

THE GAMER

John Boston

The entire mood in the diner would have to be described as tense. Everyone was eating, but no one was enjoying themselves. Half the diner stood up and watched the two small televisions on the wall. No one could believe what they were watching. It was a real-life nightmare. A horror story come to life. No one knew why it was happening. No one even knew who was doing it. The perpetrators just seemed to vanish into thin air. They were just like ghosts, only these ghosts were deadly.

"Turn it off. It's too damn horrible to watch." said one of the customers.

"They haven't hit Indiana, yet." said another.

"What do they want? I mean they want to get rid of the military and government, right? That much they have made perfectly clear. So, once that happens, what is their next step?" asked Tom, the diner owner.

"I wish I knew. They haven't hit anywhere in Indiana. They don't seem to care about small towns. They have their eyes on a bigger prize."

"They're disgusting. Nazis.....who the hell wants to be a Nazi? I just wish we could round up all these skinheads and shoot them." said a young lady with purple hair and a nose ring.

"Does anybody have any real, fact-based information? I mean something that can be proven to be truthful? Something maybe the rest of us can use to survive?" asked Tom

"It seems like they're getting bolder. The New York City massacre was proof of that. How many are dead? Hundreds.....or thousands?" asked Cheryl.

"More like tens of thousands. I watched the news feed as it happened. It was unbelievable. They were everywhere, coming out of streets and alleys, even the buildings. Before we knew what was happening, they had the entire place surrounded and were slaughtering anything that moved. It was a nightmare. There wasn't a damn thing the NYPD could do. The bullets just seemed to go right through them."

"They want a war, we'll give them a war," said Monica.

"Lady, we can't even seem to kill them, how the hell do we fight them? Besides, I don't think they're people pretending to be Nazis. They certainly aren't skinheads." said Tom

"How would you know?" she asked

"I met a bunch of them when I worked for the prison. They weren't too bright. Most of them could barely handle English. I just don't see them becoming fluent in German. All of the witnesses and survivors agree on that. The killers were all speaking German."

"So, what.....you're saying that they're dead Nazis that have somehow been brought back to life? That's ridiculous."

"Is it?" asked Tom as he turned up the volume on the TV.

The insanity began slowly. Most people didn't really pay attention until the night of the White House Massacre. It began in the Midwest with bank robberies in rural communities. The robbers were dressed like Nazi soldiers. Their uniforms were complete and exact. They all spoke German, never English. They started small and then worked their way up to bigger and bigger banks. As long as you cooperated, there was no problem. Step out of line and they would not hesitate to kill you, as they had demonstrated on several occasions.

What was so odd about the robberies was the fact that the robbers just seemed to vanish into thin air. The few times police were able to intercept them, it was as if their bullets did nothing. They just went right through them, as if they weren't really there. After several months, they had stolen over ten million dollars and killed a dozen people. The FBI tried in vain to intercept them, but they had the same result.

The robbers were like ghosts. One second they're right in front of you, the next second, they're gone.

The robberies died off in the winter. By now, everyone in America was on alert for the phantom Nazi bank robbers. They never used cars. They left no fingerprints. The ammo they used in their guns was over a hundred years old. One of the victims in the robbery was a WW2 history buff. He told the police and anyone else who would listen, that the men used real K98 bolt action rifles, issued to Nazi field soldiers.

"I'm telling you, he walked right in front of me. I could see his rank. He was wearing *Sturmbanfuhrer* rank and was barking orders in German to the other soldiers. They were soldiers. Their ranks all matched up. Craziest thing I've ever seen. They were not regular Wehrmacht insignias. They were Waffen SS. I'm sure of it."

That was all it took for the internet to explode. Then, there was the *American Night of Long Knives*. The robbers had their eyes set upon a much bigger prize. They decided to crash the White House Correspondents Dinner. Crash may not be the appropriate word. *Slaughter* was probably more appropriate. They showed up and just started killing everyone in sight. The death toll stood at eighty with very few survivors. The killers seemed to want to ensure that everyone was dead. Surveillance video showed the killers were smoking cigarettes and drinking when they started shooting. The killers seemed highly organized and were clearly following orders from a man who appeared to be wearing the rank of *Stardantenfuhrer*. That would be the equivalent of a Colonel in the US Army. By the time the Capitol Police and military showed up, they were gone. The entire massacre took less than fifteen minutes. The Colonel seemed upset with how long it was taking his boys to complete the job.

The President and First Lady were killed, as were half a dozen senators and congressmen in attendance. The Vice President assumed command and immediately declared martial law. The government went into panic mode, but somehow, the killers managed to escape. Not a single perpetrator had even been caught, let alone convicted. None of it made any sense. The public was mighty uneasy about all of this. Particularly when it was made public that the weapons the killers had left behind were old. Like eighty years old and were issued to the German military during the Second World War. The killers weren't even using new firearms. None of it made any sense. The camera footage from the massacre showed the killers just vanishing.

The attacks continued, culminating with a massive assault on the Pentagon one morning. Hundreds of military personnel were killed. The government pretended they had the situation under control when in reality, the attacks were getting bigger and more deadly. The killers were now using flak cannons and anti-aircraft weapons on the police. It did no good to fight back, you simply couldn't kill them.

The country of Germany claimed to know absolutely nothing about what was happening. They were as caught off guard as the rest of us. Police stations, military bases, and even senator's offices were attacked. In every case, the assailants had not been caught and seemed to vanish into thin air.

Things became even more complicated when a young man named *Lil Adolph* called a radio station and said that he and he alone were in charge of the attacks. He said that his endgame was the destruction of the government and military. The radio hosts decided to have a little fun with him and said that if he really was in charge of the attacks to attack their radio station and hung up on him. Half an hour later, fifteen people working in the building were dead and the legend of *Lil Adolph* began to grow. He called another radio station a few days later. This time the host was very polite and attentive. He asked him some very point-blank questions without ever being rude or judgmental. Adolph was young, but not stupid. He sounded like a white, Midwestern farm boy who just happened to be in charge of one of the most ruthless groups of killers the planet had ever seen. Adolph told the host they were real SS soldiers at one point in time and that he was going to try and fix some of the horrendous mistakes Hitler had made during WW2.

"Not to worry. There won't be any Stalingrads on my watch!" he said before hanging up.

Meanwhile, back at the diner. The patrons slowly ate their meals. Tom noticed no one really seemed to want to leave. It was almost as if the diner was some kind of refuge from the madness that had gripped the nation. Tom knew several of them, while others were complete strangers. Everyone was nervous. Some diners had simply shut down for lack of food or supplies. The stores were getting ransacked. It wouldn't be too much longer before the deliveries stopped for good. Tom tried to liven the mood by flipping through the channels, but most major sporting events had been canceled. No one wanted to give the Nazis an easy target like an NFL game. Tom knew he was a referee as much as the owner. He just had to hope everyone behaved. If they didn't, he had a .357 magnum underneath the register for backup.

"Maybe we should just try and negotiate with this guy. You know, the one in charge." said one of the customers.

"Negotiate? Don't you mean surrender? That word is not in my vocabulary." added another one.

"Be reasonable. We can't even kill these damn things, how the hell do we fight them? He doesn't want to get rid of the government, he just wants to change it. I kind of agree with him. I think the government needs to be changed before they blow up the world."

"I'm half Jewish. There is no way I want that madman to make decisions for me. I'm sure if he has his way, all Jews will simply disappear." said Monica

"Come on kid, you saw what he did to all your buddies in New York City. How the hell do we fight something like that?"

"There has to be a way. They didn't just suddenly appear out of nowhere, somebody brought them here," she said almost hysterical.

"You're right. I brought them here." said a young man sitting at the front of the diner at the counter.

"What do you mean you brought them here?" asked Tom

"I mean.....we brought them here. It was just supposed to be a game. We did gaming every Friday night. John's wife would cook for us. She made the best pizza and wings. We would drink beer and game the whole night until we passed out. One night John had this strategy game. It was a World War Two game. You could be the Americans, the Russians, or the Germans. It was kind of like Risk. It was a fun little game. We played it for a few weeks."

"So, how the hell did you bring dead Nazis back to life?"

"John's wife was an old-school pagan. I mean her ancestors practiced it. John never talked about it very much. He just announced one night that we should try to contact the spirit of a dead SS officer. So, we get out the OUIJA board, and viola, we make contact with SS officer Van Bueren. It was so creepy. Then his wife says we should try and resurrect his spirit in a circle. So, we do it and bingo, we have a dead Nazi standing right in front of us. She was a very powerful witch. She said she'd bring him back into this world if we wanted. John was all for it. I guess he thought he could make money off the whole thing by putting it on the internet. I thought they were all crazy. Me and John and his wife Amanda and Javier. I told them we should stop this before it gets out of control. He didn't listen. He was obsessed with the idea of bringing dead Nazis back to life. He was nuts. I stopped hanging out with him after that. Now, I have no idea how his wife actually did it, but one day he calls me up and says I should come over for drinks with his new buddies. I hadn't seen him in a while, so I said sure. I show up at his house and walk into his living room and there are five men dressed in German Army outfits. He introduces all of them. I remember two of them were General Reinhart and General Stolz. I actually shook their hands. It was like I was dreaming. I was shaking hands with a man who had died almost eighty years ago. He was just standing in front of me like you are all now. That's when John told me about his plan to have them rob banks to raise money for his cause. See, John hated the government. He had done a tour in Iraq and almost got killed. The government denied his claim. He had PTSD so bad, he couldn't really work. He blamed the government for all of his problems. I knew then, I had to get out. I

didn't want to be a part of any of this. I liked John, but this time he was going too far. People were going to get killed."

"Come on kid, don't jerk us around. If you have something to contribute, then say your piece, but don't go making up ridiculous stories. That's not going to help anything." said Tom

"I'm not making it up. You saw the massacre in New York just like I did. For God's sake, they used flak cannons and artillery from the Second World War. How many are dead? We'll probably never know. I don't know how she brought them back from the dead. I just know if we don't kill John McNeely, we are all going to die."

"You can't bring a dead person back to life. That's absurd."

"How do you know? Have you ever tried?"

"I haven't tried because I know it's impossible." said another customer.

"No, clearly it is possible. I saw it with my own two eyes. They were standing right in front of me like you are now."

"So, what's your plan?" asked Tom

"I have to find John McNeely and kill him and his wife. That's the only way to stop this. See, right now, the Nazi demons aren't strong enough to stay in our world for more than an hour. John has to direct them and he has to be quick about it. I'm not sure how long that is going to last. Once they learn how to survive in this world permanently, we're screwed. We won't be able to stop them. I'm our last chance."

"Okay, let's just assume for a moment that you're telling the truth. What is his endgame? Where does this all end?" asked Monica

"He's going to bring back all of them. He's going to have an indestructible demon army that will follow his every command. I don't know what he intends to do after that."

"What do you mean when you say he's going to bring them all back?" asked another customer.

"He's going to bring every soul who wore an SS uniform into this world. *All eight hundred thousand of them.*"

"Kid, you're crazy. I mean that's a hell of a story, but.....I just don't buy it." said a customer.

"I'm the only one who can stop him. I'm the only chance you've got. I can end this madness, but I can't do it alone. I need help. Is there anyone who wants to go with me? Anyone that wants to be remembered in the history books as the man who helped stop John McNeely?"

"I'll go with you. I mean I think you're full of shit, but on the slim chance you aren't.....I just hate Nazis. My name is Monica."

"Monica.....I'm Zach. Nice to meet you. Anyone else?"

No one else in the small diner wanted a part of it. They just turned their heads and walked away. That was how it was with people. We went from being a nation where everyone wanted to be a hero to a nation where everyone wanted to be a victim. No one really wanted to be a hero nowadays. That kind of thinking was just plain old-fashioned.

She moved her car and grabbed a few things out of her car. She had no idea why she was joining this whacko, but she had to be sure. If he was right, even half right, she had to be here for herself and every other Jew on the planet.

Zach didn't really know what to do with her. He was about ten years older than her, but even he had a hard time not looking at her. He didn't want to bring any girls on this suicide mission, especially pretty ones like Monica.

She caught him looking at her legs.

"Don't even think about it, Zach. I'm only into girls," she said.

"Me too. Look, you know there is a very good chance that neither of us is going to come out of this thing alive. This is pretty much a suicide mission."

"As long as he is stopped it doesn't matter. We can't go on like this. I was supposed to be at that march in New York City. My flight got canceled at the last minute. We have to stop him," she said

"I don't know if it's going to be that easy. He's not going to go down without a fight. Remember, he doesn't know I'm here to kill him. We have to make it look like we're a couple and we just stopped by to say hi."

"Fair enough. So, how did we meet?"

"Maybe I could say I won you in a poker game?"

"You don't have a girlfriend, do you?"

"I'm in between relationships."

"We met online in a chatroom. I'm studying nursing. We are looking for apartments together. You see how this works?"

"Monica.....I can't have you losing your cool if you see a Nazi. I mean.....this could get really dicey. If he thinks I'm here to kill him, we're both dead."

"Understood. Maybe the government will kill before we do. They must know who he is. He's been all over the radio. He seems to like the attention. A guy like that won't be too hard to find."

"That's very risky."

"Why?"

"What if they don't kill him? He could send his entire army to wipe out the FBI or the government. He's getting stronger by the day and so is his army."

"So, how do you want to play this?"

"We have to kill him and his wife, Amanda. They both have to be killed or we've failed. You see how this works."

"Do you want me to try and separate him from his wife?" she asked

"If you can, yes. Just let them do all the talking. Make it seem like it was her idea, not yours."

"What if we fail?" she asked

"Then God help us all."

Monica had no idea what she was doing. She was a nice Jewish girl from Connecticut who had gone to Brown. She played the violin and here she was, ready to commit murder because there were Nazis involved. Maybe Zach was nuts. Maybe he had lied to her. Maybe he was setting up for something. She just had to trust her gut and her gut told her to follow him. On the small chance, he wasn't crazy. This was the only way to put an end to this insanity. She had lost so many friends at the NYC Massacre. They were ripped apart. One of her friends managed to make it out alive. He was still in shock.

"Girl, I'm telling you. There were Nazis everywhere!" that was all he could say.

She knew you could never bargain with evil. Nice people play by the rules, evil people do not. She just had to hope she wouldn't go to pieces and chicken out when the big moment came.

They drove for two hours, down to the southern part of the state, past the Hoosier National Forest and French Lick. Past the small farms and open fields. They drove to a suburb of Evansville. It looked pretty run down. They made their way to an industrial park. It seemed deserted. This looked like a great place to reincarnate Nazis.

"I'm going to call him. Last time we spoke he said he rented a warehouse in this industrial park. His trailer would have been way too small. I think this is where his base of operations is." said Zach.

"You think he has something this important here without lookouts or guards?"

"That's the thing, where's the proof? It's all magic and rituals. There's no real evidence. There's no paper trail or anything or phone calls. There's nothing the government can do to trace it all back to them. That's the beauty of their operation. There's nothing that can be traced back to them." he said.

Zach dialed and waited. His face lit up when John picked up.

"Hey man, how you doing?" he said.

The two spoke for a few minutes. The conversation was very lax, and very chill. John invited him and Monica over for pizza and beer."

"Oh great, you're going to love her. I'll see you in a few," he said as he hung up/

"Okay. This is it. The first chance we get, we shoot. I've only got six bullets in this revolver. That's three apiece, I have to make them count. Once we begin, there's no turning back, do you understand?"

"Zach, I've never murdered anyone before. I'm not sure I can do it," she said.

"If you don't kill them, millions more are going to die. It's that simple."

"Right.....as horrible as it is, it's necessary."

"As soon as we're inside and their backs are turned. We also have to destroy the portal. We can't risk someone else finding it."

"He's your friend. Are you sure you can do this?"

"He used to be my friend, not anymore. Anyone who would hang around Nazis is not my friend," said Zach as he pulled out his revolver and checked the bullets.

The two held hands as they approached the trailer. John and Amanda were waiting for them at the door.

"How are you, bud? Who's this lovely young lady?"

"John McNeely, please meet Monica Feinberg."

"Monica, it's a pleasure. Please, come on in," said John

John was much different than Monica had imagined. She had imagined he would have more of a school shooter-type vibe. Instead, he seemed like a gamer or stoner. She had known and even dated a few of them. John wasn't giving off weird vibes at all. Maybe Zach was wrong about all this. Maybe he had lied to her. She wasn't sure what to believe at this point.

"So, John.....how's the operation going?" asked Zach as John threw him a beer.

"Uh.....it's okay I guess. Damn Nazis are nothing but drama. I mean I give them a simple command of *try not to kill people, or take it easy on the casualties*. Not every difficult to understand. What do they do? They give us a massacre like New York City. They asked me if I would rather be feared or loved. I told them I wanted to be both loved and feared by our enemies. I almost wish I could put a stop to the whole thing. It's kind of getting out of hand. I mean, it was fine at first when they were just robbing banks, then General Kammler got reincarnated. Man, that guy scares even me and I am his eternal master."

"Who's General Kammler?"

"The ultimate Nazi. He was the one in charge of putting down the Warsaw uprising. He was in charge of the SS Technical Services Division during the war. The V2 rocket, the Horton Bomber, circuit boards, even advanced ballistic missile systems, this was the guy in charge. He disappeared after the war. Turns out the government hid him in Wisconsin. He owned a few restaurants, imagine that." said John

"You don't trust them anymore, do you?"

"Not really. I'm sure once I outlive my usefulness to them, they'll take care of me. Never trust a Nazi, Zach. They simply cannot be trusted."

"Where's the portal?"

"It's off Pequot Road in a little warehouse. I put Kammler in charge of it. I think that was a big mistake."

"It's not too late you know. You can stop it and just turn it off by destroying the magic circle."

"Zach, what my husband is trying to say is that this operation has entered its 2nd or third phase. A lot is happening right now. We control the most awesome, invincible army the world has ever seen. We're going to start with our government, then Canada, then Mexico. We are going to be the new rulers of the North American Reich. You want in, I'm taking applications." said Amanda

"Amanda, I realize I'm the new kid in the group here, but I have to ask: *just how in the hell are you bringing dead Nazis back to life? I mean, that's impossible,*" said Monica

"Well, Monica, clearly it isn't impossible. I did it. I'm going to have my name written in all the history books all over the planet. The weird emo girl from Evansville, Indiana recreated Nazis right here on Earth. I'm going to be very famous pretty soon.

You got that right, bitch Monica thought to herself.

"You know the really crazy thing about these Nazis? They hate Adolph Hitler, Just hate him. Said they would have won the war if it weren't for him. Kammler especially. They use his picture for target practice."

"Well, good to know," said Zach.

"Man, it's so good to see you guys again. I was afraid you would hate us. All I wanted was to change the world, I guess I got my chance, thanks to Amanda here."

"How do you do it, Amanda? How do you bring a dead person back to life."

"It's easy. Once you understand that no one is really dead. They just need to be called back to Earth. It's not as crazy as it seems once you understand how the afterlife works." she said and put her arms around John.

Zach took out his pistol and shot both of them. He emptied his revolver and made certain they were both dead. He reloaded it, just in case six shots didn't do the trick. He put a round in each of their heads, just to make sure. When it was over, he collapsed in the chair and was breathing heavily.

"Are you okay?" asked Monica

"Jesus Christ, I just killed two of my best friends. I never told John, but Amanda and I had sex once. That's how close we were."

"Zach, it had to be done. You had to put a stop to this nightmare. You did the right thing." she said putting her hand on his.

"It sure doesn't feel like it. I feel like a murderer."

"Zach, ten thousand people were slaughtered in New York City and these two were responsible for it. You did it, now you're in charge. Let's go find this magic circle where the Nazis come back and destroy it."

"Well, let's not be hasty here. I never said what John was doing was fundamentally wrong, he just wasn't going about it the right way."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, John's game had no rules. We were all playing a game where he got to make up the rules. That's not a game at all. A game has to involve risk and chance with a very well-defined set of rules. Now, I am going to take command of this Nazis Army and give a copy of the rule book to various governments, so they can play also."

"What do you mean, so they can play also?" she asked.

"Monica, why don't we make this a real strategy game? We can bring back all of the dead soldiers. The Americans, the British, the Japanese, you name it. We will all play for control of the rest of the world using our respective Armies. I'll take command of the American Nazi Army and the government can take control of the WW2 American Army. It's going to be epic. I mean, you win some, you lose some, but at the end of the day, I will have created the ultimate game. The one that decides the fate of the world. I always need a good-looking girl at my side for parties and events, you interested."

"Zach, for God's sake, I'm half Jewish," she said tearing up.

"Oh, stop it! *I'll decide who is Jewish or not,*" he said taking her hand.

Monica pushed him away and grabbed the revolver from the table. She was only able to fire one shot, but the one shot went right through his heart. He collapsed into the chair.

"You.....you cheated.....you're nothing but a damn cheater," he said spitting blood out of his mouth.

He tried to grab her, but he collapsed on the floor. He was dead a minute later. She put the revolver on the table and felt his pulse. Zach was dead. This whole damn nightmare was now over. Her first instinct was to call her parents, but would they even believe her? This whole story was almost too crazy. Monica still had to find the magic circle. If she didn't, someone else might and there was telling what could happen after that. She took Zach's car keys and ran back to the car. She had the gun and a few extra bullets with her. The trailer park looked deserted, but you could not know for certain if there was anyone around.

She drove around until she found Pequot Road. It was an industrial area that was miles long. A mixture of both new and old. This could take forever. The trailer Zach had brought her to was completely empty. There was nothing inside, and definitely no Nazis hanging around. She stopped in front of an old building that had once been used as a machine shop when she saw two men who looked like soldiers go in the back entrance. She parked her car and snuck up to the back door. She looked inside and could see the windows had been spray painted over, but she could hear several men talking and walking around. She could see desks and maps. This had to be the place. She also knew she needed help. A lot of help. There was simply no way she could pull this off by herself. She turned and right into a group of Nazi soldiers. She froze and said nothing. One of them took out his pistol and pointed it at her chest.

"Was Machst du?" screamed one of the soldiers.

"I....I was just leaving. Excuse me." she said and tried to slip by one of the soldiers.

He grabbed her and brought her inside. The soldier stopped and gave the stiff arm salute to this old Nazi who was clearly in charge. Monica was certain that this old man wearing the Nazi uniform was the reincarnated being of General Hans Kammler. The soldier and Kammler spoke in German, then they left her with him.

"Why are you here, my dear?"

Monica tried to remain composed as she told them about Zach and John and Amanda. She told him about the massacre in NYC. She also told him she wasn't afraid of him. She also told him she hated Nazis and would die for her beliefs if she had to.

Kammler said nothing and just puffed on his pipe as he paced around the room. She was shaking now and was doing her best not to break out into tears. She found she now had some kind of inner strength she never knew she had. She wasn't scared anymore, she was angry. Angry at these monsters who had slaughtered her ancestors and countless others, just because they fit some kind of mold. Human life meant nothing to these people. These were the type of people she detested. The kind that hated you because you were not like them.

Kammler motioned for others to join him. Within minutes a large group had gathered around him.

All activity in the building came to a standstill. They kept looking back at her and pointing to maps.

"Mein Fuhrer, this is impossible, we cannot let this happen." said one of the officers in English. The group spoke for several minutes. Finally, General Kammler walked back over to her.

"It would seem, my dear, that we are in your service. We must follow your orders as they are given. That is a requirement for coming back to this goddamn planet. Most of us came back to settle the score with the Russians. Hitler lost the war for us. This time, we will run the war our way and we will not lose."

"So, you have to do what I command?" she asked somewhat confused

"We knew Mr. Neeley was worthless when he had us robbing banks so he and his wife could get rich. He is clearly one of the lesser-quality humans. He had an opportunity to become our fuhrer and he blew it. I'm sure, there are things you would like to change, now aren't there?"

Monica was floored. She had never actually considered joining them, let alone leading the Nazi Army of the undead, but *this might be the opportunity of a lifetime*. She had to chuckle to herself that the Nazi Army was now led by a half-Jewish girl from Connecticut.. *The ultimate irony*.

"You have to do whatever I say?"

"Yes, my lord. We do what you command, no matter what the stakes, no matter what the cost. You have at your disposal, the finest fighting force this planet has ever seen. We are here to do your bidding.

"Well, shit. You don't say. I mean there are lots of things I would change. Lots of people I would get rid of. Some Jews as well, like Mr, Netanyahu."

"Who?" asked Kammler

"It doesn't matter. Alright, our first target is going to be.....what should our first target be? Maybe the Republican National Convention? The State of Mississippi? Gym dudes? Any racist she encountered. Man, this could be interesting.....and maybe even a little fun."

"I'm going to have to call some associates. Maybe like my best friend Sophie and Jax. They'll know what to do"

"We can bring them here for you if you like?"

"Really? Yeah, why not, go ahead, and bring them here. Jax is cool, but Sophie can be such a bitch at times. I just know she calls me fat behind my back. One of those types of friends. Go grab her and bring her bitch ass here. Jax is her boyfriend, but not for much longer. I'm going to steal him away. Here's a picture of them. Do you want her address? Oh man, this is going to be so epic. Go ahead, be on your way." she said giggling.

"As you command, *my fuhrerin*." said Kammler as he walked away.

Monica sat back in the chair and watched her Nazi slaves do their thing. She suddenly felt much better about killing Zach. He was an idiot who would have just screwed this whole thing up.

Kammler was right, John and his wife blew it. She was in charge of the Nazis now.....*and God help anyone who got in her way.*