

I N T R O D U C T I O N

Some years ago I began writing a trilogy of books titled *The Sons of God*. I've always been a dawdling kind of a writer. It takes me a month of Sundays to write anything. My tardiness is likely a product of (undiagnosed) attention deficit disorder, a bogus medical condition devised by licensed quacks to make money off people with poor concentration, and a mild case of dyslexia. In any event, the writing process on the first book was turning out to be such a slog that I figured it would be at least a decade before I completed the trilogy. That was about seven years too long. Besides, I had other stories I wanted to write. Lots and lots of them. So I took what would become a permanent sabbatical from *Sons* to author a collection of virulently racist short stories. The shorter the virulently racist story, the better.

One such story was "The Last White Superheroes." It was to be a blood-drenched 35-page yarn about a team of "superemacists" in final battle against a vast army of non-whites, some with bioengineered superpowers. But a couple of things happened that morphed it into a novel and then a trilogy of novels. Yep, another damned trilogy.

I'd been a fan of superhero comics since my early teens, when my mum brought me home a Marvel Treasury Edition featuring the best of the Incredible Hulk. The best of the best was an epic slugfest between Greenskin and the Sub-Mariner. I have no intellectual pretensions when it comes to superhero comics. Give me a city-leveling punch-up between the Hulk and the Juggernaut (or Sub-Mariner) over the deep and meaningful subtext in Alan Moore's criminally overrated *Watchmen* any day. So "The Last White Superheroes" would be nothing but 35 pages of pummeling action. To the devil with *bleeping* subtext!

But my motivation for writing the story wasn't to express my affection for superhero comics. Said affection faded to occasional tepid interest once I learned that Jews use the comic book medium to encourage white holocaust through race mixing. I wanted to counter in some small way the then new phenomenon of superhero race and gender reassignment, which, from memory, began not in a comic book but a movie: *The Fantastic Four* (2005). Sue Storm, one of the four, had traditionally been as white as a 1950s Westinghouse commercial. But not anymore. Gone were her blond Aryan features and in their place were actress Jessica Alba's various shades of Hispanic brown. Chris Evans, who would later play Captain America in the expanding Marvel movie universe, co-starred as Sue's hotshot, appreciably whiter brother, Johnny. Johnny didn't stay white for too long, though. When the 2015 *Fantastic Four* movie revamp rolled around, his exposure to cell-altering cosmic rays had turned him Negroid. The comics too mirrored this nod to affirmative action. Nick Fury put on black face, while Tony Stark's Iron Man was replaced by a young afro-haired black woman who, in strict adherence to everyday reality, was a scientific genius.

Then there were all the heroes who went to buggery. Bobby Drake, aka Iceman, one of the founding members of the X-Men, was the first (or one of them) to go, but others soon joined him. Super-powered lesbos and even a tranny or two also proudly shed the heteronormative disguises that the Comics Code Authority Nazis had forced them to wear for years.

As of this writing, no cape-wearing pedophile has streaked (so to speak) across the clear blue skies in a superhero periodical. But just give it a few more years.

Any story in this gaspingly liberal day and age that features an all white, all straight team of superheroes is by default a racist, hateful, seditious story. Which was fine by me. I fully intended to squeeze as much racism, as much hate, and as much sedition as I possibly could into *The Last White Superheroes'* modest page count.

Then there cometh a motion picture: *Kick-Ass*.

Based on a comic of the same name, *Kick-Ass* is about a teen nerd who decides to become a costumed vigilante called, funnily enough, Kick-Ass, despite having no super powers nor even rudimentary fighting skills. Not surprisingly, Kick-Ass gets his hind quarters kicked. He eventually crosses paths with a Batman clone, Big Daddy and his 12-year-old daughter, Hit-Girl, who wields a mean, infomercial-sharp ninja sword. Hit-Girl steals the movie as easily as she delimbs bad guys.

Now, *Kick-Ass* is not a pro-white movie, and Hit-Girl is not a character on whom you'd want your daughter to model herself, but I must admit I found her, to quote a Russian pro-wrestler, very entertainment. So I decided to add a young female character to the previously adults-only cast of *The Last White Superheroes*. This character would be nothing like Hit-Girl, though. She would be younger, sweeter, and far, *far* deadlier. Hit-Girl killed tens of persons. My creation, super-powered to the max, would kill tens of thousands, all of them non-white. Jared Taylor would not be writing the foreword to this literary work. Oh no.

If there's one topic that's out of bounds in *the* Movement, not to be confused with *a* movement, it's that of whites employing deadly force against non-whites. That's an observation, not a criticism, because I happen to agree that we ought to eschew discussing it in public and via any electronic medium. Unless our dearest wish is to end up as white racist jailbirds. But the fact is that members of the political left have no qualms about launching their colored, Jew-prepped weapons of mass destruction in our specific direction. They, the present-day Kenites and the fair-skinned Quislings, and the black, yellow, and brown humanoids they've sicced on us in suffocatingly enriching numbers, mean us dead. Deader even. There shall come a day, surely not that distant now, when we have to kill them or they will kill us. The question is how will we know when that day has arrived? And what will the tipping point be, that big event or series of events, that

gives us the divine nod to take a proactively bloody stance against our enemies?

There was no question about what, or more accurately *whom*, the tipping point in *The Last White Superheroes* would be. None whatsoever. It would be a blond-haired, temporarily gap-toothed cherub who embarks upon an anti-POC killing spree. In the world where this story takes place, whites are already persecuted minorities in their own countries. It turns out that Nazi soothsayers don't lie. Not on this Earth or a parallel Earth. So when a disunited team of white superheroes are sent by their Anglophobic government to stop the unstoppable little girl with extreme prejudice, they have to face a grim reality they've been trying to avoid for too long: a race war has begun and it's way past time they chose sides.

As you've probably gathered, the introduction of this underaged mass murderer necessitated a sizeable increase in the story's length. Thirty-five pages just wouldn't cut it. The story needed a hell of a lot more breathing room than that. I figured about 400 pages more.

Suddenly my short story had metamorphosed into a ruddy great novel. But at least it wasn't a *bleeping* trilogy.

Then I had to go and read a certain article in "On Target."

"On Target" is a weekly newsletter published by the Australian League of Rights, a venerable Christian patriot organization. The article was about the annual bum-chum parade in New South Wales, more commonly known as the Sydney Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras. The article's author observed that when the parade first began in 1978 the police arrested the participants because sodomy was still a criminal offense in NSW, whereas years later, after the degenerate practice had received government sanction, they would march in the parade, prancing, mincing, and twerking with gay and lesbian abandon. Why not? Poofsters and bulldykes were now street legal.

How do we account for this dramatic about-face? What societal cataclysm occurred that saw coppers go from arresting sodomites to cavorting with them in an anus pageant?

There was no cataclysm. Rather, a series of planned incremental changes to the public's perception of fags, a gradual softening brought about by years of pro-buggery advertising in politics, academia, and the mainstream media.

Solomon wrote that it was the little foxes that spoil the vines (Song of Solomon 2:15). White civilizations aren't typically destroyed overnight but by a slow process of moral and racial erosion. The little foxes, that is, seemingly minor things like promiscuity and miscegenation that aren't generally considered a serious threat to those civilizations are the very things that cause their ruin.

Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin, not so much.

Most stories culminate in a big, climactic event. And initially this one was going to be no different. But after reading the dread "On Target" article, I determined to make *The Last White Superheroes* a story about the little foxes. This presented no little problem. To convey such a theme effectively, I would have to end the story in a small but significant event rather than a world-rupturing brawl with thousands, nay *millions* of combatants that would overshadow that event. However, the reason the word *superheroes* appears in the title is that the story was/is also about superheroes, and all good superhero stories climax in fisticuffs. There was no conceivable way I could wrap up *The Last White Superheroes* with a small (but significant) event *and* a massive super-powered free-for-all.

Unless I told the story in reverse.

By running the literary projector backward, I could get the story rolling with a crowd-pleasing climactic fight and then end it with a civilization-wrecking little fox. But to go back, far back, to the little fox that started it all, to that apparently negligible transgression of God's Law that would ultimately lead to smoldering, blood-slick, nation-strewn rubble, would mean extending the story beyond its single novel boundaries.

You know where I'm going with this, don't you? Yep. That's right. A damn-it-all-to-hell trilogy!

The Last White Superheroes is a three-book story, with the last book, the one with the battle royal, being the first, and the first book, the one with the premier little fox, being the last. Are you with me?

The challenge in writing a story like this is to get you, the sainted reader, to read the full trilogy after you've already experienced the dizzying thrills and grisly spills of its grand climax. Hence, the juicy bits of story bait you'll find throughout book one that reference intriguing incidents that take place in the subsequent volumes. You'll know them when you read them.

I've made no attempt to hide the fact that the superheroes in *The Last White Superheroes* are analogues of famous DC and Marvel characters. If this hadn't been a vile, hateful tale fountaining with the worst kind of racial intolerance, that which is aimed squarely at colored folk, I would have created a team of brand new superheroes. But since it is exactly that, though I wouldn't describe it as vile, that's a bit unfair, I went with familiarity instead of originality. All of the supervillains are my creations if that's any consolation. My target audience is comic-book-reading white males between the ages of 15 to 40 who spurn the "wokeness" that's permeated superhero titles over the past decade, but haven't yet succumbed to the biological imperative of racism. I thought they'd be likelier to read a pro-white superhero story if it featured characters familiar to them, who, like them, for the most part, haven't succumbed to racism either, but are on the verge.

You can't please all of the Nazis all of the time. I know that there are people in the White Nationalism, especially its Christian Identity wing, where you'll find meself, who will dismiss this work as frivolous garbage based on modern Jewish mythology because "Jews invented superheroes." Although Jews monopolize the comics publishing industry, they did not event superheroes. Fair-skinned ancients did. Take a look at Greek mythology for example. Zeus could hurl thunderbolts at his enemies, Hermes could fly at greater than supersonic speed, and Heracles could carry a monstrous bull on his

shoulders. Ancient Egypt, Rome, and Scandinavia also had their pantheons of gods, all of whom were super-powered beings. Jew comic book creator Stan Lee purloined Thor, the Norse god of thunder, and built one of Marvel's early titles around him. Then there is the greatest superhero of them all, Jesus Christ, who, despite being mislabeled as a Jew by most theologians, was of pure Aryan stock. Among many other astonishing feats, Jesus walked on water, raised the dead, healed the paralytic, stilled a tempest, and materialized at will. Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster, the Jews behind Superman, borrowed heavily from the story of Christ when fashioning the Man of Steel. Christ was raised by Joseph and Mary. Superman was raised by Jonathan and Martha. Christ is both the Son of God, and God in human form. Superman's name is Kal-El and his father's is Jor-El, *el* being Hebrew for "God." Between the ages of 12 and 30, Christ disappears from the pages of the Bible, then reappears to commence His ministry. A teenage Clark Kent spends 12 years in the Fortress of Solitude, then re-emerges as a 30-year-old man to assume his predestined role as Superman. Don't give me any of this balderdash about superheroes beginning and ending with the hook-nosed overlords of pop culture. Jewish invention is born of Jewish thievery.

Before I sign and date this, I must warn the reader that *The Last White Superheroes* does not shy away from graphic violence. The first chapter offers just a tiny glimpse of the bloody deeds that grow egregiously bloodier as the story progresses. What can I say? Gore happens when a multiracial society finally implodes. There's generous shakings of salty language too. I'm not a fan of profanity, but niggers and amoral whites are. Take it up with them. I'm just the author.

All of the work I do for the pro-white movement I do gratis. No one will ever have to pay a cent to read *The Last White Superheroes*. Don't take that as a knock against fellow white racists who do sell books they've authored. For those who bravely write under their real names, or have been doxed by the hoodlums of the left, it's one of the few, limited sources of income available to them.

What you're reading is available only as a PDF at the moment, but once I've finished this first volume, I'll publish it in all the other popular e-book formats. Ain't life on the Internet grand?

This is a first draft. Expect to find assorted typos, plot inconsistencies, and other boo-boos herein. These will be purged with ruthless efficiency in the next and final draft.

Are there any white supremacist comic book artists out there? I mean, fair dinkum terrific ones. It is my considered opinion that *The Last White Superheroes* would go down a treat as a series of graphic novels. I can't pay you. But any money you managed to make from them would be all yours. Maybe you could do one of those Patreon things or whatever alternative is available to us toxic bigots. I'm open to discussion here: <https://christianidentityaustralia.org/contact/>

Until the next book, my friends.

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