

RACIST STORY NO. 2

# THE PICNIC BASKET ANGEL

*Obie*

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Obie

Ronnie eased himself, grimacing, onto the park bench. His plastered leg hurt like a midget hooker after a Tongan bachelor party. The analgesic he'd taken was a bust. It offered no pain relief. But it had made swing-stepping on crutches from his apartment, just 60 yards away, analogous to swimming the English Channel in an iron lung. The miracle of modern medicine!

"Hey, handsome," said a masculine voice in a gay accent.

Ronnie was being ogled by a 300-pound tranny who looked as if he'd gone to the Revlon counter and asked for Bozo the Clown. The tranny's dress sense was no less ostentatious. He wore an orange Marilyn Monroe wig, glittering red strapless gown, and a Jessica Rabbit-sized padded bra. "How'd you like a drag queen to sign that cast?" he said.

A transphobic snicker betrayed Ronnie's political leanings. "You dockworkers sure dress funny."

The tranny swapped a burlesque grin for a look of pantomime shock. "Floozy," he snooted, then flounced off, primping his wig.

Ronnie grumbled some rude words. Couldn't he sit down for one minute, just one rude-word minute, without being pie-faced by the fall of Western Civilization?

His left leg had suffered multiple fractures in a quad-bike accident on a friend's hobby farm. He'd been off work for weeks. With his girlfriend attending a nursing conference interstate, his transport options were limited to Uber and crutches. He preferred crutches. They were unwieldy but much better company than turban-headed Pakistanis with paint-stripping body odor, and the sole option for short distances. He balked at using a wheelchair. A wheelchair would have made him look helpless. His manly pride took grave exception to his looking helpless.

He visited the park pretty much every day just to get outside and breathe the salt-added air. He didn't regard it as exercise. Not proper exercise anyway. Proper exercise for someone in his condition could only be had in a gym. In his case, his home gym. He had to restrict each workout to his upper body. And he had to keep it brief. The hotter and sweatier he got, the more his quad-biked leg would itch. Five minutes was all it took for the irritation to go from insufferable to Nancy Pelosi.

"Testing, one, two, three. Testing, one, two, three."

A guy was doing a mic check on a rock-n-roll-ready stage in front of the

marina. A banner above the stage read PRIDELWEISS in big rainbow-colored letters.

Ronnie made a faint dry-retching sound. Just what he and all the picnicking white families needed, a musical tribute to taking it up the ass.

Trannies at nine o'clock! Arms interlinked, they sashayed along the path that ran past him, warbling "We Are Family" in varying degrees of atonality. There was a short tranny, a tall tranny, a black tranny, and I-bet-you-can't-guess-what-race-I-am tranny. The four horsemen of the fashion apocalypse.

The guess-what-race tranny threw Ronnie a suggestive wink. Ronnie threw him a suggestive pick axe in the cranium. Figuratively speaking of course. As an avowed member of the pro-white movement, he was duty-bound to keep things lawful.

A freckle-faced boy pondered the trannies with an even split of concern and curiosity. Who were they? What did they want? The short tranny smooched his bust and rolled it in the boy's direction. "Take your pick, honey, lemon or lime?" The boy went and told his mother.

More trannies promenaded past. They and the others were headed for the stage, where an assortment of fellow cross-dressers; macho lesbians; theatrical males, black rappers among them; and virtue-signaling white heterosexuals were milling about.

The urge to depart was strong in Ronnie. If he wasn't feeling like utter crap, he would have. He'd just have to endure the diversity until he got up enough head of steam to struggle back to his apartment. Gay day in the park. They should have put up warning signs.

Oh great.

Yep.

Of course.

Why not?

Where would the afternoon be without them? Jews, of the Orthodox persuasion, coming toward him in their black suits and broad-rimmed black hats, a gang of deranged villains with scraggly beards and pigtail sideburns, riding into Dodge City on shanks' ponies. He caught a whiff of them as they trotted by. A damp woolen sweater drying out by a fire sprang to mind. One glanced at him warily. The enemy, a racially conscious white man, had been sighted. Ronnie sneered. Had he known Hymie was coming, he would have

been reading *Hoax of the Twentieth Century*, front cover in full view. He gave the wary Jew a cheeky wink. Just one mortal foe acknowledging the other.

An eighteen-month-old blonde almost leaped out of her stroller as she pointed at the black hats and exclaimed, “Look at the dirty, scheming Jews!” At least that’s what Ronnie liked to think she said. But what she actually said was in secret toddler code, so it could have been anything of an antisemitic nature.

*Twang, twang. Twong, twong.* A sallow, Auschwitz-thin guitarist in a My Little Pony T-shirt was tuning a Les Paul on stage. A trio of frizzy-haired backing singers shuffled into position behind him. The show was about to begin.

There was only one cloud in the sky, a wispy, trivial streak of white that appeared to have been brushed on by accident. Ronnie objected to the perfect weather. A celebration of sickos didn’t merit a day like this. A fierce electrical storm was in order, a meteorological purging of Sodom by the bay, with stage-trashing hurricane-force wind and enough fatal lightning strikes to warrant an entry in the next volume of *Ripley’s Believe It or Not*.

The black hats sat themselves down in the middle of the green, green lawn in front of the stage. They’d gone for maximum visibility. They wanted the world to know that Jews from Tel Aviv to Tennessee stood firmly behind sodomites. Sodomites, lesbians, bisexuals, and transsexuals. Pedophiles and necrophiles would have to wait a few years.

Goyim, some white, some not so, wandered over to check out the imminent concert. Others, families mainly, stayed where they were. It was easier for them to bop to the gay strains in situ without having to uproot food, seating, and offspring.

Ronnie spied the tail end of a drug deal. Under the shade of a palm tree, a rippling spic, oil slick for hair, yellow wife-beater and gray track pants for clothes, slipped a small zip-locked plastic bag to a pretty teenage white girl as her dumpy white girlfriend pretended not to look. The girls walked off, giggling. The gay day, for them, was about to get a whole lot gayer.

As a reminder to Ronnie that this was a festival dedicated to the great god Anus, two bare-chested pagan empresses in pink latex hot pants skipped past him, holding hands. “What a couple of nonheteronormative

fellows,” he muttered. Although he may not have used those exact words.

A hip hop beat began to pump like aural effluent out of Marshall stacks on stage. A majority black band was responsible. My Little Pony played lead.

Orange wig gleaming in the sunshine, the 300-pound tranny minced up to a microphone. “Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, gender binaries and non-binaries of all ages, welcome to this musical celebration of your right to be who you are!”

Really? Ronnie thought. So you don’t mind my being a white supremacist?

After a plea for tolerance in the community, and a spot of twerking for the children, the 300-pound tranny introduced the opening act, Black Purse, a gay hip hop group, already on stage.

A gay hip hop group. Had it come to that?

A bouncing, shouting song of joy about man-love in the hood was Ronnie’s cue to leave. He rose. He plopped back down. The soaring pain in his broken leg and the tilt-a-whirling in his head insisted on it. He stretched wide his arms, gripped the back of the bench, held on for dear life as he willed himself not to pass out or fall down or throw up or do anything that would kill his street cred. He had a public image as a neo-Nazi to maintain.

It looked like he’d be staying right where he was for a while. Big Pharma had Pridelweissed him!

There was a commotion at his back. Two black sows were hurling spit over a parking space on the highway that lay between the park and his apartment. Pretty soon fists were spinning, teeth were biting, feet were kicking, nails were scratching. He had to admit their parental-advisory language was more engaging than the family-friendly call to bum-chummery coming from the stage.

They took their fight to the asphalt. You go, girl!

Ronnie wished he could say that the whites in the audience weren’t digging Black Purse’s groove, but most were. And not just the gay contingent, but families, real ones, with a biological father and a biological mother. Quite a few were up and dancing.

Out on the bay a buoy bell rang. Then something strange happened. It

was like reality was made of two seamless, perfectly aligned pieces that had slipped out of alignment for a split second before slipping back a split second later.

Ronnie jolted, almost slid off the bench. What the hell was that? He glanced around. Everyone and everything else was carrying on as though nothing had happened. A German shepherd puppy snoozing at the sandaled feet of its hirsute flower-power master hadn't so much as twitched an ear.

The pain tablets. It had to be the pain tablets. He needed to get back to his apartment before he wound up shimmying on the ground, watering the grass with frothy spittle. He was feeling a bit better, maybe enough to make the short trip.

He stood. He sat. He stayed sat. He could have stayed stood, but the sight of the glorious auburn-haired woman gliding his way was too much for him to absorb in a standing position.

She was the most beautiful female he'd ever seen, impossibly, fearfully beautiful. Her alabaster skin, a virgin to blemishes, seemed to glow from a subcutaneous light source. She walked as if every molecule, every force that governed physical matter, were working together to ensure nothing hindered her striking gracefulness. What a body she had. Most of it was covered by a long, white dress abundant with red and pink amaryllises. But her arousing shapeliness, from her broad, silky shoulders to her voluptuous, upturned breasts, from her svelte waist to her heaven-reaching legs, was impossible to hide. When she got closer, he could see her eyes. They were as deep as omniscience. Cobalt blue lightning flashed inside them. A serene smile sat majestically on her ruby lips, highlighting cheekbones from which God cast Eve's. Ronnie goggled as she passed by. Was she real or an allergic reaction to some chemical whose name was best read with a tape measure? Torrents of shining hair poured down her back, ending in half curls that bounced enticingly as she moved. His gaze journeyed further south to her wondrous behind. Had it not, he may have noticed that the lid of the wicker picnic basket she carried was jiggling, as though something inside wanted out.

She set the basket down. The picnic spot she'd chosen was a patch of grass on the opposite side of the path, about 20 feet from him.

Strangely, only Ronnie seemed to have noticed the woman. Two bull

dykes tromped whisper close to her without casting her so much as a lustful glance.

She opened the picnic basket and giggled. At what, Ronnie had no idea. A tartan picnic blanket leaped into her hands. How did she do that? He bet the makers of his pain medicine knew. With a casual flick of her hands, she spread the blanket evenly on the ground. She then knelt and, dress pooled painterly around her, fixed herself a lunch consisting of turkey and salad sandwiches and a glass of red wine.

The lid of the picnic basket stayed closed. Religiously so. Whenever she took something out of the basket, a plate, bread, condiments, she closed the lid immediately. She never left it open. *Never*.

The lid jiggled again. Ronnie saw it jiggling this time. What did she have in there, a pet?

Smiling, she opened the lid, briefly. “Not yet,” she said to whatever was in the basket. “Soon. Be patient.” Her voice was a deep-tissue massage. It made Ronnie’s broken leg itch.

Black Purse finished its set with a rocking number entitled “Touch Your Toes Bruce.” As the final note rang out, the black hats stood as one and gave the band the clap it so richly deserved.

The 300-pound tranny swept on stage, applauding. “Yes, that’s right! Yes, let’s keep it going for Black Purse!” As the band shambled off stage, he blew the frontman, a black dude with silver teeth, a kiss. The frontman responded with the universal sign for cunnilingus. The 300-pound tranny faked an orgasmic swoon. Or did he?

He faced the audience. “Who likes surprises? Because, boy, do I have a surprise for you. Will you please welcome to the stage, Hollywood superstar, Mr. Seth Rogan!”

Rogan waved to the receptive crowd as he sauntered into view. He pointed at the wary Jew. *Hey there!* They knew each other. He and the 300-pound tranny hugged, exchanged air kisses. “How are you all doing?” he shouted into the microphone. Feedback squealed through the speakers. “Whoa,” he said, laughing it off. “Sorry about that, mic.”

Ronnie glowered at the bespectacled has-been like Hitler at a cubist. Jews didn’t come any Jewier than Rogan.

While Rogan spouted inane quips and proclaimed his undying support of



poofferism, trannies in fairy costumes skipped through the audience and the picnickers, distributing candy to kids from rainbow-colored pails. A Chinese fairy pranced by the woman. No see her.

She had yet to make eye contact with anyone. Gazing at nothing (and no one) in particular, she took dainty bites out of her sandwiches and sipped her red wine. Ronnie could have watched her eat all day. Her perfect figure may have objected, though.

Suddenly a fiery red flash rocked the picnic basket from the inside with a muffled *kerrrrump*. Ronnie sat up extra straight. Did he just see what he just saw? A second flash said *yes*. Spears of blinding light burst through the holes in the basket, and its lid snapped like the jaws of a cartoon alligator. The woman was unmoved by the commotion. So were the people nearby. She opened the lid and smiled with motherly warmth at the restless thing inside. "All right, you may come out now."

Ronnie had to be higher than a Dubai window cleaner, for out of the basket fluttered a winged angel, a baby angel, like the one on the album cover of Van Halen's *1984*.

Naked, save for a blue silk cloth draped over his whoops-a-daisy bits, the angel hovered before the woman. She gave his belly button a little tickle. He chuckled and squirmed.

The woman grew serious. Nuclear winter serious. She stared into the angel's big, bright, cyan eyes and said, "Niggers. Fags. Lesbos. Trannies. Kikes." He nodded, then fluttered to the ground and capered toward the stage.

Ronnie laughed. This was some trip!

A white boy in a Spider-Man jumpsuit, sans mask, was throwing breadcrumbs to seagulls when he saw the angel drawing nigh. The rest of the breadcrumbs spilled from his hand. A friendly fellow, the angel waved at him animatedly. The boy reciprocated, in slow motion. Caution had advised him against waving at normal speed. "What's your name?" the boy murmured. The angel whispered in his ear. Bursting with joy, the boy jumped up and down, clapping his hands.

What the hell did he whisper? Ronnie wondered.

The angel continued on his jaunty way. The woman watched after him adoringly, as if he were her son, heading off to school for the very first time.

Someone who wasn't Ronnie could see the woman. A four-year-old white girl. Her tongue was paused on a toffee apple, mid-lick, as she stared at the woman, eyes incandescent with wonder. A fairy tale princess had stepped out of one of her Little Golden Books.

The rippling spic reappeared. He had more gaiety pills to flog and was prowling for buyers. Like others before him, he waltzed blindly past the woman, but then an odd intuition tapped him on the back of his wife beater, urging him to turn around. Her pulchritude zapped him. No woman could be that gorgeous. He shed his wraparound shades to get a better look at her. She was that gorgeous. He wheeled, stamped a snake-skin boot, voicing a silent "Whoa!"

It was going to take his very best day game to nail this puta, but he was up to it.

He hiked his crotch. All present and accounted for. Sweeping a hand over his slicked-back hair to ensure it was still viscous and running in the right direction, he swaggered toward her. A boner pressed against his pants. It could see into the future.

Her gaze slammed into his with meteoric force.

Cock shriveling, he spun in the opposite direction and bolted out of the park like a female sex worker fleeing Robert Pickton's farm.

Ronnie guffawed so loudly, picnickers cast him curious looks.

On the stage, two trannies, a "male to female" and a "female to male," belted out a cover of "Shake It Off," lyrics modified to reflect the terrible discrimination that members of the LGBTQ community faced daily, while four black female dancers in denim cutoffs polished the air with their singularity-plugging rear ends. Say what you wanted about Negresses, they could do amazing things with their asses.

Rogan and the black hats were dancing. They moved like water-logged sponges. Others were hoofing it too.

The angel tramped up to the front of the audience. He stood before them, pouting, fists on hips, as if staring down a school bully and the bully's 378 pals. People laughed, motioned to him. Best cosplay ever!

Performance over, the two trannies minced off stage, glancing with interest, then glancing again, at the almost naked baby boy in front of it. The 300-pound tranny had the microphone. "Thank you, Jill and Jack. Tay Tay

never sang it so good.” He eyed the angel. “And who do we have here?”

“A little angel!” some guy in the audience yelled.

“A little angel? That’s my favorite kind of angel. Who do you belong to, little angel?”

The angel looked over his shoulder with an ornery scowl. This amused the 300-pound tranny. “Where’s your mom and dad? Do you have a mom and dad? Because if you don’t, I’m looking to adopt.” The 300-pound tranny pistoned his arms as if fisting two of his closest friends. The audience loved it.

A prophetic sneer wrote itself upon the angel’s lips. He turned all the way around. The 300-pound tranny wiggled his foam norks in celebration. Suddenly he and the angel were face to face. A single flap of snow-white wings was all it had taken.

The “stunt” drew audible amazement from the audience. *How did he do that? Mirrors? CGI? Mass hypnosis?*

Delighted, though somewhat trepidatious, the 300-pound tranny searched for wires. There had to be wires. “What’s holding you up, little angel?” His gaze swung stage-left toward the road crew, who were puzzling over the illusion too. “Is this your work?” He looked the angel over. “You’ve outdone yourself this time, boys. So what do they call you, gorgeous? You must have a name.”

The angel whispered in the 300-pound tranny’s ear. Bursting with terror, the 300-pound tranny reeled backward and tumbled over a monitor speaker. His wig flew off. He was as bald as a hairless head. No sooner had he crashed to the floor than the angel swooped on him. He screamed. Chuckling, the angel lifted him one-handed by the back of his neck and transported him to the air 10 feet above the gap that separated stage from audience. The 300-pound tranny mewled and twitched. Piss ran down his legs in yellow rills.

The audience were on their feet, giving the bizarre, disturbing scene a big round of WTF.

Rogan ousted a lingering smile from his pudgy face. Someone might be watching.

Ronnie reached for his cellphone, then remembered he’d left it recharging in his kitchen. Damn. If an angel really was holding a 300-pound

tranny aloft like he weighed no more than a bread stick, video footage of it would've been nice.

The woman observed her charge with immense pride. She took a sip of her wine, then leaned forward in anticipation.

A couple of gargantuan security guards from the very Dark Continent demanded that the angel release his captive. The first guard hopped about, babbling and gesticulating wildly, and the second tugged on the 300-pound tranny's left foot, trying to free him from the angel's unbreakable grasp. Black Prince Charming fell on his ass, holding a red slipper sprinkled with urine.

A buoy bell sounded ominously. Had it possessed the power of speech, it might have said, "If you were planning to leave the park, now would be an opportune time. *Now*, as in *right now*."

Seagulls got the message. Abandoning a feast of cholesterol-rich scraps discarded by picnickers and sightseers, they flapped screeching out to sea in an inverted V formation.

The German shepherd puppy woke as if its tail were ablaze. It sat on its haunches and whined. Something nasty, *really* nasty, was about to go down near the stage. It yapped at the imminent event.

Somewhere beneath his impasto makeup, the 300-pound tranny was as pale as an abyssal jellyfish. He began to vibrate with machine-like celerity. Within a second he'd transitioned to a shimmering haze as a sound like a Formula 1 car screaming down a long straight shredded the air around him.

The audience blocked their ears.

Rogan cursed the Messiah's name.

The security guards fled to the back of a horse float repurposed as a hot-pink donut van. Good idea! Nietzsche wrote that there was safety in donuts.

All at once the screaming and the shimmering stopped. Then the graphic horror commenced. Not with a *sploosh* but a *POP!*

The 300-pound tranny's head and limbs flew off his body as if jettisoned by a series of powerful springs. His head shot skyward. A bloody contrail followed it a short distance before raining down upon his headless, limbless trunk. Not a drop touched the angel. Spinning through the air like a tomahawk, his left arm wedged itself deep in the mouth of a chattering,

multi-pierced lesbian picnicker, knocking her front teeth down her throat. She died not choking on the vomit it blocked. His right arm low-blowed a hairy, pot-bellied, oleaginous Lebanese queer in a pair of budgie smugglers, standing on a dock, barking orders at a hapless lackey trying desperately to reverse the queer's luxury speed boat in without scuffing it. The queer plunged knock-kneed into the drink, clutching his mortally wounded budgie. The boat's twin propellers pureed him into a reddish-pink cloud of chum. Bone chips scarred the stern. The 300-pound tranny's chunky pins caromed off the lawn. His right leg slammed into three of the black hats like a log rolling off a lumber truck. Hats flipping, they swung backward. The ground caught them. Claret poured from every opening in their head. This would have been of some concern to them had they still been alive. His other leg smashed the skulls and mashed the brains of a pair of Nancy boys, one white, one black. White Nancy collapsed face up. Although, technically speaking, he no longer had a face, or much of a head, for that matter. Spattered with globs of blood and brain, his adopted Korean son wailed from a papoose strapped to his chest.

The angel released the 300-pound tranny's trunk. It dropped to the lawn at the standard rate. There it stood with the gayest of pride before collapsing on padded bra an instant later.

The audience went the full Lou Costello. Screaming hysterically, they stumbled into and over each other as they raced to escape the clutches of Dracula, the Mummy, and the Frankenstein Monster all rolled into the Angel of Death's baby brother.

"Lemme outta here!" Rogan cried. He swept aside a dawdling old woman, a Laurel Canyon throwback with unbecomingly long, gray hair, who was in his way. To hell with his public image, he had a Jewish life to save. His!

The angel seized a fleeing fag and a bolting bull dyke. Holding each by an ankle, he flipped them upside down, then swung them at blinding speed over his head where they met in a spectacular explosion of grue. The lawn received their jellied remnants.

By now, nearly everyone within 100 yards of the stage was stampeding toward the highway. A young, straight white couple got there first. A jumbo-sized black male teenager got there second, *almost*, but was hurled back

and up with a slapstick *BOIIIIING* by an invisible elastic barrier. He sailed rearward over the park, pruning a palm frond with his sneakers, before being impaled, right through the guts, on the lofty mast of a docked trimaran. His last word, somewhat truncated, was MUTHAFU!

A Hmong couple passed through the barrier, unharmed, but a Thai ladyboy and his dorky white boyfriend bounced off it like a Superball spurned by a brick wall. They introduced themselves to the cowering security guards at 60 mph. No bone went unbroken.

*BOIIIIING BOIIIIING BOIIIIING BOIIIIING BOIIIIING.*

Forby twos, convertibles, jobby jabbers, carpet munchers, and licorice allsorts were, without exception, denied egress. Straight whites and straight nonwhites, however, got the OK—provided, of course, the latter didn't fall into categories two or five.

*BOIIIIING.*

Making more noise than shower time at Belsen, a pair of plain clothes Jews whooshed so low over Ronnie's sandy crop he could have reached up and deloused them. The angel snatched them out of the air and chucked them to the ground. This happened too fast for Ronnie to see. Clomps of soil sprayed up from the impact zone. This he saw. Jerking fecklessly, their legs stuck out of the ravaged sod, the only parts of them that were visible. Brewer's droop set in as life departed the limbs.

The woman applauded all the mayhem. What a fine job the angel was doing.

Rogan humped the lawn. A female pickaninny and a heavily built homo, ejected by the supernatural bouncer, were coming straight at him and not sparing the lithium ion batteries. *Hah! Missed!* They sped past the angel, who was tearing the makeup off a distraught, hemorrhaging cross-dresser, and slammed into the hull of a fishing trawler. Below the brine they slid. A Republican bull shark was waiting for them.

*Jiggle. Jiggle. Jiggle.*

Stranded on the lawn, an old queen struggled to get his motorized wheelchair moving, but its joystick was as unresponsive as his crippled legs. He needed to hit the road, like yesterday. When the angel was done ripping the bloody, beating hearts out of the last two black hats, his bloody, beating heart would be next.

*Jiggle. Jiggle. Jiggle.*

Too late!

The angel laid hands on the wheelchair and pushed. Jet flame roaring out of the back of it, the wheelchair launched itself and the shrieking old queen, corkscrewing, into the air. It went up in a fireball. Burning fragments, some of them the old queen, pelted the stage, igniting a raging holocaust. The banner's rainbow colors withered to carbon black.

Rogan was understandably worried. Jews were on the angel's hit list, and he, as far as he could tell, was the only Jew—only living Jew—left in the park. He stayed down low, pretending to be dead like the gelatinous lesbian whose blood-sodden corpse he was using for cover.

He conducted a hasty risk assessment. What was his safest path of escape? It sure as Shoah wasn't the highway. Even now, people who'd lost the exit lottery were being catapulted to darkness and decay. Did they have to make so much damned noise? He was trying to think! He sneaked a peek behind him, over the lesbian. Airborne, the angel was slugging flying folk with a big black man doubling as a baseball bat. The schvartzer was one stiff stiff. His dense skull turned them into bursting balloons filled with blood and offal.

Something landed on one of Rogan's designer sneakers. A black woman's ringed nose! He flicked it off with a mute *NYARRRRGH!* It left a loathsome stain. The dirty nigger bitch!

Barrier in front of him. Angel behind him. The only way he was going to effect his escape was to sprint lengthwise down the middle of the park until he was on Semite-friendly ground. And he had to do it now while the winged Brown Shirt was preoccupied.

Ready.

Set.

Go!

He was off and running.

Hey, how come everything looked like a closeup of Doris Day?

Oh no! His glasses had fallen off! They'd cost him over two grand! He couldn't go back for them now, although he was tempted as hell.

Sneakers ruined. Glasses lost. Life in danger. Oy vey! What an afternoon he was having!

*BOIIING.*

Ronnie ducked as one of the black sows displaced a large volume of air above him. Squealing, she crashed into the trunk of a palm tree, back-first, with a horrid *crack*. She flopped inertly to the ground, coming to rest in a yoga-like pose, head twisted spastically under her body, which was arched forward in such a way to give anyone with a fat-ass fetish the thrill of their life.

The woman danced around the picnic basket. Her dress swirled like a floral spirit keeping time with her. The rare, magical way she dipped and twirled and capered as if frolicking in the slipstream of an ancient time and place, made Ronnie think of a Celtic princess performing a long-forgotten religious rite.

Rogan came panting along the path. Panting and chanting. He kept repeating the name of the Son and the Father, though not out of any piousness on his part. He ran as one would expect a pudgy, nearsighted 40-year-old slob who'd mislaid his glasses and had panic screaming in his ear through a megaphone to run. Inelegantly.

The angel fluttered after him, in no great rush.

The woman stopped dancing and tracked Rogan with a prescient grin. This was going to be good.

Ronnie may have had to act within the confines of the law, but his crutches, made of racially intolerant aluminum, didn't. One thrust itself in front of the alleged comic's drubbing legs. The alleged comic slapped the pavement like a two-dollar pork steak dropped on a griddle. His palms and knees shed skin. He picked a fine time to wear cargo shorts.

Spitting curses, he rolled into a sitting position. A dread shadow fell across him. He looked up. The angel floated above him in silhouette, a Christmas tree decoration stuck to the sky. "No!" Rogan said. "Stay away from me! You stay the fuck away!"

Ass-hopping backward, he retreated to the picnic area. Families cowered there. They didn't fancy their chances with the barrier.

The angel descended. Rogan clambered to his feet and pushed his grazed palms outward in a cease and desist motion. "Please. You don't wanna kill me. I'm a good guy. A faithful husband. A philanthropist. Seriously. I do charity work for people with Alzheimer's. I've never hurt



anyone. Ever. No, really.”

The angel wasn't buying what the Jew was selling.

Rogan racked his brain for a different con—*tactic*. He found one. His eyes darted around the families and locked on a carrot-topped white boy no older than seven. A pitched battle with the boy's elderly grandparents ensued. Rogan won. Nobody beats the Green Hornet! He shoved the boy toward the angel, keeping a firm grip on the kid's bitty arms to prevent any hope of escape. The boy bawled in terror. “Here!” Rogan said. “This is what you really want. Don't be fooled by how innocent he looks. Beneath this harmless exterior lurks Satan incarnate. I'm not kidding. Whites are the most evil race on Earth. Whites are behind slavery, colonialism, the Holocaust. They've slaughtered millions, *billions*, of innocent people throughout history. They're still doing it. They can't help themselves. It's in their nature. Hell, they're not even human. If you want to kill someone, kill them. You'll be doing the world, doing God, a big, big favor. Go ahead, kill them! Young ones, old ones, middle-aged ones! Kill them! Kill them! Kill the fucking lot of them!”

Huffing and puffing, Rogan emerged from his orgasmic blood lust surprised then relieved then perturbed that he'd given it such free expression. People were watching. A number were white.

The bawling, carrot-topped boy vanished, right from under his clammy hands. Where did the little ginger bitch go?

The woman had him. The boy stared up at her, enchanted by her reality-flouting beauty, as she returned him to his grateful grandparents.

Rogan's blood froze. He'd never seen anybody as terrifyingly beautiful, as terrifyingly *white* as the woman.

A low, crackling roar and the sting of searing heat on the nape of his neck made him do a rapid about-face. The angel's eyes were aflame—and not in a poetic sense.

The jig was up, and Rogan knew it. He plunged to his knees and worshiped the angel, arms rising and falling, like an African slave showing obeisance to a cruel Arab master (or white European master if he had any say in the simile). “Forgive me. Forgive me.”

The angel's flames winked out.

Rogan stopped, gazed up at the angel. Was all forgiven?

Not after *Santa Inc.*

The angel grabbed Rogan by his wiry tangle—the one on his head— and yanked him 30 feet straight up. Rogan swiped at him but couldn't land even a glancing blow. "Lemme go, you cuntin'g Christian!"

Granting the request, the angel flitted a couple of body lengths away from him. Rogan tarried in the air, ignoring gravity's call to head on down. He gazed past his dangling feet, saw his corpse sprawled on the ground, limbs contorted like a marionette that had been dropped out of a third-floor window. Panic staged a riot inside him. "What are you gonna do to me? You're not gonna let me fall? Please don't let me fall!"

The angel flung his arms about as if repelling a swarm of flies. Rogan's clothes flew off.

"Ooh yuck!" said a girlish voice from below.

"Wh-what'd you do with my duds?" Rogan said.

Baby hands traced the outline of an uncatalogued Henry Moore sculpture in the air. Rogan gasped. He felt all weird inside. Suddenly his neck sprouted. It rose and rose until his head, bobbling on the end of it like a Jack-in-the-box's, was a good four feet above his sloping shoulders. A vertical section of his stomach rippled, turned liquid, forming a vagina-like opening. It glistened with moisture. His head snaked down to the orifice and wriggled inside it with a cringe-inducing *squelch*. Rolling and bulging, his gut struggled to accommodate his head, which was searching for something. An alternate exit?

The angel twirled an index finger. Rogan rotated so that the cruel and unusual spectacle of his bare ass faced the angel.

His head found what it was looking for. With an agonized *oooh* it squeezed and *squeeeeeezed* through his butt hole. He'd never known constipation quite like this! Smear'd in what he'd eaten yesterday, profoundly cross-eyed, he looked around, trying to figure out where he was, then scrunched his face in disgust and said, "Who farted?" His voice had changed. He now spoke like a stroke victim's ghost. "Who farted?" sounded more like "Hoooo varrrrded?"

The angel fluttered in reverse. When he got about a pitcher's throw from Rogan, he paused to assess his workmanship. An impish grin kinked the corner of his mouth. Not bad. Not bad at all.

Just one thing left for him to do.

Legs whizzing on the spot, Road-Runner-style, he gathered an insane amount of speed, then zoomed up to Rogan and punted him into another timezone. “No-woh-woh-woh-woh-woh-woh!” Rogan cried.

Melodic laughter, the woman’s, filled the air. It was the catchiest of tunes. Horrified picnickers in earshot began to laugh tentatively, then with outright abandon. Ronnie joined in on the chorus. The German shepherd puppy yapped. The closest sound to laughter it could make.

Sirens. Lots of them. Ronnie could make out a fire engine and police cars. Oh and maybe an ambulance.

The shrill, imperative din drove the rest of the picnickers from the park. The barrier was gone. It had done its job. No black, Jew, gay, lesbian, transvestite, or transsexual had gotten out alive.

Ronnie surveyed the carnage. Crimson-daubed limbs, steaming internal organs, and mangled, pulverized bodies were everywhere. They strewed the lawns and the path and clung to palm fronds that sagged extra low from their weight. Many were smoldering. Acrid black smoke from the crumbling stage hung in the air, discoloring the sky. An Orthodox Jew’s black hat slid falteringly over a strip of blood-slick grass. A squirrel poked his head out from under it.

Hallucinating the deaths of Western Civilization’s wrecking crew, or some members thereof, had been, not surprisingly, a deeply rewarding experience for Ronnie. He supposed it was a kind of drug-assisted release, a catharsis, for all the times he and his co-hosts had to tippy-toe around the subject of frontier justice on their podcast. “We reject all acts of violence.” How often had they prefaced such discussions with that obligatory disclaimer?

Most White Nationalists called The Enemy’s long overdue comeuppance The Day of the Rope. But he called it The Day of No Disclaimers Necessary. Oh hasten the no disclaimers!

The woman opened the picnic basket and beamed at the angel. *Mission accomplished*. He fluttered into the wicker Tardis, waving at her as he vanished deep inside it. She waved back and closed the lid.

Basket in hand, she started to leave, but then halted and turned toward Ronnie. How she turned was noteworthy. It was as if she hadn’t moved at

all, but rather the ground had swiveled her into position. Her eyes fastened on him. If Planet Earth were being obliterated by an extinction-level event, he couldn't have taken his gaze off them. They were all the beauty that ever was, distilled into two sublime, scintillating jewels. She said something. To him. Not out loud. In his mind. So only he could hear it. Just two words. Spoken with a voice like pattering midnight rain. A voice as soothing as a mother's caress to an anxious child. Just two words.

*Warm.*

*Wonderful.*

He shivered from the frisson they gave him.

Then reality collapsed. Folded in on itself. Folded in on him. He tumbled around and around inside it as if caught in the pounding spin cycle of a wave that had dumped him off a surfboard.

Arms flailing, gasping for air, he snapped back to unfolded reality. Half a minute elapsed before he realized that the woman and her amazing picnic basket were gone.

There went the flower-power guy. The last of the last of the picnickers. He held the German shepherd puppy to his chest. It pawed at his tie-dyed T-shirt, anxious to escape his Marxist clutches.

The sirens were growing louder.

Hallucination or no hallucination, Ronnie knew he'd better make tracks. He took a deep breath, took another, then hauled himself to his feet. He waited a second for his leg to torment him and/or for his brain to forgo consciousness. Neither happened. His blood must have gone into detox mode. The poison concocted by multinational sorcerers was about to be flushed.

As he swing-stepped onto the highway, a fire engine heaved to a stop in front of the park, followed by a succession of screeching cop cars and a fearsome black BearCat G3.

\* \* \*

Ronnie woke at 2 pm the next day. He was so tired when he got back to his apartment that he collapsed on his bed and didn't see the ceiling again for almost 24 hours. A burning thirst roused him. He clomped straight to his fridge and guzzled a one-liter bottle of filtered water. His bladder then notified him that he had an urgent appointment with his bathroom.

A little later, he stood at his living-room window. His apartment was on the fourth floor. The window overlooked the park. He scanned for cops, mourners, TV news crews, anti-white activists, people whose presence would verify yesterday's events. There didn't appear to be any. For the park, it was business as usual. Kids were playing, adults were sitting around, enjoying an alcoholic beverage or two, and the hot-pink donut van was doing a roaring trade.

He booted up his laptop. What he was about to do was pure folly, but he had to be certain.

Well, that was pure folly.

According to the complete lack of reportage on mainstream news websites like CNN and MSNBC, the massacre never happened. Fair enough. But even if it had, they would've likely misreported it, or buried the story altogether, given the nature of the perp. The idea that an angel, and by association God himself, would terminate members of liberal society's most sacred groups with extreme prejudice was political and religious napalm.

So what about alternative news sources? What did they have to say about divine butchery in the park?

In short, nothing. Not even Infowars covered it. Imagine the mileage Alex Jones could have gotten out of something like that. Then again, it would have been limited mileage. The angel's rampant antisemitism and homophobia wouldn't have sat easily with Jones, who had Jewish kids and employed galloping gay-boy Paul Joseph Watson as part of his editorial staff.

Ronnie had confirmed what he already knew. There was no angel. No angel, no woman, no massacre. Damn, that was depressing news. Foreseen but depressing, all the same.

The day brought some glad tidings, though. That fat Jew-loving prick John Hagee had carked it while giving a sermon. Rumor had it that he'd suffered a heart attack after the devil joined him on stage, no doubt to thank him for all his good work. There was even supposed to be footage of the event. Alas, it never surfaced. Cornerstone's crack team of Jew lawyers saw to it that any and all such footage was summarily disappeared. Allegedly.

\* \* \*

If Pastor John Hagee got any bulkier, he'd be orbited by planetoids. He stood by a lectern, one hand on it just to be safe, preaching to his megachurch's congregation. "And God, through the Apostle Paul, says that all Israel, the Jewish people collectively, shall be saved. When Christ takes up his earthly throne, He will do so as the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. The term *Jew* is derived from the term *Judah*. Christ will be a Jewish rabbi ruling and reigning over the whole Earth. This is why we as Christians, we as a nation, are obligated to bless, support, and uphold the Jewish people, the future administrators of His earthly kingdom, at every possible opportunity. Now, in these end times, Satan has deceived some into believing that the Jews are not God's elect, that they are mere impostors, evil opportunists, out to take Christians for a ride. Scripture, of course, rejects such heresy. For the sincere seeker of truth, the question of whether the Jews are God's chosen people is answered by His Word with an emphatic—"

*No-woh-woh-woh-woh-woh-woh!*

The roof above Hagee imploded with a cataclysmic crash, and the thing that was Seth Rogan plummeted to the platform, amidst a hail of plaster and ceiling tiles. Hagee ducked, threw his arms over his whopping melon. He was too out of shape to run.

A cloud of beige dust obscured the platform. Somewhere inside it Hagee coughed, "Dear God Almighty." His shell-shocked congregation drew comfort from the fact that he yet lived.

The cloud dissipated. Ringed by ceiling debris, Rogan squatted on the platform. Blood streamed down his freakish topography, which was ruptured in places by compound fractures. Death hollered his name. Hagee, caked in beige, shuddered at the sight of him. "What in heaven's name is this abomination?"

"Jewwws hayyyd Jeeezuss," Rogan said, a ghastly soup of blood, phlegm, and excrement bubbling in his mouth.

Stuttering with horror, tyrannosaurus arms whirling in an effort to stop his momentum, Hagee staggered backward off the platform. A fatal coronary cushioned his fall.

## NOTES

One day the idea for this story popped into my head. It made me smile so I wrote the story. “The Picnic Basket Angel” is the literary equivalent of skipping a stone across a pond. Just a bit of harmless fun. Anyone looking for something deeper than that has come to the wrong short story.

I believe that the supernatural elements in a tale like this should remain largely a mystery. They retain their magic that way. The reason *Groundhog Day* works so well is that the supernatural mechanism behind Phil’s having to relive the same day thousands of times is never explained. Once a mystery is solved, the fascination it generated is gone forever. This simple truth is a convenient one for me, since I wouldn’t have a clue who “the woman” in this story is. What I can tell you is that she’s not God or some other deity. She’s not an angel either. Both the Hebrew and the Greek words for *angel* in the Bible are masculine, ergo, there are no female angels. Talk about discriminatory!

So why didn’t she command the angel to kill every nonwhite and sexual degenerate in the park? Asians and pedophiles, to name just two groups, were left unmolested. That’s my fault I’m afraid. You see, I wanted him to target only the political left’s most protected species, for no other reason than I’m sick of hearing about how wonderful they all are. Honestly, who apart from the utterly insane and the hopelessly brainwashed could regard transsexuals (sic), for example, as a great boon to Western Civilization? And don’t get me started about the Jews. Rest assured that if this yarn had been more biblical and less fantastical, no nonwhite or sexual degenerate would have made it out of the park alive.

A word of warning. If you’re a brooding social misfit with a bad haircut who’s thinking of mass-shooting persons of color to protest white replacement, do not, I repeat, *do not* attempt to recreate the incredible feats of telekinesis, pyrokinesis, and super strength depicted herein. You’ll only end up looking like a complete fool and could get badly hurt in the process. Also, I’d prefer not to be linked to the crime. Many thanks!

On a final note, I borrowed the name Pridelweiss. I had originally called the story’s sodomite music concert the Rainbow Music Festival but hated that bland title. I knew I had to change it. But to what? Then I happened to

be passing a local bottle shop when I noticed a beer can in the window, with a rainbow and *Pridelweiss* printed on it. Suddenly the concert had its new and improved name.

You know the whole world's gone poofier when even the beer is gay.

[Christian Identity Australia](#)