

Mein Kampf, My Struggle

By

H. P. Lovelace

Disclaimer: The characters and events described in this book are fictional.

Any resemblance between the characters and any person, alive or dead, is purely coincidental.

The numerical usages, Biblical (1, 3 & 9) and Pagan (2, 5 & 7) and Mystical (6 & 13), are quite intentional.

The mention of, or reference to, any companies or products in these pages is not a challenge to the trademarks or copyrights concerned.

This reading material is of a mature nature. Reader discretion is advised.

Unrated Version: This is the version minus the training wheels. As a rule, there is no capitalization of words which have additional meanings specific to this book. You'll just have to put your thinking caps on and figure it out. Or you could just use the enclosed glossary.

Examples of words including all of their implied tenses which have additional meanings specific to this book are: army, associate, believer, book, collateral, change, chosen, church, crank, crimson, dead, death, devices, die, earth, embrace, family, first, glasses, grimm, hard, heads, hogs, hunger, infernal, kill, kiss, law, lurid, made, mafia, marine, military, mistress, mob, moll, moon, optical, pretend, pretense, prime, race, racial, rapture, readers, reaper, redemptive, reform, reformist, research, rook, saint, sanctified, sanctify, save, scan, secondary, scum, suit, tank, temptation, thug, thirst, thirsty, took, trooper, visor, way, whispers, zealot. Then, again, I also lie. Capish?

Band eins: Eine Abrechnung, Volume One: A Reckoning

For the foreseeable future. Chicks with dicks—either Parts or a penis and testicles, on girls. Fashion “stylings” come and they go, and they do recycle. But, for now. That one has most definitely had its fifteen minutes of fame and then some, and yet it’s STILL here, just like Paris Hilton.

Bottomline. Concerning females sporting she-male, either born that way or via Parts. That combo of male and female genitalia on women, and not just female parts. Alongside. Just female parts on women. Dig it or not. Get used to it. Because. It isn’t going away, soon, if ever.

Neither sweet nor wholesome. In her Third Reich days, this porcelain-skinned beauty went by the name of Ann “Coco” Mueller. In the decades since the War, she’s gone by her stage name, Ann “Coco” Miller. That famous raven-haired, long-legged actress and dancer whose machine-gun taps won her stardom during the golden age of movie musicals.

A founding member of the Einsatzgruppen: The Nazi Death Squads.

She looks fifty-something, but the elegant Aryan Nosferatu is much older than that. She’s older than Babs or Babs’ Mildred Huff. She might even be older than Mildred’s master, The Master. No one seems to know for sure.

Coco is wearing prudz, a perl necklace, an expensive black satin Adele Simpson pantsuit her trademark, a shimmering white snakeskin cigarette purse, and Manolo Blahnik heels (Careys). Her board-straight, jet-black hair is worn in an early-to-mid 1960s bouffant hairdo. Bolshoi-bare makeup, of course—the heavy makeup that looks like no makeup, for the “no makeup” makeup look.

Her classy heels were first made world famous by actress Elizabeth Mitchell (born Johnnie Lucille Collier in Chireno, Texas), that Texas beauty and star of “Lost.” And. They are a favorite of the current FLOTUS, Melania Trump.

Underneath her pantsuit, she’s wearing the same bra and panty briefs favored by Babs and other likeminded spinsters. White rocket bra. Flesh-colored panty brief. And. No Parts.

Careys (*carries*) by Manolo Blahnik are black kidskin with a pointed elongated closed-toe, open sides (vamp cut), and a 3-inch stiletto heel. In other words, they’re the “classic” opera pump rethought.

In style. Careys are identical to the “Telsa” d’Orsay pointy toe pump by Sam Edelman. As such. Both shoes are essential pumps crafted in a trend-right d’Orsay profile with a pointy toe and a modest wrapped stiletto.

But. The Telsa is a nude heel. A nude heel is a women’s shoe that is neutral in color—the same color as the skin of the person wearing them. As such. Wearing them instantly elongates a woman’s legs.

In sharp contrast. Careys only come in one color—black.

She’s a prude—prim and proper to a fault. Stiff-backed and strident. In other words, she has the air of an aristocratic. But. She’s a commoner.

Coco is easily mistaken for, and often mistaken for, a blue-blood. She's gloved, because there's a correct time and place to wear gloves, and this is definitely one of them. Emily Post would wholeheartedly approve.

Bottomline. Haughty. Aloof. And. Seemingly unattainable.

As she did back in '01, when Miller returned to the big screen for a role in director David Lynch's "Mulholland Drive" as Coco Lenoix, Miller imparts an air of old Hollywood glamour into the boudoir of her posh hotel room just like she did in that film Mulholland Drive that was meant to expose the illusions that Hollywood can create.

The fair-skinned lass, sitting behind the desk beside Coco, is a slender, attractive, eighty-something Islandic woman, who—except for her shoes and her skirt suit—is dressed just like Coco, including Bolshoi-bare makeup. She sports a pageboy hairdo. Her name is Mrs. Carson, Mrs. Gretchen Corey Carson III, and she's the former-wife of the screen legend, actress Hedy Lamarr. Although Mrs. Carson looks older than Coco, she is in fact much younger.

For a short stint, during the 1960s thru early 1970s, she went by the name of Patricia Ann Priest, mainly credited as Pat Priest. An American television actress best known for portraying the second Marilyn Munster on the television show, "The Munsters" (1964–1966), after original actress Beverley Owen left after 13 episodes.

The shoes worn by Mrs. Carson are "Cicero" pumps by Franco Sarto. They are black kidskin with a pointed elongated closed-toe, the traditional closed sides, and a 6-inch stiletto heel with a hidden platform sole instead of an exposed one. In other words, they're an extreme expression of the "classic" opera pump rethought. Not to mention, too high a heel to be age-appropriate for Mrs. Carson.

Mrs. Carson's pageboy is the early 1960s version with a 1950s twist—a moesah. As such, it stops just above her shoulders, threatening to but never sweeping her shoulders. In the fifties the pageboy generally stopped above the shoulders, just like this. Her straight hair is predominately silver-grey, the color of polished silverware. And. It's liberally streaked with white.

Her hair looks just as severe as it would if it were yanked back up into a sternka. As such, it is a favorite with blue-blood dykes.

Mrs. Carson's skirt suit is as age-inappropriate as her stiletto heels. Her suit is a Koo Stark, a Kate with a difference—namely, a higher hemline. Just like a Kate is a Kaye with a difference—namely, a higher hemline. As such. The strident suit's pencil skirt is mid-thigh length, a legitimate miniskirt.

She never wears a blouse with her suits. More age-inappropriateness. And, again. No Parts.

Mrs. Carson too comes off as haughty, aloof, and, seemingly unattainable. But. Unlike Coco. She is a blue-blood.

Racially, Mrs. Carson is a Crone. A pure breed—born, not made, with pristine bloodlines and an impeccable pedigree. And. Being Crone, it comes as no surprise that the divorcee is a Mercantilist, with some shadowy ties to human trafficking, the half-n-half trade, and other nefarious black market enterprises. Her legitimate business interests include the very lucrative witch-fire market.

Witch-fire is an extremely rare blend of Peruvian coffee, that's grown in the fabled hidden valley of the Andes Mountains. It's a velvet-smooth mocha, with the expected mega-Dutch chocolate buzz, and the unexpected surprise of a zestful aftertaste which positively screams of vanilla and hazelnut. It's Mayan java with the much-prized nutmeg twist.

Many supernaturals, especially Crones and Dragons, are prodigious coffee drinkers.

Lucy is escorted into the room by a tall, well-dressed, forty-something gentleman named Klaus Patterson Schmidt. Klaus clicks his heels together and stays by the door which he discreetly closes. He is Coco's butler, and has been for time immemorial.

In Klaus' Third Reich past. He went by the name of Heinz Schumann, and dressed in the uniform of a Senior Sergeant with the SS. He was an original member of the 117-man SS-Stabswache Berlin.

Racially, Klaus is a Golem. As such, he resembles Ted Cassidy, the actor who portrayed Lurch the colossal butler of Gomez and Morticia Addams in the Addams Family television show. He too is a pure breed—born, not made, with pristine bloodlines and an impeccable pedigree.

For this Girl Friday job interview, Lucy is sporting an old-fashioned—a standard Sarah Palin circa early-to-mid 1960s. In other words, she is a typical bouffant blonde of the early-to-mid 60s. As such. Her long hair is worn down in the same decidedly 1960s hair style as Coco's. Her poker straight hair is worn sleek with lift like a bit of backcombing to achieve a smooth, rounded bouffant. The outdated hairdo is called a *Liz Grune*, or *Grune* for short. It was made vogue by actress Dominique Boschero who wore it as Liz Grune in the Agent 077 euro-spy movies *Secret Agent Fireball* (1965) and *Killers are Challenged* (1966).

Being that she's sporting a retro Sarah Palin with an emphasis on frumpy and staid—in this case, your look should be extremely severe to complement the severity of your boss' overly strident look, you don't upstage her. The rest of Lucy's get-up consists of sternns-miles, prudz, a perl necklace, a Koo, switchblade stilettos, Bolshoi-bare, white satin corselet, plain flesh-colored thong, and a white snakeskin cigarette purse. And. It goes without saying that a Sarah Palin, any Sarah Palin, means no blouse and therefore a jacket buttoned for modesty, and no Parts.

A **corselet**, or **corselette**, is a type of foundation garment, sharing elements of both bras and girdles. It may incorporate lace in front or in back. The term originated by the addition of the diminutive suffix “-ette” to the word *corset*.

Hers is a white satin Maidenform corselette, with a pretty brocade pattern, ribbon detailing, and French lace over elastic side panels. Its underwire bust uplift cups enforce projectile breasts à la a torpedo bra.

Bullet-bra styled cups that compress her large chest in the covetous manner of a French-cut, long line overbust corset.

Around 1960, tights and trousers began to replace corselets. However, Maidenform and other mainstream lingerie and undergarment manufacturers have sold corselets as “control slips” since around 1975.

It's a long line corselet. As such. It extends over the hips. Therefore. In the manner of her smooth 1950s era panty briefs, it provides firm control to smooth the tummy, slim the hips, and shape and flatten the rear. Tummy and fanny control.

Cinching and slimming. It is spiral steel boned to provide waist cincher support and keep the wearer in best posture. Strong thick steel boned. Not thin, flexible steel boned which is akin to the softness of plastic bones. High density steel bones for tight-lacing and strict waist training, à la an Aecibzo steel boned overbust long torso waist training corset. Lovely. Severe. Restraining.

And. This beautiful undergarment is fashioned in the style of a vintage 1952 corselette girdle sold at Saks Fifth Avenue. As such. Unlike a Camellias long line overbust corset, this corselette has suspenders and shoulder straps.

To reiterate. A great powerful control underwear item that is modern manufacture, but, a 1950s underwear style. The top is a French lace bra section with adjustable shoulder straps.

And. As aforementioned. This open-bottom girdle corset controls and flattens the tummy, and lifts the bottom for a smooth outline.

Additionally. This fancy lingerie has a stiff back à la a steel boned waist-training corset. And, running the length of the undergarment in the back, is strong corset cord lacing—a waist-training corset's crisscross rear lacing. Ribbon lacing such as this is unusual on a corselette.

This unusual crisscross ribbon lacing to the back creates a bodice effect.

Front busk closure. Lace-up back. Steel boned. Reduces the waist by several inches. Draws in waist and flattens tummy. Suitable for waist training, tight-lacing, and body shaping.

A busk (also spelled busque) is the rigid element of a corset or corselette placed at the center front.

For stays, the corsets worn between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries had busks that were intended to keep the front of the corset straight and upright. They were made of wood, ivory, or bone slipped into a pocket and tied in place with a lace called the busk point. These busks were often carved and decorated, or inscribed with messages, and were popular gifts from men to their sweethearts.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, a new form of busk appeared. It was made of two long pieces of steel, one with loops and the other with posts, and it functioned in the same way as hook and eye fastenings on a garment. This made corsets considerably easier to put on and take off, as the laces did not have to be loosened as much as when the corset had to go over the wearer's head and shoulders. The second half of the nineteenth century also saw the invention of the spoon busk.

The waist-cinching open-bottom corselette reduces the wearer's waist to a Vampira-inspired 17-inches. Resulting in the extreme hourglass figure favored by women of the Victorian era.

Welcome to my private collection. Open corselette 4 suspenders. Size D-cup. This item is new but with no packaging. Laced bust area with dainty center bow. Wonderful body control holds nice and firm spanky tight. Wide adjustable straps. Sexy white. Thank you for looking. Cathy X.

Bottomline. This elaborate corselette underlines the obvious. In other words. Figuratively and literally speaking. Lucy is a Ghost in the Shell.

Sternns-miles—sternns with a Miles Kimball beaded eyeglass chain attached at their temples. And. Lucy is wearing those unbecoming eyeglasses instead of them hanging around her neck by their chain and resting upon her ample bosom.

The ubiquitous **cigarette purse**. A hardshell clutch, usually snakeskin. A staple of every woman's wardrobe during the Camelot Era of the early 1960s. Thanks to a simple implementation of spatial displacement mechanics, its interior is many times larger than its exterior would indicate possible.

In her case. Per Coco's dictate. Her cigarette purse, purchased at Neiman Marcus, is a Judith Leiber Couture "Slim Slide" crystal evening clutch bag, and it's identical to Coco's.

Judith Leiber Couture "Slim Slide" clutch bag. Removable chain shoulder strap may be tucked inside, when the situation dictates, and is tucked inside in this situation. Hard-shell case encrusted in Austrian crystals. Bejeweled hinge clasp. Leather lining. In other words, the usual amenities for a purse that costs in the neighborhood of two thousand dollars.

About Judith Leiber Couture. Begun in 1963, Judith Leiber is an American luxury brand that is synonymous with elegance, style, and sophistication. Each product is executed with meticulous attention to detail and flawless craftsmanship. Miniaudierés from the collection are part of the permanent design collections at The Victoria and Albert Museum in London, The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, The Smithsonian Institute in Washington, The Houston Museum of Fine Arts, and the Los Angeles Museum of Art. Adding to Hollywood's nearly 50-year love affair with the brand, nearly every First Lady dating back to 1953 has carried custom-made Judith Leiber bags to the U.S. Presidential Inauguration ceremonies. Judith Leiber is truly an iconic American brand.

That particular haute couture brand is currently owned by Ann Coulter. Question: What the fuck is an Ann Coulter?! Answer: The other GOP Goddess and her namesake hairdo! In other words, Ann Coulter, A Close-up of Conservative Perfection and an archetype ultra-Right Wing firebrand.

The "Camelot Era." The term "Camelot" has come to be used retrospectively as iconic of the Kennedy administration, and the charisma of President Jacqueline Kennedy and her family.

Don't let it be forgot, that once there was a spot, for one brief, shining moment that was known as Camelot. There'll be great presidents again, but there will never be another Camelot.

Coco waves the girl over to the desk. As Lucy starts to walk slowly toward the desk, Mrs. Carson starts to make faces—expressions of extreme annoyance. By the time Lucy is halfway over, Mrs. Carson finally can take no more, and she verbally expresses her annoyance at Lucy.

"For goodness sake, stop it! Stop walking! You're clomping down your feet like a horse in those high heels! I do not want to see you clomping or wobbling in heels! There should be grace and ease to your gait, as if you were gliding effortlessly across the floor!" Mrs. Carson shrieks.

Lucy has stopped dead in her tracks. She's sure that she's blown the job interview. Per Coco's dictate, she purchased and is wearing a pair of Careys—black Manolo Blahnik heels identical to Coco's. Also purchased at Neiman Marcus, this morning, along with her clutch.

Although Lucy is married to a woman of great means, she is required to have a vocation, nonetheless. Supernatural society is closed and caste-based. Being hierarchical, it is very strict and very conservative—in a word, rigorous. Everything and everybody has a function and a place, and they're expected to conform to expectations—know your place and assume it. The needs of the many always supersede the needs of the few or the one.

When Lucy and Babs married, and with Babs the headmistress and owner of St. George's, it was inappropriate for Lucy to stay on as faculty. So she resigned her post, and began looking for a suitable job. This is why today; she's answering a help-wanted advertisement in the newspaper for a Girl Friday private executive secretary.

The job requires, shorthand, dictation, typing, and a limited knowledge of accounting. And. Unbeknownst to the girl, it also requires that the girl is equal parts spycraft, sensuality, and savagery, and is willing to deploy any those aforementioned Secret Intelligence Service skills of hers without hesitation at the behest of her principal her employer to navigate her way through the deadliest game of spies assigned to her. In other words, a Girl Friday is also expected to be an Atomic Blonde.

Coco also expects her Girl to be an expert practitioner of the vujcic. Klaus will teach the girl that skill. Mrs. Carson, in addition to being responsible for the girl's au pair instruction, will also teach the girl the needed spycraft. In a past life, Mrs. Carson, under a different name, was an intelligence operative with MI5 and MI6, one of their very best double-o agents.

Lucy was a double major—Military History and her first love Secretarial Science. Her minor was in Accounting. Teaching military history at a prestigious college paid better than being a secretary, and she wasn't a CPA, so there you go. That's how she chose her vocation.

"I'm sorry to have wasted your time," Lucy apologies as she begins to turn around and head back out of the room. That's when she hears Mrs. Carson shriek again.

"You were not told you could speak and you were not dismissed! Now, get your flat fanny over here at once!"

Lucy does as she is told. She sits down sheepishly in the chair in front of the desk. Maintaining eye contact with the two woman while still deferring to them. She has all the body cues down pat. Including sitting in the chair with her legs double crossed tightly. It's the only way she sits in a chair since she got married—it is how a respectable wife is supposed to sit.

The girl and the Crone go back and forth for the next hour without pause. The Crone asks and the girl answers. During the entire Q&A, the girl remains poised—cold and emotionally detached as if she's a girl robot incapable of feelings. A two-legged sexpot calculator with projectile breasts. A cool, professional demeanor masks the sexually charged storm within? It's called "channeling your inner Seven-of-Nine," and it's how a Girl Friday is supposed to be on-duty. So. As part of the sell to get this job, she channels her inner Seven-of-Nine, and acts like robot girl and Borg drone Seven-of-Nine, Tertiary Adjunct of Unimatrix Zero One.

A hard, pretty face. A ravishing beauty. Beauty that ravishes, literally and figuratively. Beauty that will stop traffic dead in its tracks, if you're into beauty of the explicitly cruel, uber dominatrix, "Worship Me, Now!!!" flavor, that is. Dead-strait hair. Long, flaxen hair—bleached to within an inch of its life and board straight. Lush, silky tresses bleached a bright, fake-looking, golden platinum blonde color, the color of raw wheat—a Danish blonde. Golden platinum blonde locks draping shoulders and breasts, when they are let down. A large rack kept at strict, unwavering attention by her corselette's substantial, yet revealing, brassiere—big, "perky" bosom—in other words, projectile breasts. Thin lips. Sharp features. Deep blue eyes. Nordic perfection. Adolf Hitler would have figuratively and literally eaten her up like an ice cream sundae, if he had ever laid eyes on her.

Bolshoi-bare makeup befitting her harsh, haughty looks and hard, pretty face—bolshoi-bare and hard-faced. Cold, haughty, and aloof—seemingly unattainable—yet, you must be used by her at any cost, even at risk of your very soul. Cold, blue eyes. An Aryan ice princess gone decidedly Danish. A large, ugly, vulgar mouth that espouses loathing and disdain even when that’s not the wearer’s explicit intent. A generous mouth that would put a Largemouth Bass’ mouth or Julia Roberts’ mouth to shame. A “Bass eating bait” mouth which always personifies the oral perversion.

VDR (1/2) or WDR, notwithstanding. The Blonde—der Blonde, in German. But. Where or where is her Pyewacket?

Although the position is with Coco. Mrs. Carson is doing all of the talking. Coco is doodling on a pad of paper in front of her, seemingly uninterested in the goings on.

At the end of the hour, precisely. Coco stops doodling and interjects herself.

“You’re hired. You begin work on Monday. Every Wednesday you will stop by the PLC (private ladies’ club) where Mrs. Carson lives, and you will receive lessons from her. You will learn to walk in heels correctly, how to apply your makeup correctly, how to carry yourself correctly, etc. While on-duty, you’ll dress just like you are now, except for the sternns—lose the glasses, I’m tight, but I’m not that tight. Capish?” Lucy nods her head. “And you will answer to Martha, the English version of your Norwegian given name of Marta. I will not call you Lucy, because that is not your real name. You will always address me as Coco. You will address Mrs. Carson as Mrs. Carson. You will only speak when spoken to, and, when you do have to speak, you will keep your words to the bare minimum. Younger beings are meant to be seen, not heard, and they are meant to be used by their betters as their betters see fit. The rest you will figure out as you go. Understand?”

“Yes, Coco.”

Lucy can also read between the lines. Coco is that tight. She’ll remember to ALWAYS wear her sternns-miles, while on duty. The fact that she’s wearing a perl necklace, instead of a pearl necklace, reinforces that read of hers. Coco and Mrs. Carson are both wearing perls, and she’s wearing perls per the dictate of the ad. So, Lucy does not remove her glasses, and, in the Nazi fashion, when she stands up, she’ll remember to click her heels together and give her female elders the “Heil Hitler!” salute. The heel clicking is frowned up, in public. The salute is illegal, in public, but there’s no record of anyone ever being arrested for it. She extensively practiced the heel clicking and salute with Helga and her Babs, beforehand.

“You lack the other half of the necessary skillsets for this job, but, your training with Mrs. Carson and Klaus will take care of those deficiencies in short order.”

Lucy knows better than to ask what that means.

“Yes, Coco.”

“Excellent.” Coco, then, turns her attention to Klaus. “Tell the other girls they are dismissed. And be sure to give them a small allowance for their trouble, enough for cab fare.”

“Yes, Frau Mueller.”

Klaus is the only one in Coco’s inner circle who calls her, “Frau Mueller,” and he only does it in private situations like this one or when the situation is Nazi, neo-Nazi, Skinhead, etc.

The current incarnation of The Party has no human members. And. As such. This Reich, The Fourth Reich, has a good chance of existing for thousands of years. It is very secretive. Little is known about it except for the exclusivity of its membership and the fact that its Führer, The Führer, is an Aryan woman of indeterminate age.

At no time does anyone ask Lucy about either her knobb or the way her hands klaw when idle. It's assumed that they are the result of an ongoing collaboration with her master, The Master. It's considered impolite to ask questions about the obvious. Therefore, in this bastion of fascism and racial purity, no one will ever question her about the affections which result from being used by her master, The Master.

Based upon the gender of the body of the vile, hellish creatures in question. There's this common misconception. She is The Master. He is The Master. The Master is an "it."

The Borg do not have names. They have designations. And. Only The Queen has a personality, and it is unique unto her. As such. The various drones are null and void.

So, like The Borg. The Master is not a name. It is a designation. A designation that they all share. They are the one, who is the many. They are legion, who is one. They are one and the same, and yet they are not. The singular usage also refers to the plural, and the singular also refers to the singular.

On this world, The Master is territorial. And, The Master's territories never overlap. Hence, one Master per territory.

On other worlds, in Creation, The Master travels in hordes. Herds that make The Master the dominant species. Ipso facto, those are Dead Worlds.

The Master is not sentient. In spite of whatever elaborate, involved conversation that The Master may be able to carry on at length about with the most learned of humans. The Master is not a person at all. The Master is an animate corpse. The Master is the purest expression of what it means to be "undead."

Therefore, it is correct and proper to refer to one of their kind as "it." Although even the most learned humans, knowing full well what they are in the presence of, can from time to time slip up and misspeak, and refer to one of their ilk as he or she.

The Master is cruel, unyielding, and relentless. The Master is a pitiless fiend. Hard. Loathsome. Merciless. Vile. An abomination. Corruption incarnate. There's nothing remotely romantic about them.

The Master has no collective consciousness. They have no consciousness at all. They are not people. They cannot think. Yet. They have something. Something analogous to intelligence, for want of a better word. Something expressed as "voices" in their heads that only they, and their collaborators, can hear. And, they have personalities, too. They have personalities unique to the individual, just like a "real" person does.

**Zweiter Band: Die Nationalsozialistische Bewegung,
Volume Two: The National Socialist Movement**

The **older** you are, the more powerful supernaturally you are. Therefore, liaisons with elders is much sought after by the young.

A vujcic is a Golem version of the hand-forged Japanese style Samurai sword known as the katana. When it is folded back into its long slender hilt, a vujcic is an instrument of blunt trauma. And. When it is unfolded into a traditional sword, it's a suitable instrument for torture, maiming, and, of course, death.

The vujcic's gleaming multi-segmented blade spews forth from the "business" end of its hilt, extends to its full length, and locks into place, all in less than the blink of an eye. Listen carefully, and you'd swear that you can almost hear the hypnotic that's graphically depicted in the lurid engraving of its mirror finish and the lewd detailing of its ornate hilt.

The edge of its tempered steel blade is so sharp that a surgeon's scalpel is blunt in comparison.

Historically, katana (刀) were one of the traditionally-made Japanese swords (日本刀 nihontō) that were used by the samurai of ancient and feudal Japan. The katana is characterized by its distinctive appearance: a curved, single-edged blade with a circular or squared guard and long grip to accommodate two hands. In contrast, a vujcic has no guard.

In emulation of their samurai counterparts. Traditionally, Golem warriors carried their vujcic in a lacquered wood scabbard/sheath. These days, they use something a quite bit more modern and discreet.

Klaus' personal bladed weapon, the sword he carries on his person every day, is a vujcic, of course. But. He also owns a katana. His katana is signed by Masamune with an inscription (城和泉守所持) in gold inlay, Kamakura period, 14th century, blade length: 70.6 cm.

His other authentic Japanese sword is plain, and it was produced during the Muromachi period.

The katana was designed by humans to slaughter other human beings. Based upon the katana, but not a slavish imitation, the Golem designed their vujcic to wholesale butcher Goons—Ogres and Trolls, their breeds and their blends—with surgical precision. A specialized sword used in conjunction with CQB techniques specific for use against Goons.

Golem are to wielding a sword, or wielding any blade for that matter, what Goons are to hand-to-hand combat. Their respective warrior castes have a healthy rivalry dating back to the dawn of time. A rivalry that from time to time turns deadly—duels, never wars.

In the modern world, where dueling is a sport recognized by the Olympics, and it is no longer used to settle disputes of honor. Dueling is practiced at both the amateur and the professional levels. Although a niche sport, and insanely expensive. There's a large enough of a fanbase to support amateur and professional dueling leagues. Participants of dueling events in the amateurs are usually either Golem or obscenely wealthy human beings. Needless to say, the sport's fanbase is rabid and monied.

When Shield technology made guns take a backseat for dueling purposes, swords experienced a resurgence in popularity in that arena. With the vujcic taking center stage. It is a popularity that has never waned.

The first practical forcefield was developed by The Church in the Nineteenth Century during the waning years of The First World War as a protection against the last German Kaiser, Wilhelm II, and his genocidal ambitions.

In the present day. Between the inner and outer stone walls surrounding Vatican City, the center of the Roman Catholic Church. There is a House Shield, powered by a redundant arrangement of Holtzmann generators, which encompasses the entire city. It filters all ground, air, and subterranean access.

This defensive shield, commonly referred to as simply a shield and sometimes as a Holtzmann shield, is a protective energy field that can surround a person wearing it, or a large building, or in the case of the Vatican, a small city state.

Personal shield generators are known commonly as Pentashields.

The shield produced by a Holtzmann generator is a Class-A forcefield deriving from Phase One of the suspensor-nullification effect. Shields can be calibrated to permit the passage of matter below given speeds. This is vital in personal defense shields, because the operator would suffocate within a shield that did not admit atmospheric gasses, unless the operator was wearing a breathing apparatus.

Depending on the shield's setting, the object's speed while passing through the shield would range from six to nine centimeters per second. A shield could also be set to cover either the left or right side of a person if the specific need for it arose.

Shields used to protect installations can and usually do have far lower penetration velocities, as life support technologies can be used to recycle atmosphere while the shield is active.

**Band drei: Das Ahnenerbe - Historiën,
Volume Three: The Ahnenerbe History**

The **Ahnenerbe** (German: 'ʔa:nən, ʔεɪbə, ancestral heritage) was a think tank that operated in Nazi Germany between 1935 and 1945. It was an appendage of the Schutzstaffel (SS) and had been established by Heinrich Himmler, the Reichsführer of the SS, who is a Crone and the baby brother of Mrs. Gretchen Corey Carson III.

It was devoted to the task of promoting the racial doctrines espoused by Adolf Hitler and his governing Nazi Party, specifically by supporting the idea that the modern Germans descended from an ancient Aryan race which was biologically superior to other racial groups. The group comprised scholars and scientists from a broad range of academic disciplines.

It researched history and discovered paranormal powers which could be employed by the Third Reich. Many of its members were also participants in the Thule Society, a group dedicated to proving Aryan superiority and researching ancient Thulian artifacts. One of their most well-known missions was to locate the grave of Heinrich I. Another was uncovering the powers of the Black Sun Dimension and the Thule Medallions.

The organization also worked closely with Wilhelm Strasse, an Ogre, the leader of the SS Special Projects Division (German: Abteilung SS-Sonderprojekte), a brilliant scientist who, while not being a member of SS Paranormal Division, participated, directly or indirectly, in all of its major projects.

Hitler came to power in 1933 and over the following years he converted Germany into a one-party state under the control of his Nazi Party and governed by his personal dictatorship. He espoused the idea that modern Germans descended from the ancient Aryans, whom he claimed—in contrast to established academic understandings of prehistory—had been responsible for most major developments in human history such as agriculture, art, and writing. His racial theories and claims about prehistory were not accepted by the majority of the world’s scholarly community, and a decision was taken to give them greater scholarly backing. The Ahnenerbe was established with the purpose of providing evidence for Nazi racial doctrine and to promote these ideas to the German public through books, articles, exhibits, and conferences. Ahnenerbe scholars interpreted evidence to fit Hitler’s beliefs, and some consciously fabricated evidence to do so; many of their ideas are regarded as pseudoscience. The organization sent out various expeditions to other parts of the world, intent on finding evidence of ancient Aryan expansion.

The Nazi government used the Ahnenerbe’s research to justify many of their policies. For instance, the think tank’s claim that archaeological evidence indicated that the ancient Aryans lived across Eastern Europe was cited in justification of German military expansion into that region. Ahnenerbe research was also cited in justification of the genocidal “cleansing” of “undesirables” through extermination camps and other methods. In 1937 the project was renamed the Research and Teaching Community of the Ancestral Heritage (Forschungs- und Lehrgemeinschaft des Ahnenerbe). Some of the group’s investigations were placed on hold at the outbreak of the Second World War in 1939. Towards the end of the war, Ahnenerbe members destroyed much of the organization’s paperwork to avoid it incriminating them in forthcoming war crimes tribunals.

After the armistice agreement was signed. Many Ahnenerbe members escaped the subsequent de-Nazification policies, and remain active in archaeological establishments across the worlds of the multiverse throughout the post-war decades. Scholarly research by these “former” Ahnenerbe members, has only intensified after the formation of the SS Special Weapons and Paranormal Division (German: SS Spezialwaffen und Paranormales Abteilung) of The Fourth Reich.

Among humans. The Ahnenerbe’s ideas have remained popular in some neo-Nazi and far-right circles, and have also influenced later pseudo-archaeologists.

The SS Special Weapons and Paranormal Division of the Fourth Reich was co-founded by Helga von Schabbs and Baroness Ilse “Amber” Koch. Both women are Golems and are sister-in-laws of Mrs. Gretchen Corey Carson III.

Headquarters for this organizational successor to the Ahnenerbe is Castle Wolfenstein. Castle Wolfenstein is the ancestral home of Frau von Schabbs, and it was built by her ancestor Otto I (the son of Heinrich I).

As a child, Frau von Schabbs had dreams about treasure and power hidden under the castle and the surrounding towns. Growing up she became an archaeologist with an interest in psychic phenomena and the paranormal. Wilhelm Strasse put her in sole charge of the Paranormal Division after he met her in Cairo and she uncovered technology that proved to be useful in his research. Some of her findings included Da’at Yichud technology, Darc, and The Toy.

She has traveled around the multiverse; looking for ancient information related to the work of her ancestor Otto I. One of these discoveries the Papers of Constantinople, lead her to start digging into the foundations of the castle, and under Wulfburg for Otto’s secrets.

Organizationally. Helga answers to Irma “Marti” Grese, who heads the Fourth Reich’s Office of Scientific Investigations (German: Büro für wissenschaftliche Untersuchungen). The Paranormal Division is a subsidiary of the OSI.

Baroness Ilse “Amber” Koch went on to head the SS-Totenkopfverbände (Death’s Head unit). An elite within the elite structure of the SS which is often tasked with carrying out wetworks and bag jobs for the OSI.

The Waffen-SS is the combat part of the SS or Schutzstaffel. The term Waffen-SS literally means “Weapons SS.” The Waffen-SS was founded in Germany in 1939 after the SS was split into two units. The title of Waffen-SS became official on 2 March, 1940. Since its inception, it has always been under the leadership of Reichsführer-SS Heinrich Himmler.

Düne Messias, Dune Messiah

The romantic view of Shields is perpetuated by Frank Herbert's Dune books and numerous Dune movies like those of David Lynch. That romanticism fosters many misconceptions about Shield tech.

In such popular Shield-based mythology as that.

If the beam of a directed-energy weapon hits a Holtzmann field, it can result in sub-atomic fusion and a nuclear explosion. The center of this blast is determined by random chance; sometimes it will originate within the shield, sometimes within the weapon itself, and sometimes both.

With the widespread use of shields, anyone of even minimal importance wears a body shield to protect against criminals, assassins, and accidents. Such practice makes the use of projectile weapons and thrown blades partly obsolete. The only effective combat method is the deft use and careful precision of a handheld dagger moved slowly enough. New styles of fencing and knife fighting develop to take advantage of this one small vulnerability.

By the time of Muad'dib, when thinking machines have long ceased to be a threat, the shield has been adopted for use in personal defense. These shields are form-fitting energy fields which permit penetration only by objects that are moved below a preset velocity. As one would be unable to breathe within a shield that did not permit atmospheric gases to penetrate it, man-portable shields have a relatively high penetration velocity, approximately six to ten centimeters per second. However, shields for starships and planetary installations can and often do have extremely low penetration velocities, as artificial life support technologies are utilized while the shield is active.

Thus, using directed-energy weapons in a shielded environment results in military and environmental catastrophe, though at least one commander (Duncan Idaho) used this phenomenon deliberately as a discouragement to his enemies.

On Arrakis, a shield never lasts long because of the planet's conditions. A shield could only remain active for short periods because its harmonic vibrations would attract a sandworm. Unlike a sandworm attracted by a thumper or other means, a sandworm attracted by a shield would be even more dangerous than normal, as something specific in Holtzmann energy infuriates them.

The Holtzmann Shield is a potent literary device. It makes some directed-energy weaponry impossible against any worthwhile opponent, and also proves traditional projectile-based firearms and missiles ineffective, adding to the feudal atmosphere, and enforces the usage of *mêlée* weaponry despite other more advanced technology.

Although popular representation in the Dune films shows full-body coverage with the fields, the books also describe a half-shield version which does not entirely cover the body.

A small, humming half-shield appeared, a rectangular blur in the air that adjusted to its wearer's movement, swinging to protect vulnerable areas: *Hunters of Dune*, page 78.

Duncan parried upward, but the teenage Bashar reversed his feint and turned it into a real attack, punching the blade against the half shield: *Hunters of Dune*, page 79.

This parochial is introduced as a rare and ancient Ginaz discipline which Duncan Idaho trains the rejuvenated Bashar Miles Teg to use. Their use also reappears in the prequel trilogy where he trains against Duke Leto who is using a half shield.

Leto spun to cover his vulnerable spots with a shimmering half shield: House Corrino, page 259.

Duncan jabbed with his knives, dancing on the fringe of the half shield's protection, but Leto deftly parried with short sword and dagger: House Corrino, page 260.

He switched off his half shield, and the Swordmaster proudly sheathed his two blades, then helped the Duke to his feet: House Corrino, page 261.

Aside from these three examples, it is unclear who else uses them half-shields, although it is implied that many Swordmasters may know how to.

The Half (half-shield) originated in the first novel, "Dune" where Feyd Harkonnen, wearing a full shield, fought a slave gladiator who used a half shield, which was seen as a disadvantage.

Stirb, Stirb, Mein Liebes, Die, Die, My Darling

Truth: there is nothing remotely romantic about the history of Shield use in the real world. In spite of being purely defensive in nature, Shield tech is one of the four foundational WMD's—it is one of The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

Because of their extensive use by Church affiliates to commit some of the worst genocides in human history during the Religion Wars, every Pope since Pope Julius the Third has expressly forbade the use of Shields by any member of the Vatican's dedicated security forces and just as vehemently forbade their use in the defense of Vatican City itself. Long-standing prohibitions felled by the current Holy See, Pope Ruth.

Truth: if the beam of a directed-energy weapon hits a Holtzmann field, it can result in sub-atomic fusion and a nuclear explosion. And. The center of this blast is determined by random chance. But. It never will originate within the shield.

Truth: there is no widespread use of shields, for three major reasons.

One. There are effective countermeasures to shields just like there are to all other forms of defense. In other words. Any defense can be breached, and forcefields, after all, are just another type of defense, albeit a very technologically advanced one. Bottomline, there is no perfect defense.

Two. Shields are prohibitively expensive, so forget about everybody being able to afford a body shield to protect against criminals, assassins, and accidents.

Three. You have to be an expert operator to use a body shield effectively—most people are better off sticking with conventional body armor.

Truth: the effective use of a body shield by an expert operator makes the use of projectile weapons and thrown blades partly obsolete. But. There is a glaring exception to this, later noted.

Truth: against a deft shield practitioner, there are only two effective CQB methods.

One. The deft use and careful precision of a handheld bladed weapon moved slowly enough, will penetrate a shield. New styles of fencing and knife fighting have been developed to take advantage of this one small vulnerability in close quarters combat.

Two. The use of ordnance, or a purposed weapon system, specifically designed to breach forcefields. For example, special variable-velocity implosive anti-armor "smart" munitions. An approach utilizing intelligent tunneling projectiles that adheres to the aforementioned tried-n-true principle that any defense can be compromised and, thus, ultimately circumvented.

Truth: the game changer. That glaring exception and purposed weapon system which stands this entire discourse on its head. The Series-3 phaser. It possesses all of the advantages of directed-energy weapons and projectile weapons, but none of their disadvantages. Where guns are concerned, it's The Holy Grail!

Bottomline. In the modern world. Although there are notable exceptions, the use of shields is largely relegated to dueling. As such, Pope Ruth's obsession with shields for military defense is seen widely as anachronistic and deeply troubling.

Bene Gesserit Traumland, Bene Gesserits Dreamland

“Enter no conflict against fanatics unless you can defuse them. Oppose a religion with another religion only if your proofs (miracles) are irrefutable or if you can mesh in a way that the fanatics accept you as god-inspired. This has long been the barrier to science assuming a mantle of divine revelation. Science is so obviously man-made. Fanatics (and many are fanatic on one subject or another) must know where you stand, but more important, must recognize who whispers in your ear.”—**Missionaria Protectiva, Primary Teaching of Sister Frankie Herbert (founder of the Order of the Bene Gesserits)**

The **universal holster**. Technically, a universal holster isn't a holster at all, it's a weapons generator. But, it can only generate weapons that have been loaded into it.

It looks like a larger version of a hard box full pack cigarette case except for the fact that it's ABS plastic instead of some fashionable hardshell material, and there's no solid magnetic flip top closure or any closure for that matter. It's a “sealed” unit. As such, it can easily be mistaken for a tricorder or the transmitter of a wireless microphone; take your pick. It utilizes flat space technology for its dimensional compression. So, there's a telltale when a weapon goes from holster to hand and vice versa. Therefore, unless the transfer is properly encrypted, it can be easily blocked by a run-of-the-mill jammer.

The brand of universal to have is Ultraviolet. It can be configured to be anything from a back holster to a belt holster on the strong side.

Because of dimensional compression, its interior is many times larger than its exterior. And. It is storage agnostic—it'll hold a lot more than just weapons. Always on the lookout for a competitive edge, human duelers were the first to exploit this. They use their universal holster as a universal storage device—it holds their smartphone, their sword, and their personal Shield generator. The virtual interface of a smartphone's AI will be used for tactical display, a display visible only to that specific operator because it's beamed directly into their brain although it appears to be an external 360-degree holographic image that's been networked into the AI of their personal Shield generator.

Of special note. And for painfully obvious reasons. Inhumans faeries aka supernaturals prefer to not use Shields or the virtual interface of their smartphones for tactical displays, for dueling or otherwise. Such usages would lessen their effectiveness in aggressive/defensive situations. In other words, no shield generators in the holsters of inhumans.

Then again, few inhumans use universal holsters. They prefer to use Race Bannons.

Race Bannon. A conventional “active” holster that has been extensively modified. It more resembles an orthopedic device than it does a street-ready carry. And, as such, it violates every carry reg in the IDPA rule book. In fact, it's more radical than the race holsters of gun belts used in IPSC unlimited events. The holster molds itself to whatever weapon it holsters, providing the most secure carry and the fastest draw possible. It can be configured to be anything from a back holster to a belt holster on the strong side.

CrossFit, “The House of Ragnheiður Sara Sigmundsdóttir”

This is an Icelandic name. The last name is a patronymic, not a family name; this person is referred to by the given name Sara.

Ragnheidur Sara Sigmundsdottir (born 12 September 1992) is an Icelandic weightlifter and CrossFit athlete known for her third-place finishes at the 2015 and 2016 CrossFit Games and her first-place finishes at the 2015 and 2016 Meridian Regionals and the 2017 Central Regionals. She was featured in 2017 documentary “Fittest on Earth: A Decade of Fitness.” The Nordic beauty competed at the 2015 World Weightlifting Championships in the 75 kg category.

Ragnheiður Sara Hassen-Sigmundsdóttir. This is the new interim name that the girl has legally assumed. She is no longer Marta Lucille Kristen. Not so coincidentally, the mundane Icelandic weightlifter and CrossFit athlete Ragnheiður Sara Sigmundsdóttir, is the favorite athlete of Mrs. Gretchen Corey Carson III. And, Mrs. Carson is a CrossFit aficionado.

CrossFit is a branded fitness regimen created by Greg Glassman and is a registered trademark of CrossFit, Inc. which was founded by Greg Glassman and Lauren Jenai in 2000. Promoted as both a physical exercise philosophy and also as a competitive fitness sport, CrossFit workouts incorporate elements from high-intensity interval training, Olympic weightlifting, plyometrics, powerlifting, gymnastics, girevoy sport, calisthenics, strongman, and other exercises. It is practiced by members of over 13,000 affiliated gyms, roughly half of which are located in the United States, and by individuals who complete daily workouts (otherwise known as “WODs” or “workouts of the day”). CrossFit has come into some controversy for allegedly causing people to suffer from unnecessary injuries and exertional rhabdomyolysis, a condition in which muscle tissues die.

In Hollywood, budgets for big-time blockbusters have an unfortunate tendency to spiral out of control, but the major studios still put forth an effort to make sure they avoid spending more on a movie than they reasonably intend to make back. After all, movies, in addition to being auteur-driven benchmarks of visual storytelling, are also a business driven by profits.

So, in the same vein, Lucy is Ragnheiður Sara Lucille Hassen-Sigmundsdóttir for a very short while, seemingly to please Mrs. Carson’s whimsy. It is her second and her last interim name. In the end, Coco politely suggests and Lucy accepts the name of Greta Lucille Röhm, which is akin to her legal name when she was a mortal human being. It becomes her legal name as an immortal being of the Nosferatu persuasion. Coco calls her Greta, of course, while Mrs. Carson still calls her Sara. Thus, pragmatism wins out in the end.

Lucy sits on a sofa in the posh lobby of the “club house” of the Ladies’ Athletic Club of Saint Elizabeth Parish. Mrs. Carson, a founding member of the ladies’ club, lives in one of the private apartments upstairs.

This downtown building’s nondescript exterior belies its palatial interior. A historic landmark. And, a female-only preserve, into which males can only enter with great exception.

Thanks to a prohibitively expensive and very complicated implementation of spatial displacement mechanics, the building's interior is many times larger than its exterior would indicate possible.

How much larger? The uninitiated, and many jaded multi-verse travelers, would gawk wide-eyed at the luxurious interior. It's huge. Compression mechanics on this scale are almost unheard of in the modern world outside of Federal governments and the world's militaries. The cost to manifest such civilian-purposed architecture is prohibitive even for the pocketbooks of most of the trillionaires of the worlds. But for this ladies' club, cost is never a consideration. What its coffers cannot purchase, its "friends" can.

In sharp contrast to the plush sofa upon which she sits and the breathtaking interior. Coco's Girl Friday is not only wearing sternns-miles, her hair is yanked back into a sternka. Both are cornerstones of her severe profoundly-unattractive on-duty look. As such, she can upstage neither Coco nor Mrs. Carson, which is its express intent.

A seventy-something woman enters the lobby and sits down on the couch beside Lucy. The old biddy is a disgraced former Bene Gesserit nun, and, as such, explicitly sexually-repressed, implicitly sexually depraved. This is the first time in her life that Lucy has seen an indigenous Martian in the flesh, so to speak.

"Hello, our name is Giggerota. And, we are very pleased to meet you."

Martians often refer to themselves in the third-person plural.

"My name is."

"Yes. Yes. Yes. Giggerota knows all about this you. You belong to Coco. Your headmistress is Barbara. Your Mrs. Carson is our elocution teacher."

Lucy shakes Giggerota's gloved hand. Giggerota is well-endowed, slender, and somewhat aloof with feminine looks, ways, and mannerisms. As such, her pretense is that of a busty, attractive, older human female, with the face of an elderly Tallulah Bankhead. The antithesis of a stereotypical manhating bulldyke.

Her set of heavily-hanging tits are larger than Helga's.

Sporting a geriatric moe. She's wearing prudz, flats, a Kaye, and perls. Bolshoi-bare. No blouse or underwear. No stockings. Lift her skirt, and you'll find that she has female plumbing only.

In their native form.

Martians look like Kum. But. They are not Kum.

They have a razorblade smile and a killer tongue. And those creepy grey eyes—grey eyeballs, constricted red pupils, and no irises. They look like a giant leech, and are the size of an adult human female. They are liken to a species of Gorgon.

Their face is akin to that of Medusa—a hideous parody of a woman's face. And they have poisonous snakes, instead of hair, growing from their scalp. From the waist up, the torso of a woman. From the waist down, an octopus with numerous tentacles. And they still retain the genitalia of an adult human female.

A she leech. The torso of a woman mated to an octopus. Numerous tentacle in place of two legs. The hideous face of a Gorgon. Three floppy pendulous tits that almost hang down to its narrow waist. Horrid tits with stretch marks and stringbean nipples. Long boney fingers.

Martians are sentient, and are not creatures of pure instinct. These huge parasites are thinking and self-aware beings. Super intelligent. They have personalities unique to the individual, just like a “real” person does. In point of fact, they are people.

“Mrs. Carson hasn’t mentioned you before.”

“Why should she. We are just some random Darc thing that she teaches to speak well.” She rests her hand on Lucy’s knee. “We would like to enslave you, junkie whore.”

Lucy pushes the thing’s hand off of her knee.

“I’m married.”

“Living the dirty life. Depraved. Dressed in a torn black fishnet bodystocking, wearing rough and perls, sporting messy straight hair, and noticeably thinner. A strung-out you is quite fetching and feral, indeed. Our venom is chemically analogous to reanimation reagent, but much more addictive with a more potent high. We will talk later, after our shifts are over. Clean and pristine, we work here, filling in for the head maitre’d, as needed. Mostly, we manage the down under for a downtown eatery that specializes in authentic Martian food known as the Fitzwilly; working down there we can be our dirty self.”

The Fitzwilly. An all-you-can-eat, very high priced, high-end restaurant. Its main competition is the Jiamener an all-you-can-eat, hot pot restaurant, moderately-priced, targeting diners who are looking for that “other white meat” eating experience. As expected, being local and Martian, “businesswoman” Fats Waller is the Fitzwilly’s silent partner. With it being a being Chinese eatery, it’s no surprise that the Jiamener’s silent partner is a Dragon, in this case it’s Ancient Mia.

Fifty-something Fats is a Groll, one of the major breed-races. They result from those dalliances between Giants and Trolls. Waller’s a full-head taller than most Trolls and thicker built than most Giants. She’s got the expected brunette hair, green eyes, generous mouth, and more-than-well-endowment.

Waller runs the largest and most notorious, loan sharking and bookmaking operation in the city. An associate in-good-standing, Fats subcontracts for all of the big boys; that includes Tyronne “Golden Spike” Geo-Gucci, who’s one of the “made guys” in the country, and The Nature Boy, Ric Flair, who owns the St. Louis rackets lot-stock-n-barrel. Fats is also that rare mafioso who does business with the aptly-labeled lunatic fringe: volatile crazies like Hal “Tobbie” Hooper, co-founder of the Antediluvians.

“There’s nothing to talk about. I’m married, and therefore already taken. And. Besides being monogamous, I’m also a strict teetotaler. I’m not a junkie, a drunk, or a whore. And, needless to say, I have no interest in being enslaved by you or anyone else for that matter.”

Giggerota’s response is an inhumanly-wide grin. Then, her eyes fluorescence blue, momentarily. The girl’s mind goes blank and she becomes completely vacant. The possessive-compulsive creature covetously strokes her cheek. Removing *choice* from the equation, entirely. The Martian has taken Lucy, that easily and completely.

Then again, Giggerota is a god, a very old god. And, a god as old and thus as powerful as she is, who freely chooses to ignore ROE, and who has found a way to circumvent the numerous Clubhouse safeguards, can take a lot of people and things that easily and completely.

Once again, seemingly out of nowhere, her Karen Digney fixation consumes her, completely. She slips a gear and goes off the deep end. Psychotic episodes such as this are why Giggerota is no longer in The Order. A crazy god is a danger to herself and to others.

A psychotic episode is a period of psychosis that can last varying amounts of time. Some physicians distinguish between brief psychotic episodes lasting between one day and one month, and much longer periods of psychosis.

“Ours. All ours. Forever,” Giggerota coos. She is a very old thing, indeed. She is a Goddess on par with the Goddess Kali. “You can lie to yourself. But, you cannot lie to your Goddess, your Goddess Giggerota. It took us a very long time to find where you had gone. No more of this pretending to be who you are not. Soon, Karen, you will be back where you belong, with us.”

To reiterate. The girl is totally vacuous. A vacancy. She acts as if she were under the influence of a kronos device.

A kronos device. The small biomechanical device would anchor itself into the back of her neck. It looks like a hideous biomechanical spider. One of its least invasive effects would be to lobotomize her. And. She would remain lobotomized, while it was in place. Its other effects are much more insidious. But. There is no such device anchored into the back of her neck causing her bizarre submissive behavior.

Telepathically, Giggerota instructs her where they will meet later. After her shift is over, today, Lucy goes on holiday. It will be quite a while before she will be missed.

Taken

Giggerota just takes her. Dragging Lucy's limp body into the dark alley. Giggerota's clothes shred as the Martian changes into her native form. Giggerota tosses the girl down an open manhole.

In the B-movies, places like this are portrayed as being filthy and smelly, and parasite infested. The cinematic denizens which populate these dark, dank recesses are presented likewise. Reality, in contrast: places like this, and their inhabitants, are spic-n-span. But. Those cheapie horror flicks do get two things right—the extensive use of indentured servitude, and the inhabitants are crazy.

Karen comes to herself lying upon the bare mattress of a cot in a corner of the gourmet restaurant's larder. Dressed in a torn black fishnet bodystocking, wearing rough and perls, sporting messy straight hair, and noticeably thinner than when she was first abducted.

The girl is restrained with handcuffs and leg irons. Both sets of restraints are rusty hardened iron, with arcane script carved into them. She's strung-out on Giggerota's lobotomizing venom. The ruined fishnets have been yanked down around her waist.

There are puncture wounds in her left arm, the leftside of her neck, and her right breast. Some are fresher than others. Evidence of her being repeatedly fed upon by the Martian over a period of time. Her breath reeks of liquor, likely gin or whiskey.

The girl sits up. Her head is killing her. The girl's debilitating migraine is caused by an enlarged pineal gland and lizard brain. A headache that fuels her madness. Mad as a hatter, so to speak.

Karen has no memory of who she really is. Her mind has been wiped clean, and rewritten with a false identity and false memories to go along with that fictitious personality of hers. It's an imprint that Giggerota purchased on the black market from Sister Judith Head a Bene Gesserit nun who Giggerota once served with in The Order.

Here. She's Karen Digney. Prostitute. Junkie. Drunk. Former mental patient. Kitchen aid. Frumpy cunt. In short: a dowdy mentally ill food worker.

Karen will rant and rave incoherently, gnash her teeth, and foam at the mouth during a full moon.

Even when she's undressed, not wearing rough, and looking at herself in the mirror, Karen sees herself as a frumpy cunt instead of the looker with a killer body that she is. She suffers from an extreme version of BDD.

Body dysmorphic disorder (BDD) is a mental disorder usually characterized by an obsessive preoccupation that some aspect of one's own appearance is severely flawed and warrants exceptional measures to hide or fix it. In Karen's case, she sees her entire appearance as being flawed.

The Visage Très Rugeux, the fright wig hairdo, are all calculated to reinforce Karen's OCD. And, they do.

Obsessive–compulsive disorder (OCD) is a mental disorder where people feel the need to check things repeatedly, perform certain routines repeatedly (called “rituals”), or have certain thoughts repeatedly (called “obsessions”). People are unable to control either the thoughts or the activities for more than a short period of time.

Shades of the Patricia Carroll character that actress Stefanie Powers portrayed in the movie “Die! Die! My Darling!” (1965). The star was Tallulah Bankhead, who portrayed Mrs. Trefoile.

In that movie, Ms. Powers was twenty-something and voluptuous. In sharp contrast, Ms. Bankhead was seventy-something, scrawny shrew.

By this deranged addict’s twisted way of thinking, she has been indentured for almost a year to pay off a debt owed to the Fitzwilly’s lecherous down under manager Giggerota.

Giggerota is naked and in her native form, and she’s wielding a meat cleaver. She’s working at a cravng table, chopping up a fresh human cadaver for tomorrow’s Sunday brunch. The Martian is clean. Her hygiene is the model for Karen’s.

“Oh goody. You’re awake.”

Giggerota’s loathsome face and voice. Loathsome, befitting a dominatrix or a shrew. It is a grating voice, akin to fingernails across a chalkboard. And a hideous face.

Insane Karen starts to say something in objection as if sane Lucy were trying to peek through from her subconscious. Giggerota’s eyes glow, and this time they stay lit for a while. The girl has to be periodically dosed so that she will stay Karen and thus subjugated.

That remnant of Lucy goes bye-bye, again. Karen, of course, has no awareness of Lucy. In affection, exactly mimicking the mental illness known as dissociative identity disorder (DID)—multiple personality disorder.

The girl goes back to being deranged, vacant Karen in totality. Once again reduced to the lunatic fringe, she gets off the cot and walks over to Giggerota.

If Karen were to speak, her voice would have a heavy New Jersey accent. This Jersey Girl has a loathsome voice. Loathsome, befitting a dominatrix or a shrew. It is a grating voice, akin to fingernails across a chalkboard.

“Very naughty girl. Went AWOL at that clubhouse. Flittering about, above ground, pretending to be someone else. Junkie whore got us way behind. Now, you’re back where you belong and you will help us catch up. Giggerota has great need of your assistance. You are Giggerota’s assistant down here, filling in as needed, to pay back what you owe Giggerota.”

Giggerota hands Karen a meat cleaver. The girl’s makeup-ruined face and fright wig hairdo, by their lonesome, conspire to render her profoundly unattractive. There is no way that her looks can even remotely upstage those of her petty vindictive envious goddess.

The makeup and hairdo make the girl’s face look very, very rough. A face that looks like it’s been ravaged by insanity, unchecked sexual depravity, and chronic drug and alcohol abuse.

“You know the drill. And so it begins. By end of shift you’ll be experiencing withdrawal symptoms, again, and you’ll get needed your fix from your Goddess, your Goddess Giggerota.”

It’s the nature of Martians to enslave and to be obsessive-compulsive. As such. There have been countless other girls pressed into being the fake Karen Digney, before it was this girl’s turn.

As one would expect of a god this ancient, all of the subjugated are supernatural and are members of The Church. All are taken with ease and held in total subjugation. All are returned, none the worse for wear, to their real lives, after Giggerota has sown her wild oats using them as the fake Karen. All are duly compensated for their enslavement by being imbued by this very manipulative process into being at least aberrations and on rare occasion's abominations. As such, they can never be taken against their will so easily and completely again by anyone or anything.

Abduction violates ROE. But. The young are meant to be used by the old. Such is the nature of things. So God looks the other way in such matters. A fact that stands this discourse on its head.

There's even more afoot.

There's another purpose to this madness, besides Giggerota pleasuring herself and then subsequently "upgrading" the abductees. She's searching for an acolyte. For too long, the goddess has been without any. This goddess of an ancient Pagan religion, that's so old it precedes that of The Church.

Giggerota craves for just one of these fixed girls to come back to her willingly and willfully, and join her in regular divine worship. Two strict practicing Catholics participating in a day of obligation. Their church service a co-existence of an Old Religion's and The Church's.

The End