's arts district. Aahil Jabir arrived at 5 a.m. to prepare for the day. The rest of the workers clocked in between 6 and 7, working early and hard.

But they had fun, brightening the moods of customers with their humor. They spent the morning fundraising and carrying grocery bags out to cars.

Then two femminalies clad in unorthodox burqas marched in carrying hand grenades, and pulled the pins.

"They say we'll all die," states Jabir, 54, owner of the store. "We're all going to die today unless we can answer this question."

The femminalies rounded up the workers, all members of Jabir's extended family. The life-or-death question was: what's the difference between an IUD and an IED?

"How do you answer such stupid nonsense? You know that's it for you and your family right about then," says Jabir. He and his family knelt in prayer throughout the ordeal.

The femminalies demanded all the cash in the store, a case of soda, four all-beef franks, and armfuls of ultra-thin sanitary napkins with wings.

Then they released the grenades, destroying the building. The workers were all treated at Gonzales Trauma Center. None sustained life-threatening injuries.

Jabir sobbed when describing the aftermath. "That place was my family's legacy. What are we going to do now?"

Jabir migrated to the United States of America from Pakistan at age 5 with his parents. The store was founded by his father and uncles almost four decades ago.

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The store was located across the street from Niggrins Comedy Club, the epicenter of the “urban comedic renaissance” known for launching the career of DeJuan Black, star of *The Huts*.

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Salvo 39: Mosquitoes

How's a mosque like a mosquito?

They both suck blood!

How's a mosque like a mosquito?

They can both suck my ass!

Knock knock.

Who's there?

Osama Bin Laden.

What do you want?

*Today I'd like to discuss with you the healthcare reform package I pushed through
Congress...*

When you're walking down the street

and you see Halal Meat

Terrorists

Terrorists

When you're going downtown

and you see something brown

Terrorists

Terrorists

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Who rapes little girls
all over the third world
Terrorists
Terrorists

Who's getting kicked in the can
by good ole Uncle Sam
Terrorists
Terrorists

Commie pinko fuckwad socialists
spread abortion and godless incest
Terrorists
Terrorists

How many Muslims does it take to screw in a light bulb?
None, they live in a fucking cave!

How many Muslims does it take to fill a mass grave?
All of 'em!

How do you get rid of dirt on a Muslim?
Ethnic cleansing!

A priest, a rabbi, and an imam walk into a bar. Then everybody beats the living shit out of the rabbi and the imam. The priest buys them all a round of drinks and hands out assigned seating in Heaven. Then they all piss in the mouths of the rabbi and the imam. The priest marries them all off to horny young virgins. Then they all make a human pile on the rabbi and the imam. The priest divides up and gives them all the Jewish and Muslim cars, femminalies, and other associated property in the area. Then they all...

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Salvo 40: Army of Dark Teddy Bears

SARAH IS AT it again. “Isaiah 13:15-18...‘Anyone who is captured will be run through with a sword. Their little children will be dashed to death right before their eyes. Their homes will be sacked and their wives raped by the attacking hordes. For I will stir up the Medes against Babylon, and no amount of silver or gold will buy them off. The attacking armies will shoot down the young people with arrows. They will have no mercy on helpless babies and will show no compassion for the children.’”

Anne taps her foot, picks her nose, impatience simmering.

“Out of the depths I cry to You, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice. Let Your ears be attentive to my voice in supplication. If You, O Lord, mark iniquities, Lord, who can stand? But with You is forgiveness, that You may be revered. I trust in the Lord; my soul trusts in His word. My soul waits for the Lord more than sentinels wait for the dawn. More than sentinels wait for the dawn, let Israel wait for the Lord, For with the Lord is kindness and with Him is plenteous redemption; And He will redeem Israel from all their iniquities.”

“Amen. We done here?”

“I’m good.”

Suiciding shaheeds, instead of taking the time to commemorate dead innocents, have just detonated themselves inside of Sunday schools, day cares, neonatal wards. Mosques pick their stony teeth with the bones of those sacrificed.

John Edward Lawson

Salvo 41: The Comparison Lacks Contrast, or: Third Theory of Conspiracy

DURING THE TERM of President Bush's public service there was an art exhibit, featuring collage art. You know, bunches of different images pasted together, or that's how we did it back in elementary school.

So, the war was in full swing then, and these collages were all of President Bush and guns. The government declared these death threats against the president and the Secret Service came down on the artist and art gallery.

Anybody who made their own collage of the president and guns and posted it on the InterWeb to show "solidarity" or to "protest," well, they had the Secret Service showing up at their jobs to investigate them. They then lost their jobs.

President Obama is elected into office. Somebody runs ads on social networking sites saying "Should Obama be assassinated? Take the quiz now!" A "conservative" blogger posts saying the USA survived the assassinations of Lincoln and Kennedy so we'll be okay if Obama takes a bullet to the head. "Assassinate Obama" becomes one of the top one hundred searches on Google. The political opposition runs ads in the South with people sitting at a table saying "somebody needs to go to Washington and stop the president;" this is done while showing a gun being placed on the table.

Where's the Secret Service?

Because it's not like that stuff is happening in a vacuum. Four guys were arrested in a legit assassination conspiracy, and there were other people running classified ads trying to organize schemes to kill the president.

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You'd think the Secret Service would be stomping some mudholes, considering President Bush was almost killed by artwork.

What I don't get is this: FDR welcomed criticism during World War II, saying that anyone who hides behind war to quell opposition is weak. FDR was a freakin' cripple on his deathbed! If he could take it, why couldn't President Bu—

“FDR was a pinko faggot!” The audience surrounds the guest and collectively suffocates him with their feces, while the host ducks out for a commercial break.

John Edward Lawson

Salvo 42: Of Inhuman Bondage

SARAH AND ANNE sit across from each other on their motel beds, busy cutting peepholes in their veils. The hot dogs are long gone. They wear only days-old underwear; it occurs to them they should have demanded some fresh underwear from the market owner.

“S-diddy, I have a confession to make.”

“Sister Anne, how long has it been since your last confession?”

“Stop goofing.” They share a chuckle. “Going over there and fighting in the desert, you know for sure you’re in a godless land. You all do everything you can to save each other, because you know you don’t want to die in a godless land, no way.” She swallows. “But still, you make it back stateside and there’s...”

The peepholes are complete. “Yeah?”

“They call it ‘Gulf War Syndrome,’ but us believers know what it really is.”

The sodas are almost all gone. “What is it?”

“What you got.”

“Parasites? You already made that clear.”

“No! No, the other thing.” Then, “I think I need an exorcism.”

“Wh...really?” Sarah takes a seat next to Anne, puts an arm around her, allows her to cry on her shoulder. “Do you know the name of the beast?”

“Zagam.”

“Good, that’s good. Most times the nature of the beast is unclear for a long while. This gives us a head start. It probably has a really weak hold on you.”

“Zagam makes things into whatever the opposite is. It’s the counterfeit demon. And it’s a king, it runs some infernal realm.”

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“Good, good, that’s great.” Sarah takes notes. She rummages through her meager belongings, mainly ultra-thins with wings being saved up for a rainy day. She finds the anointing oil, the holy water.

“And it’s violent. Really violent. Off the hook. I’ve been fighting it all day, but I’m about to lose control. Don’t want to be responsible for what’ll happen to you, don’t want that. We gotta hurry.”

“Okay. But—”

“Don’t worry. I’ve got an idea.”

Soon enough they have modified the straps and buckles from the racing harnesses to bind Anne’s wrists, secure them to the ceiling. Her ankles are bound, one buckled to each bed. She struggles, thighs flexing, back arching as forearms, triceps, biceps nearly pop. Sweat trickles down her bare back, and the tag by her bra snap is even worse than the prospect of demonic possession, but she doesn’t want to mention it.

Sarah positions herself before Anne. “I could kill you now very, very easily.” Anne doesn’t react until Sarah laughs, then she joins with a nervous laugh of her own. “Come on, lighten up. Pretty soon you’ll be happy, well-adjusted, and fulfilled with the grace of the Almighty. Just look at what exorcism has done for me!”

“You’re right.” Anne offers a weak laugh, clears her throat. “I’m ready whenever you are.”

Sarah lays out her photocopies of the exorcism rite. She makes it through the litany of saints, into Psalm 53. As she anoints Anne’s forehead with the oil something happens.

Anne is supposed to issue a reply, but all that comes out is: “Ow!” She can feel the mark of the cross burning. Is she really damned to such a degree? Has Zagam taken such a strong grip on her?

Sarah covers the tip of her right thumb with the oil, reaches for Anne’s shoulder. “Holy Mary...Mother...of God!” She drags her thumbnail down and then across the skin of the shoulder, raising a welt.

“Hey! That’s not how you’re supposed to do it!”

“Shut up, you trash-talking skank! You think God loves you?! Here’s what

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he thinks of sinners like you! Rarrghhh!” Sarah claws the oil into Anne’s other shoulder, drawing blood this time.

Anne recognizes, all too late, the frothing, bulging-veined thing before her: the demon she recently tried to exorcise. “No...get me out of this thing! Get me outta here!” She writhes madly, failing to free herself from bondage as the Sarah-demon howls, yips, cackles.

“You’re mine now, freak! You couldn’t cut it in the Army, you couldn’t cut it as a wife, you can’t even cut it as a victim! Look at you! Pathetic!”

Sarah-demon jumps on Anne, straddles her prone form, their sudden combined weight nearly popping Anne’s shoulder sockets. Then a surge of godless strength courses through her and she shrugs the Sarah-demon off, sending her careening across the room.

Anne roars monosyllabic nonsense well beyond normal human lung capacity. Zagam is in the house.

Sarah-demon does a kip-up, shrieking, hair and undergarments drenched with a sudden profusion of sweat. She leaps atop Anne/Zagam again, this time locking her hands and feet behind Zagam’s back.

They bark and scream into each others faces, demon-a-demon, from every extension of their sinews, from the depths of their souls, and even their parasites rage at each other belly-a-belly.

Baptism of saliva.

New Mosque City

Salvo 43: Round 2

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first in a series the Times-Sentinel is writing to update readers on unsolved crimes. We will monitor developments as they occur, and we insist the public contact peace officers with any relevant information that might lead to an arrest, or risk prosecution yourselves.

*LOCATION: Jabir's Dance Halal,

*ADDRESS: 946 Jungle St., Mooretown

*CASE TYPE: Armed robbery

*WHEN: Sep. 6, 2010

*WHAT HAPPENED: Two light-skinned femminalies wearing "burqa" masks entered the store at 10:03 a.m. and fired automatic handguns over the customers' heads. They stole an undisclosed amount of cash and ostrich jerky before running out. Explosive devices were then tossed through the door, detonating; if anyone was killed does it matter? One femminalie is said to be about five feet, ten inches tall, the other about five feet, five inches tall. The "burqa" disguises of the femminalies made any other identification impossible.

*HOW TO HELP: Hit diaper-heads with bricks, or call the Mooretown Police Department at 479-6900.

John Edward Lawson

Salvo 44: Witch Hunt

CAMERA: ROLLING.

Anne sits on the left, Sarah on the right, not that you can tell. They are obscured by habits.

Eyes: burning with rage through the freshly-cut slits.

Background: cave rock.

“Be warned, purveyors of sin. You have gone against the holy word and now we, and all who are holy, will rise up to decapitate this beast the United States is mutating into. Our holy war begins in New York City. We will strike until every single building, no matter how insignificant, has been leveled!”

“Exodus 22:17... You should not let a sorceress live!”

Both raise guns and unleash semiautomatic weapons fire accompanied by trilling, speaking in tongues, and other “war-cries.” Debris rains down from the cave ceiling.

New Mosque City

Salvo 45: Methyl Mercury Poisoning in the Intelligence Food Chain

<—Video Analysis—>

Expert: First we incorporate proprietary Homeland Security imaging x-ray spectroanalysis filters to reveal bone structure, among other bodily attributes. Then we employ forensic facial reconstruction based on the revealed bone structure—

Host: Pardon me, but how is that possible? It's just a video still, after all.

Expert: Radiation signatures are coded based on their intensity, or in layman's terms, energy levels fluctuate based on how deeply they penetrate an object. The objects in question are femminalies, or more to the point, the femminalies in question are objects. The various types of radiation signatures are revealed by complicated hokum pokem above your pay grade, and from them we can delineate bone tissue, connective tissue, fat and muscle and prosthetic devices, and so on.

Host: These insurgent chicks have prosthetic parts?

Expert: No, but this one on the left? See those things I'm circling? Cheek implants, breast implants, glut implants, and what appears to be vaginal reconstructive surgery.

Host: Come again?

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Host #2: Zing!

Expert: You know, a “ratcheting up” to “tighten” the vaginal muscles. Very popular to “recreate” a “virginal state” among religious fanatics, and Brazilian femminalies who fear losing their men after giving birth and “loosening up.”

Host: Okay, so let’s see this computer-generated reconstruction anywhoooooooooo.

Expert: I’m about to slap the stars ’n stripes back into your asshole, boy. Straighten the fuck on up. Now, as I was saying, here is the the video’s perpetrators.

[insert ridiculously over the top image]

Expert: This is Al-Hetaera, a new ultra-violent, hyper-orthodox result of miscegenation between Hamas and Al-Quaeda.

Host #2: If Al-Quaeda is “The Base” then Al-Hetaera is “third base,” at least!

Host: More like a home run.

Host #2: Zing!

Expert: By even the most conservative estimates within the intelligence community the threat level must be raised to a new level: Code Salmon.

Host: And I hope to God those salmon are a’ spawning! Hubba!

Expert: I done warned ya, boy.

[Brutallic sound of stars and stripes being slapped into the asshole of impropriety.]

New Mosque City

Salvo 46: Round 5

Q: *What's the difference between an IUD and an IED?*

A: *Nothing, they're both implements of Satan.*

John Edward Lawson

Salvo 47: What About the Huts? Part Deux: This Time It's Personal

THE DOCILE BIMBOS of television decided it was be great to film an on-location, week-long “television event” in the tradition of *Roots*.

Priority One was to hit the ground running. There wasn't time to send location scouts ahead of the production crew, but with all the tribal villages in Africa it would not matter.

On arrival the crew found themselves awash in urban decay, a vast postindustrial sprawl that probably wasn't “nice” even when it was new.

The director grabbed a man dining at an outdoor café demanding to know where the “huts” were.

The man was a prominent member of the local militia, so the director lost both his hands and feet. He bled to death in the streets as stray dogs licked and tore at his spurting wounds.

The crew were sold into slavery or killed outright.

The equipment was sold.

Sharntelle Jones was dismembered before the bound and gagged cast members, just to make sure they were all on the same page.

DeVon Penn was “martyred.”

LaCynthia Cole was “tamed.”

DeDavid Jackson died on the battlefields of Sudan.

Eugene Levy was set to arrive two days later but, on hearing the news, decided better of traveling.

DeJuan Black found the Holy Word of Allah.

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Salvo 48: Trial By Jre

PROSECUTOR: DR. VETIS, could you please tell the court what you are a doctor in?

Vetis: The field of Ebonics.

Prosecutor: And you are accredited...?

Vetis: I hold a doctorate and two masters from the Universities of Firebird, Thunderbird, and Corvette, respectively, online. G.I. Bill. The National Board of Ebonics Language Experts certifies, ratifies, and clicajumps niggas in both the education system and the private sector; this is the oversight body that clicajumped me.

Prosecutor: Thank you. Now, what exactly is the field of Ebonics?

Vetis: Technically speaking it is referred to as African American Vernacular English. It is an African language structure incorporating words derived from the English language. Sometimes the words are modified, sometimes they are kept intact, but the approach to usage is fundamentally different than what one would encounter in an English-language interaction. The street term is "slang."

Prosecutor: And what is the purpose of using African American Vernacular English, as you call it.

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Vetis: To obfuscate one's real purpose, they keep those outside of a select group from understanding your communications. It could be called the poor man's cryptography.

Prosecutor: Right. So, recordings of the defendants' conversations from June 1st through December 16th—which have already been entered into evidence—could be considered a coded communication.

Vetis: As I understand it experts, evidence, and testimony have already established the defendants are in fact gang members, and one is not allowed into a gang without at least a GED in Ebonics. Enrollment in online courses tends to be sponsored by larger organizations such as the Bloods, Crips, and Latin Kings to ensure members keep up with the latest developments in Ebonics. From studying these transcripts the defendants not only exercised in the field of ebonics scholarship, they might have even been teaching at community colleges on the side.

Prosecutor: Now, as to the question whether this gang simply conducted a run-of-the-mill "identity theft" scam, or were actually collecting citizen information for use by terrorists abroad...

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Salvo 49: *Fourth Theory* of Conspiracy

SO I HEAR my neighbors talkin' 'bout how them longhair peaceniks oughta get the 'chair for goin' 'gainst the war, and support our troops, it oughta be a capitol offense and all that. I jus' thought on it a second and was like wow, dude, that pretty much sums up our salvation. Jesus Christ of Nazareth was a longhair peacenik executed by the man. In fact—

“Commie dick-suck!” screeches an audience member, before the crowd descends on the talk show stage and washes it with heretical blood.

John Edward Lawson

Salvo 50: Round 12

THIS IS ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI:

It all goes wrong. Anne and Sarah fall back from the Halal market in disarray.

They were laying in wait. The sweating legions of the underworld, robed in a threadbare desert stylee. Armed with AK-47s, knives, rotting teeth, and who-knows-what-else.

“Where is it?!” Sarah hollers.

“What?! Where’s what?!”

“Animal!”

The monster truck is gone.

“Fallback point Onan! Go, go, go!”

Bullets start whirring past just as the femminalies launch into the evasive maneuvers Anne has drilled them on every day. One falls back to protective cover as the other aggressively prosecutes the withdrawal via hot lead spray. Then they switch roles.

It is unclear how many unlawful combatants occupy the store; only three are ever visible at a time, popping up from the rim of the shattered storefront to fire, curse, or fire and curse.

Anne takes out one, then two. Sarah takes out everything but.

A sniper makes his presence felt, ensconced on a roof neighboring the market. The femminalies slip behind buildings a block away.

“You okay? You hit?”

“I’m good, I’m good, I’m—”

“Your habit, you’ve got holes in your—”

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“Well, so do you!”

Before they can check more thoroughly for blood they see it.

Animal has mounted a falafel truck, grinding away on the exhaust pipe, its claws hooked into the vending vehicle’s blue and white exterior. The screech of metal-on-metal horrifies witnesses. The operator flees, shrieking, through a blown-out window.

He seizes, tumbles to the ground awkwardly. Sarah’s gun is pointing in his direction.

“What did you just—” Anne shakes her head, rushes down the street. “Animal! Animal, stop that! You know better!”

The truck makes no indication that it intends to halt its act of violation.

Sarah waves her gun in the air. “It’s doing the Lord’s work, now let’s get out of here!”

“The Lord’s work? Whatever happened to being a soul virgin?!”

“Zechariah 14:1-2... “Lo, a day shall come for the Lord when the spoils shall be divided in your midst. And I will gather all the nations against Jerusalem for battle: the city shall be taken, houses plundered, femminalies ravished; half of the city shall go into exile, but the rest of the people shall not be removed from the city.”

“Wait. You mean we have to kill half the city?”

Random war cries ring out, and down the street a dusky-skinned militia is getting into place behind overturned cars, trash dumpsters, camels too stubborn to move out of the way. They open fire.

A rocket-propelled grenade slams into a building across the street from Sarah. She cuts loose with full automatic ferocity, her gun as easy to grasp as a spawning boa constrictor. She does not hit much, but it succeeds as suppressing fire. Camels lay in heaps of bloody cud.

Anne positions herself within range and launches grenades into the enemy’s midst. The few survivors are easily picked off as they attempt to flee the burning carcasses of their comrades.

Tatters of paper and fabric drift on hot air currents, accompanied by the sounds of crackling flame and Animal’s unrelenting assault. The femminalies scan the street, frantic, then the rooftops, windows, back-to-back. They look at each other, then retreat down an alley. The reverberation of Animal’s engine revving chases them along the brick and cinderblock.

John Edward Lawson

Each doorway is systematically cleared before they pass it. Sarah does not bother to ask where they are going; Anne's hand signals are self-assured enough to instill her with a sense of purpose.

Three streets down they find blockades awaiting them at each end. The Gateway Arch looms nearby, shining with the luminescence of a million shrieking sinners in Hell's antechamber.

Quick reckon of the route behind them results in a hail of bullets nearly snatching their lives away. Anne and Sarah regroup in an alley, panting. Each has received a minor leg wound.

"Don't think they're in contact with each other," Anne says. "We still got the element of surprise on the forward bunch. I say we take it to 'em."

Sarah nods. The duo pops out with guns blazing on the nearest blockade, catching the mujahideen on a cigarette break. By the time the unlawful combatants at the opposing end of the street realize what is going on, the femminalies have slipped away.

In the next block they are confronted by Blood of the Martyrs Daycare, its windows sandbagged. It is full of bandanna-bedecked toddlers waving single-shot muskets and shouting "Balack Osama! Balack Osama! Balack Osama!" Their bandannas are adorned with the word *Hope*. They open fire in lines, redcoat-style.

Several thermite grenades later the shouting has ceased, permanently.

Wailing rings out, so shrill and loud it shatters every window on the street. A tide of black squirms and seethes under the daylight. It is a seemingly limitless horde of burqa-clad femminalies shuffling forward, shaking hands at the sky, then clasping their heads, then shaking hands at the sky once more. Their numbers are so great the asphalt shudders, cracks.

By this time both Sarah and Anne have finished reloading and take down row after row of wailing femminalies. Teeth, an eye, a breast splatter against a stop sign, slide down its surface slicking it. Wave upon advancing wave fall, not for one second slowing their advance until every femminalie has been brought to justice. Hairy gazpacho stands in the backed-up gutters, awaiting spoons.

The building behind them erupts. At least they think so. Everything is quiet,

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save for the ringing in their ears, and for some reason they are face down across the street from where they were standing.

A Russian T-34 tank maneuvers behind the rubble of the blown-out building. The driver and gunner are attempting to line up their cannon with the crusaders. Sarah instinctively draws her Walther SP22 sidearm and opens fire. The tank blows sky-high, taking out two more buildings. Anne gives her a brusque nod, then gestures for her to get up and move.

They run. They don't stop. Occasionally bullets whiz past.

Suddenly Anne realizes a Marine-issue dress sword is on her hip. As she draws it from the scabbard it ignites. The heat is searing, even at a few paces.

A blackened, ichor-dripping dragon swoops down from cloud cover. Elaborate rigging houses several platforms of Jihadists on the dragon's back, sides, and belly.

"Get some!" is Anne's battle cry as she swings her flaming sword, melting incoming bullets. Backlash, and she takes off the beast's leg on its approach. It howls, loses control, veers into and through a skyscraper, and some adjacent apartments. The Jihadists perish in the rubble. Thousands scream, drowned out by the collapse of concrete, rebar, exploding glass.

The dragon rises, roaring, exhaling green flame. Anne swings again, cleaving the pillar of fire with her blade, sending the twin streams into hordes seeking to sideswipe her. It is a BBQ of hundreds.

She springs forward, up, through the beast's chest. She emerges from its back speaking in tongues, black tongues, plague tongues.

Thousands of spiders creep along the walls of the high-rise valley, each of them ten feet in diameter. Riding the hairy arachnids are drivers and gunners, all of them zeroing in on the femminalies.

Anne's plague tongues spread an epidemic through their ranks, instantly putrefying them all.

Sarah keeps lobbing grenades. "Where are they all coming from?!"

"I think they're here to steal our jobs!" Anne fires. "And our dragons' jobs, and our spiders' jobs!"

"Jim-jamming twinkie-dinks! That ain't right!"

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Steaming streams of hair-laced bodily fluids surge over the pavement toppling infidels, drowning dark infants, almost causing Anne and Sarah to lose their footing. Almost. They slosh through the green and black and red eddies, blasting insurgents that appear in windows, pop out of cars, parachute from planes, repel from helicopters, swing from hang-glidiers, teleport in from Chinese satellites.

Overgrown monkeys with giant batwings glide in by the hundreds of thousands, blotting out the sun. They are equipped with scimitars, the scalps of yahudis, hummus stains, and flasks of ne'er-do-well.

Sarah continues to fire on the advancing foot soldiers while Anne whips the tarp off a gun turret. "What the ass-crazy hoo-hah is that thing!" Sarah squeals.

"Twenty-one barrel sixty millimeter Revenger gattling gun, babe! I've had stashes at every point along our journey, hallelujah, safe houses and unsafe houses, amen, weapons caches and cash flashes, praise Jesus, all along the way, in the mighty name of the Almighty!"

"Whatever!"

Anne cuts loose with the cannons, and unclean body parts rain from the sky. "Heal this child!" Empty shells spray out on gusts of hot wind, embedding themselves in the rubble. "Don't heal this child!" The gunfire is enough to take the tops off downtown skyscrapers. "Heal half this child, but make the other half worse!"

Meanwhile, Sarah has her hands full with Gitmo zombies, Abu Grahیب mummies, Watergate vampires. She employs the Eagle Claw long distance antipersonnel incinerator, to great success. Playgrounds go up in smoke, streets and vehicles warp under the intense heat. Entire cemeteries can now be refilled with the ashes of their escapees, plus some.

The cannon is now useless; millions of 60mm rounds have been expended. They form a fortress of solitude for Anne to meditate in. She chooses instead to leap into a cavalry charge of shield-bearing janissaries. An overhead swing of her flame sword splits the Earth open. The yawning chasm greedily takes the janissaries into its fiery depths, along with streets, buildings, the river, the Gateway Arch itself. Anne rides the wave of damnation down, down, down swinging all the way.

Salvo 51: To Your Dome, Fool!

A WHITE BUILDING stands alone.

It has a large dome for a roof.

A white tower rises from one side of the structure.

At the top of the tower a dark man calls out in Arabic, his calm eerie given the circumstances.

This is a mosque.

It is the only building on the street.

This is a mosque on drugs:

Smoke, screams fill the sky.

Sarah is down to her boot knife.

She is out of the frying pan, into the fire, tap dancing on Satan's esophagus.

She ought to just say no, but the mosque is the only potentially safe haven in sight. "Ezekiel 35:7-9...I will make Mount Seir utterly desolate, killing off all who try to escape and any who return. I will fill your mountains with the dead. Your hills, your valleys, and your streams will be filled with people slaughtered by the sword. I will make you desolate forever. Your cities will never be rebuilt. Then you will know that I am the Lord."

The dark man, seeing her approach, descends.

She enters.

The script for clearing a location runs through her head, but she can't force herself into action. Fatigue, or something less savory, renders her limbs rigid.

Footsteps echo softly, heralding the dark man's arrival.

Gazing on him the only words that come to mind are: "Got Hut?!"

John Edward Lawson

“Not any more, praise be to Allah.”

It is DeJuan Black, now Yathrib Hatem.

“What are you doing here?! What do you want?!”

“To welcome you to our masjid.” Then, “You know it as a mosque, peace be upon the Prophet.”

Sarah flips the boot knife from hand to hand. “What if I don’t give a black rat’s jizz for your ass-suck welcome?”

“Then you will at least remove your shoes before proceeding further, insha’Allah.”

Thinking back on her own home, so far away now, her children and her husband, and the rules she imposed on them...Sarah can only nod.

He indicates a shoe shelf to her left, just inside the entrance. It has hundreds of cubbies and is blue, adorned with intricate gold leaf patterns. It is further away than the one designated for male use.

She raises her eyebrows at him. “Is this a Mickey D’s play land or a mosque? What’s next? You want me to do a strip tease? How about a pint of blood?”

“Someday Allah might strike you down for that, but for now He just requires your shoes to maintain cleanliness in His hizzy.” Then, off her look, “His hizzous. I mean, *house*.” Then, “Old habits. You know how it is.”

She complies, placing each gore-soaked boot in its own cubby. It takes several attempts to clear the fleshy chunks from her hands.

“Now, insha’Allah, please remove this funky burqa of yours.”

“I knew it!” Knife at the ready.

“It is a matter of cleanliness.”

She chortles. “I find that *a bit hard to swallow*.”

“That’s what she said.”

“Excuse me?!”

“I said, ‘The floor’s all red.’”

She takes a look and find far more than a pint of blood has transferred from her soaked habit to the carpeting. Brandishing the knife she says, “Okay, but first you tell me what you were doing way up top in the crow’s nest up there.”

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“You mean the adhan.”

“You were calling all your jihomies and mujotties to come and get ass-crazy on me, weren’t you?!”

“I shudder to think what that means, but I can assure you I was just putting out a call to prayer. And, masha’Allah, you came.”

“I didn’t come here to pray, Niggerman!”

“Niggerman is dead, masha’Allah, but you can call me Yathrib.”

“Whatever role you’re playing now, I came here to challenge Allah Himself, if He’s got the sack!”

“Then I will assist you in exploring the bountiful sack of Allah, all praise be unto Him.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“You want to communicate with Allah, so I will facilitate, insha’Allah.”

She puts the knife to his throat with enough violence to break skin. “I want revenge for every single person killed on September eleventh, in Iraq, in Afghanistan, in the War on Terror! You’re about to die you freaky infidel! So how you like me now?!”

“You are a creation of Allah, so I must embrace you fully and love you. My death, and the pain to come with it, are created by Allah so I must embrace and love them as well. All of life is a gift, including life’s end, which is the part that makes the rest of our lives important.”

“Okay then, how do you want it? I can knock you out first.”

“I would be the gravest sinner to reject any portion of my death, and I would not be a full adult. Death is something only gifted to us once... why would anybody in their right mind want to miss it?”

Sarah hangs her head, begins to disrobe.

“Not here! There is a rest room and changing area for femminalies. Here...”
He leads her away.

John Edward Lawson

Salvo 52: Wudo Isn't Just a Jedi Knight

SARAH WASHES HER entire body in a shower equipped with halal soaps, shampoo, and conditioner. The water and towels are declared halal as well. She nibbles on her towel before using it to see if she can discern the difference. She cannot.

Sand-colored burqas await. The rack they are on requires a deposit before they can be removed. She searches through the remnants of her body armor, tattered habit, and blood/sweat-soaked undergarments.

“Can I just do this wrapped in a towel?”

“Allah does not hold congress with those unwilling to prepare themselves.”

“Then how about kicking up a quarter for the cause. Or did you give up all your Hollywood money when you came here?”

A coin rolls into the femminalies’ cleansing area from around the partition blocking the doorway; it skids into a grate. Under his breath Yathrib mutters, “Sonofa...” Several more quarters roll in.

“Thanks.”

Sarah admires herself in the mirror once she is fully clothed, first with hair uncovered, then covered. The look is not so bad on her. She had expected veils, and is relieved to walk around with a bare face.

Out in the mosque proper things are quite different than at her church. There is no furniture in the prayer hall, just a rug and some shelves along the walls. A stone stage is raised high in the front. Overhead the dome’s interior is decorated with a blue and gold geometric pattern.

“Where’s the barbed wire baby cages? The rape chamber? The upside down

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crucifixes made of dildos where Christians are forcibly circumcised?”

Yathrib takes a look around, then gestures to the east wall. “We do have quite a nice mihrab.” It is an indentation outlined with tile mosaic and foreignesque calligraphy.

“I’m not talking about some fake-me-out doorway! Now where’s the Bible-burning pits? The goat pedestal? The hysterectomy experiment table where snakes impregnate your femminalies?”

“We keep all those things in the basement.” Sarah looks around but can’t locate any indication of a basement. “We can talk about those things later. First, I believe you wanted to speak with Allah.”

He grabs some wooden bookstands and religious texts from the shelves.

“That stuff have the cyanide tablets in it? The PCP, ecstasy, and crack used to put your people into the pseudo-religious stupor that makes you susceptible to programming, pedophilia, and demon-sniffing?”

He sets the materials aside. “Okay, how about this: you just do what I do. I’ll demonstrate the whole thing first.” He stands, facing the mihrab while speaking softly in Arabic, folding his hands over his abdomen. He bends at the waist, placing hands on knees and staring at his feet as he continues speaking in Arabic. He straightens; more Arabic. Then he’s down to his knees, pressing his forehead, palms, and nose to the floor. More dangerously foreign-sounding stuff spills from his lips. During all of this Sarah has wasted dozens of opportunities to kill him. Sitting up he says, “Allahu Akbar,” then mashes his face to the floor again. Sits. Stands. Cups hands and wipes face. Looks to the right. Looks to the left. Continuous litany in Arabic until finally he seems done.

“What’s with all the up-down, side-to-side? Are we doing the hokey pokey?” Then, “And don’t even think about poking my hokey!” The absence of clothes under her burqa jabs at her conscious.

“You’re the one with the knife. I’m the one with eternal life.”

“What the blankety-blanking eff do you know about eternal life?! My people believe in God and the Holy Spirit and the son Jesus Christ of Nazareth! What do you believe in, other than bathing once a year!”

“A core belief in my religion is the return of Jesus. The prophet Muhammad,

John Edward Lawson

peace be upon him, teaches us that Jesus will return and unite humanity, organizing and leading us into the final battle of good and evil, what Christians term Armageddon.”

Silence, then, “I call bullshit!”

“Then you’d better call collect.” He shows her passages from an illustrated Koran for children.

Quiet washes over them for a while. Sarah summons her fondest memories of the vestibule in her church, the sanctuary and choir accommodation, the pulpit, the stations of the cross. She thinks about Jesus showing up in time to stop the Devil just as his takeover of Earth is almost complete, smashing the armies of evil and bringing everybody together, then fighting China’s armies of Gog and Magog before finishing out his natural lifespan and dying at age 73. It seems nice. It’s a little weird about him getting buried next to Muhammad in Medina, but she can look past that for the time being.

She has a barbed response at the ready, but what comes out is: “How is this possible?!”

“Just as Christianity is the evolution of Judaism, so too Islam is the evolution of Christianity. One leads into the other, into the other. Except the Holy Koran was written over just a few decades and kept intact, whereas the Bible was ‘edited’ multiple times over the centuries.”

She ruminates on the pretty doorway to the east, the hokey pokey, the cyanide and hysterectomy. “What do I need to do?”

“Let us face the Quibla...”

New Mosque City

Salvo 53: (Senti)Mental Journey

SARAH FINDS HERSELF somewhere else. The Arabic chanting was challenging at first, then boring, but not boring enough for her to fall asleep. She is wide awake.

She sees Allah.

She asks him a thousand things at once, a hundred thousand things, her random access memory corrupting and playing back every question she ever asked of herself, of others, wanted to ask.

She has not followed protocol, so angels beat her casually for ten days, then beat her earnestly for three days.

She still demands to know why they had to die.

Revealed to her are the time she hid raw fish around her ex's house, poisoned her ex's dog, sprayed weed killer on her ex's landscaping at night, signed her ex up for hair regrowth trials at the local university, keyed a police car and then told the cops her ex had done it.

Then the time that she did this...did that...did the other thing...

But still she wants to know why they had to die. They hadn't done anything wrong. They were too young.

The angels come back to beat her some more.

John Edward Lawson

Salvo 54: Denial, or: Revisionist

THE PRAYER HALL feels smaller, warmer, a little more empty.

Yathrib watches Sarah expectantly.

She peers at him, then her hands, then takes a rapid, deep breath.

“You have just concluded your audience with Allah.”

She blinks, looks around. “I have?”

He places a comforting hand on her shoulder, nods. “Now, how does that make you feel?”

“I feel...” She stares into his eyes for too long. “I feel like my parasites are trembling.”

“That is because your devour godlessness in the form of pork products.” So saying, he leans in and plants a heavy, wet one...

...on the back of Anne’s interjecting hand.

“Anne! What—?!”

“Denying the enemy, babe!” Anne performs a standing drop-kick, sending Yathrib cart-wheeling away. She drags Sarah to her feet, to the door and beyond.

“Your United States military issue boots are a creation of Allah,” comes Yathrib’s warbling voice. “Therefore I love them! Gyerah, ickkthibbah, garrrr...I think I just swallowed three of my own teeth! But is it Allah’s will, so I embrace that self-cannibalism! Geeaacckkk...hurrrrhhh...aaaaggghh...”

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Salvo 55: Hocktoberfest!

ADMISSION: \$75.

Ham hock punching bags.

Blood pudding wrestling.

Steins of fermented pig blood.

Children scrabbling over jungle gyms composed of pork bones.

Wigs made from curly-Q pig tails.

Frozen pig knuckle custard on a stick.

A piglet hot and soft in your hands, its breathing rapid with tiny ribs expanding against you just like an infant's, covered with downy hair similar to the first wisps on your child's head; you crush it on a stone slab, bursting its skull and rupturing its organs through its skin...congrats are in order, you win The Pig Goes SplatTtTtT!

Haggis wrestling.

Wet butcher apron contest.

"Sausage" swallowing in the tent behind the men's room.

Longest tapeworm contest, AKA *look ma—I grew a tail!*

The Running of the Hogs.

Piglet-atas, wherein piglets dangle from ropes and laughing children whack them with baseball bats until "treats" emerge; the mother sow watches, squealing, for the amusement of all involved.

Then it's her turn.

Roasted Alive: vegans get what they deserve, or VegiTearinEm.

And more!

John Edward Lawson

Salvo 56: In the Olde Style

ANIMAL IS TAME again. The cockpit is in disarray from its gyrations, so Sarah cannot locate her Bible.

Anne is torn, scorched, crazed. She checks what's left of the rearview mirrors every other second, tries to look over her shoulders only to jam her neck from all the buckles. They hurtle down the highway at top speed. Wisps of smoke trail from the side of Animal's hood, causing him to whine.

Finally Sarah breaks the silence. "Thank you." Then, "You all right?" No response. "Remember what we talked about before? That Muslim law of an unaccompanied femminalie in presence of man automatically becoming his wife, canceling any previous marriage vows."

"Don't start with that double-down doo-doo, please. I've had enough of a day as it is."

"Deuteronomy 22:23-24: 'If within the city a man comes upon a maiden who is betrothed, and has relations with her, you shall bring them both out of the gate of the city and there stone them to death: the girl because she did not cry out for help though she was in the city, and the man because he violated his neighbor's wife.'"

"Don't do this."

"I didn't cry out for help."

"I heard your cry, Sarah, even if you didn't."

"Don't give my some New Age B.S."

Anne hiccups. "Please don't do this."

"I have to. It's God's law."

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“But you didn’t have ‘relations’ relations with him! And hey, what about him, anyway? You gotta punish the man, too!”

“You already did that.”

“But...but...it’s not *fair!*”

“Fair?” Sarah smiles, pats Anne’s thigh. “We already had the 1960’s. Now excuse me while I die.” She moves to unbuckle herself.

Anne stops her. “You say I punished him, but what about Jeremiah 48:10? ‘Cursed be he who does the Lord’s work remissly, cursed he who holds back his sword from blood.’” Sarah slowly shakes her head, comprehension taking root. “I held back. I didn’t finish him off.” She hiccups again.

They continue to speed in silence. Animal’s panting is that of a dog with end-stage cancer.

Sarah removes her helmet. “Where’d you put the parachutes?”

“Scuse me?”

“Cause it’s time for us to get in one and go straight up.”

They share a smile, a tear, hold hands. Pedal to the metal time. Anne removes her helmet as well.

An overpass comes into view and they veer toward it with extreme prejudice. They crash through the barrier, launch off the ramp, fly through the sky over the intersecting road below.

A crazy scene of teddy bears, flowers, police lights, and mourners spreads out before them...

...closer...

...closer...

...impact.

Somewhere a mosque is laughing.

John Edward Lawson

Salvo 57: Engagement

From the U.S. Army Rangers Handbook:

SURVIVAL

S Size up the situation, your surroundings, your physical condition, and your equipment.

U Undue haste makes waste; don't be too eager to move. Plan your moves.

R Remember where you are in relation to important friendly and locations and critical resources

V Vanquish fear and panic.

I Improvise. You can improve your situation. Use what you have. Use your Imagination.

V Value your life. Remember your goal: to get out alive. Remain stubborn. Refuse to give in to problems and obstacles that face you. This will give you the mental and physical strength to endure.

A Act like the natives; watch their daily routines. When, where, and how do they get food? Where they get water?

L Live by your wits. Learn basic skills.

Salvo 58: In Heaven Every Bed is as Soft as Charmin

WHITE SO INTENSE that you don't even realize you can't see anything.

The other senses compensate:

The scent of heliotrope penetrates, accompanied by night flox, wallflowers, sweet alyssum.

Male and female and child vocalize in harmony with "Redeemed, and With the Prince of Blood," "Glory to God on High," "Zion's King Shall Reign Victorious," and others, as unceasing as they are soothing.

"Hi, I'm Jenna Lords. You may know me from my roles in *Welcome to the Bush Jungle*, *Sweet Tasting Child of Mine*, *Knockin' On Heaven's Back Door*, and *Paradise Titty*, among others."

This rouses Sarah, but her attempt to prop herself up on her elbows fails. She gropes the softness and finds a control that raises her head, then her feet.

"As you might have guessed somebody in my business spends a lot of time in bed, and take it from a pro: you will *never* experience a 'lay' like the Pornopedic Mattress®."

"...Lord have mercy..." Sarah continues to grope, realizing she is in a room, on a bed, confronted by a television screen. On the screen has-been damned hell spawn try to hawk wares of dubious quality. The remote control is nowhere to be found.

"Got it." Anne zaps the screen, muting it. She occupies the room's other bed. She is purple, blue, red, yellow, in starburst tie-dye coloring. The visible parts, anyway; mostly she is concealed by bandages. "The prodigal sexualist returns."

"That's a fine how-do-you-do." Sarah surveys the hospital room, and finds it is superior to most she has stayed in. A banner in the hallway reads "Gods Bless

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The Highway Saints.” It is signed by hundreds. Every visible surface not utilized for medical service is covered with flowers. She shakes her head. “What...?”

Anne struggles, tosses a newspaper onto Sarah’s bed. The vaguely familiar news story about a school bus obliterated by a train: the bus driver’s grief-stricken spouse—driven insane by accusations—confronted the other grieving families at the site of the wreck. Armed with a shotgun, a pistol, four knives, and explosives. The police had just arrived on the scene to negotiate when, from out of the blue, a monster truck descended and wiped out the hostage-taker. Further investigation revealed the femminalies in the cockpit were responsible for the crash site memorial maintenance throughout the southwest that had mobilized thousands to themselves perform good deeds.

Sarah asks, “What does any of that have to do with us?”

Anne laughs, and laughs.

On television a talking head’s mouth moves while the ticker across the bottom of the screen reads: “Controversial Artist Ashenbach Found Dead In Apparent Drug Deal Gone Bad, 7 Killed.”

Somewhere a mosque body-pops and does the moonwalk.

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Salvo 59: Thank Heavens...or Not

HAVE YOU OR somebody you love been injured as the result of negligence on the part of your guardian angel? If so, you may be entitled to compensation in a court of God's law. The firm of Wilson, Wilson, Wilson, & Wilson have over seventy years of experience. Call us at the number below: GODS LAW (463-7529). You'll be glad you did. Don't allow lazy guardian angels to hurt another person they way they let you get hurt.

John Edward Lawson

Salvo 60: Dead Child Saints **Anonymous**

ALTHOUGH THIS IS well outside St. Louis that city's mayor is present, thankful to speak on something other than the "terrorist attack" that leveled half of St. Louis. The hospital stands at attention in the background as he introduces the one bright patch in these last few days. "...blah, blah...and now I give you Sarah Sonnillon and Anne Vetis."

They step out of their wheelchairs for the first time, dressed in civilian garb and coated with five pounds of makeup to minimize the visibility of the crash's effects. Unseasonably cold wind attempts to dislodge their hair, held in place by several cans of spray. They stare for long moments at the thousands gathered to greet them.

Sarah clears her throat. "Thank you, Mr. Mayor, and please accept our condolences on behalf of your fine city. Now, everyone, please join us in a To Our Lady of Sorrows. O most holy Virgin, Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ: by the overwhelming grief you experienced when you witnessed the martyrdom, the crucifixion, and death of your divine Son, look upon me with eyes of compassion, and awaken in my heart a tender commiseration for those sufferings, as well as a sincere detestation of my sins, in order that being disengaged from all undue affection for the passing joys of this earth, I may sigh after the eternal Jerusalem, and that henceforward all my thoughts and all my actions may be directed towards this one most desirable object. Honor, glory, and love to our divine Lord Jesus, and to the holy and immaculate Mother of God. Amen."

First there is silence, then a cheer, then a raucous celebration. The mayor claps.

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Anne takes the microphone. “We’d also like to thank everyone for showing up to welcome us back today. Thank you.” Applause. “A lot of you are here because of that awful tragedy on the highway, or the attack on St. Louis, or because of the day and night assault on our fine nation and its moral foundation.” Applause, shouts. “In specific, I know for a fact that a lot of us have been pushed past reasonable limits by the unreasonable situation in New York City.” A roar of approval. “Or is that New Mosque City?” A clamor of approval. “Well, I say it’s time to turn the tables on the Islamicists.” A din of approval. “I hear people say, ‘go back to your caves!’” A bawl of approval. “Don’t you think it’s about high time we deny the enemy?” A bluster of approval. “To that end I want to announce a national initiative to buy up any and all subterranean acreage, starting right here in the good state of Missouri!” A bellow of approval. “To the terrorists I say this: you will have no caves, no refuge, no safe harbor, not in these United States of America you don’t.” A clangor of roars.

Sarah steps up to the microphone again. “No more caves! If home is where the heart is, let’s stab theirs! If the minarets of all these mosques are phalluses then let’s fight them with the vaginas that are caverns! Let’s take it to their teeth! Let’s exorcise this national plague! I’m talking about demon-possessed demons! Devil-possessed devils! Satan-possessed Satans! Lucifer-possessed Lucifers! It’s time to get biblical and take things back to the way they were intended by our ancestors! Jeremiah 51:20-26... ‘You are my battle-ax and sword,’ says the Lord. ‘With you I will shatter nations and destroy many kingdoms. With you I will shatter armies, destroying the horse and rider, the chariot and charioteer. With you I will shatter men and femminalies, old people and children, young men and maidens. With you I will shatter shepherds and flocks, farmers and oxen, captains and rulers. As you watch, I will repay Babylon and the people of Babylonia for all the wrong they have done to my people in Jerusalem,’ says the Lord. ‘Look, O mighty mountain, destroyer of the earth! I am your enemy,’ says the Lord. ‘I will raise my fist against you, to roll you down from the heights. When I am finished, you will be nothing but a heap of rubble. You will be desolate forever. Even your stones will never again be used for building. You will be completely wiped out.’

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Salvo 61: *Fifth Theory* of Conspiracy

PEOPLE NEVER FAIL. They never do. They never fail to surprise me. And I'm considered, by most accounts, a pretty jaded individual.

Nothing bad ever happened before they reached adulthood. It has nothing to do with the onset of responsibility, or the fact the information conveyed by the news media is finally relevant to them. No.

Somehow everything spanning from their childhoods back to time in memorial was all peachy keen.

What? Nigga please.

When President Reagan passed away and some reports on the damage his policies caused were spread via the InterWeb, well, I can't tell you how many people said they refused to contemplate any of that because President Reagan was part of the memories from their youth, and they couldn't have any of that corrupted.

See, if you try to lay out a history of abuse by the individuals or groups running things, you get resistance not because you are wrong, but because it is psychologically perceived as an assault on our personal memories, our very existence. The conscious decision to support abuse has nothing to do with reality, and that's what the abusers are counting on to continue with their abuse.

To take the logic—or lack thereof—a step further: those who want us to harken back to a purer, better time in history have either no idea what they're talking about, or speak with a mouth full of lies.

Go back and study the magazines and newspapers going back a hundred, hundred-fifty years. I have. The headlines are all the same stuff that's going on now,

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or worse. Couple that with the social dynamics of the times in question, and poorer quality of life issues due to the superior technological and medical advancements—

“RRRRRAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRHHHHHHH!” The howling audience surges forward wielding shoes, belts, teeth, fangs, and cast iron French ticklers. The speaker is doomed.

Salvo 62: Introducing Mr. and Mrs. Celestial

THE DOCILE BIMBOS of television sniff money in the water from a thousand miles away, massing in Missouri. Or, under it.

The cavern real estate business has proven to be quite a cash cow. It is ideal for those aversely affected by sunlight, or those seeking a bomb shelter, climate-controlled storage, escape from prying neighbors, and so forth.

Not that Anne, Sarah, or their financial backers have had time to revel in the monetary rewards. Their time is dominated by organizing the underground clusters into livable communities.

Roads, bridges, and other infrastructure concerns rear their heads. Nobody had planned on any of this being necessary. Construction crews need to be experienced with both archeological digs and spelunking.

One thing is for sure: Muslims have been denied access to tens of thousands of acres of prime cave land.

The bristly cave crayfish, the Ozark cavefish, they are non-denominational; the grotto salamanders maybe not so much.

Meetings transpire with the Hollywood executives. Negotiations are entered into. The Virtuous Beauty Pageant is an idea hatched during a mental prayer session between Sarah and the docile bimbos, and it is a certified hit before their wheels touch down back at Los Angeles International Airport.

It will be broadcast live from the caves. The contestants will all be nuns. The idea is to get more people joining the brotherhoods and sisterhoods. Lives of stewardship. Next stop: the Virtuous Mr. Universe Competition.

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Salvo 63: *Soppin' Out to the Power*

SUPER BOWL 30-sec. spot ad rate: \$5.5 million, nonrefundable.

[Rap music plays. B-Boys hard dive, pretzel drop, and UFO while graffiti artists spray paint *The Last Supper* on a crumbling building. Anne steps into the foreground sporting sunglasses, cornrows, bandanas, gold chains, baggy street clothes, and the latest footwear. She shakes the crotch of her pants at the camera in greeting.]

Anne: Hear me now! From da SanFran to H-Town to Brick City, an' all up through da dizzy sizzy, no diggity, if you's a B.G. or O.G., holla! We's gon throw a wet party in Hell, word is bond, all devil haters—holla! Don't need no piece, no paper chase, see, we gon peel spiritual caps and get paid on da double-dip flip-script down-low freaky-flow! What! Time ta get A.D.C'd on G.O.D., naw mean? Whaaaaaaat! Shut da freak up an' text da Dirty South Chizzurch of Jizzesus Chrizzist. On time, now, ya heard! Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaat! Where da J-dawgs at! Where da J-peeps at! Where da J-crew at! Supplicate one time!

[The B-Boys go nuts bouncing and “throwin' 'em up.”]

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Salvo 64: Rockin' Out to the Power

TALKING HEAD: LET me introduce our first guest, musician Trace Tolbert.

[A video package runs. We see Trace, male, 28, paleskin, hair full of slick products, doing charity work at a children's hospital.]

I first started out in Christian Ambient music, because I wanted to help weed out all the irreligious people who get into that scene to make money off true believers. It's easy because there's no lyrics. Well, I did that. It's a good living, plus there's a lot of soundtrack work for Christian TV, films, and video games.

[We see him rocking in multiple recording studios.]

Due to the popularity of all that I started doing shows, but to do shows you need something that isn't just strictly background music, it's too soothing. I put together some acoustic ballad type things, simple arrangements for me a few friends to play. Then we hit the stage and realized we wanted to jump around and bang our instruments like a hammer on an anvil, man! It was crazy!

[Footage compiled from first few performances, lit by candles; he is wearing a fruity vampiresque shirt with ruffles.]

So we crafted our own style, you know? By keeping all the eight or ten tracks worth of electronics and samples that went into the ambient stuff, and of course

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the hardcore Christian message, but throwing on thrash metal, nu-metal, hip hop, feedback, whatever, just about ten billion tons of super fly TNT.

[...the crowd going wild at one of their concerts...they are rocking harder than John Holmes on a Viagra overdose...]

A lot of people ask where I got this from.

[He makes “karate chop hands,” then puts them in a “cross shape” before his chest.]

I figured, you know, the Satanic rockers have the whole “devil horns” hand thing, so us Christian rockers needed something to call our own. Never thought it would really catch on the way it did, but hey, that’s God for you. Hence the “supplication pit” was born. Everybody doing the “God’s hooks.”

[He head-bangs onstage while making the “God’s hooks;” hordes of young adults in the supplication pit are doing the same.]

[Back to the Talking Head.]

Talking Head: And now, our second guest...the lesbian Satanist gangsta rapper Miss Ogynist, who has ironically made a career based on hating femminalies.

[A video package runs; it is a clip of one of Miss Ogynist “music” videos. She is well over six feet tall, mulatto, well-muscled, wearing a bulletproof sports bra with graffitied baggy pants, stiletto boots...no, dude, actual stilettos...and what appear to be boxer shorts. She has “spinner” gold caps on her teeth. The video has no plot other than appearing to be a “snuff” film.]

Intellectual tumescence with the essence of a tomb

Straight up tearin’ open the ass-crack of doom

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Gettin' the apocalabia wetted up with nature's lube
Blood on your mug from that time of the month...goo-chee-goo

Sleazak, don't you know I drowned the Devil's baby in my cistern
Got coffin-shaped jimmy hats filled with Transylvanian sperm
Droppin' gasoline on them titties just to watch them fuckers burn
The Sexorcist hit the cock-Ring and just like Rosemary, baby, it's your turn

Uh!
Uh...uh-uh-uh-uh!
Uh-uh!

It's called the motherfuckin' Miss Ogynist
Sleazak, you best put your slob on this
Ain't never gonna stop robbin' slits
Even when you're dead I'll stay on top of it

Yeah, holla back ya sleazaks
Holla back sleazaks
Holla back sleazaks
Holla holla back back sleaze sleaze ak ak

Getcha goin' like crack talkin' shit you catch a smack like a hot shot of that countin'
mad stacks and smokin' like stacks drinkin' diesel I'm so Mack don't compare
'cause you lack devil horns you poor sap find yourself on your back slow-roasted
like a snack it's not boasted just a fact like how opposites attract like my boots in
your sack got more sleazaks that a Khazak harem and I ride 'em 'til they break
down like a Cadillac 'cause I'll attack every piece of that like the US on Iraq I'll
drop an abortion just to hear it splat I'll blast the gat where you shat on your face
is where I sat givin' you a mad menstrual wax grind up on your nap 'til your EKG
is flat with steel-toed boots I'll be knockin' that if you're lookin' for some hate

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yo I got the world map takin' a brickbat to your kneecap like a mouse in a trap
your neck will go snap oh imagine that Skinny Puppy got the brap you're Screech
but I'm Zack a board in a fence is a slat join my online club if you want a good
whack even the devil's beatin' off to this track hittin' sleazaks with the Beezulbap
Mephisting sleazaks 'til they lips chap and if they cry they catch a Lucislap I'll chop
off your rack it's flabby and fat got sleazaks payin' asshole tax with a dildo made of
thumbtacks clitoridectomy straight up rippin' paps vaginal pain like a rabid rat let
loose up in your twat your tit for my tat this rhyme that I spat and oh did I mention
MOTHERFUCKIN' SLEAZAKS, uh! Uh-uh-uh!

Yeah!

So how you like me know!

Well, I don't give a damn is what you gonna find out!

Uh!

Yeah!

God God, y'all!

Yeah, holla back ya sleazaks

Holla back sleazaks

Holla back sleazaks

Holla holla back back sleaze sleaze ak ak

It's called the motherfuckin' Miss Ogyntist

Sleazak, you best put your slob on this

Ain't never gonna stop robbin' slits

Even when you're dead I'll stay on top of it

Meltin' bodies right where they die using mad amounts of lye

With they dick in the dirt and my dick in they eye

Talkin' white slavery yo there ain't no savin' me

My soul got a black destiny...

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[Back to the studio. The Talking Head sits at a news desk with both Trace Tolbert and Miss Ogynist.]

Talking Head: Let's start with Miss Ogynist. How does it feel to be a part of the antifamily lesbian secular abortionist conspiracy?

Miss Ogynist: Um...holla?

[Trace stews with silent rage. After long moments he douses Miss Ogynist's face with liquid, followed by a lit match. She goes up in flames, screaming hysterically.]

Talking Head: If you're not going to participate, then I won't bother asking you anything else. So, over to Trace, about your new feel-good album of Christmas memories...

John Edward Lawson

Salvo 65: Exercise One

ON AN INDEX card list all the derogatory terms you can think of for a light-skinned Caucasian.

On five sheets of paper list all the derogatory terms you can think of for dark-skinned non-Caucasians.

On a sheet of paper list all the derogatory terms you can think of for a male.

On ten sheets of paper list all the derogatory terms you can think of for a femminalie.

Go back to your list for males; remove the two-thirds of the sheet utilizing femminalie references, as the use of femminalie terms to insult a male is actually even more detrimental to femminalies.

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Salvo 66: The Islamorette

FADE IN:

SARAH: Ooh, we're getting down to the exciting part. Jake has to decide which of the femminalies will be the last kicked out of the harem! Let's join the cook-off in progress...

We are in a large, contemporary dining room with lavish appointments.

Jake chews with an expression of confusion.

Alia steps back, carrying a tray of asparagus burgers. Her disappointment is obvious.

Orapan steps forward with the food she has prepared, but Jake flicks his hand dismissively, then gestures for Amanat to come forward.

AMANAT: These are Rice Crispy treats I made using Halal marshmallows. It doesn't get much more American than that!

Jake nods, the other contestants shift uncomfortably.

Deisha steps forward with a pie.

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DEISHA: This is an old Forth of July recipe in my family. It has Halal vanilla ice cream, blueberries, and strawberries. Red, white, and blue!

Amanat gives her a hateful look; Jake is even more pleased.

Jake takes a bite of the pie and moans with satisfaction. Then he tries the Rice Crispy treat. At he crews he is at first pleased, then puzzled.

JAKE: What's that...that taste?

AMANAT: Probably just a little bad aftertaste from a moldy berry in her pie.

Deisha gives her a hateful look.

JAKE: No, it's like...is that...[scrutinizing the treats]...nuts?

AMANAT: Well, there are pecans—

JAKE: Why would you put pecans in Rice Crispy treats, you crazy bitch! I'm allergic to nuts!

He falls over, gagging and gurgling as he reddens, clutching his throat.

The femminalies rush to him but are quickly pushed aside by the crew, who attempt to administer medical aid.

CUT TO:

The femminalies are huddled in the kitchen, agitated.

MYA: What are we doing here? We're stuck on this island—

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DILANI: Will you please—

MYA: Well, it's true!

DILANI: This is so not the time—

MYA: But it's like slavery! Is that what you want? What's going to happen to Amanat, huh? You think of that yet? We're in international water out here, there is no law!

Sarah enters.

SARAH: Come now ladies, don't you think "slavery" is a strong word?

DEVINA: We all signed the papers.

ORAPAN: And you couldn't wait to be on TV, Mya! Don't you forget.

MYA: Whatever. They can still do whatever they want to us out here. It is slavery.

Sarah sighs, smiles.

SARAH: "Exodus 21:7-11...When a man sells his daughter as a slave, she will not be freed at the end of six years as the men are. If she does not please the man who bought her, he may allow her to be bought back again. But he is not allowed to sell her to foreigners, since he is the one who broke the contract with her. And if the slave girl's owner arranges for her to marry his son, he may no longer treat her as a slave girl, but he must treat her as his daughter. If he himself marries her and then takes another wife, he may not reduce her food or clothing or fail to sleep with her as his wife. If he fails in any of these three ways, she may leave as a free femminalie without making any payment."

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CAMERA PANS

All are rendered silent by Sarah's statement, some wide-eyed with shock.

CUT TO:

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Salvo 67: Morbidly Obese, or Just a Little Fatwa?

Halal Meatloaf

Ingredients

2 eggs
2 tbsp flour
2 lbs. ground beef
1 package French onion soup mix
1 tsp soya sauce
1 clove garlic, diced

For the sauce

1 tsp mustard powder
1 tsp curry powder
2 tsp oil
3 tbsp plum jam
1 tbsp caster sugar

Preparation method

1. Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Mix all meatloaf ingredients together well.
2. Put in a greased oven tray and mold into a loaf shape.
3. Mix sauce ingredients together and spoon sauce over loaf.
4. Cook in preheated oven for 20 minutes then reduce to 350°C for a further 35

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minutes.

5. Do the hokey pokey.

6. Slaughter an infant while burning a Bible before your Goat Pedestal (don't forget to face Mecca).

Halal Pad Thai

Ingredients

1 lb rice noodles

3 tbsp fish sauce

1 1/2 tablespoons hot chili paste, divided

1/2 cup chicken stock

1/2 cup vegetable oil

2 garlic cloves, chopped

1 lime, juiced

1 tsp sugar

2 tbsp oyster sauce

1/4 lb medium sized prawns- peeled and deveined

1/4 lb skinless, boneless chicken breast halves - cut into 1 inch cubes

3 eggs, beaten

3 good sized handfuls bean sprouts

6 spring onions, chopped into 1 inch pieces

2 tbsp chopped unsalted dry-roasted peanuts

pinch of chopped cilantro

1 lime, in wedges

1/4 lb bean sprouts

Preparation method

1. Fill large bowl with hot water, and place soak noodles in it for 20 minutes.

2. In small bowl stir the fish sauce, lime juice, sugar, oyster sauce, 2 tsp of the chili

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paste, and chicken stock. Set aside.

3. Heat wok over high heat, add oil. When the oil is hot, stir in garlic and cook 10 seconds. Add prawns and chicken; cook, stirring constantly until the prawns are opaque and chicken is cooked through, 5 to 7 minutes.

4. Move everything in the wok out to the sides and pour the eggs in the center. Cook and stir the eggs until firm. Add the noodles to the wok and pour in the sauce. Cook, stirring everything constantly, until the noodles are tender. Add a bit more water if needed to finish cooking the noodles.

5. Stir in the bean sprouts and spring onions. Remove from heat, garnish with chopped peanuts. Adjust the spice or lime juice if needed.

6. Serve garnished with fresh cilantro, remaining bean sprouts, and lime wedges.

7. Add PCP, ecstasy, and crack to induce religious stupor.

John Edward Lawson

Salvo 68: Mother (Most Sorrowful) of the Year

THREE CHILDREN SIT at a table, collecting dust.

Their father sits with them, collecting dust and cobwebs.

The television is on.

Four empty diner plates are before them, awaiting food that will never arrive.

Sarah Sonnillon appears on the screen, promoting her new television show.

“Look, look!” cries the youngest, struggling for enough strength to put the syllables together. “It’s mommy!”

The father, emaciated and unshaven, turns and faces the family portrait, all five of them smiling with vigor. That is indeed his wife. It has been so long that he could not remember. “Honey! Honey, is that you on TV again?”

No reply.

“Damn! No wonder dinner is three weeks late!”

The eldest child falls from their perch, comatose.

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Salvo 69: *Diagenesis*

THE NATURAL MUMMIFICATION process:

the body dries out;
the dry decay process;
skeletonization transpires.

Dead babies:

eyes frozen in place, shriveling in their sockets;
limbs shrunken;
belly expanding, then sinking, then gone.

The two portions amputated:

scar tissue remains;
despite years of surgery the damage is hideous;
at least the fire was subdued.

Asphalt takes longer to decay than muscle tissue.

Wiring remains far longer than subcutaneous fat.

Steel should outlast bone, unless inexplicable heat is involved; only one steel structure has ever collapsed from fire.

Well, two. At least we think so. All the steel disappeared before it could be examined.

A grieving parent is at least allowed the benefit of autopsy;

of knowledge;
the closure of understanding.

John Edward Lawson

Salvo 70: The Insanity is Organic, or 6,137,982,003rd Theory of Conspiracy

ALL THOUGHT IS informed by physical senses: touch, smell, taste, sight, hearing.

The senses are arranged—neurologically speaking—with the “sensee” at the center of the senses, which is a biological necessity, otherwise the incoming data would not assist us in navigating the world very well.

So, by the simplest functions of our design, we are damned.

This isn't about rational thought, because insanity isn't about being rational.

Insanity is the inability to act from an objective, balanced standpoint, something impossible because of our misaligned senses.

Rationally, we know we are not at the center of everything.

Still, though, our thought processes reflect an unmitigated egocentric view.

Study of our actions bears this out.

It isn't our fault, really.

Being batshit crazy.

It's just a design flaw, an unavoidable one.

So, anything is justifiable because we're really at the center of everything.

We are gods, each and every one of us.

Or: I'm God, and the rest of you may not even really exist.

But I'm here to argue that just because you're crazy, that doesn't mean you have to be as crazy as possible.

Now, my grandfather, he believed that if he was going to be in a vehicular collision he should hit the accelerator as hard as possible, because he believed the

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car moving at lower velocity would take more damage.

And the rest of us, we're living every moment of our lives by the same philosophy, in every action we take.

So—from a scientific standpoint—you can all eat it and die you freaks!

[...the speaker puts a gun in his mouth and pulls the trigger before the crowd can take him...enraged they assail the talk show host, the other guests, the crew, security, themselves, smearing everything with blood, foaming saliva, caca, and bloody foaming caca saliva...]

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Salvo 71: Violence of Action

...IT IS THEREFORE my recommendation to the Joint Chiefs that we employ Po-210, AKA “polonium,” to strike the decisive blow in our war against Middle Eastern Culture. As some of you may remember from the assassination of Russian expatriate Alexander Litvinenko—and our own combat trials—Po-210 is two-hundred-fifty thousand times more potent than hydrogen cyanide, with just one microgram being sufficient to eliminate a one-hundred-sixty pound target. What I propose is dumping megatonage of Po-210 in the Euphrates and Tigris Rivers. These rivers run through Turkey, Syria, and Iraq; all three nations would be reduced to permanent wastelands. Whatever percentage of the population were to survive would flee to neighboring Muslim nations, primarily Kuwait, Iran, Jordan, and Saudi Arabia, wreaking havoc on their respective infrastructure and resources. That is when we would deliver the final blow, utilizing...

Salvo 72: Privatio Boni

THERE IS AN enormous lake in the largest of the caverns. It is practically an underground sea. It is off-limits, however, do to the sulfur dioxide, dense non-aqueous phase liquids, industrial lubricants, nurdles, phosphates, and cryptosporidium parvum. Somebody dipped a toe in and was treated to a “homecoming ceremony” the very same day.

Countless thousands rampage along the shoreline clothed, half-clothed, in some cases nude. They scream at each other in tongues not heard since the war in Heaven.

The cacophony should be the the loudest thing any of the participants will ever experience, save for the fact that fifty outdoor stadium sound systems are situated around the Great Poison Lake. The Decibel level is such that seismologists notice a 0.5 registering in central Missouri.

The sounds emitting from the speakers are the exorcism litany.

Occasionally the massive sprinkler system sprays the participants with holy water. Entire ponds are drained topside exclusively for this purpose. Two priests work in shifts blessing it all as it flows through the system.

Sarah and Anne do not exist here, but the things living inside them do lead this supplication pit.

The lake bubbles, steams, smokes.

The possessed attack, take from each other, continue in a darkness greater than the mere absence of sunshine.

John Edward Lawson

Salvo 73: Litany of the Holy Spirit

LORD, HAVE MERCY on us. Christ, have mercy on us. Lord, have mercy on us.

Father all powerful, have mercy on us.

Jesus, Eternal Son of the Father, Redeemer of the world, save us.

Spirit of the Father and the Son, boundless Life of both, sanctify us.

Holy Trinity, hear us.

Holy Spirit, Who proceedest from the Father and the Son, enter our hearts.

Holy Spirit, Who art equal to the Father and the Son, enter our hearts.

Promise of God the Father, *have mercy on us.*

Ray of heavenly light,

Author of all good,

Source of heavenly water,

Consuming Fire,

Ardent Charity,

Spiritual Unction,

Spirit of love and truth,

Spirit of wisdom and understanding,

Spirit of counsel and fortitude,

Spirit of knowledge and piety,

Spirit of the fear of the Lord,

Spirit of grace and prayer,

Spirit of peace and meekness,

Spirit of modesty and innocence,

Holy Spirit, the Comforter,

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Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier,
Holy Spirit, Who governest the Church,
Gift of God the Most High,
Spirit Who fillest the universe,
Spirit of the adoption of the children of God, *have mercy on us.*
Holy Spirit, inspire us with horror of sin.
Holy Spirit, come and renew the face of the earth.
Holy Spirit, shed Thy Light into our souls.
Holy Spirit, engrave Thy law in our hearts.
Holy Spirit, inflame us with the flame of Thy love.
Holy Spirit, open to us the treasures of Thy graces.
Holy Spirit, teach us to pray well.
Holy Spirit, enlighten us with Thy heavenly inspirations.
Holy Spirit, lead us in the way of salvation.
Holy Spirit, grant us the only necessary knowledge.
Holy Spirit, inspire in us the practice of good.
Holy Spirit, grant us the merits of all virtues.
Holy Spirit, make us persevere in justice.
Holy Spirit, be our everlasting reward.
Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, send us Thy Holy Spirit.
Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, pour down into our souls the gifts of the Holy Spirit.
Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, grant us the Spirit of wisdom and piety.
Come, Holy Spirit! Fill the hearts of Thy faithful, and enkindle in them the fire of Thy love.
Let us pray.
Grant, O merciful Father, that Thy Divine Spirit may enlighten, inflame and purify us, that He may penetrate us with His heavenly dew and make us fruitful in good works, through Our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Who with Thee, in the unity of the same Spirit, liveth and reigneth forever and ever. Amen.

John Edward Lawson

Sidestep

THIS IS WHERE an author traditionally places their Afterward. But, since you're probably about ready to execute a "crotch chop," I will instead "sidestep." Yes, even after the book is over it keeps getting more and more "clever"...

Anyway.

From western Eurasia's "renaissance" through the early 1900's big-brains concocted a slew of "new ideas" that were considered so earth-shattering as to be proof God does not exist. In fact, they believed there was no room in this world for the supernatural in any form. It was the worst kind of reactionary development, that of reacting to oneself.

This was further enabled by the reactionary approach of the religious sector, in the form of general condemnation of the scientists and theories in question. It would have been easy to quell the scientists' claims with a calm and measured response of: "All that exists was created by God, including science. You have only managed to accomplish a basic understanding of the technical language for God's acts."

The two sides could have walked hand-in-hand, one deciphering the "how" in order to better exist in harmony with God's creation, and the other figuring out the "why" of God's "how"—the science of theology.

Instead, the two sides decided to remain two sides. It is difficult not to react to unbridled egotism.

More recently there are the "anti-religion" or "anti-God" elements of society, embodied in various political movements, social groups/art, and philosophies/counter-"religions." From what I have observed, though, it all seems to be a

New Mosque City

reactionary effort against the misdeeds and/or intellectual negligence of those who claim to follow God.

I must ask: has anybody who claims to be against God actually meet the Almighty? Did He eat the last two Soft Batch cookies you were saving for after dinner? Did Jesus wait until you drank too much, then slipped out the back with your cash and your sig other? Stabbed your cat and bodyslammed your mother?

By the same token, you might ask if those who claim to like God were treated to a really awesome cookout at God's house or something.

Of course, it should really come down to something less subjective and more philosophical...as if anybody lives their lives by philosophy, not emotional reactions to personal experience.

[Insert laugh track here. Audience members rise from their seats...]

Back to the issue: no, it seems that people who claim to be anti-religion are really anti-religious-*people*. And religious people seem all too willing to help out by being reciprocally "anti."

The anti-Muslim movement is disturbingly reactionary as well. I personally dislike reactionary modes of behavior because they deny one the ability to use reason based on a code of ethics, or reason based any kind of system at all. When you are being reactionary you have no core; there is no you, just an external event ricocheting off you.

The United States supposedly has the world's largest prison population. If you inspect the criminals will you find that they are mostly Christian? Atheist? Muslim? The white collar criminals who effect the quality of life for everyone in the United States, what religion are they? What group should we really be against?

It is said among the religious that one's body is one's temple, meaning that your body must be cared for and developed as one would with the temple of God. I submit that the brain is a part of one's body, therefore it must also be cared for and developed. The use of intellectual steroids has yet to be approved by the FDA (Faith, Devotion, and Absolution?), but I digress. Hopefully if you have made it to this point in the book you will be inured to reactionary modes of behavior from this point on.

John Edward Lawson

About the Author

JOHN EDWARD LAWSON has published eight books and over four hundred works in anthologies, newspapers, and literary journals worldwide. He is a Bram Stoker Award finalist and a winner of the Fiction International Emerging Writers Competition; other nominations include the Rhysling, the Dwarf Stars Award, and the Pushcart Prize. As a freelance editor he has worked for Raw Dog Screaming Press and National Lampoon among others, has edited six anthologies, and served as editor-in-chief for The Dream People. He lives near Washington, DC with his wife and son. Spy on him at www.JohnLawson.org.