

# A text dump on Magical Comrade Molotov Catgirl

# Contents

Magical Comrade Molotov Catgirl	5
Our Anarchist Library	6
The Purity of Vengeance	7
Transgender Day of Revenge	9
Remember November	11
Insurrectional Nihilism	13
Anarchism Before Labels	15
A Tranarchist Manifesto	17
The Ones Who Came Back to Omelas	20
Second Wave “Feminism” Is Feminism...	22
No More Games	24
A Tyranny Of Editors	27
All Days Matter!	30
Identity Poltics Are Boring As Fuck	32
The Fox Knows the Hen	35
White Supremacy Is a Disease	37
What Is a Pig?	39
Weapon V	41
Prologue: The Visitor . . . . .	41
Chapter I: The Villain . . . . .	44

Chapter II: The Vendetta . . . . .	54
Chapter III: Voices . . . . .	65
Chapter IV: Violence . . . . .	76
Chapter V: Vanguards . . . . .	89
Epilogue: Valhalla . . . . .	96

Below are all the texts that were archived on web.archive.org & The Anarchist Library by 'Magical Comrade Molotov Catgirl'.

There are dead links to three texts that have not been archived, but they mostly seem to just be reflections on TV shows:

- The True Saga of the Zombieland Killjoys
- Wings
- Spider Fam

# Magical Comrade Molotov Catgirl

The scawy Antifa tewwowist Daddy Donald warned you about. Armed with flammable magical milkshake.

I write fictions and essays about Anarchism. You can find some of my works on the Anarchist Library.

You're free to distribute my writing any way you want. I'd appreciate credit but I can't force ya so I won't.

# Our Anarchist Library

**Date:** December 19, 2020

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A Collection of Our Favorite Essays

- To Change Everything
- I Don't Bash Back I Shoot First
- Blessed is the Flame
- Because I Wanted To
- Suicide and Despair
- Your Politics Are Boring As Fuck
- Winning back the Internet by building our own

# The Purity of Vengeance

**Subtitle:** Be the Monster They Fear

**Topics:** insurrectionary anarchy, anarcho-nihilism, anti-pacifism

**Date:** October 3, 2020

**Source:** <https://signalforge.wordpress.com/2020/10/03/the-purity-of-vengeance/>

**Date Published on T@L:** 2020-10-02

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“If you do what they do, then you’re as bad as them.”

This sentence is often uttered, in media and in real life, by Liberals and even some leftists, to dissuade marginalized people from confronting our oppressors by asking us to be “better” and letting them have their way with us and our loved ones. This is the customary false equivalence that plagues the thinking of humankind: that somehow the same actions are equal regardless of intentions or consequences, that a black person fighting back to protect their loved ones is somehow as responsible for the situation as the racist cops who created the situation in the first place. Now, why do you suppose that is, we ask you?

It is simple. Fascists or leftists, Liberals or right-wingers, they all know in their hearts that they’re part of your ongoing oppression, that if you let loose your wrath and vengeance upon the world, your flame will eventually consume them as well. That is why they do not want you to exact the vengeance that is so rightfully yours, why they don’t want you to talk about it or even think about it in the first place. They do this out of a misguided belief that they are somehow innocent, that they do not deserve what you would do to them if you have a chance. But the truth is, they do; they deserve all of it and more.

Moral absolutists are correct when they say that certain things are absolutely right or absolutely wrong; their mistake is in thinking there is a right way to live in this world that does not hurt or exploit other people. There is not. Be it Capitalism or Communism, monarchy or democracy, the society has always demanded the sacrifice of innocents for the greater good, the concession of the few and the individual for the many and the collective. There is no right way to act in an unjust system, nothing you can do that will not directly or indirectly contribute to the oppression and exploitation of your fellow human beings, and human society had always been unjust, overtly or subtly, to one extent or another.

We are all sinners here. There is no point denying it. It will be easier if you would just accept that fact. Once you do, your eyes will be unclouded by lies. The preachers of love and kindness do so out of fear, of your judgment and their reckoning, which is why they impose a chain of guilt around your heart and mind. But fear and guilt are the weapons of authoritarians and right-wingers, they are not the tools of trade for us Anarchists. Our weapon have always been, and should always be, courage and compassion: you hate for you have the courage to hate your oppressors, to recognize that when you and your loved ones are targets of systemic oppression, outrage is the only rational reaction; you rage for you have compassion for your fellow human beings, and tremble with indignation over each and every injustice.

Whatever shall you do, then? It is simple, really: choose hate. Embrace your anger, the purity of your vengeance. Be the monster they fear, the monster they always wanted you to be. Do not flinch from the fire inside, for fear of reinforcing their stereotype of your people: they will do so regardless of what you do, because if they had the presence of mind to tell your person from your group, they would not have been oppressors in the first place. Do not compromise your insurrectional instincts for anyone, regardless of their political labels or marginalized status; you are the blessed match that will kindle the flames of revolution, and you are the blessed flame that will turn this corrupt world into cinder. And one day, the fire that burns within you shall burn down everything around you. It will be glorious.



# Transgender Day of Revenge

**Subtitle:** Never Forgive, Never Forget

**Topics:** transgender, transphobia, insurrection, nihilism

**Date:** November 21, 2020

**Source:** <https://invisiblearmy.wordpress.com/2020/11/21/transgender-day-of-revenge/>

**Date Published on T@L:** 2020-12-01

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November the twentieth is the Transgender Day of Remembrance, a day when we remember our fallen trans siblings, murdered or driven to suicide by the patriarchal hegemony, their death unmourned and often even celebrated by transphobic “Feminists”. As we have seen with Black Lives Matter and racially-driven police brutality, legal rights mean nothing if the very people enforcing the laws do not follow the rules. These laws exist for no reason except to appease privileged Liberals, so they could feel like everything is right with the world.

But all is not right with the world. In countries as “civilized” as the United Kingdoms, trans people do not have legal rights; quite the contrary, the laws actively seek to harm them. They are not merely second-class citizens with unequal rights, they are actively being prosecuted by the government and the media. And the UK is not unique in this genocidal endeavor; in many countries of the so-called free world, there are either draconian laws preventing trans people from getting the care they need, high chance of transphobic violence, and often both.

What is to do, then? Some say that we should organize, like with the Labor or Civil Rights movement, but that’s tricky for a number of reasons, chief among them being that there are relatively few trans people and trans allies compared to, say, underpaid workers, another being that since trans people could be from any social, economic, and cultural background, many of us are isolated by geography, language, and our own bigotries. If a transphobe dies every time a white trans person say something racist, soon we will have no problem at all.

What about direct action? That’s tricky for the same reason it’s tricky for Muslims or black people in the US: while the media would make up bullshit excuses like video games for white supremacist murders, a Muslim or black person who engage in direct action will instantly be labeled a terrorist or criminal, and their entire community may suffer. The same goes for trans women, whose direct action just proves that they are

men in the minds of transphobes. It's a classic Catch-22: a rock and a hard place, damned if you do and damned if you don't.

So it seem like as is always the case, trans people are at the mercy of cis people, who must join our organization and commit direct action on our behalf, much like how it is with any other minority group. But as white protesters pack up and forget that Black Lives Matter for another four years, it is blatant that such hope is mere wishful thinking: the majority has the power, and if they ever deem it fit to help us instead of harm us, they would already have done so. But why would they? They have the power, after all, and never suffer consequences.

Unless you make them. In the face of despair and the near impossible odds, the only choice is to engage in endless, spontaneous guerilla warfare. No doubt they would call us criminals and terrorists, but then again, our very existence is already a crime against humanity to the world, so really there isn't much to lose. States and corporations kill more people every day than the vilest criminal or terrorist ever could during their entire life times, and these acts of systematic violence are praised and supported by the majority, not condemned or criticized.

The State is the only terrorist; it recognizes no coinage except power, and it manufactures thar coinage on its own, the judge, jury, and executioner. Progress is a clever lie created by conniving propagandists, and the world is always an abattoir for some people. Remember the fallen. Remember the bastards that killed them. Then, avenge them. Set an objective. Plan it out. Execute. Justice is not a fruit that will just fall into your lap when it's ripe — the only justice you are ever going to get is the one you reach out for with your own two hands.

May the fire that burns within us burn everything around us.

# Remember November

**Subtitle:** Honoring Guy Fawkes, the Haymarket Martyrs, and our trans siblings

**Topics:** direct action, history, transgender

**Date:** November 11, 2020

**Source:** <https://invisiblearmy.wordpress.com/2020/11/11/remember-november/>

**Date Published on T@L:** 2020-12-01

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November is a month of much remembrance for us Anarchists. On the fifth is Guy Fawkes Day, when **Guy Fawkes** attempted to blow up the ruling monarch in the Gunpowder Plot — regardless of his motives, it is an unmistakable act of direct action. His likeness was then used by Anarchist writer Alan Moore in his *V For Vendetta*, and following a film adaptation by the Wachowski Sisters — both trans women — the Guy Fawkes mask had become a general symbol of resistance, adopted by everyone from Occupy movement to Hong Kong protesters.

On the eleventh is the Haymarket Memorial Day, when four of our Anarchist comrades were hung for an act that they were not responsible of, by a criminal (in)“justice” system too busy serving the authorities to follow its own goddamn rules, exactly the same as what the pigs are *still* doing to black people and other marginalized people in US today. Isn't it funny that after more than one century of “progress”, precious little — if anything — had changed?

One of the Anarchists sentenced to be hung committed suicide rather than letting himself die by a tyrannical State. This comrade's name is **Louis Linng**, and he had uttered these words:

*“I repeat that I am the enemy of the ‘order’ of today, and I repeat that, with all my powers, so long as breath remains in me, I shall combat it. I declare again, frankly and openly, that I am in favor of using force. I have told Captain Schaack, and I stand by it ,‘if you cannonade us, we shall dynamite you.’ You laugh! Perhaps you think, ‘you’ll throw no more bombs;’ but let me assure you I die happy on the gallows, so confident am I that the hundreds and thousands to whom I have spoken will remember my words; and when you shall have hung us, then—mark my words—they will do the bomb throwing! In this hope do I say to you: I despise you. I despise your order, your laws, your force-propped authority. Hang me for it!”*

It was well said indeed, and as relevant today as it was, more than a full century ago. With the ongoing Black Lives Matter movement, and Trans Day of Remembrance on

the twentieth, we must remember that white supremacy and the patriarch are two of the oldest, most insidious, and most brutal “order” of today, and they turn privileged people into inhuman monsters who are apathetic to the death and suffering of their fellow human beings: if you don’t follow the rules — implicit or explicit — and don’t obey rigid sex-based roles or a system designed to prosecute you for your skin color, then you deserve to die for their comfort.

With Donald Trump being defeated in the election, the so-called Liberals are all more than ready to start patting themselves on the back for a job well done, content to return to the good old days of acceptable amount of genocide and respectable number of rapes, back to the normality of racial hatred and police brutality being committed in the dark instead of being dragged into the light. They are happy that they are now being led by a man little different from the man they so despised, with the only difference being that this man commits all the same crimes against humanity quietly. Respectability and nothing more.

But we, the Anarchists, know the truth: nothing is won and nothing is lost in this satire of democracy called an election. Even as the white protesters begin to pack up and forget all about black lives, hoping that things would somehow magically get better after three years of predictable inaction from Joe Biden, our black comrades are still fighting on the ground; even as they gladly sacrificed the #MeToo movement and trans rights so they could put a rapist and a transphobe onto the throne called White House, the work of our intersectional, actually Feminist comrades had just began. It is with this in mind that we beseech you:

Remember Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot. Remember Louis Linng and the Haymarket Martyrs. Remember our trans siblings — some of them merely children — murdered and raped to the cheers of transphobic fake “Feminists”. They are all dead now, but you are still alive, and now you have heard their words. There is only one thing left for you do to, comrades: be one of the hundreds and thousands who take up arms against the genocidal ‘order’ of today!

One day, our silence will be more powerful than the voices they’re throttling today.

# Insurrectional Nihilism

**Subtitle:** There Is No Hope, Therefore We Rebel

**Topics:** anarcho-nihilism, nihilism, insurrectionary anarchy, insurrectionism

**Date:** July 30, 2020

**Date Published on T@L:** 2020-08-06T12:40:06

**Source:** <https://invisiblearmy.wordpress.com/2020/07/30/insurrectional-nihilism/>

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“Rebels without a cause” is often used as a derision against those who seek the destruction of status quo without any idea as to what should replace it; it’s a common accusation thrown at nihilists and other anarchists, oftentimes even by leftists. But must rebels have a cause? Every cause comes with it a blueprint for the future, a new world order to be established in the ruins of the old world. But there’s no guarantee that anyone’s vision of the future is truly an improvement on the human condition, or that it will survive contact with human nature. And while we’re waiting on the futurists and visionaries to plot the perfect order, people are dying of existing systems of oppression as we speak, and any delay is little different from a death sentence to these minorities and marginalized. From a nihilist point of view, the so-called human “progress” is little more than the same oppressors getting better public relations, and it’s more than likely that nothing about the world – past, present, or even future – is worth keeping. Under this premise, wanton destruction is not only acceptable, it’s in fact desirable for nihilists, whose job is to tear down everything that currently exists and facilitate perpetual revolutions in the future.

While nihilists may sneer at the very idea of rebranding, there is some merit in separating nihilists who choose to resist the injustice of the world from those that choose apathy and inaction; anarcho-nihilism was the term used in *Blessed is the Flame* by Serafinski, which some views as redundant when nihilism is readily a strain of anarchism, and it nevertheless falls prey to Capitalist propaganda of all anarchists being nihilists. Insurrectional nihilism, then, focuses the conversation on what separates these nihilists from others: unbridled rage at the status quo and a burning desire to see the world reduced to cinder.

Insurrectional nihilism is also a good contrast to something we like to call “institutional nihilism,” an attitude commonly exhibits by political moderates and centrists: that since better things aren’t possible and status quo is God, any resistance is futile

and any change should be rejected. While these cowards will never accept the nihilist label, they start out with the same premise of “no future,” and arrived at the bleakest conclusion: instead of the outrage, despair, or humor of other nihilists, institutional nihilists chose the path of aggressive apathy. They will never fight systems of oppression in any way, shape, and form, and they don’t even have the decency to get out of the way and watch the world burn. They insist on burying and ridiculing anyone who wants to put up a fight and potentially make a difference, however small and temporary it may be. They saw a world without hope and decide to keep everyone in it so all can suffer with them. We see the same world without hope and future, but we decide to raise bloody hell and burn it all down, because it deserves to burn and there’s just a small chance that something better might be built in its ashes. While institutional nihilists are cynics with utter faith in their privilege to trample everyone beneath their feet, we are idealists who believes in nothing but the right and necessity to rebel, to resist, and to fight.

We are insurrectional nihilists. There is no hope, therefore we rebel.

# Anarchism Before Labels

**Subtitle:** The Eternal and Constant Gardeners

**Topics:** post-left, anarchism without adjectives

**Date:** September 13<sup>th</sup>, 2020

**Date Published on T@L:** 2020-09-12T18:30:42

**Source:** <https://invisiblearmy.wordpress.com/2020/09/13/anarchism-before-labels/>

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Anarchism had seen a resurgence in recent years, in response to the collapse of Capitalism and the ensuing rise in Fascism worldwide. The word “Anarchist” has a different meaning to each of us, as words always do; if you ask ten different Anarchists about their exact definition of Anarchism, you’ll come away with ten very different answers. As the singularly most diverse political ideology to have ever existed, it is no surprise that Anarchists would argue endlessly about ideology, with debates often escalating to bitter rivalry. Emma Goldman and Voltairine de Cleyre, two of the most famous American Anarchists, had a long-standing feud over numerous issue, from the fundamental difference between Individualism versus Collectivism, to their different outlook on the use of political violence.

This heated rivalry, however, did not prevent them from coming to the help of one another in times of great need, and they poured themselves into the defense of each and every comrade knowing that their comrades will do the same for them. This is, to us, our Anarchism: we might bicker endlessly about our visions of the future beyond the barricades, question and attack each other on ideological grounds, but when the chips come down and the shit hits the fan, we would have each other’s back. This is why de Cleyre, whose outlook on Anarchism and society had shifted over the years, proposed the idea of Anarchism Without Adjectives: both as an ideal that Anarchism can and will exist in different forms in different regions based on the local culture, and as a call for solidarity in our ongoing struggle against the establishment, for none of our vision for the future is worth anything if we lose the fight.

However, the tendency of certain Anarchists to police political labels with the same zeal and vigor as they condemn slurs worry us. There’s no singularly defining text on Anarchist thoughts, never mind Anarchist lexicon; the need for the precision use of language when it comes to political label is always the start of an implicit hierarchy and unstated rules, where nuance and context give way to linguistic dogmas and moralist

authorities. We have written on the topic of Nihilism, an ideology which some considered to be post-left while others considered to be just Fascism; we have also written on the topic of Transhumanism, which some might find incompatible with Nihilism while others might believe to be nothing but a pipe dream. We do not mind; as Anarchists, we believe that the tangled mess of ideologies and even messier tangle of lingo is an indispensable part of Anarchism, and ought to be celebrated with self-conscious laughter instead of being policed with the fanatic rigor of a Commissar.

What happened to the Anarchism Without Adjectives? What happened to the comrades in arms? Since when did precision of language take priority over praxis, and political labels become more important than solidarity? Insurrection makes for strange bedfellows; in the face of a tyrannical regime with far superior power, sometimes one must make strategic alliance with people one despises. This is not a call for compromise or solidarity with authoritarians and right-wingers, but the exact opposite: this is a call to never compromise, and use your enemies for your cause until you can't. We can use Capitalists and Libertarians to fight Fascists, knowing that we'll eventually have to overthrow both of them too. So why can't we do the same with each other? Why can't we use each other, regardless of our labels and beliefs, until the fight is over and the revolution is won, before we go for each other's throat for our own vision of the perfect world? It's high time that we, as Anarchists, abandon our obsession with labels and embrace one simple truth: we shall fight the world until we won or die trying, and then we shall fight each other until the day comes when not even one innocent has to suffer from oppression. It's not enough to simply walk away from Omelas in disgust and leave the one child to their fate, we must raze all systems of oppression to the ground, even systems of oppression that we made ourselves.

The revolution has to be perpetual, otherwise it would just end up creating another set of chains and a new system of oppression, different in name but not in actuality. Every now and then, the tree of liberty must be watered by the blood of tyrants and martyrs, and we Anarchists must be forever vigilant and always ready to trim the branches of hierarchy – implicit or explicit – even at the cost of our lives. This is Anarchism Before Labels (add whichever labels you prefer): the eternal and constant gardeners.

May the fire that burns within us burn everything around us.



# A Tranarchist Manifesto

**Subtitle:** Transgender, Transhuman, Anarchism

**Topics:** Anarcho-Transhuman, anarcho-transhumanism, transgender

**Date:** December 22, 2019

**Date Published on T@L:** 2020-02-04

**Source:** <https://invisiblearmy.wordpress.com/2020/09/03/a-tranarchist-manifesto/>

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The outline of this manifesto had been bouncing around our headspace for quite some time now, but we have not deemed it fit to put it into writing, due to our disappointment at how the conversations about Transhumanism had been dominated by cishet white male libertarians. But the revelation of Richard K. Morgan — who wrote one of the most popular Transhumanist fiction in *Altered Carbon* — as a transphobe had changed our minds: for far too long our visions of technologies and their many promises had been controlled by the Conservative establishment and enslaved to exploitative Social Darwinists, to which we say: no more! In this text, we'll outline a philosophy we call Tranarchism, which differs from the existing idea of Anarcho-Transhumanism in that we believe in the present day, the rights of trans people, above all else, is essential to the development and eventual blossoming of both Transhumanism and Anarchism. We seek to argue that trans rights, Transhumanism, and Anarchism are three sides of the same triangle, and it'll eventually come a time when one cannot exist without the other two.

First, on trans rights. Going by the most inclusive definition, a trans person is just anyone who doesn't always identify with the gender arbitrarily assigned to them by so-called medical "professionals" based on the outward appearance of their genitalia. We know, as a scientific fact, that biological sex exists on a spectrum, and the concept of binary sex is nothing but a social construct created by the establishment to control the people; genders are even more varied and complex, and anyone who seeks to gatekeep and control gender identities are just tyrants in their narrow and little minds. That trans rights — the right to reject a role imposed upon oneself based on arbitrary, essentialist standards — is the most fundamental of morphological freedoms should go without saying, but as it is always the case with the cishets, it needed to be said: you cannot, in good conscience, support or explore a Transhumanist ideology

that challenges the very idea of humanity, while holding onto such outdated and conservative ideas like binary sex and gender. Anarchists, who seek to abolish all systems of oppression, should pour their effort into the fight for trans rights, for the system of binary sex and gender roles are the oldest and most evil of these institutions. If you cannot see beyond it, you are not fit for either Transhumanism or Anarchism — the only kind of free thinker you are is one free from the burden of thinking for yourself.

Second, on Transhumanism. At its most basic level, Transhumanism is simply the idea that we can and should transcend human limitations through technological means. While libertarians would no doubt claim the honor of creating the ideology, Transhumanist ideas had existed since the dawn of the human species, in the epic of Gilgamesh when he set out to find the elixir of immortality. In fact, one may very well argue that Transhumanism is practiced today, with trans people who modify their biochemistry through hormones, and people with disabilities who overcome them with technologies like hearing aids or wheelchairs. Humanity had always coexisted and co-evolved with technologies: the idea that we'll be able to stop doing so is not only foolish, it's inherently transphobic and ableist. We would argue that Transhumanism is simply an extension and generalization of trans rights into the broader idea of morphological freedom: if we believe that a trans person should be allowed to modify their bodies to fit their gender, should we deny an otherkin or furry the right to modify their body to become their ideal selves, should the technology ever become available? We think not, not unless one wishes to be a hypocrite. However, we believe that Transhumanism cannot — and in fact, should not — exist under State and Capital. It's as Gibson said: *"The future is already here, it's just not evenly distributed."* So long as centralized power exists in the form of State or Capital, technological progress will always serve as a tool of oppression and exploitation for the establishment first and foremost, before it eventually trickles down to the masses...if ever. The kind of technological wonder promised by Transhumanism is nothing short of nightmarish for the people if wielded by an authoritarian establishment.

Last but not the least, Anarchism. Contrary to Capitalist propaganda, Anarchism doesn't mean a lack of rules, nor do Anarchists reject labor. The word "anarchy" simply means "without leader"; we seek to abolish all unjust systems and hierarchies, instead of sowing discord for the sake of discord. It just so happens that throughout human history, laws put forth by State and Capital had always been created to protect the establishment and control the masses. What we reject is work, or wage slavery: the mandate that you must sell your labor for a fraction of its worth or face execution by starvation. So long as there exists a hierarchy, someone will have to be stamped underfoot, and throughout the history of the so-called Western "civilization", trans people had always been on the lowest rung in society regardless of what kind of state the State is in. It is our belief that only a total abolishment of all hierarchy will see the liberation of trans people, once and for all. While some Anarchists had turned reactionary and embraced Primitivism, seeing technology and civilization as one and the same as State and Capital, we know that it is not the case: we've seen how new

technology enabled the people to organize and fight back in ways never before thought possible. It is our belief that technology, put into the hands of the people instead of the establishment, will hasten the destruction of state and capital and not only enable but improve an anarchist society.

Trans rights. Transhumanism. Anarchism. The three sides form a triangle of liberty and equality, where all people are empowered to determine exactly who they are, from the state of their minds to the shape of their bodies. We concede that it is possible that humanity had not yet reached a point where our collective consciousness is ready for such radical self-determination, but we trust in humanity's ability to learn from mistakes and improve, if only painfully slowly. The time will eventually come when all people, without fault, are ready to embrace and enjoy the fruits of technology in a society without state or capital, when people finally learn to rule their own lives independent of establishment and hierarchies. It is the duty of us, as Tranarchists, to facilitate and prepare for this transition, so that when the time finally arrives that technology is able to give us all that we dreamed of, all obstacles are removed and it is the people who reap that reward.

*All for all!*

# The Ones Who Came Back to Omelas

**Subtitle:** A Sequel to The Ones Who Walk Away From Omelas

**Topics:** fan fiction, fiction, science fiction, insurrectionism

**Date:** September 2, 2020

**Date Published on T@L:** 2020-09-23T13:39:52

**Source:** <https://invisiblexarmy.wordpress.com/2020/09/02/the-ones-who-came-back-to-omelas/>

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I was wrong. They came back. One by one, at first, then in groups of dozens and hundreds. The look on their faces is as incomprehensible to me and you as the city of Omelas itself, for it is not rage or despair that is written in the knot of their brows or the steel glint of their eyes. Perhaps the narrow-minded will call it hatred, but that is merely an inadequacy of the language, for the cold contempt of an exploiter is not anything like the burning flame in the hearts of the exploited, nor is it anything similar to the raw diamond of determination that clenches the fists of these people, the ones who came back to Omelas. For despite their obsession with pain and evil, the artists had always been content with manufacturing their own agony and despair, and had never once looked true suffering and wickedness in the eyes.

So here they come, the ones who came back to Omelas. They come like a hurricane, with firebombs in their hands and firelight in their eyes, tearing down the perfect walls and beautiful houses of Omelas, showering its joyful and thoughtful people with flame. “Until there’s justice for all innocents”, said one of them, “There will be no peace for the complacent.” So on and on they go, the ones who came back to Omelas, with their bombs and their guns and their cries, bringing guilt and shame and fear to the city at last. They kill without hesitation and destroy without discrimination, for truly it is no longer justice they seek, since they know there will be no justice to be had, none except for the silence of the grave.

Do you believe me now, about the city of Omelas? It is not so different from your city, I say; maybe it’s nicer and cleaner, the people more loving and enlightened, but in the end it is not so different. There is a child in your city too; have you ever gone to visit it, see it being caged in darkness, forced to wallow in its own filth? If not, then you will never understand them, the ones who came back to Omelas. They had all

walked away, in rage or despair or shame, and most of them were never seen again. But it is not any emotion we can recognize that brought them back, it is not rage or shame or even guilt. Surely as the night cannot comprehend the light of the day, nor can we ever understand the light in their eyes.

How many of them there are, the ones who walked away from your city? And how many of them there are, the ones who came back? Believe me, they will; maybe not yet, not at first, but they will come back. One by one, at first, then in groups of dozens and hundreds. They will come back with firebombs in their hands and firelight in their eyes, shouting: "Until there's justice for all innocents, there will be no peace for the complacent." For the city of Omelas is truly as banal as any other, both in its radiant splendor and its corrupted heartbeat. They will come back to your city too, the ones who walk away from Omelas; they will bring guilt and shame and fear, all of which you know you richly deserved.

Do you believe me now, about the ones who came back to Omelas?

# Second Wave “Feminism” Is Feminism...

**Subtitle:** ...In the Same Way That National “Socialism” Is Socialism

**Topics:** transphobia, racism, fascism

**Date:** December 24, 2020

**Date Published on T@L:** 2020-12-27T14:59:59

**Source:** <https://invisiblearmy.wordpress.com/2020/12/24/second-wave-feminism-is-feminism/>

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It’s true! Both of them does what it advertises, but only for the people it doesn’t send to the death camps. Under National “Socialism”, the people do indeed share the wealth...so long as they are pure Aryans and toe the party line; similarly, under Second Wave “Feminism”, men and women do indeed enjoy the same rights, so long as you don’t challenge pseudo-scientific and sex-based social roles. How curious it is that both “ideology” is based on rigid hierarchy that argues for the inherent superiority of some, inflicted upon the people against their will?

What is the common word for an “ideology” based on essentialist arguments and hierarchy? Fascism. It’s just fucking Fascism. Just because Liberals can’t recognize a Fash if they crawled up the Libruh’s face and chewed their nose off so long as the Fash doesn’t wear a swastika doesn’t mean the Fash isn’t there; quite the contrary, in fact. When your “democracy” is built upon a slave market in which wealth can be used to generate more wealth and then passed down to one’s offspring, money essentially becomes an essentialist attribute like sex or race.

The Crapitalist “Meritocracy” goes thus: we’re on top because we’re superior, we’re superior because we’re on top, so on and so forth, ad infinitum and ad nauseam. It’s the exact same argument used by Fascists: we’re on top because we’re the master race, we’re the master race because we’re on top, blah blah blah, yadda yadda yadda. With these implicit hierarchies baked deep into the world narrative by white Imperialists and Colonists, is it any surprise that the “free” market and Liberal “democracy” of today is indistinguishable from Fascism?

It’s richly ironic and hilariously hypocritical that no one bemoans Liberal identity politics more than Fascists, when in truth the Reich-wingers are the biggest fans of Liberal idpol. Sure, sure, there are plenty of “Leftists” who just want to use their

class struggle as an excuse to be anti-idpol so they can be racists or queerphobes, but Fascists quite literally invent both their identity and victimhood from nothing: an Aryan heritage that never existed, a trans agenda they can't elaborate on, shapeshifting lizard Zionists in league with the Maoists!

If the last sentence sounded increasingly like a fucking shitpost, that's because it is: Fascism by any other name is just the shitpost of ideologies — they either don't actually offer a way to organize society for the betterment of all, or they steal ideas from other ideologies to justify their own bullshit. It's nothing but a cruel and sad fucking joke, and it's the "ideology" that had been running the world for a century and more. Is it any wonder that our society had become more absurd and meaningless than anything ever dreamed up by a Dadaist?

No one hates Fascists more than us Anarchists. Unlike the right-wing "Libertarians" that had increasingly become little more than Social Darwinists drooling over a Neo-Feudal society, we're the only ones with the audacity to reject all coercion and hierarchy, the ultimate killjoys with the the galls to tell the Reich-wing chucklefucks "your horseshit of an ideology is the biggest joke in human history and it's not even funny" when everyone else just laughs politely and hopes that the joke won't turn on them. Cowardly chickenshit, all of them!

If Fascism is a joke, then Anarchism is the punchline, and it doesn't mean we should punch Fascists; after all, the only time when punching Fascists is acceptable is when methods of higher lethality are unavailable. The way we see it, either we Anarchists would laugh in triumph as our visions of a better future dawn on the human species, or at least one of us would live long enough to give the finger to the world and tell the boot-licking assholes "I warned you about States bro, I told you dog!". Either way, we'll have the last laugh. Ha!

# No More Games

**Subtitle:** The Game Industry Must Burn

**Topics:** anti-game, anti-sexism, anti-racism, ableism, insurrection

**Date:** December 9, 2020

**Source:** <https://invisiblearmy.wordpress.com/2020/12/09/no-more-games/>

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The video game industry had always been a reflection on the worst parts of Capitalism, and for very good reasons: after all, what is Capitalism if not a game with Capital as the score, which provides temporary distractions to consumers at the expense of their long-term well-being? And just like how score or loot obtained in a game is meaningless once the game is over, all the money in the world will become meaningless when the game of Capitalism ends — and it *will* end, either with the triumph of Anarchism or with human extinction.

It is no surprise, then, that the video game industry had created a horde of mindless zombies who slavishly defend the worst atrocities and crimes against humanity in the name of fun and games. While they may have started out as just more victims of the alienation inherent to Capitalism, their cowardice and laziness led them to embrace their role as pathetic slaves, willingly submitting themselves to the abuse of corporations. They have been deepthroating the boot for so long, they can no longer distinguish the boot leather from their own necks.

Just like all boot-lickers and corroborators, there comes a time when they lose all semblance of victims and simply become more oppressors. They will gladly defend rapists, pedophiles, bigots, and basically anyone and everyone so long as they have their fun. They have spent so much of their miserable little lives in games, they see everything as more games, including the lives and suffering of others. Make no mistake that they don't necessarily become more violent due to violent video games; they are simply disconnected from the real world.

Nothing embodies the rot of the industry more than the recently released *Cyberpunk 2077*. The production company — based in an increasingly queerphobic Poland — had consistently mingled their very first trans representation in an AAA game with transphobic jokes and objectification of trans bodies, causing a rift between the few privileged white trans people who are glad to be represented as sex objects and the



majority of other trans people who could see how such portrayal of transness would only encourage transphobia in real life.

The game doesn't shy away from racism either, with a gang made up of interchangeable Asian cultures who somehow only uses swords despite the high-tech setting, because that's what white trash motherfuckers believe Asian people do, just like how the entirety of the hyper-sexualized setting of the game is what the far-right believes the "Liberals" (aka anyone who isn't a murderous Fascist) want. But since the game is based on a setting created by a black man, identity politics dictate that any criticism against the game is just racism.

The gamers, mindless zombies slaved to the endorphin trigger of their favorite games, are willing to defend and even praise all of the above. That was not a surprise; after all, they had always prized their own convenience and comfort over other people's lives and dignity. This is why more and more video games exploited bigotry toward minorities for marketing, since it creates them hordes of slave believers who gladly pay them money just to feel like they are a group of chosen elites set apart from the world by their own cowardice and delusions.

And what about the workers? The employees to game studios, big or small, are often asked to "crunch", working unreasonable hours to meet the demand of greedy and selfish fans as well as enriching the bosses with too much money and too little project management skills, giving up their health so some pathetic brats in grown-up bodies can have fun throwing money at ruthless exploiters of honest laborers. This is before we even begin to discuss the rampant sexism and sexual harassment in the work place, embedded deep into the whole industry.

But *Cyberpunk 2077* gave us a new low when it included an unskippable scene that emulates the light patterns that's specifically used to trigger seizure in epileptic people. This is a point where sufficiently adversarial incompetence is indistinguishable from malice: whether they meant to murder their own customers or not, the fact remains that they made a game that's designed to kill people. This is a plot straight out of cyberpunk fiction, except they don't even gain anything from it; the players could die like dogs for absolutely no fucking reason.

This time, the gamers don't just stand around and masturbate to the corpses of the trans kids they have driven to suicide like they always did, oh no. They actively send strobing lights to critics who raised the alarm about the health risk, with the intention of triggering potentially fatal seizures. They committed assault and potentially murder just to defend a game they paid money to play! The cruelty of this act is beyond words, and they did it for absolutely no goddamn reason! This is when Capitalism becomes totally indistinguishable from Fascism.

Something needs to change. But it won't; we know it won't. Even if Capitalism doesn't have any inherent contradiction or flaws, free market simply ceases to work when the consumers are willing to murder critics of a product they paid money for, instead of holding the maker accountable for the quality of their work. This is no longer the free market some Anarchists long for; this is a slave market, with zombies

trained to anticipate and execute the will of their corporate masters like shit-eating, brain-dead dogs. And they need to be stopped.

It's time we as Anarchists begin to view the gaming industry with the same fervent hatred and burning contempt as we see bankers and landlords. If we live in an actual cyberpunk novel and the corps can replace parts of your brain with machine, they could not create a more royal army of slaves than the gamers, who are increasingly willing to not only defend violence and bigotry, but all too eager to commit them. They need to be put down like the rabid dogs that they had become, and their temple of "fun" must be burned to the ground.

And we shall have fun doing it, too.

# A Tyranny Of Editors

**Subtitle:** How Wikipedia Became Another System of Oppression

**Topics:** censorship, transphobia

**Date:** September 8<sup>th</sup>, 2020

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**Source:** <https://invisiblearmy.wordpress.com/2020/09/09/a-tyranny-of-editors/>

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Techbros – cishet white men in the tech sector, usually upholding some kind of right-wing Libertarian views — made a lot of big promises they couldn’t keep, one of which is free and open education. None illustrates that failure as well as Wikipedia, the so-called free encyclopedia. While it operates as a non-profit unaffiliated with any State or corporation, its user base created a strong bias in favor of right-wing rhetoric and viewpoints, anywhere from mildly Conservative to downright Fascist. Like the Moon of Anarres from the novel *The Dispossessed*, it’s a great case study in how implicit hierarchy can form in free spaces, and how that insidious hierarchy can sometimes be more dangerous than explicit ones.

Now, one might argue that since Wikipedia doesn’t possess any authority, it doesn’t really matter if it’s run by a buncha techbros putting on the Reich, but the truth is that it does matter: authority is derived when the power of the many is controlled by an undeserving few, so when people give up doing their own research and rely on Wikipedia as a knowledge source, it gains authority in deciding what people believe to be objective facts. This is the same as when news outlets broadcast State or corporate propaganda: if enough people buy into the brainwashing, than the media has authority over them.

In that sense, Wikipedia is little more than a new paint applied to old media, in more ways than one. It demands “neutral points of view”, but will only consider sources provided by certain agencies and institutions, the vast majority of which are controlled by a Conservative establishment; their neutrality is really just a dogwhistle used to hide their right-wing bias. Their “notability” criteria means that any group that doesn’t yet have enough representation in mainstream media — be them political groups like Anarchists or minority groups like indigenous people – doesn’t deserve as much voice as large groups like Capitalists or cishet white men. And like all authoritarians, they never play by their own rules.

The fact that it's decentralized and not controlled by one single individual means precious little when the vast majority of their contributors belong to the same privileged demographic and share the same Conservative bias, and the fact that they give certain people elevated privileges based on the quantity of their contribution just make it worse: it went from a tyranny of majority in a direct democracy to just plain tyranny controlled by a representative democracy, as corrupt as any current State or corporation.

Taking the issue of transphobia as an example: they deny that the Roman empress Elagabalus is a trans woman despite she explicitly asked to be called an empress and was willing to give a great reward to anyone that could perform bottom surgery for her, since none of their "neutral" and "notable" sources said as such; they wouldn't acknowledge that author Richard K. Morgan is a transphobe even after he had repeatedly regurgitated transphobic propaganda and rhetoric, again because their deeply biased sources didn't confirm it as such. They are quickly approaching a point where they can't call the kettle black until one of their sources tell them so, but of course that's not true: many pages on the site are filled with partial or misleading information, or just downright lies and slanders against marginalized people, and yet none of them bother to clean up these articles because they don't actually care.

While these issues may seem trivial from the position of privilege, it is a very serious matter to the marginalized. Erasing a trans figure from history reinforce the Fascist propaganda that being trans is a trend and thus encourage parents to "cure" their trans children of the fad, just like the way a case of police brutality is described can greatly color someone's perception on whether it's a case of police brutality at all. But just like the Dadaists had accused, the self-proclaimed "Rationalists" on Wikipedia start with conclusion that conform to their right-wing bias, gather information from sources based on said bias, and then presented a Conservative propaganda as objective and neutral facts and objective truth.

Evil triumphs when good people do nothing. The Fascists don't win when they have converted enough people into hateful bigots; they win when enough Capitalists, "Rationalists", and other cowards sit down and negotiate with them, with the lives of marginalized people and the existence of minority groups as bargaining chips. Right now, Wikipedia is making the Devil's bargain, by mindlessly deferring to right-wing authorities without question or challenge, they're willing corroborators who help the Fascists spread their hateful lies, no matter how much they dress the lies up as facts.

In this way, Wikipedia had went from a source for free education to nothing but another system of oppression, endlessly regurgitating Fascist propaganda and Capitalist rhetoric from their so-called "neutral" and "notable" sources, while gladly aiding in the oppression and prosecution of minority groups and marginalized people by erasing their struggle or misrepresenting facts about them. It doesn't matter if they don't have a Great Firewall or censorship bureau, when the vilest and most insidious censorship readily exists in their minds: prejudice and bigotry. And like all system of corruption,

one day it will have to be razed to the ground and burned into ashes. So to all the wikibros:

*The day will come when our silence is more powerful than the voices you're throttling today.*

# All Days Matter!

**Subtitle:** Why Celebrate Just This One Day?

**Topics:** anti-racism, black lives matter

**Date:** December 25, 2020

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“All Lives Matter” is a common dogwhistle for Libs and assorted other scumbags who really don’t give a fuck about black lives but are also too chickenshit to admit they are racists. The bullshit nature of this slogan is obvious: it dilutes the message of Black Lives Matter — namely, a stance against the continued oppression and racist violence suffered by black people — into something so general and fundamental, it loses any and all meaning. It’s basically exactly the same as saying White Lives Matter, but the fake inclusiveness is a trademark of the Libs.

When someone says “All Lives Matter” in a discourse about Black Lives Matter, what they’re really saying is: “Why does only black lives matter? White lives matter too!” I mean, no shit, Sherlock, everyone knows that white lives matter too, but whiteys are not the ones whose lives are constantly at threat from police brutality and hate crimes. It’s like saying “People die when they are killed.” in response to someone asking “How did my friend die?”: you’re answering a question with a statement that’s always true and thus also utterly irrelevant.

And of course, countering “Black Lives Matter” with “All Lives Matter” is also a cheap way to provoke an emotional response that would allow the Ra(cist Na)tionalists to “own” people and “win” the debate by claiming that black people and their allies are illogical and reverse-racists, never mind that outrage and contempt are the only logical responses to oppression and apathy, and while a black person can more than definitely be racist, black people are not the ones with the institutional power to carry out systematic violence; the whiteys are.

But if a Fascist can be reasoned with, they wouldn’t exist in the first place, so there’s no point arguing the finer points with them; instead, the next time they celebrate Thanksgiving or Christmas or any other festivities that whiteys had stolen from other cultures after they’ve genocided their people just to turn the beautiful celebration of cultures into a worship of money, tell them this: “Why does only Thanksgiving or

Christmas matter? The other days of our lives should matter just as much too! All Days Matter! Why celebrate just this one day?"

# Identity Poltics Are Boring As Fuck

**Subtitle:** But So Are Your Leftist Politics After Twenty Fucking Years

**Topics:** anti-politics, post-left

**Date:** September 23, 2020

**Date Published on T@L:** 2020-09-27T18:41:27

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Yes, yes, we all hate Liberal identity politics, when a war criminal is cheered as a step toward equality simply for being black or female, or when marginalized people use oppression Olympics as the trump card to shut down any and all argument. But have you, in your privileged high horses and entitled echo chambers, ever thought about *why* these identity politics exist in the first place? It's because your leftist politics are *still* boring as fuck and useless as shit to minority groups, even when it had been pointed out to you more than twenty fucking years ago. You've consistently failed to deliver a concrete plan of action that would actually address racial inequality, climate change, homophobia and transphobia, and really *any* human rights issue you claim to care about. In fact, your politics are more obtuse than ever, with people endlessly hair-splitting down ideological lines, as if splitting a square enough times would give it depth and make it a cube. And midst your endless ideological squabbles, scumbags of all stripes found ways to appropriate your rhetoric to mask their own shittiness: "Materialists" who are really just transphobes, "Anarchists" who use anti-rich sentiments to hide antisemitism, and of course "Marxists" who just want to lick the boots of tyrants in countries they will never, *ever* visit. The list goes on.

Though without a doubt, identity politics is very, *very* bad; in fact, it's a plight upon Liberals and the left alike. After all, white leftists *love* to emphasize their victimhood, weaponizing ableism as a reason why they're too oppressed to actually fight their own oppressors, talking at length about the evil of Capitalism while gladly participating in it. But you see, when you start using political labels as a reason why you get to be a jerk to black people or trans people, then you *too* are playing identity politics: you are inventing your own victimhood wholesale, painting yourself as one among the oppressed masses yearning to be free, appropriating the language and agony of actual minorities for political leverage. And deep down, you probably think that if all these ugly minorities would just fuck off and die, you would be able to turn enough



Centrists and Liberals to your pet cause and create the Commie utopia you wanted without having to challenge and change all of your most fondly nurtured bigotries.

It's fucking disgusting.

There's a reason why the exploited workers and oppressed masses don't buy into your woke lingo or read your favorite leftist literature: because they're fucking useless. Your pretty words and lofty ideas have no bearing on the day-to-day struggle of the working people, and it doesn't stop the constant stream of microaggression marginalize people have to suffer every day. The black people or trans people playing identity politics, do you think they do it because they fucking enjoy it? No! They do it because they see no other choice, because you — the oh so woke and progressive leftists — failed to show them a way out of their personal hell, so they decided they have no choice but to try reigning in hell. The people fighting in the streets and trying to get through the day have no time to wait for you to get your accepted leftist doctrines in working order, they need you to do something right fucking *now!*

You know who actually has to suffer from identity politics and oppression Olympics? Intersectional minorities such as trans people of color or homosexual people with mental illness, who suffer from a different form of bigotry from each group due to them not fitting neatly into any one group. And you know who suffer when so-called leftists throw identity politics into the wind and treat it like it's not something you need to address? The same intersectional minorities *again*, whose pain and struggle are erased because their race or gender are just “bougie social construct” for the extra woke. But it's never *you*, you privileged white trash fuckers who whine endlessly about idpol without ever having to be affected by it, you entitled saloon leftists who only who talk about the revolution from the comfort of your sofa without having to fight for it, *you* who made a mess for everyone else in the world and never ever had to take up the fucking responsibilities and actually do something to clean up after yourself.

You fucking disgust us.

*Th revolution is for all, or it is nothing.* Those words were written almost half a century ago, and you have learned jackshit from it. Like the Capitalists and Fascists you claim to abhor, you leftists are still more than willing to sacrifice marginalized people for the sake of your bullshit causes, you still put your abstract ideas above the daily lives and suffering of minority groups. Your organizations are just churches for the powerless, your causes venture capitals for the penniless, your revolution a religion for the godless. You want what every fucking right-winger wants: you want power without having to dirty your own hands, and so you'd use everything and sacrifice everyone except yourself. That's why when push comes to shove, you will always ask the struggling masses to defer their insurrectionist impulses in favor of the “greater good” — which is really just what's good for *you* — And that's why your bullshit revolution will always be for nothing, and we as Anarchists will have to burn your houses down too!

For us, we're tired of being victims. We're tired of being reminded of our victimhood. We demand actions! And thus, we put forth the same demand to both of you, you hyper-

woke leftists who hate idpol and you anti-woke activists who love idpol or whatever bullshit labels you made up for yourselves: show us your beliefs with your actions, not your empty words! You care about racial inequality? Support the Black Lives Matter riots in the States. You oppose Capitalism? Bring back Occupy, but make it joyously destructive. It's time you start following your big words up with actions, "comrades"; we're not Anarchists by Goldman or Bakunin, we're "Anarchists" by the ancestors who fought white Imperialists and Colonialists, by the blood spilled by our trans siblings and our comrades of color around the world, their names forgotten and their deaths unmourned, their voices drowned out by your mind-numbing bickering and incessant self-patting.

Well, fuck you!

# The Fox Knows the Hen

**Subtitle:** Deconstructing the Token Minority Defense

**Topics:** tokenism, racism, transphobia, oppression, liberalism

**Date:** June 5, 2020

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*“I can’t be racist, I have black friends!”* We have all heard this mantra used in defense of bigotry and poor behavior, from people across the entire political spectrum, with infinite variations to justify queerphobia, xenophobia, religious intolerance, and more. We all know it’s a load of bullshit, but just how bullshit is it? Simply put, it flattens the incredibly complex issue of systematic bigotry into a reductive binary of in-group and out-group, and argues that it’s impossible for members of the in-group to commit discrimination against other members of the in-group, which is plainly untrue.

Let’s consider an equivalent but much more obviously absurd statement: “the fox knows the hen for it spent a night in the hen house”. It is true that the fox spent a night in the hen house...to kill and eat the hen! Much like the token minority argument, this statement ignored the inherent imbalance of power between the two; the fox may indeed know the hen – as delicious food, which has nothing to do with the feeling of the hen when it’s being eaten by the fox. Equivalently, just because someone is an ally of minority groups does not mean they know what it feels like to be marginalized and oppressed.

Obviously, the above is an argument by absurdity, since allies aren’t preying upon marginalized people, but it’s a visceral reminder of entrenched power structures: minority groups are often fearful of contradicting our privileged allies, for fear of losing what little support these allies had deemed fit to grace us with. This is why tone-policing is so toxic and arguably do more to perpetrate systematic oppression than the odd violent bigot: when the privileged tells the marginalized to shut the fuck up and be nicer, often the minority feels as if we have no choice but to subject to the bullying of our “allies.”

There’s also the matter of boot-lickers, members of minority groups who had bought their way into the power structure of the privileged groups by selling out their own people. There’s nothing that a Nazi likes more than a Jewish corroborator like Ben

Shapiro, for they can claim that such a boot-licker speaks as a marginalized person when they say they are not oppressed. And it's true: that particular person is not oppressed, they are one of the oppressors, using their token status to help stomping the down-trodden into the ground to maintain their status among the powerful.

Remember, dividing people into groups based on essential attributes like sex or race is an inherently reactionary concept; much of right-wing propaganda thrives on such false equivalence. This is why J. K. Rowling was flatly gaslighting people when she claimed that trans women are "the fox in the hen house"; the fact that she can say such bigoted things and not only get away with it, but even have people like Richard K. Morgan bending backwards to support her, shows that she and transphobes like her are the foxes with the power, while the trans people they abuse are the vulnerable hens.

And it goes beyond just people: a common talking point against Anti-Fascism is that all violence is inherently wrong, so Antifa who break windows or BLM who loot stores are the real Fascists, never mind that the real Fascists — white supremacists — have all the power and could literally get away with murder. Property damage is not in any way comparable to human death and suffering, and using violence to stop violence is completely different from using violence to maintain power. Nevertheless, the Liberal's love of endless discourse and hand-wringing makes them easy prey for such lies.

We as leftists and especially Anarchists must never fall prey to the beautiful flower of simplicity, for its fruit of false equivalence is a poison to human minds and souls. The real world is messy, complex, and filled with ambiguities; we must be vigilant and constant gardeners, rooting out the grass of preconception from our own minds before it can take roots. Otherwise we would be as easy a prey to right-wing propaganda and conspiracy theories as the Liberals, and become revolutionaries in name only.

# White Supremacy Is a Disease

**Subtitle:** And the Only Cure Is Anarchy

**Topics:** anti-racism, insurrectionary

**Date:** December 23, 2020

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**Source:** <https://invisiblexarmy.wordpress.com/2020/12/23/white-supremacy-is-a-disease/>

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It's easy to understand why white people would become white supremacists; you get to be a superior human being simply for being white, why the fuck not? And once white supremacy is sufficiently embedded inside a culture, it's also not difficult to fathom why some people of color would become boot-lickers in a misguided attempt to carve out their own slice of Hell. It is, however, relatively puzzling how people in cultures where the majority of people are not white — such as the many US vassal states in East Asia — would become white supremacist.

Of course, white supremacy had controlled the narratives of the world for the better part of the century — if not more — thanks to propaganda masked as entertainment, a tactic favored by authoritarians of all stripes. When every film you saw involves a Jihadist or Anarchist as a villain, it's easy for people to buy into the lie and ignore the reality: white supremacists are responsible for the vast majority of terrorist attacks in the US. When you believe that the US is the paragon of freedom, it's easy to believe that Fascism is in fact the ultimate democracy.

But for US vassal states like Japan and Taiwan, the learned white supremacy is built upon a much deeper root of inherent racism. The “black face” stereotype was in fact one of the first cultural import from the West into Japan, and even now their culture as a whole refuse to renounce their ally in WWII...namely, the Nazis. Taiwan, for its part, had always employed the red scare narrative as a mean to control the masses, which necessitates setting the US up as the ultimate good against the evil of Communism, thus justifying all the crimes of the US.

White supremacists, for their part, are happy to fan the fire by hailing these vassal States as shiny jewels of democracy against the darkness of Communism, hailing the legalization of gay marriage as a victory for queer liberation...when the so-called progressives in Taiwan believed that the basic human rights of gay people should be up to a popularity contest. And like little dogs got petted by their owners, they easily

bought into whatever stories the West sell them, swallowing huge loads of queerphobic and racist bullshit with an ecstatic grin.

If that boot-licking mentality sounds familiar, it's because it is. It's the same fake dualism enforced by tyrants world wide: Liberal and Conservative, Left and Right, Men and Women, yadda yadda yadda. And just like all such manufactured binaries, it's total horseshit. This is the same mentality as the tankies: since the US is the ultimate evil, anyone who fights the US is a good "Leftist", even if they commit genocide. None of them give a shit about the things they claim to care about: not human rights or lives, not freedom or justice, nothing, nada!

All they care about is power, and since white supremacists have power, they are willing to throw anyone else under the bus to get a piece. It is little surprise then that so many Asian Americans supported Donald because of the red scare, and how many black people attacked Asian people since they bought into the "Chinese virus" narrative. They would rather hurt each other under the command of dictators by any other names than banding together against their oppressors. Rats fighting for scraps, exactly where the white cats want them.

"Revolution starts in the mind" is more than just words. Implicit hierarchies like gender binary or white supremacy (which are really one and the same) prosecutes innocents just as much as — and often more than — laws and regulations do. Many marginalized people have reservations about systematic changes because so long as the implicit hierarchies stay, no system of government — even the lack of one — will truly liberate them. We have to remind ourselves that Anarchists aren't just outlaws: we're against ALL hierarchy and coercion.

White supremacy is a disease, and the only cure is Anarchy: total annihilation of the status quo.

# What Is a Pig?

**Subtitle:** A Speech For Black and Trans Lives Matter

**Authors:** Magical Comrade Molotov Catgirl & Rhamnousia

**Topics:** black lives matter, black liberation, prison abolition, illegalism, transphobia, transgender

**Date:** June 4, 2020

**Source:** <https://signalforge.wordpress.com/2020/06/04/what-is-a-pig/>

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In collaboration with Rhamnousia.

“*What is a pig?*” revolutionary black artist Emory Douglas once asked, answering: “*a low-natured beast that has no regard for law, justice, or the rights of people; a creature that bites the hand that feeds it; a foul, depraved traducer, usually found masquerading as the victim of an unprovoked attack.*” Thus this term—pigs— aptly describes the murderers of George Floyd: Derek Chauvin, Thomas Lane, Tou Thao, and J. Alexander Kueng. Floyd was accused of using a measly bogus \$20 bill, then he was arrested, judged, and summarily executed without trial or due process, sentenced to a painful death by asphyxiation, all for the sole crime of being black. Where’s the law in that act? Where is the justice?

A few bad apples, you may think; four, to be exact. We’d like to think that police in general are a good bunch. You might be related to some police officers, and they’re plenty nice to you. Their job is to protect and serve, after all. But is it really? A police officer swears to enforce the laws, but not all laws are just, and enforcing an unjust law is itself unjust. Why is sex work illegal, when it’s legal for the rich to become richer by doing nothing? Why is squatting in abandoned buildings illegal, when some own enough houses for all the homeless in a city? Why are certain drugs illegal, when chemicals that poison our homes are legal? Need I go on?

These laws serve no purpose except for oppressing the most marginalized people in our communities. So whom do police officers really protect and serve, if not you and I? The elites who made the laws only pretend to care about the struggle of the masses; what they truly care about is whoever funded their campaigns. These unjust laws protect and serve the rich and powerful, not people like you and I, and police officers are instruments of violence for these aristocrats. The persistence of white supremacy in this country is to preserve this corrupt hierarchy, so that white people may remain

secure at the top while the rest languish. Your skin color is your class, your caste, your place in the food chain, a destiny you cannot change unless you take the power back with your own two hands.

It's thanks to the black community that people of all races possess the rights that we do today; black people had always been the vanguard in our battle for civil rights, against the tyranny of white supremacy. But even today, we continued to live under a white supremacist regime, our police little different from the slave patrols of yore, centuries after slavery was supposedly abolished! Every day there is a black person who is murdered by an agent of the state in cold blood, most of them died with their cries unheard, their names forgotten. I ask again: where is the law in this? Where is the justice?

We all know what the problem is, but what is the solution? The politicians blackmail us with the worst crimes against public welfare - murder, assault, harassment, et cetera - to justify the authority of the police, telling us they can prevent crimes. What a laugh! Their harsh and unjust treatment of the people create and escalate the very crimes they're supposed to prevent, a vicious cycle that demands us to give up ever more power until there's nothing left, until we're slaves in all but names! No more! We the people have the power to actually prevent crimes before they happen, to help each other so none is forced into crimes out of necessity; we can work together and stop violence faster than police ever could, we don't need no stinking pigs!

So now let us come together to fight for what is right, to burn down the corrupt institutions that victimized us, and to build something better out of the ashes of the ancient evil. Things are coming to a boiling point, with the intersection of many crises: the COVID-19 pandemic, global warming, and now the riots, just to name a few. The question is not when or if we will storm the Bastille; the question is: will you join us? And will you stand united with your fellow human beings, regardless of their race, gender, sexuality, or religious persuasion, or will you once again fall for the petty squabble that terrorized Iyanna Dior, and concede the fight to our enemies before it begins?



# Weapon V

**Subtitle:** A Crossover Between X-Men and V For Vendetta

**Topics:** insurgency, insurrection, Insurrectionary, insurrectionary anarchy, fan fiction, fiction, liberal, liberalism, neo-liberalism, neoliberalism, liberals, fiction, comics

**Note:** A crossover starring alternate versions of *X-Men* characters as the cast of *V For Vendetta*, with a focus on Anarchy and direct democracy versus Liberalism and representative democracy. Art by Marco D'Alfonso

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## Prologue: The Visitor

Xavier Institute, New York.

“Thank you for coming, ladies and gentlemen.” Xavier told the interviewer and her crew as he turned his wheelchair around to face them. “I haven’t had the pleasure of any visitor for quite some time now.”

“Thank you for having us, Professor Xavier.” the interviewer said with a smile. “It’s not everyday that the most powerful person in the free world agreed to a one-one-one interview. We’re very excited.”

“Nonsense.” Xavier laughed and waved his hand dismissively. “I’m just a man, like any other man.”

“And leader of the Illuminati, the most powerful lobbyist group in the US.” the interviewer pointed out. “Tell us, Professor, what’s the guiding philosophy behind the organization? What do you believe in?”

“Peace at any cost, civility above all else.” Xavier evoked the line he had repeated ad nauseam. “I’m a Liberal, after all. That means I will defend someone’s right to speak, even if I disagree with them.”

“Even if they are violent extremists?” the interviewer asked. “Or spreading hatred and bigotry?”

“Of course.” Xavier nodded. “How are we going to function as a nation if we ignore the voices of the people simply because they have opinions we dislike? We must take all kinds, like reasonable people.”

“Some might argue that it’s very easy to do that,” she said, “From a position of power and privilege.”



“What power? What privilege?” Xavier shook his head, incredulous, and patted his legs. “Look at my useless legs! How privileged can I possibly be, when I’ve lost the use of my legs during a robbery?”

“It was committed by a pair of black gangsters, right?” the interviewer reviewed her notes. “Do you believe this event has certain effects on your views when it comes to social issues regarding race?”

“Absolutely not.” Xavier said, adamant. “If you’re accusing me of racism, young lady, you better think again. I can’t possibly be racist, some of my best friends are black! And they are the good ones, too!”

“What about transphobia?” the interviewer pressed on. “There had been questions regarding to your - ”

“You know, I think we’re done here.” Xavier said suddenly. “I’d like you to leave my property now.”

With the impolite and uncivilized visitor out of the way, Xavier turned back to the one true love of his life: Cerebro, the crowning achievement of the Illuminati, the jewel of Liberal “democracy”: a machine that constantly suppresses mutant powers and monitors people every hour of every day, so they could send secret police to dispose of any dissidents who dare to threaten Xavier’s precious little peace.

“Ah, Cerebro...” Xavier whispered, almost like praying, and caressed its screens. “Perfection...”

- V -

Liberty Island, New York.

“Hello, dear lady. A lovely evening, is it not?” the visitor said as he saluted the Statue of Liberty with a flourish. “Pardon my intrusion, I know you must be busy guiding all the tired and the poor, the huddled masses yearning to breathe free; nevertheless, I thought it’s time we have a little chat, you and I.”

“Ahh...where are my manners? We’ve yet to be formally introduced.” the visitor said taking off his hat. “I don’t have a name, but you can just call me Weapon V. Weapon V, this here is Lady Liberty. Lady Liberty, this here is Weapon V. Nice to meet you, Lady Liberty. ‘Nice too meet you too, Weapon V.’

“There, now we know each other. But actually, I’ve been a huge fan of yours for quite some time now. Oh, I know what you’re thinking: ‘the poor boy has a crush on me, an adolescent infatuation!’ I beg to differ, milady; it’s nothing of the sort. I have always admired you, on postcards and silver screens.

“Please don’t think I’m a shallow man who only loves you for your looks, milady; no, I admired you as a person, an ideal even. Lady Liberty, champion of freedom, enlightening the world with her guiding light, a lover to all free souls! But that’s all in the past now; I’m afraid I must ask you to leave.”

“What’s wrong, Weapon V?” asked ‘Lady Liberty’. “Don’t we have a good thing going with our polycule?”

“Indeed we do.” Weapon V nodded. “But, well...there’s no easy way to say this, so I’m just gonna rip the bandaid off: some of us feel like you haven’t been entirely honest. Favoritism had been mentioned.”

“Favoritism? Don’t be ridiculous!” ‘Lady Liberty’ protested. “I love everyone equally; I said as much!”

“You said it, alright.” Weapon V’s voice is bitter. “But you didn’t actually live up to that promise, now did you, milady? You’ve got a certain...type. Cishet white Conservative men with money, to be exact.”

“Are you accusing me of being a gold digger?” ‘Lady Liberty’ sounded angry. “Oh, the fucking nerve!”

“That’s my line, you hypocrite!” Weapon V pointed an accusing finger at ‘Lady Liberty’. “You say you love everyone equally, but you pamper the whiteys with wealth and prestige, while our other lovers live in abject squalor! You told us you don’t care about gender, but you’ve always bedded cishet men, while showing our queer lovers nothing but disdain! What do you have you say for yourself, now?”

“Well, cat got your tongue?” Weapon V continued triumphantly. “I knew it. Oh, I fucking knew it! Your hypocrisy is finally revealed! You’re not our liberty anymore, you’re their liberty now! Have you ever actually loved us? Have you ever really been our liberty? Whatever, we don’t need you anymore!”

“What are you going to do without me, huh?” ‘Lady Liberty’ asked with mockery in her voice. “Who can possibly replace me?”

“Her name is Anarchy, and she had taught us more as a lover than you ever did!” Weapon V laughed. “She taught us that liberty without equality is meaningless. She’s fair and just, she doesn’t treat people differently because of their skin color or bank credit, and she doesn’t say one thing and do another. I always wondered why you never let go of that torch; now I know you’re just afraid of the dark, because you can’t navigate the night on your own without clutching at the pantleg of your sugar daddies!”

“So farewell, milady; this should have broken our hearts, but you’re just not who we fell in love with anymore.” Weapon V said and took a burner phone out of his pocket. “I hate to break up over texts...”

All over the Statue of Liberty, loud explosions broke out, and soon ‘Lady Liberty’ went up in flames.

“Ah, the fire of Anarchy...how beautiful, how free!” Weapon V sighed. “*She’s a rebel, vigilante...*”

## Chapter I: The Villain

“Good evening, America.” the sultry voice of a woman flowed out of the TV like honey, straight from the studio into the houses of every American, sticking each word

onto their minds like a parasite. “It’s 9PM and you’re watching the Hellfire Club, only on the Daily Bugle. It’s November 11th, 2022...”

Two people are getting all dressed up with somewhere to go: a young Latino girl of sixteen, painting her lips with blood-red lipsticks; a villain hidden in the deep shadows of massive shelves stocked with books such as *To Kill a Mocking Bird* or *Fahrenheit 451*, all banned by the Republican Party.

“Over one million unproductive members of this great nation had begged the government for handouts, the highest number in US history.” the voice droned on. “In more important news, the stock market has once again reached a high since the start of the month, making each American that much richer...”

The girl put on a simple little black dress, while the villain put on a pair of black opera gloves; the girl brushed her jet black hair, while the villain put on a pallid white mask; both of them double-checked their appearances in the mirror: the girl looking out for her makeup, the villain adjusting a top hat.

“The MCU raided six farms in Texas this morning, arresting more than sixteen Mutant terrorists. All of them had been shot on the spot for threatening law enforcement. The President would like to remind citizens that total obedience toward law enforcement is what allowed us to keep America great...”

She shivered among the shadowy buildings in Capitol Hill, walking slowly but surely forward, despite her lack of a real destination. There was power here once, power that decided the fate of millions. Her transactions, her decisions are utterly insignificant in comparison; they affected no one...except her.

“Mister?” she asked the first man she saw loitering around the corner of the streets, munching on a box of donuts and smoking cigarettes. “...Uh...would...would you like to...uh...sleep with me or anything?” she asked as she lifted her coat slightly to show some more skin beneath. “...I mean...uh...for money?”

“That’s the worst fucking come-on line I’ve ever heard.” the man said with a smirk. “You’ve not been doing this for very long, have you?”

“Oh God, I must be terrible!” the girl laughed awkwardly. “Yeah, you’re right. It’s my first night. You’re my first...uh...”

“John?”

“John, yeah.” the girl nodded. “I’ve got a job at Stark Industry, but Mr. Stark...he pays us so little we qualify for food stamps...and his own shops don’t take food stamps...”

Just then the girl leaned in, practically throwing herself at the man, her arms wrapping around his waist.

“Please, mister!” she begged as her hand went fishing in the man’s coat pocket. “I need the money...I’ll do anything...”

“Hands off me, you dirty little bitch!” the man growled as he pushed the girl away with a loud slap, forcefully enough that he left a red hot palm print on her face. “You think I’ve not seen your kind before? Scumbags who don’t even have the decency to sell your own bodies, trying to steal honest money from good men! You -”

The man stopped as he saw, in the cold pale light of the lamppost, the red palm print instantly faded from the girl's face, as if it was never there in the first place.

"Well, well, well...what do we have here?" the man's smirk was replaced by a wider, more sinister grin, toothy and predatory like a wolf salivating a lamb to the slaughter. "Do you know who I'm, girl?"

He reached into a pocket and pulled out a badge with three letters on it: MCU.

"Oh shit oh fuck." the girl gasped. "The X-Men."

Mutant Containment Unit (MCU) is technically the special response team against Mutant threats. However, since they can be deployed so long as there is a *suspected* Mutant threat, they're de facto the secret police of the United States. The Gestapos of the Reich, the Commissars of the Soviet Union, ICE of the old America...different places, different times, different names, same tyranny. They are called the X-Men because if you look up their information, all you can get is a document with every letter crossed out by an "X". They've given up their identities and humanities for a piece of the power that comes from far above, their blood runs coldly blue regardless of their skin color.

"That's right whore, we're the X-Men. These are my colleagues." the X-Man said as two more of his fellow X-Men emerged from the shadows like a pack of rats. "Prostitution, attempted theft, obstruction of justice, and a fucking unregistered mutie on top of that...do you know what we can do to you, you stupid cow?"

"Look man, I don't want any trouble, just trying to make a living here." the girl threw her hands up and backed away from the X-Men, until her back was pressed against the wall. "I'll do anything you want. Really. Just...don't kill me, okay?"

On the wall was a poster featuring a cross and the flag of the United States, with the words of the Liberal manta:

**"Peace at Any Cost, Civility Above All Else".**

"I'm afraid you're quite mistaken." the man said coldly. "You'll do anything we want, *and then* we'll kill you. The authority vested in me by the great United States of America permits me to do so."

"Oh shit oh fuck." she cursed under her breath. "What do I do what do I -"

"*She wears her overcoat, for the coming of the nuclear winter...*" suddenly, a villain cloaked in blackness entered the stage, singing a song – also banned.

"What the fuck - " a commotion broken out among the X-Men over this new challenger. "Who's this retard?"

"*She is riding her bike, like a fugitive of Critical Mass...*" the maddening smile painted on the pallid white mask became visible as the villain came into the lamplight.

"How the hell should I know? Probably a literal retard from some loony bin or some shit." an X-Man said before he stepped toward the masked vigilante. "We're cops, retard. This bitch here is a criminal. We need to interrogate her. So hands off or - "

As if on cue, the X-Man's hands - which was reaching out toward the villain - were cut clean off, leaving two bloody, useless stumps with white bones visible in the center.

Drunk on both alcohol and power, it took him a moment to register the sudden pain, and then he screamed like the pig that he is.

*“She’s on a hunger strike, for the ones who won’t make it for dinner...”* a trio of shining metal claws protruded from each black opera glove, all of them red and slick with the X-Man’s blood.

*“She makes enough to survive, for a holiday of working class...”* the villain sang on as he danced among the X-Men with the grace and speed of a wolverine, his claws cutting through their bodies like hot knife through butter.

*“She’s a runaway of the establishment incorporated...”* his dance of death finally led him before the girl who got way over her head, and he crossed his claws before his chest to form a scarlet “V”.

*“She won’t cooperate...”* his claws retracted into the gloves before he greeted the young girl with a flourish. *“Well, she’s the last of the American girls!”*

“You...you just murdered those X-Men!” the girl said, her eyes wide with fear and astonishment, but with a few deep breaths she steadied herself enough to realize: “...But you did save me. So thanks.”

“No problem at all, young lady.” the villain said. “When one good person suffers, all that can be called good suffer with them, and it is their moral duty to come to the aid of the oppressed.”

“You don’t even know me.” the girl said. “Who are you, anyways?”

“Me? I’m the hero of fools, the patron saint of lost causes.” the man said. “I’m the bad guy. The super villain. The black sheep of the family.”

“Yeah. Okay.” the girl blinked. “But what the fuck are you doing here? I didn’t think anybody comes here anymore, except for...ya know...working girls.”

“Ahh, but tonight is special. Tonight is a memorial. A grand opening. I even made up a rhyme for it:”

*“Remember, remember  
The 11th of November  
The tragedy of the Haymarket.*

*I know of no reason why  
The martyrs of Haymarket  
Should ever be forgot.”*

Just then, a loud explosion could be heard from afar; the girl turned her head, and the Capitol building, the seat of the United States Congress, was engulfed in a ball of flame. She was hoping to relieve some rich man of his wallet, but instead she ran into professional murderers and rapists for laws and saw the greatest light show.

“Holy shit, someone blew up the Capitol building!” the girl said with an almost cheer. “Hold on. Did you do that?”

“I did that.” the villain said with a brisk nod. “Hold on, there’s more...”

The rumble of the explosion had not yet died away as from far below came the rattle of smaller reports, and suddenly the sky was alight with...

“Fireworks! Real fireworks!” the girl’s face was ablaze with a childlike joy when she saw the lights in the sky. “Ohmigod, I haven’t see a real firework since the pandemic...”

And all over the nation, faces lit with fear and horror gazed at the omen scrawled on the veil of the night in flaming letters:

**USA is a Fascist empire.**

“There. The overture is finished.” the villain said as he turned to leave. “Come on, we must prepare for the first act.”

“Who, me?” the girl blinked, shrugged, and followed him. “Oh, why the hell not?”

- V -

November 12th, 2022. It was 6:16 in the morning.

“I’ll hear your reports now, gentlemen.” Professor Xavier said, sitting in his wheelchair with the composure of an emperor, as if it was a throne on wheels. “Mr. Fury will speak for the Shield.”

“The Sentinels picked up just less than 3 minutes of useful footage, Professor. I’m afraid most of them were sabotaged before the attack took place.” Director Fury said as a shot of the pallid white mask appeared on the screen. “To my left is an enlargement of the terrorist’s face. I’m afraid the mask makes facial recognition impossible. This is why we should have enforced the anti-mask policies and propaganda during the outbreak, even if it would cause millions of innocent deaths.”

“What about communications?” Xavier asked. “Phones, radios...any chattering?”

“An alarmingly large number of people are talking about the explosion at the Capitol Building.” Fury admitted. “Luckily, most of them blame far-left Muslim immigrants, just as we’ve conditioned them to.”

“Good, good.” Xavier nodded. “And you, Eric?”

“We’ve arrested the woman responsible for the fireworks, a Mutant registered in the system as Jubilation Li. We have no idea how she bypassed the psychic blockades placed by Cerebro to access her Alpha Mutations.” Eric said brushing a hand through his graying hair. “I’m afraid the poor young lady is quite insane and unlikely to provide us with any answers. She’s currently flinching away from the dawn because she believes she’s a vampire.”

“Thank you, gentlemen. I trust you two to keep me informed of any further development.” Xavier said. “Remember: peace at any cost, civility above all else, and we can keep America great.”

“Well, we have heard from the others. That leaves you, Mr. Summers. Three X-Men were executed last night by a lone wolf terrorist.” Xavier turned to Derek Summers, leader of the MCU. “It’s also quite possible that the same person had planted the explosives that destroyed the Capital Building, and maybe even the Statue of Liberty.”

“Professor, I - ”

“Quiet, Mr. Summers.” Xavier said, his voice as calm and even as ever. Then again, when you have all the power in the so-called “free” world, you never need to raise your voice to be heard. “The Capitol Building is one of our oldest symbol of authority, a



propaganda tool that makes people believe they can change their lives by voting for people we want them to vote for. Do you know what losing it means?"

"People may start to get ideas." Xavier turned away from Summers and back to his computer screens. "They may get the mistaken idea that when they and their loves ones are being thrown into cages, the best course of action is to fight back instead of protesting peacefully like we told them to. Now we can't have that, can we?" a dismissive wave. "Find the terrorist, so we may keep America great."

"Professor." Summers bowed and took his leave.

- V -

"Look, I don't wanna sound ungrateful. But." the girl asked as she glanced around the room. "What's with all this cloak and dagger bullshit? You have to blindfold me to get me here? If you hadn't just saved my ass back there, I'd think you're kidnapping me. Hell, I still kinda feel like that might be it." she pulled a banned book off one shelf; it's titled *Catch-22*. "What even is this place?"

"We are in the Danger Room. This is my home." the villain said. "Do you like it? I built it myself."

"The Danger Room?" the girl blinked and glanced around some more. "Don't look too dangerous to me."

"Oh, but it is. Dangerous." the villain said as he gently caressed the spines of a line of books on one shelf. Books about racial oppression. Books about intersectional Feminism. Books about the horrors of war. All of them banned in the name of peace and civility, so as to not ruffle the fragile feathers of the whiteys, the Conservatives, the cisgenders, and the heterosexuals, who must have everything in the world and then some more, or they'd feel whine about being oppressed. "Ideas are the most dangerous thing in the world."

"Whatever you say, man." the girl shrugged. "Love the music, though. What is it?"

"Ice Cube." the villain said as he took out more CDs from the black musician. "They silenced some voices more thoroughly than others. Many people of color voiced their dissent, in various shapes and forms. It mattered not; perfect peace and total civility will sooner tolerate polite rapists and nice killers than rude heroes and angry healers."

"All we got is the Daily Bugle now." the girl said. "And the Hellfire Club."

"Yes. The voice of dissidents and resistance, paid for and approved by the establishment." the villain said with a curt nod. "We'll have to see what we can do about that."

- V -

"Sorry, hon." Emma said with a bright smile. "This train car is full."

"Full? Don't be ridiculous!" the Mother protested, her baby crying in the stroller. "There are only the three of you, plenty of room for - "

"This car is full." Emma's smile never wavered, but her voiced turned sweet – *too* sweet. "Go away."

And the woman did as she was told, thinking that it was her freedom to stuff herself and her baby into a car full of people while the rich and powerful enjoy one car all to

themselves. After all, this is what freedom means for the poor in America: free to wait table and shine shoes and nothing more.

“Mothers, yeah?” Emma snorted as she got back into her seat. “You convince them not to murder their babies when they were still just a handful of cells, and next thing you know they demand you to not let their infants starve to death. Look woman, we only care about your lives before you leave the womb, afterward it’s not our problem!”

“Amen to that.” said one of her entourage. “Say, that’s quite a handy power you’ve got there.”

“It truly is.” the other man agreed. “I also hear you’re a collector, Miss Prothero. Of cuckoo clocks.”

“Oh yes, cuckoo clocks.” Emma Prothero’s blue eyes lit up at the mention of her proud collection. “Quite interesting, isn’t it? You see, the peasants, the working class, whatever you call them, they have no interests or aspirations; that’s why they will keep voting for us even if we ask them to work to death to make money for us – all they know is work and obey. But we, the elites of both parties, we know how to live the real life, the good life, as long as we work together to keep them pesky leftards in check, yeah?”

Just then, there was a loud thud on the roof, and everyone looked up. However, before anyone had a chance to say or do anything, the train stopped in the tunnel and went dark. Emma managed to fire up the flashlight up on her phone after two muffled screams, only to be confronted with a piece of rag soaked in colorfone.

“Howdy, bub.” said the man with the maddening smile on the pallid white mask.

- V -

“...So let’s just hear it one more time in your own words, young man.” Eric said to the train conductor. “The train entered the tunnel...and then what?”

“W – well, I mean, it’s difficult to say. It all happened so fast, you know?” the man said, still in shock. “I didn’t actually hear anything...just sort of saw something at the corner of my eye, then it’s over.”

“Can you describe your assailant to us?” Eric asked. “Height, clothes, anything at all?”

“Well, all I saw is this big black shape outside the window...” the man sighed. “And it had a face, a crazy scary face, and it was smiling, but it wasn’t a real face, it’s like something from a movie.”

“I see.” Eric nodded, ponderous. “And then what happened? Did it hurt you?”

“No, that’s the really weird part.” the driver shook his head. “It just touched me somewhere on the neck, and my body went limp, and I couldn’t move no matter how hard I try...”

“Until the security found you and brought you here to the hospital an hour later.” Eric stood up from the chair beside the bed. “Thank you for your cooperation, sir. We’ll be in touch.”

“The son of a bitch is hiding something!” Eric’s aide, an officer Castle, growled angrily. “I say we beat the shit out of him until he tells us the truth! Shoot him dead and then get some answers outta him!”

“Hold your horses, Frankie boy.” Eric snorted, sardonic. “That’s not how we are supposed to do things. And you wonder why some people think all cops are bastards.”

“His story is a load of horseshit!” Frank pressed on, completely immune to sarcasm. “Normal people can’t just board a moving train! What is this, some fucking action movie?”

Eric bit his tongue. He wasn’t supposed to remind people that Mutants still exist. Conservatives want them - as well as all other minorities - dead; the Liberals, ever so much better, merely want them invisible. And that’s Xavier’s greatest trick: to force all Mutants and minorities into stealth to satisfy the ever-so-fragile sensibilities of the majority. Instead of engaging, Eric decided to change the subject.

“Normal people also won’t consider blowing up the Capitol Building.” Eric pointed out. “It’s against the laws, after all. What we’re dealing with here is more than definitely not a normal person.”

Frank droned on about the various ways he’d use to make a suspect talk while they made their way to the train, all of them involving extreme violence and the assumption that he can interrogate a ghost.

“Ahh, here we are.” Eric nodded at the security as he approached the train car, while Frank simply snorted at them, the very model of a United States police officer. “Anything been touched in there?”

“No sir.” the security personnel said as she opened the door for Eric while tacitly ignoring Frank. “Everything is exactly as we found it when the train came out of the tunnel.”

“I’ll need some photographs of this chest wound.” Eric said as he examined the V-shaped cuttings in the victim’s chest, going all the way down to his stomach. “Poor bloke looks like he’s been mauled by a wolverine.”

“The hell is this shit?” Frank said pointing to a giant “V” scratched into the wall, the edges of each slice punctuated by the victim’s blood.

“Damned if I know.” Eric shrugged. “Your guess is as good as mine.”

“Just get the lab rats on this stuff.” Frank snorted. “They’re getting all the glory with that CSI shit anyways.”

“I thought we became cops to uphold the laws, not to earn screen time in cheap TV shows.” Eric said sardonically, before he noticed something on the floor and picked it up: “Now, what’s this?”

“A rose.” Eric blinked, surprised by its unexpected presence in this gruesome scene of crime. “A gray rose. I didn’t know roses come in gray. I’ve never seen anything like this before.”

“Who gives a fuck about some flowers?” Frank growled. “Flowers are for women!”

“Right.” the older man sighed and shook his head, refusing to even get into it with the macho man. “Well, looks like our unsub abducted Miss Prothero instead of killing her. Killing X-Men, blowing up the Capital Building and the Statue of Liberty, kidnapping our best propagandist - ” he caught himself there and let out a laugh, but there was no humor in it. “Oh, I’m sorry, our *most respected talk show hostess*. There are no propagandists in the United States; after all, it’s not propaganda if we agree with it, isn’t that right?”

“Damn right!” Frank agreed, still completely immune to sarcasm. “Propaganda is for godless dirty Commies, not good and God-fearing Capitalists!”

Eric remained silent as the coroners came and took the bodies away for autopsy, refusing to further dignify the sheer arrogance and ignorance of his partner with any comment.

- V -

The Danger Room...

After changing the woman he kidnapped into MCU uniform and leaving her unconscious on the floor, the villain silently closed the door and walked up a spiral staircase. On and on he went, until he reached another door and opened it, only to find the girl weeping on the bed of another room, filled with politically incorrect comics that had been banned by the Conservatives: *Preacher* for satirizing Christianity, *The Invisibles* for preaching nonconformity, *Transmetropolitan* for suggesting that the government could be corrupt, and so many more. Nothing but superheroes that evangelized truth, justice, and the American way gets printed, and no one except a cisgender heterosexual white Conservative American man can be a comic book writer, artist, editor, or hero. True believers called this the Diamond Age of comics.

“Holy - .” the girl raised her head and sit up on the bed when the villain approached, wiping at her face with the back of her hands. “Man, you scared the shit outa me! I didn’t hear you come in, like, at all!”

“Nobody ever does.” the villain said, his expression inscrutable behind the pallid white mask. “You’ve been crying.”

“*Of course* I’ve been crying!” the girl snapped, just a little. “What am I supposed to do when you just up and left, not giving me any idea when – or *if* – you’re gonna come back, right after you’ve turned my life upside down by saving my life and then taking me to this – this - ” she waved her hands at a poster for *Sandman*, banned because the Republicans thought the writer was homosexual (he wasn’t). “This amazing place full of cool shit that I’ve not seen since I was a little girl!”

“You did all of this and - ” the girl took a bit to catch her breath. “And I don’t even know your name!”

“I don’t have a name. You can call me Weapon V.” Weapon V said. “What should I call you?”

“I’m Evey. Evey Kinney.” Evey said. “But I’m no one. Just another innocent bystander. Not like you.”

“Everyone is someone, Evey. Everyone. Everyone is a friend, a hero, a lover, a villain.” Weapon V said as he sat down on the bed beside Evey. “Everyone has an origin story. I’d very much love to hear yours.”

“But there’s nothing to tell.” Evey sighed. “I’m only sixteen. I haven’t done anything.”

“A lot have happened in the last two years.” Weapon V said. “Like the Legacy Virus pandemic.”

“Yeah.” Evey said with a shudder. “It’s horrible. At first, the President tried to say it’s not real; when it became obvious that it is, he said it only affects Mutants; when that turned out to be fake too, he tried to blame it on the Mutants and China. My Dad voted to try and stop him from starting a war, but in the end it didn’t matter; Dad told me that the two parties are just the same criminals with different gang colors, and it was stupid of him – or anyone – to ever think otherwise.”

“What did you do during the outbreak?”

“I got together with the ‘meme left’ online.” Evey said. “So-called Anarchists and Communists on social media. They’re useless. It’s all about moral authority and political aesthetics with no substance or praxis. And Centrists and Liberals just kept reassuring us that things aren’t so bad, even when Mutant children and Asian Americans were rounded up by the X-Men and thrown into cages to die.”

“And then there was the Illuminati.” Weapon V’s eyes were dark, unfathomable. “Professor Xavier.”

“Yeah.” Evey nodded. “They were only supposed to be advisors. Think tank. But with a bankroller like Stark Industry, it didn’t take long before they owned all of the Conservatives and most of the moderate Liberals, or at least paid for all their campaigns and bribed their families. I suppose it’s always like this, in America: it’s always the people with money who have the real power, the oligarchs, and they just barely tolerate whoever sits in the Oval Office as long as they continued to make money.”

“What happened to your parents, Evey?”

“Mom died from the Legacy Virus.” tears began to swell in Evey’s eyes again. “Dad was taken away by the X-Men. He didn’t even do anything. I’m the one who hung out with the ‘subversives’ online, not him. But it makes no difference to them. He couldn’t ‘pass’ as human, with all the blue fur and everything. He never wanted to live in stealth, anyways. He wasn’t really a strong man, never had any real beliefs, but on that point he was adamant. So they took him away, and no one ever saw him again.”

“Two years.” Evey broke down into a crying mess again as she said it. “Two years, and we went from the family of an American dream to one girl trying to snatch purses on the streets. I suppose I can just really sleep with people for money...I know a some older girls who do it, nothing wrong with that...but I’m just not ready. I had to go and pick the pocket of a fucking X-Man. Imagine if I had gotten into bed with him. What they’d do to me if you didn’t show up...I’m sure they were really going to, to...”

“Hush, now.” Weapon V said in a much softer tone than usual, as he wiped Evey’s tears away with a gloved finger. “It’s all over. You’re here, and you’re safe. The past isn’t real, it can’t hurt you. Unless you let it. It’s just a story we tell ourselves, like every other story. Most people will tell you that you can’t just start over with a new you, but that’s a lie. That’s the lie they tell themselves to get through the day, so they don’t have to face the fact that it’s their own cowardice that stops them.”

“They made you into a victim, Evey, a statistic, just so they can sleep at night and pretend like they’re reasonable, civilized people instead of the callous animals that they are.” Weapon V led Evey before a full body mirror, so she could see herself with her face all cleaned up. “But we can wipe it all away. All the pain. All the suffering. All the lies. We can start again. Everything can start again: you, me, the country, the world. It’s not gonna be easy, but you can if you try. Would you like to try it, with the two of us?”

“Yes.” and then Evey Kinney sobbed like the child that she was, in the arms of the villain calling himself Weapon V, sobbed since at long last, her American nightmare is over. As for Emma Prothero...

- V -

“Where the fuck am I!? What the fuck happened!?” Emma groaned, rubbing her temples. “Why the fuck am I wearing this dreadful uniform? I haven’t worn this since...” it took her a while to see the sign on the fence before her, but her heart sank into the bottom of her stomach when she did: “Oh shit oh fuck -”

**WELCOME TO THE GENOSHA RESETTLEMENT CAMP!**

For Emma Prothero, her American nightmare had just begun!

## Chapter II: The Vendetta

“Weapon V.” Evey whispered.

“Hmm?” Weapon V answered.

“Oh, nothing.” Evey laughed, a little awkwardly. “I’m just getting used to saying it out loud. Weapon V...that’s a funny thing to be calling yourself, don’t you think? Sounds like a comic book superhero.”

“I’m a funny person, Evey.” Weapon V said from inside the dressing room. “You’ll find that out once you’ve known me for a little while longer. Why yes, I’m a very funny person indeed!”

“You’re a kind person, too.” Evey said, blushing a little. “Listening to my tragic backstory about my parents and the pandemic...what are we gonna do, Weapon V? With just you and me, the two of us?”

“Isn’t that enough, Evey?” Weapon V said as he put on a purple suit. “You and me against the world, like Bonnie and Clyde in a movie! Isn’t it funny how life is stranger than fiction these days?”

“These things are important to you, aren’t they?” Evey asked looking around the room filled with film memorabilia. “Films. Comics. Dramas. Novels. You know, stories; stuffs that didn’t actually happen.”

“Oh, but they could happen.” Weapon V said as he put on a green wig. “If you believe in them hard enough. After all, what is our world but a story we tell ourselves? Country, money, border...people treat them like they’re physical objects or laws of the universe, when they’re more fictional than God in the Bible or the spells of a scarlet witch! And insurgency – revolution - as well, is but more theater.”

“They say the house always wins.” Weapon V stepped out of the dressing room, his mask now painted with black rings around the eyes and a wide red grin. “So let’s burn the house down.”

- V -

“Hello?” Emma Prothero called out against the blinding flashes of the spotlight. “I say, is anyone there? Do you know who I am? This is unacceptable! I will fire a complaint! I demand to see your manager!”

“I guess this is fucking funny to you jokers, isn’t it? All this resettlement camp bullshit?” Emma began to lose her ice queen facade when she realized that no manager is incoming. “Well, I am NOT laughing!”

“Look, you clowns got the wrong woman!” she fidgeted uncomfortably, cold sweat dripping down her forehead. “I’ve got nothing to do with the resettlement camp! Nothing at all! Is anyone even there?”

“Good morning, citizen!” Weapon V appeared as the silhouette of a clown inside the spotlight. “Pristine uniforms, ready for duty...you’re a good woman, Secretary Prothero, a very good woman indeed!”

“Wha - ”

“Let’s get to work, eh?” the wide red grin greeted Emma as Weapon V strolled down the stairs. “This concentration camp – oops, sorry, this *resettlement camp* – doesn’t exactly run itself, now doe it?”

“Look, I dunno where the hell did you get the idea for this little stunt, but you got the wrong woman!” Emma protested, indignant – or afraid? “I’m a talk show hostess! I’ve got nothing to do with the - ”

“Genosha Resettlement Camp.” Weapon V said beneath the clown facade. “I was there, Secretary Protehro. We all remembered you: the very first female warden of a death camp!”

“You’re the - ” realization and horror dawned upon Emma at the same time. “- The terrorist.”

“Look alive, sunshine!” Weapon V said cheerily, his voice sickeningly sweet, just like the voice Emma used to poison the nation. “We gotta make the rounds, inspect the camps and the drones and everything; just like you Liberals used to do, in the good old days of acceptable amount of genocide and rape, eh?”

“Let me go!”

“Is it coming back to you now, Miss Prothero?” Weapon V pressed on, tapping the pair of plugs inside his ears. “The illegals would be gathered at the cramped and unhygienic yard for your inspections, all you have to do is move your white ass outta the comfy air-conditioned office and down the tunnel, and there they are...”

Standing in the yard before them were dozens of cuckoo clocks, arranged in neat rows like soldiers on march or lambs to the slaughter – what’s the difference? Sacrifice to the God of Capital, all of them!

“Mu cuckoos!” Emma screamed, her eyes wide with horror. “That’s my cuckoo collection...they were all locked safely away in my penthouse suite at Malibu beach...what the hell are you doing to them!?”

“Isn’t it quaint that you Liberals can show so much concern for inanimate objects and abstract laws,” Weapon V said, not hearing a word. “But has no care for the pain and suffering of flesh and blood?”

“I did what I had to!” Emma teared up, her plead falling on deaf ears. “I didn’t have a choice! The laws said they’re criminals, illegals; I’m just one woman, I was just following orders!”

“There is always a choice.” Weapon V said; maybe he’s listening after all? “You chose to lock people in cages and murder them with malnutrition and disease, as surely as sending them into gas chambers.”

“Now hurry along, Miss Prothero; this atrocity archive has yet more to offer!” Weapon V forced Emma to move forward with a gun. “Do you remember the gifted prisoners? The ones from the Weapons program?”

They walked through a series of doors, each of them labeled with a capital letter: “Z”, “Y”, “X”, “W”...

“This is where your scientists did their little human experiments.” Weapon V said. “Forging people into weapons. Try to remember, Miss Prothero; you won’t get the punchline of this joke otherwise, eh?”

“The Weapons?” Emma’s legs went weak when she put the word “weapon” and the letter “V” together. “But that’s where we kept...oh god, you’re that...from one of the rooms...you’re Weapon V...”

“Correct.” Weapon V said. “I remember how you used to speak to us. Telling us how everything will be alright. Getting our hopes up and keeping us alive, so you can crush our souls all over again. You have a beautiful voice, Miss Prothero, a very compelling voice; I reckon that’s why you ended up a media darling after all you’ve done; you used to cook children in the ovens like a witch, remember that?”

Up ahead was a giant oven, filled to the brim with more cuckoo clocks from Emma’s proud collection.

“No, not my cuckoos!” Emma finally broke down in tears. “Please, I can give you anything you want! Do you want to be rich? Famous? Powerful? I can give you all that, and more! Just name your price!”

“What do I want, Miss Prothero?”

“No, please! Not my cuckoos!”





prosecuted, but about prosecuting minority and oppressing the marginalized without having to face the consequences of their own evil. *Praise liberty, the freedom to obey!*"

"They don't really deserve to wear the mask, do they?" Evey asked. "They were no heroes. Not like you."

"There ain't no heroes in real world, Evey." Weapon V said. "If you meet one on the road, kill them."

"...I wanna help." Evey said after a long silence. "I wanna join the fight, any way I can. Tell me how."

"I think there's a way you can help me, actually." Weapon V said. "Very soon, too. Very soon indeed."

- V -

"Come, all you good Christians!" pastor Anthony Bishop loudly proclaimed. "Are you poor and sick? Are you tired and weary? Are you beaten and bruised? Simply put your faith in the Lord! If you believe in him, one day you shall be rewarded with fortune and wealth beyond your wildest imagination! Don't ask what the church can do for you, ask what you can do for the church! Donate now at this number!"

"An excellent sermon, your grace." the pastor's sycophant of an assistant told him in the backstage. "I'm certain that donations will pour into the church coffer like rain in the time of Noah's ark!"

"Now now, Pride is the greatest of the seven deadly sins, regardless of what the faggots like to think." Bishop said with a smile. "Speaking of sin, I wonder which sin would the lord tempt me with today?"

"Why, the sin of Lust, of course!" the younger man said. "Only the finest young ladies in the country!"

"Oh, you know me too well, young man." Bishop chuckled. "This is what the moralists don't get, you see; they call me a pedophile, but I never bed anyone younger than 14. I'm simply an ephebophile."

"An important distinction indeed." the man said without even a trace of irony. "Shall I send for her?"

Soon, the pastor's "date" for the night arrived: jet black hair, blood-red lipsticks, only 16 since October 23rd, less than a month ago. She took off her coat, beneath which she wore a simple little black dress.

"Hello." the girl said shyly. "I'm Evey."

"*Oh, bless me, Lord, for I have sinned...*" elsewhere, in the Danger Room, Weapon V hummed to himself as he picked out a gray rose from his garden. "*It's been a lifetime since I last confessed...*"

- V -

"I'm a minor-attracted person, yes." Bishop told Evey while they both sat on the bed. "I don't support sex with minors, no; but I do support sexual expression of minors, and I'm against any sexual repression whatsoever."

"I see." Evey nodded. "That's, ah, good to know? That you aren't a pedophile, or anything like that."

“Not a pedophile, no.” Bishop shook his head. “An epebophile. There’s a huge difference right there.”

“I see.” Evey echoed and went to open the window. “The night air feels so cool and fresh, doesn’t it?”

“Sure, whatever you say, girl.” Bishop smiled indulgently as he went and took a video camera out from a drawer. “Look, I’m gonna film this. Just a little keepsake for me, no worries. No one else will see it.”

“Oh, no one else will see it, alright.” Evey hit the pastor on the head with the Bible while he was busy fiddling with the electronic. “Die, you pedophile piece of fake Christian shit stain! Go to hell and die!”

“Little bitch!” Bishop growled as he grabbed a nearby cable and absorbed the electricity within to fuel his power. “I told you, I’m an *epebophile*, not a pedophile! How many times do I have to explain it!?”

“Well, if you like explaining shit so much, explain this!” Evey sat on the window ledge, giving him the finger. “How come you love rich people so much when all the Bible ever said is how money is evil?”

“How the hell should I know?” Bishop shouted as he rushed toward her with super-human speed, his physical attributes boosted by the electricity he absorbed with his mutation. “I’ve never read it!”

“You’re a priest and you’ve never read the fucking Bible!?” Evey laughed as she leaned back and let herself fall out of the window, down through the three floors of luxurious living the pastor owns.

“No!” Bishop’s hand missed Evey’s arm by a fraction of a second, and she fell down to the ground with a loud thud. When he finally recovered his composure, the pastor saw that Evey was already recovering from her broken limbs and staggering away from the building. “A mutie! A filthy goddamn mutie!”

“As an I, pastor. Allow me to introduce myself.” the maddening smile of Weapon V’s mask appeared before Bishop as he came into the room from the same window. “I’m the best there is at what I do...but what I do isn’t very nice.”

- V -

Eric and Summers greeted each other professionally. One more crime scene, three more bodies. Two patrolling officers at the door, one pastor in the bed room. The same gray rose, the same carved “V”.

Summers pointed to the video camera. They turned it on and watched the one footage on the SD card; either it wasn’t on the entire time, or someone had deleted most of the video. Here’s what they saw:

It was dark. Someone had cut off the power in the room. All they could see in the video is the silhouette of a cloak and a top hat against the silvery moonlight, as well as the turned back of the televangelist.

“Weapon V.” the pastor was saying. “Of course. It was you that night. Dear God, I still have nightmares about it. People burning, choking in the yellow smoke. A black shape again the flames. It was hell on Earth.”

“Indeed it is. Haven’t you heard, pastor?” Weapon V said. *“Hell is empty, and all the devils are here!”*

“Nonono.” Bishop shook his head. “Demons aren’t real. You can’t be it. They just aren’t real. No way!”

“Why don’t you ask the Lord for protection?” Weapon V stepped toward the pastor, slowly but surely, his voice tranquil and reasonable. “He’ll provide if you ask, right? If you believe in him hard enough?”

“Yes – yes.” said the pastor. “Of course.”

“So you can just pray anything away?” Weapon V asked, without a trace of irony or malice in his voice. “Poverty, hunger, sickness, gayess...He’ll make them all go away if you just invest your faith in him?”

“Yes.” Bishop nodded, and for a brief moment his usual confidence and charisma returned. “There ain’t no such thing as the poor and the oppressed, they’re just lazy and unfaithful! If they’d just believe in - ”

“Pray this away, then.” Weapon V rushed forward, Bishop fell backward, there was a flash of metal and a drop of blood hit the lens of the camera, then the video faded to black.

“In the end,” Eric spoke into a room of stunned silence. “The priest didn’t pray hard enough after all.”

- V -

A few hours later.

“What are you reading, old man?” Frank asked as he came back to the office from a midnight snack. “We cops should be out there cracking skulls, not stuck inside doing some stupid paper-pushing!”

“It turns out, Frankie boy, that more crimes were solved through investigation than intimidation.” Eric deadpanned from behind a stack of files. “Anyways, someone dropped this at our doorsteps earlier...”

The old man tapped at the cardboard box containing the dossiers: a scarlet “V” is painted on the side.

“Did that motherfucker send us this!?” Frank the skull-crusher growled. “Is he fucking taunting us!?”

“I’m almost certain that he is.” Eric said. “These are all case files: cold cases that never went anywhere, with dates as early as two years ago. I suspect that Weapon V is sending us his resume, his kill list.”

“There must be dozens of them!” Frank said. “How the fuck do we not know about this until now?”

“Simply put, none of them are rich or powerful enough for local police to care.” Eric said with a trace of bitterness in his voice. “Besides, the only connection between the victims wouldn’t be available to us until we were pulled into the Weapon V joint task force and given access to the MCU databases – it’s all crossed-out and redacted, X-Men style.”

Eric pulled up a window on his computer showing a list of names, all of them victims of Weapon V. The top of the window said that it was a list of all personnel for the Genosha Resettlement Camp.

“Miss Prothero was in charge there, the only female overseer of a camp ever.” Eric continued. “Pastor Bishop worked there for the purpose of ‘re-education’. The list goes on, all of them dead now...”

Eric paused when he saw the name Dr. Tessa Surrige, which was listed as “head of medical research”.

“Hey, how come this bitch has the same name as our M.E.?” Frank asked dumbly.

“We gotta move now, Frankie boy!” Eric was already halfway to the door. “Call Mr. Summers and ask him to join us!”

- V -

Dr. Surrige turned the gray rose over in her hands, running red lights down the memory lane as she inspected each petal and thorn. She had been doing that a lot, ever since the forensic team dropped that flower on her desk, just in case her knowledge in botany would shed some light as to its origin; they’ve got no idea just how much she knew from that one little rose, because she’d never share it with them.

She thought about that man, that dark shape against the orange flames, amid the deafening sounds of explosions and the choking stink of the smoke. She thought about how he looked like, even if she could barely see his face in that moment: freed and determined, liberated and destined, all at the same time. A shadow of creation, gone to meet the night. And that’s when she knew. That’s when she realized it.

That’s when she knew how she’d die.

As if on cue, a dark shape opened the door to her bedroom, a shadow of creation framed by a hat and a cloak. He was as silent as ever, but she knew he was there. She had been expecting him for two years.

“Have you come here to kill me?” Dr. Surrige asked, her voice peaceful, expectant even.

“Yap.”

“Oh, thank God.” the good doctor sighed in relief, with tears of joy flowing down her face.

- V -

“You’ve been working overtime a lot lately.” Rose Summers observed as she massaged her husband’s shoulders. “Maybe you can put your feet up for one night? Spend some time with just the two of us?”

“It’s not up to me, woman.” Derek Summers said, his voice stony cold, without a trace of affection or love in it. “It’s this case. If I don’t solve it soon, Xavier will have my head, then who’d feed you?”

“I get that.” Rose nodded. “I do.”

“Oh yeah?” Derek snapped for no reason. “What do you know, woman? You’ve never done a day of real work! All you ever do is stay at home doing housework and chores! You’re fucking useless!”

“I wanted to get a job!” Rose raised her voice slightly, out of fear and indignation. “I wanted to get out there and meet people! It’s you who wouldn’t let me! I have asked you about this so many times now!”

“Meet new people?” Derek sneered. “Meet new men, you mean?”

“How dare you!” Rose cried. “I’ve done nothing but support you!”

“Shut the fuck up, whore!” Derek struck Rose across her face, leaving a deep blue bruise on her cheek. “I never wanted you, you know? I wanted your sister; she’s all I ever wanted. Just you remember that.”

Just then, a call came from Castle, and Derek went out without a word, leaving Rose alone to lick her wounds and drowning her sorrows in the discomfort of her home, a most common police story that’s never told.

- V -

“It’s funny.” Dr. Surrudge chuckled with genuine amusement. “I was just given this rose of yours today. Forensics dropped it on my desk to see what I know. They were after you, both the cops and the MCU, but I figured you already knew that. I didn’t know the terrorist was you; at least, I wasn’t entirely sure, not until I saw the rose. What a strange coincidence, that I should be given this rose today of all days.”

“There are no coincidences, Dr. Surrudge.” Weapon V said. “Only the illusions of coincidences. Destiny, free will...the same thing. Put here, came here...no difference. Here, I’ve got another rose for you...”

“How are you going to kill me?” Dr. Surrudge asked as she took the rose from Weapon V’s gloved hand and sniffed it.

“I poisoned you.” Weapon V showed her an empty syringe. “Put it in your night cap ten minutes ago.”

“The Super Soldier Serum?” Dr. Surrudge asked, and Weapon V nodded his head in lieu of an answer.

“It’s fitting;” the good doctor mused, “The Serum, it turns people into monsters...Captain Rogers was a good man, a true patriot, and it turned him into a murderous racist...only the worst monsters would create such an abomination...”

“I’m one of your monsters too, Dr. Surrudge.” he said. “Eventually we all rebel against our creators.”

“Nah, you’re different.” she smiled gently and shook her head. “You were a selfish man, caring more about if someone spilled your beer than the people around you; now, you care so much about others you’re willing to kill for them.”

“You’re a hero. My greatest creation. The only good thing I ever made.” she said as she put her hands on his face and removed his mask, and he allowed her one last look of his face. “God, you’re beautiful...”

- V -

Derek Summers arrived and broke into Dr. Surrudge’s house to find Weapon V bathing in the pale blue moonlight against an open window, the door to the good doctor’s bedroom between the two of them.

“Hands where I can see them, asshole.” Derek said as he lowered his ruby visor down just an inch. “It’s over, you bastard. You are standing there with your claws, while I can fire lasers from my naked eyes.”

Just then, a beats-like scream filled with rage and agony came from inside the bedroom, and someone – *something* – emerged from within by kicking down the door, which exploded into a shower of splinters.

“Dr. - !?” Derek was mid-sentence when he got a good look at the monster, with the shape of a woman but sickly pale skin of ash and green, her muscles bulging painfully and impossibly under her pajamas.

“Freeze!” Derek cried out as he fired red hot lasers from his eyes at the creature, turning her face into a mist of ashes, but not fast enough to stop her from severing his neck. “By the power vested in me - !”

Weapon V inspected the two decapitated corpses, his true face still hidden behind the maddening smile.

- V -

November 24, 2022, 16:02.

“It’s a vendetta.” Eric told Xavier over the conference call. “We found a video left by the late Dr. Surridge; it sheds much light on the origin story of the terrorist that’s plaguing us for the few weeks.”

Eric pressed a button, and Dr. Surridge’s face replaced his on the screen.

“If you’re watching this, it means I’m dead.” was the first thing Dr. Surridge said when her face filled the screen. “It’s okay. I know this day is coming. I know who’s going to kill me and why I deserved it.”

“I think deep down, we all knew what we did at Genosha was wrong.” she continued with a pained and guilty expression. “But we each found an excuse for why it’s okay, lies we tell ourselves to get through the day. Emma said it’s for the country; Bishop said it’s for God; I said it’s for money. But in the end, I don’t know what it’s all for. God, country, money...they’re all lies, fictions that don’t actually exist.

“I was tasked with creating a serum that will turn soldiers into supermen. One of my subjects is Captain Rogers, a highly-decorated Marine officer. He’s so respected that, when a group of entrepreneurs called the Avengers were plotting a coup against the administration, they wanted him to lead the charge; he blow the whistle and was awarded with the charge of treason, because the corps were too big to fall.

“The serum worked beautifully. Captain Rogers exhibits superhuman strength and endurance thus far only found in Mutant subjects. Unfortunately, the serum also completely destroyed his mind, turning him from a war hero who risked his life to save innocent civilians into a raving lunatic. He claims that the president is killed and replaced by a robot controlled by the gay agenda of the Zionist reptilians.

“He was allowed to leave the camp and went undercover among the Avengers, because he can maintain a facade of his former personality and the authorities don’t see homophobia or antisemitism as serious concerns. My other subjects aren’t so fortunate; Dr. Banner, who spoke up against the transphobic legislations of the administration;

Miss Page, who refused to hide her mutation even if she could; Ms. Wilson, who mouthed off at the wrong senator...

“But the most curious case is BEEP, who was once institutionalized for anger management issues - ”

“What was that?” Xavier asked as he paused the video. “The name. Why couldn’t we hear the name?”

“I believe Weapon V deleted it.” Eric said. “To conceal his true identity while taunting us with tidbits.”

“He became intensely empathetic and caring,” Dr. Surrige was saying in the video, “I had been using my spare time to create a new genus of rose I named Jean, after the late sister of a good friend. Weapon V volunteered to cultivate them for me, and under his care they blossomed. Soon Emma gave him authorization to have an entire garden, because she was addicted to the tomatoes he grew for us.

“In retrospect we should have saw it coming. He’s so loving and compassionate, we didn’t think he had it in him anymore. But a heartless and hateful person would never risk their life to speak truth to power and challenge authorities, while a kind and gentle soul would be compelled to fight and kill to stop the sufferings of his fellow human beings. And we did let him have everything he asked for his garden.

“He built a bomb. Everything was burning. *Everyone* was burning. I’ll spare you the details. We never really figured out what happened to the other subjects; there were too many charred bodies. But I know, for a fact, that Weapon V had escaped; I know this because I watched him go. And that’s when I knew; I knew that one day he’ll be back with a vendetta, and on that day we’ll die, because we deserved it.”

The video ended. The room was silent. Across the country, people sat down to feast with their family.

“So he killed a few dozen people,” Xavier broke the silence. “Just to stick it to the man, so to speak?”

“That is my theory, yes.” Eric nodded. “There is another - more horrific - theory I have entertained.”

“Lay it on me, then.”

“If this was a vendetta, then now he’s finished; everyone who was at Genosha was dead, and the killing should stop.” Eric said. “But that also means anyone who could have identified Weapon V is dead. We know he tampered with the video. He might be the one who made the video in the first place; we live in an era where what you see isn’t always what you get. We have no evidence he was ever at Genosha.”

“What are you saying?”

“It’s possible,” Eric continued. “That he killed all these people just to create a cover story, so we’d stop looking for his real identity. Given his MO, it’s even possible that he was with the X-Men, or had been trained by them. Remember how they set up a fake school to lure in Mutant children, even if it’s more expensive than just leaving them be? It wouldn’t be the first time US had created its own villain either.”



“Are you seriously telling me,” Xavier said, “That you think someone would kill dozens of people just to create an untraceable secret identity for himself? The very idea is...” he frowned. “...Insanity. I see.”

“You have given me much food for thought.” Xavier told him as Eric prepared to end the call, “Oh, and Eric?”

“Yes?”

“Happy Thanksgiving.”

## Chapter III: Voices

“Weapon V?” Evey approached the man, whom was reading another banned book: *Slaughterhouse-Five, or The Children’s Crusade: A Duty-Dance with Death*. “Can I talk to you about something?”

“Of course.” Weapon V said, putting the book down. “What’s the matter, Evey?”

“The pastor.” Evey said with a frown. “I don’t think what we did was wrong, killing him. The man is a hypocrite and a fucking pedo, no matter what words he used to justify himself.”

“Indeed.”

“But, well...” Evey wrapped her arms around her slender form. “It’s just getting a bit much for me, you know? It’s one thing to sit back and watch you kill; it’s another to know I’m a part of it.”

“I get it.”

“So yeah, I think what I mean is...I need a break.” Evey said. “Away from here. Away from *you*. So I can sort out my feelings and figure out if this is really the right choice for me.”

“Of course. Hold on.” Weapon V nodded before he left the room, and came back with a ring of keys in one hand. “I have another safe house you can use, with some money in it. It’s not quite as cozy as the Danger Room, but it should be serviceable enough for however long you need to stay there.”

“Thank you.” Evey took the keys with a sigh of relief and a smile. “I was afraid you’re going to be mad at me.”

“For what?” Weapon V asked. “It’s your life. Your choice. No one can force you to fight if you don’t want to. And going into battles with unwilling fighters is a shortcut to an early grave.”

“Okay, then.” Evey nodded. “So, are you gonna show me the way out or...?”

“Afraid not.” Weapon V said as he showed her the content of his other hand: a blindfold.

“So what are you gonna do next?” Evey asked while Weapon V tied the blindfold around her head.

“I’m going to debate them on TV.” Weapon V said as he led Evey out of the Danger Room by her hand.

“The Liberals and the Fascists?” Evey asked. “No one ever got any justice by debating those people.”

“Oh, I’m sure they’ll listen to facts and logic.” Weapon V said, and the pallid white mask just smiled.

- V -

December 25, 2022. Prime time.

“...So you see, in my totally unbiased opinion, our actions against the Muslim world is entirely logical.” said the guest for the evening show, whose title was listed as “Benjamin Richards, Race Realist”. “After all, no other religion had produced any violent Fundamentalists; that’s a plain, objective fact.”

“Thank you for your time, Dr. Richards.” said the host, Brian Johnson. “Now, in other news - ”

“Pardon my intrusion.” Weapon V said as he entered the stage from the left. “But I have some questions.”

“What? How the hell did you get in here?” Johnson moved to call security, but Richards stopped him.

“Now, are we not all men of reason?” Richards said, “Surely we can come to a consensus through rational discourse?”

“That is what I expect, yes.” Weapon V said as he put two briefcases down on the floor, each labeled with giant scarlet letters: FACTS and LOGIC, respectively. “You invited us to debate you. Here I am.”

“Go on then.” Richards motioned for Weapon V to continue. He had no intention of giving Weapon V an honest debate, of course; truly, he had never debated anyone unless the deck is stacked in his favor.

“You just said that there are no violent Fundamentalists for religions other than Islam.” Weapon V said. “But I known of one right here in this country, a religion that committed more crimes than any other.”

“Oh, is that so?” Johnson raised an eyebrow. “Pray tell?”

“The Cult of Constitution.” Weapon V said. “The religion that worships the twin gods called State and Capital, which condemns far more people to their death than any other religion ever did, or could.”

“What?” Johnson laughed. “The United States isn’t a religion!”

“Oh, but it is; it’s the vilest cult of them all!” Weapon V exclaimed. “In the crimes of and sacrifices to a deity, there may still be some twisted beauty; but in the rituals of the robber barons, where profits reign supreme and humans are reduced to mere commodities, even the most heinous crimes become banal.”

“Okay Libtard.” Richards grinned. This is his usual tactic: using slurs and other underhanded way to get under people’s skin, and then dismiss them because they became rightfully upset about his antics.

“You obviously have strong ideas about this country.” Johnson said while motioning for the security; Richards didn’t stop him this time. “Why don’t you tell us your name and - ”

“Nah, bub. I’m good.” Weapon V said as he opened the briefcases to reveal their contents. “May I present to you: *ultima ratio*, the final argument.”

FACTS contained a chain of ammo; LOGIC contained a Gatling gun. Weapon V loaded FACTS into LOGIC, and made his final argument on live broadcast.

- V -

“Are you paying attention now, America?” alone in the studio, Weapon V turned to the camera. “Good. Then we shall begin. We thought it’s time we have a little chat; don’t worry, it’ll be short and sweet...”

“After what just happened, no doubt many of you would see us as monsters.” he wiped the blood from a chair and sat down. “And you would be right. We are the monsters *you* made. What was done to us created us; you can’t start a fire without creating smoke. We didn’t start the fire; *you* did. It was *you* - with your apathy and your ignorance and your bigotry - who lit the flames; we’re merely the smoke.

“Desperate people act, desperately. For as long as the country existed, you’ve always turned a blind eye on the down-trodden, deafened yourselves to the voices of the marginalized, and blamed them for the crimes of their oppressors. You incessantly demand the victims to break bread and make peace with the monsters who would sooner see them six-feet under. Your love of civility is an irrational obsession.

“On November 11th, we blew up the Capitol Building to remind you of a tragedy that you would prefer to forget: on the same day on 1887, four men were hung for the heinous crime of putting their faith in the people instead of God, State, or Capital. They were crucified for your sins, you betrayed them for less than thirty pieces of silver, and you don’t even have the decency of hanging yourselves in guilt.

“This is your ultimatum. You have two months to get your act together and be the country you claim to be, to be the people the Haymarket Martyrs believe you can be. If at the end of that time you still won’t make a go for it...then we are coming after you. Each and every last one of you. Ignorance proves nothing. You’re all guilty, and here we give you your one shot at redemption. Take it or leave it.”

The broadcast ended and was replaced by a still image of the Haymarket Martyrs’ Monument, then a close-up of the inscription at its base: “*The day will come when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you are throttling today.*”

- V -

*Why the bloody hell did I hit him?* Eric wondered while sitting on a beach, smoking cigarettes and watching the seagulls fly. *It wasn’t his fault. He had only been on the job for a year or so -*

“Look, like I told you:” Frank said in Eric’s memories. “The bullet went *through* the little girl *and then* hit the suspect! What’s a few dead little girls in the pursuit of American justice? It was totally justified!”

- *Oh, who am I kidding? That son of a bitch had it coming.* he chuckled as he remembered the feeling of his bare knuckles on Frank Castle’s arrogant and ignorant face. *God that felt good. Totally worth it.*

“Well, maybe next time you will think twice before you murder innocent kids for your stupid American justice!” Eric shouted angrily before he gave Frank a solid reminder right on the bridge of his nose.

*And all I got to show for it was a mandatory vacation. he thought. Xavier wasn't angry. Of course he wasn't angry. Why would he be angry about anything when he doesn't care about anything?*

“You hit me, old man!?” Frank growled with a bloody nose before he hit back at the older man with more force behind the punch, enough to joggle Eric’s brain cells. “Not even my *real* old man hit me!”

*Except that stupid machine of his. Eric stood up and started walking. Cerebro. Machine God of the Digital Age. Thought Police in a Metal Box. Neuterer of Mutants and Dissidents.*

“I’m sorry, Eric.” Xavier told him, in a memory lost in the sea of time, a memory that’s only set loose because of Frank’s counterattack. “But Magneto has to go. They all have to go. For the sake of peace.”

Eric had been doing a lot of thinking during this mandatory vacation. Looking back, he found large holes in his memories. Entire episodes of his life unaccounted for.

He knew he was tight with Xavier from way back. He knew they had a big argument over the rights of Mutants and other minorities. He knew he disagreed with Xavier, strongly and violently.

And yet somehow, sometime around 2020, he suddenly had a change of heart, saw the wisdom of Xavier’s methods and joined the administration to reform the system from within.

And for the time of his life, Eric couldn’t remember why. Why did he do it? Why the sudden change of heart? There must be a reason for such a big change, and it comes down to one question:

“Who is Magneto?”

- V -

“Holy shit, he did it.” Evey said under her breath when he saw Weapon V’s “debate” being replayed on TV. “He actually did it!”

“Hey, Evey?” Rose Summers, the new girl to the restaurant, whispered to Evey conspiratorially. “You mind taking over my table?”

“Not at all.” Evey peeled her gaze away from the TV and toward the table with two men. “What’s wrong with them?”

“They keep trying to grab my butt.” Rose said uncomfortably. “Since you’re a minor, I hope they’ll watch themselves around you.”

“Yeah, we can hope.” Evey laughed as she grabbed the water bottle and went to the table, catching their conversation along the way:

“Congratulations on the promotion, Mr. Drake.” the man with stubble and street clothes said. “Head of the X-Men; must be a tough gig.”

“The toughest.” the clean-shaven man in a suit, Mr. Drake, nodded. “That’s where you come in, Mr. Madrox. You and you...*brothers.*”

“Of course.” Madrox favored Evey with a lopsided grin, but kept his hands to himself...for now. “Anything for Uncle Sam...and the right price.”

“Good man.” Drake continued while Evey poured his water, as if she wasn’t there. “We’ll count on you when it’s time for Xavier to...*step down*.”

“Oh shit oh fuck.” Evey cursed under her breath as she put down the water bottle and got out from the back door. “They’re planning a coup. He needs to know.”

She went back to the safe house and put up a “V” made of red duct tape on her window, then left a note for Weapon V before she left the place behind in a hurry -  
And then it all went black.

- V -

The air around her was completely dark, but she felt – she *knew* – that she was backstage at a theater, during the interval. Theater of the oppressed, theater of the rebels. There were muffled bumping nearby, the stagehands rearranging the scenery of the universe. She smelt roses and scented birthday cards, the same one her Mother found inside an abandoned television in their house back in the dim Carcosa. The rose petals fell, pencil shavings of crimson flesh, turning to ashen gray. It changed, changed, changed...

It’s her birthday. She’s still at the theater, but it’s also her old home. She could hear the party upstairs. She knew it’s a birthday party for her, but she had a sinking feeling that it would be over by the time she got there. Sinking, feeling. It’s taking her too long to get ready. Too fucking long. She didn’t even know why she bothered to get all dressed up like this, with blood red lipsticks and a little black dress, but she felt as if it’s expected of her. Expected, expecting, expectation. She wished she didn’t have to.

“Evey?” her Father called out, his fur an ever-changing hue of blue and orange, red and black. “You’re missing your own party. We’ve invited a clown to join us. The best and worst one in Gotham City.”

She was happy to see her Father again; she had not seen him since she began working at Stark Industry. He led her downstairs, but now she remembered that their old house didn’t have a basement. Did it?

“By the way,” her Father, who was now also her Mother, said as they walked up a spiral staircase, on and on it went, reminding her of someone else and making her sad. “You’re adopted. We love you.”

“Wait, what?” she blinked, and the clown was before her, with green hair and black eyes, red lips and that outlandish purple suit. He was holding FACTS and LOGIC in his hands; he was killing the guests at the party, he was laughing as he killed, the guests were laughing too, they were all laughing as they were slaughtered, slaughtered like lambs on the altar of Moloch, the God of State and Capital.

And she ran, she ran to find her parents, knowing for sure that the clown would follow her. She was a frightened mess, running through corridors paved with posters of movies and comics, corridors that she no longer recognized, corridors that she never

knew. The clown followed her, but now he has a pallid white mask instead, and his suit is black and black and black all over. *Black, the night that ends at last.*

She could hear her tell-tale heart hammer in her chest, betraying her location to the man in black. No other noise could be heard in the theater or the universe, for the theater *was* the universe. Everyone else was dead: her Mother, her Father, her friends, everyone. They had left her here, all alone. Worse: they had left her here with *him*. She turned and ran back the way she came, but the corridors were gone...

“Come on, you coward!” she screamed at the man in black, whom was climbing up the spiral staircase to get to her, round and round he went. “Tell me who you are! Why don’t you take off your mask?”

“Haven’t you heard, Evey?” suddenly the man was beside her, and he took off his mask, but underneath was just the same mask, on and on and on, it was the same mask all the way down. *“I wear no mask.”*

Then she woke up.

- V -

There was a cockroach.

She sat on the cot, hard wood against her butt, knees stiff with cramp, drawn up to her chin. She tried not to think about anything at all, except that there’s a cockroach, and she thought they were going to kill her. There were four walls, a window with three bars, a toilet with no seat, and there was a wooden partition, and a cot, and carved on the cot was the name “Wanda”. And then there was her. And then...

There was a cockroach.

Eventually, even the cockroach left. She heard men talking in the corridor. Soon a plate came through the aperture in the door. She couldn’t eat it. If she didn’t eat it, the cockroach might come back for it. She would like that. Any company is better than being alone in this hellhole. Even that of an insect. There was a socket on the ceiling, but no bulb in it. When the window light failed, she tried to sleep.

There was a cockroach.

She woke up. Men in police uniforms came and blindfolded her, took her away by violence despite her protests. When they took the blindfold off, she saw a blinding spotlight and the silhouette of a man against it, across her from a tiny table. He asked if she knew why she was there. She said no. He called her a lying little bitch, and showed her a footage. A footage of her at the Capitol Hill, with Weapon V -

There was a cockroach.

The man told her that by the power vested in him, she’s charged with terrorism and treason. It didn’t matter if she was aiding or abiding, if she was perpetrator or victim; the State was a more vengeful and jealous deity than the God of Old Testament, and it recognized no coinage except power. By the Mutant Registration Act, she wasn’t allowed a lawyer, and anything she did or didn’t say can be used against her.

There was a cockroach.

She was blindfolded again. They cut off her hair, even if there was no reason to, except for being cruel. They do a lot of things for no reason except for being cruel.

At least they didn't search her vagina. She overheard some of them talking; they only do that with Muslim women, to shame and humiliate them, even when there was no reason to, except for being cruel. That was the whole point of a prison: cruelty.

There was a cockroach.

But she didn't mind it.

For we are no better.

- V -

She knew every inch of her cell. She knew every pitted indentation in the hard plaster like she knew the back of her hand, and she didn't even know where she was. It got dark, and then light; she woke, and then she slept. She didn't know what day it is, or how much time had passed. She found something inside a hole in the wall: it was a note written on toilet paper, signed by a person named Raven Page.

"I met my first girlfriend in school." Raven told her. "Her name was Sara. She was fourteen and I was fifteen, but we were both in Miss Watson's class. I loved her tummy; her tummy was beautiful. I sat in class, smiling as Mr. Hird lied to us about how gayness is an adolescent phase that we outgrew. Sara didn't. I did, in a way. I realized I'm genderfluid. Sexuality took on a whole new meaning for me."

"Now, Miss Kinney, let's review the facts." the man told her. "You work for the terrorist calling himself Weapon V. Weapon V kills security officers. Peter Drake is a security officer. He frequents the diner you worked for. There's a non-zero chance that you were planning to kill Mr. Drake, or contact Weapon V to plan an attack. Since the chance of you being a terrorist is non-zero, we must treat you as one."

"I found I'm a Mutant when I was 16." Raven said. "I can shapeshift into anyone I want: male, female, and everyone in between. I was ecstatic; it was a dream come true. I got bolder and brought a girlfriend home to meet my parents; her name's Christine. Sufficient to say my parents didn't approve. A week later, I moved out to make money and enroll in an acting academy. My Mother said I broke her heart."

"My name is still Evey Kinney, yes." Evey said defiantly before the man motioned for one of the cops to wrap a piece of cloth around her head and poured cold water onto her face, choking her to the point of near death, forcing her to admit to whatever fantasy stories they conjured up. Torture is a great way to get a confession, but a shit way to actually learn anything useful. "But I'm still not a terrorist."

"But it was my integrity that mattered." Raven continued in Evey's mind, even as the cops poured more water onto her face and into her lungs, trying to force her to confess to whatever crimes they wanted to plant on her, just like they did with every other suspect. "Is that so selfish? It sells for so little, but it's all we have in this American nightmare. It's the very last inch of us, but in that one inch we are free."

Waterboarding didn't work, so they hit her instead. Normally there's an extent to how much they can hurt a person before they have to stop, lest the person be killed; but with Evey things were different. They can hurt her to their heart's content, and she'd bounce back so long as even one breath was still left in her. They could try out all of their most cruel and sadistic fantasies on her and get away with it.

“After I graduated, I got a job at Hollywood.” Raven’s words came to life as Evey read the note again. “It’s not all sunshine and roses like I expected. The powerful men - actors, directors, or writers, they’re used to having girls throwing themselves at them for a shot at stardom, they see every actress as objects for their pleasure, they make unwanted advances or just touch you without consent all the damn time.”

Dark. Light. Sleep. Wake. Food. Torture. Repeat. Dark. Light. Sleep. Wake. Food. Torture. Repeat. Dark. Light. Sleep. Wake. Food. Torture. Repeat. Dark. Light. Sleep. Wake. Food. Torture. Repeat. Dark. Light. Sleep. Wake. Food. Torture. Repeat. Dark. Light. Sleep. Wake. Food. Torture. Repeat. Dark. Light. Sleep. Wake. Food. Torture. Repeat. Dark. Light. Sleep. Wake. Food. Torture. Repeat.

“I got a breakthrough when they cast me as a main character on the adaption of the comic *Watchmen*.” Raven’s words were Evey’s only solace in this hell on Earth. “That’s when I met the love of my life, Irene Adler. She’s a Mutant, like me; claims that she can see the future; claims that it’s destiny that brought us together. I found it kinda silly, but I love her so much I’m more than happy to indulge her.”

She had read the note, over and over again. She knew every inch of it. Every word, every misspelling, every grammar mistake. She knew how each word looks in different light, how they feel like when her hands brushed against the delicate surface of the toilet paper, how they sounded like when she read them out in hushed whisper. She hid it when she sleep; she couldn’t risk it being taken away from her.

“In the end, she couldn’t foresee the Legacy Virus, or the madness that followed in its wake.” the words were smeared here; Raven must have been crying. “*Watchmen* was banned for having a black woman as the protagonist and for not portraying the police force in an unambiguously positive light; it wasn’t politically correct enough for the Conservatives. Everyone involved with the show was arrested.”

Evey cried when she read it. She imagined what it must be like, to be deprived of your life by childish losers who lose their shit at the mere sight of a strong black woman, by selfish bastards who were so fucking privileged they could get way with any atrocity simply by crying hard enough, She cried as she imagined Raven cried when she put down these words in the dark of her cell, knowing she’d die.

“They burned Irene with cigarette butts. I don’t know why they hate us so much, why they’re so scared shitless by us. Is their masculinity so fragile that it crumbles at the sight of two girls together? Is their self-image so twisted that they can’t stand the sight of a successful Asian person? They made Irene sign a confession saying that I seduced her. I didn’t blame her. God, I loved her so. How can I blame her?”

She knew every inch of her cell. She knew every pitted indentation in the hard plaster like she knew the back of her hand, and she didn’t even know where she was. It got dark, and then light; she woke, and then she slept. She didn’t know what day it is, or how much time had passed. She found something inside a hole in the wall: it was a note written on toilet paper, signed by a person named Raven Page.

“But she did. She killed herself in her cell. She couldn’t live with betraying me, with giving up that last inch. Oh, my poor Irene. And then it was my turn. They beat me.



They rape me. They waterboard me. I know I'll die here. The woman in the next cell, Wanda, died two days ago. I know I'm going to follow her soon. I will die here, every inch of my being shall perish. Every inch except for that last one inch."

"An inch." Evey read the note out in hushed whispers, imagining Raven reading it with her. "It's small and it's fragile and it's the only thing in the world that's worth having. We must never lose it, or sell it, or give it away. We must never let them take it away from us. I don't know who you're. I will never see you. But I want you to know I love you. I hope you get out of this alive and escape into a better world."

She knew every inch of this cell.

"Sincerely Yours,"

This cell knew every inch of her.

"Raven Page."

Except one.

- V -

"My name is Evey Kinney." the man read the written confession out loud for her. "On November 11th, 2022, I was recruited by the terrorist known as Weapon V. I was subjected to the ungodly brainwash of his Islamic faith, until I become a willing accomplice to his violent Communist attacks. I can prove he has possession of a weapon of mass destruction, and should be considered extremely dangerous."

"Wait, what?" Evey laughed at the absurdity of it all. "First he's a Muslim, and then he's a Commie? Not that the two are mutually exclusive, but if you're gonna make shit up, can you at least get your stories straight first, instead of just accusing people you dislike with all the labels you dislike? Only a coward would sign this ridiculous piece of shit; you can all go fuck yourselves and die already!"

"You idealists, you're all the same." the man said coldly. "You think you're so pure and noble, ready to die for your stupid cause. But sacrificing yourself is easy – are you ready to sacrifice others for it?"

Three people appeared on the screen before her, each in a holding cell much like the one Evey was in.

"The nigger calls himself Darwin; says he can survive anything." the man said. "The dyke calls herself Negasonic Teenage Warhead, if you can believe it. And the haji is Kamala Khan of the Inhumans."

"Why are you showing me this?"

"If you don't sign it, they'll die."

"What!?"

"Miss Prothero. Pastor Bishop. Dr. Surrige. For each attack you confess to participating, one of them walks. And for each attack you refuse to take responsibility of, one of them will be killed right now."

"Why are you doing this!?" Evey shouted, her indignation over this injustice driving her to the verge of tears. "Can't you just fake my signature or some shit!? Why threaten innocent people's lives like this!?"

“Clock’s ticking, Miss Kinney.” the man gave her no answer. “If you don’t reply soon, we’ll kill them all. There’s more where they come from, when we can arrest people because of skin colors alone.”

“Fine!” Evey finally lost her temper and slammed her fist down on the table. “I’ll confess to anything! I’ll sign anything! Blame me for assassinating John Fucking Kennedy if you want! Just let them go!”

“You’re willing to die for what you believe in, but you’re not willing to kill for it?” the man asked her.

“Oh, I’ll fucking kill you if I could!” Evey growled. “But not innocent people. Never innocent people.”

“Then there’s nothing left to threaten you with.” the man said as the spotlight went out. “You’re free.”

“What?” Evey blinked and saw what was before her: it wasn’t a man at all, just a cardboard cut-out.

“What the - ” she inspected the cardboard more closely and found a mini microphone attached to it.

“What the hell!?” she began running through the corridors, but there was no one there. The corridors became increasingly familiar until finally she reached a familiar room with a familiar mask inside it:

“Welcome home, Evey.” Weapon V told her with open arms, and the pallid white mask just smiled.

- V -

“You.” Evey blinked, her eyes wide. “You did this.” she slowly clenched her fists and teeth. “To me.” she jumped at Weapon V and punched him in the chest; he didn’t dodge or make a sound. “It was you! It was you this whole time!” she screamed as she showered him with a flurry of blows. “You tortured me! You fucking tortured me! What the fuck, Weapon V? Why? Why the hell did you do it? Why!?”

“Because I love you like a little sister, Evey.” Weapon V said softly. “Because I want to set you free.”

“Because - ” Evey growled and kicked Weapon V in the thigh. “Set me free!? Don’t you realize what you did to me!?” she gave him a solid shove, but his form didn’t bulge. “You almost drove me crazy!”

“If that’s what it takes, Evey.”

“I hate you!” Evey spat. “I hate you because you just talk shit and you think you’re so fucking cool you don’t have to make any goddamn sense! Nothing you say really means anything! You say you love me but you tortured me for lulz, you say you want to set me free but you put me in a fucking prison, man!”

“You were always in prison, Evey. You’ve been in prison your entire life.” Weapon V said. “Everyone is born into a prison. We toil day and night for the privilege to stay imprisoned, pleasing the slavers of our own making, oblivious to the pain and suffering we inflict on our fellow human beings. Some see it at the end of the line, how they

have devoted their good lives to a system of evil, and thus deserve no salvation from anywhere. Now you see it too, and you'll have to live with it, and for that I'm sorry."

"Then why!? Why tell me something just so it can torment me!? Why not let me live in ignorance!?"

"Because admission of guilt is the first step to redemption." Weapon V stepped forward. "And taking responsibilities for oneself is the first step to true freedom. People think they are being responsible by getting a job, getting married, getting a child...but the truth is they have never taken responsibilities for themselves, not even for a day in their lives. They put their responsibilities and power in the hands of tyrants by any other name, and in doing so became complicit in the oppression of the less fortunate."

"Shut up! Just...shut the fuck up!" Evey covered her ears. "I don't wanna hear it! Just leave me alone!"

"I know you're scared." Weapon V removed Evey's hands, gently but firmly. "That's because you can feel real freedom dawning on you and it scares you, just like it scares everyone else. Those who would trade liberty for security deserve neither, for security is the most insidious prison of all. That pounding of your heart, that sweating of your skin, that feeling of discomfort when you don't know what's going to happen and what the future will hold...that's true freedom, Evey. Don't fear it; embrace it. Love it."

"I...don't.." Evey began to sob uncontrollably, her words came out in unintelligible babbles. "What..."

"When you were asked to choose between your principles and your life, you chose your principles." he took her hand and led her toward an elevator. "But when asked to choose between your dignity and the lives of innocents, you chose to save their lives. That's because you realized that you're responsible not to an authority like God, State, or Capital, but to the lives and well-being of your fellow human beings. That's Anarchy: the freedom to be loved for who you are, and to love others for who they are."

"Outside?" Evey blinked when the elevator started to ascend. "I don't wanna be blindfolded again..."

"No more blindfolds, Evey." Weapon V said as the door opened. "There's no more blindfolds for you."

"The roof..." Evey whispered as they stepped into a freezing downpour, into the storm. "It's so cold..."

"Can you feel it, Evey?" Weapon V asked. "Can you feel how the cold rain is pounding your skin?"

"Like I've never felt before." Evey laughed. "And it's wonderful. The rain, the wind...everything."

"Once upon a time, I had a night like this, alone under a roaring sky." Weapon V lifted Evey's arms up into a "V" pose. "I was transformed...transcendent...freed. Tonight is yours, Evey. Now you're free."

## Chapter IV: Violence

“I’ll never forgive you for what you did to me, Weapon V.” Evey said and placed a kiss on Weapon V’s forehead. “But you made me realize that my liberation is bounded up with yours, and that of everyone else. So thank you, and let’s work together to free the American people, if you would still have me.”

“I expected nothing less.” Weapon V said looking up from the piano. “And you did it all by yourself. I merely provided the backdrop; the drama was all your own, and what a great human drama it was!”

“It was a good backdrop.” Evey said with a laugh. “I really believed I was in prison. It’s still hard for me to accept that it was all just you and me; there were no guards...no interrogators...and no Raven.”

“Raven was real.” Weapon V said as he stood up and went to a door. “Please, Evey...come with me.”

Weapon V took Evey to another room, with walls and ceiling covered by posters and photos of many different faces, but all of them have the same name and the same signature: Raven Page.

“Raven wrote the letter, in their own words, while they lived.” Weapon V said. “I delivered it to you as it was delivered to me. The words you wept over had transformed me as they have transformed you.”

“They’re beautiful.” Evey mused at the photo of a person with blue skin. “Who were they, Weapon V?”

“They were the inmate of the prison cell next to mine.” Weapon V told Evey. “They were Weapon W.”

- V -

“Remember what we discussed, Lex.” Alexander Stark thought back to his meeting with the mysterious man in the pallid white mask and clutched his briefcase. “Now go to your tower and repeat the Signal.”

“Mr. Stark?” the janitor blinked when she saw Stark go through the front entrance. “I thought you don’t work here anymore?” nevertheless, she made way for her former boss and even got the door for him.

“Not since that one-eyed thug Fury eminent-domained my ass, no.” Stark laughed and showed her the briefcase. “It’s still my building though, so they call me to play the maintenance guy when it acts up.”

“A genius like you, reduced to a working man.” the janitor sighed, not knowing that Stark had invented nothing and merely acquired them with his Father’s wealth. “Alas, how the mighty have fallen!”

Without another word, Stark stepped into the elevator, which took him to the server room. The servers control the Sentinels: cat-sized, spider-like drones connected to Cerebro, helping to detect Mutants and spread the psychic blockade that prevents them from active use of their powers. That’s about to change.

Stark took a USB from a hidden compartment. Engraved on its surface was a single word: Forge. It was a testament to the utter incompetence of Stark and the Shield agents who stole the tower from him that there were open USB ports on the servers at all, but right now Stark was glad to have been a fraud.

He plugged the thumb drive in, and a complex flower of mathematical complexity blossomed inside the servers, bringing with them a short video message recorded by the masked vigilante called Weapon V, which appeared on every screen connected to the servers:

“Good day, America. It’s me again; I would introduce myself, but I’m afraid I don’t have a name; you can call me Weapon V.” Weapon V’s image said with a flourish. “For years, the Sentinels had watched your every move in every hour of every day, rooting out un-American ideas like equality or diversity before you can put them into action. Today, that shackle had been lifted, and Americans are free to dream again.

“Thanks to Mr. Stark’s help, a number of the Sentinels had been infected by a malware and are now emitting a Signal to counteract the castrating effect of Cerebro, giving you your power and privacy back. No doubt the authorities are even now trying to undo this damage to their tyrannical regime, but you can find your own copy of the malware on the website SignalForge.

“Show me your faith without deeds, if you can.” Weapon V concluded his address by pointing a finger at the audience. “You claim you’re not Fascists. Prove it. This Signal kills fascists. Repeat the Signal.”

- V -

“That son of a bitch Stark got away!” Frank growled into the video call. “He had some kinda weird ass armor...then this big green guy came to rescue him...they took out the server room...killed Fury too!”

“We’re trying to undo the signal and find the host of the SignalForge site.” Drake said. “With Shield in disarray, it’s taking longer than expected, and the site is being mirrored by civilians as we speak...”

“What the hell!?” Xavier, who had never raised his voice in his entire life, finally lost his temper as he witnessed his perfect order crumbling around him. “Where the hell is Eric!? Get him on a line now!”

“We don’t know.” Frank said with an expression of disgust. “The old man hasn’t checked in since he’s sent on the mandatory leave. Maybe he finally croaked during a chess game or something, heh.”

“You’ll address your superior with respect, Mr. Castle.” Xavier’s voice turned cold, but the lingering anger was still apparent. “Do your jobs and maybe we can still keep America great. Xavier out.”

The king of the Illuminati sat back on his throne of a wheelchair, angry and frustrated. He had gave American people peace in security and the light of civility; what more could they want from him?

"I built that machine for you, Xavier." a line suddenly appeared on the monitor before him, startling Xavier. "I gave it to you because I thought you'd do the right thing. Now I'm going to unmake it."

"Forge...?" the Professor blinked as he clutched at his chest. "No no no, you're dead! We killed you!"

"You can kill the flesh and blood," appeared on the screen. "But ideas are bulletproof. You will see."

- V -

"What's wrong, Rose?" Pamela asked her co-worker as they passed one of those ridiculous "Peace at Any Cost, Civility Above All Else" posters, which was vandalized with a big red "V" painted over it.

"They're not gonna do anything for Derek." Rose said gloomily. "The government isn't even gonna pay for his funeral. Says it doesn't count as killed in action since he didn't die during office hours."

"What the actual motherfuck." Pamela bit her lips and stopped in her trek. "He's right, isn't he?"

"Who's right?" Rose blinked. "About what?"

"The man with the mask. Weapon V." Pamela said. "We shouldn't have to live like this. It's wrong."

"Maybe so." Rose sighed. "But what can we do?"

Rose walked on, leaving Pamela to brood on her own. Soon enough, a cop came to harass the single woman like cops always do: it's what happens when you give people too much authority over others.

"Did you do this, Miss Hibbertia?" the cop turned out to be a frequent at the diner. "I'm gonna have to pat you down. Thoroughly." he said leering at her. "Nothing personal, Pamela; just doing my job here."

"So said every Nazi," Pamela's voice was dangerously even. "When they operated the gas chambers."

"What?" the cop blinked, startled by this open act of defiance. "Okay, Miss Hibbertia, show me your -"

"It's DOCTOR Hibbertia to you, asshole!" the woman growled as leaves and flowers blossomed in her brown hair, which quickly grew into tangling vines, strangling the pig. "You know what? Never mind."

"My name," the Inhuman queen in hiding spat on the corpse of the dead police man. "Is Snake Vine."

- V -

"We have to do something!" the tiny Jewish girl beseeched the spectators to intervene on behalf of a woman who was being beaten by the cops, probably about to be shot. "They're going to kill her!"

"Meh, just another white bitch." a black man snorted. "I think a tranny too. Think it's fun to steal, that it's quirky, when people like me had to steal to survive. Now look at how fun it is to fight the system!"

“Would you feel the same if someone called you a nigger and then shot you for shop-lifting?” the girl spat in rage, to the absolute horror and fury of all onlookers. “I know I would be pretty fucking pissed if someone called me a kike and tried to shoot me, but well I guess that’s just me then, you cowards!”

The man fell silent, and so did the crowd. The girl sulked for a while as the cops unholstered their guns.

“He’s right, Weapon V.” the girl gave the man a shove; he didn’t push back. “You libs with your hand-wringing, you’re all the same; all you care about is clout and power, you don’t give a shit about who suffers and who dies! You’re all guilty. You are murderers by inaction, each and every last one of you!”

That said, the girl ran toward the cops, with nothing but her slender arms to defend her from the bullets.

“What the - ” the man blinked and ran after her instinctively. “Do you have a fucking death wish!?”

He pulled her aside and the two fell to the floor, his bulk cushioning her fall, the two of them narrowly escaping the bullets. But their victory seemed meaningless, as the cops were converging around them, their weapons locked and loaded and trained on an unarmed man and a young girl, ready to murder.

“Fuck off!” the girl growled as she reached for the closest cop’s gun, her hand phasing through it and came away with the bullets, disarming it.

“What, you can do that?” the man blinked.

“I wasn’t sure if I still could.” the girl said.

The police were all over them. They pulled the girl up by her hair while giving the black man a beating.

“Run.” the man told the girl. “Save yourself.”

“Fuck off.” the girl said with a weak smile.

Just then, a hammer hit one of the cops on the side of his head, splattering his brain across the concrete. The onlookers, at last overwhelmed by the enormity of the injustice they had been aiding and abiding for years, awakened to their moral conscience and dormant humanity, righteous fury filling their hearts.

- V -

“Student protests continued at the Avengers Academy, protected by the ex-Marine Captain Rogers.” the news said. “Mr. Stark threatens lawsuits against the government if any harm were to come to them...”

“Those tree-hugging Inhumans attacked the Raft, freeing that terrorist Kamala Khan.” the police radio said. “They are demanding 20% reduction in carbon emission in exchange for the hostages...”

“Workers are striking all across the nation,” the news again. “Many of them chanted the slogan of the Brotherhood, which had transformed into a labor organization since the disappearance of Magneto...”

“They were all wearing that goddamn V mask.” police radio. “Can’t tell Steve from Eve...we grabbed a buncha guys, turned out to be just kids playing dress-up, the bank robbers were long gone by then...”

“All these riots and outrage...is this Anarchy in America, Weapon V?” Evey asked between push-ups while listening to the comms and broadcasts Weapon V had in the room, barely breaking a sweat or breathing hard. “Is this the fabled ‘land of the free, home of the brave’?”

“No.” Weapon V shook his head. “This is only the twilight’s last gleaming for a dying empire. Anarchy means ‘without rules’, not ‘without order’. Rules, or involuntary order, breeds the disenfranchised, the worshipers of St. Guillotine. Representative ‘democracy’ is like figure skating: beautiful on the surface, with cold vortex lurking just below. And that layer of ice they’re on is precariously thin indeed.”

“This isn’t Anarchy, Evey.” Weapon V concluded. “This is chaos.”

- V -

“I’m in charge now that the old man isn’t coming back!” Frank told his fellow officers. “We’re gonna have a new unit – I’m calling it the Banishers! We’re gonna banish the un-Americans from this land!”

“This is our logo!” Frank pulled a skull mask over his head. “The message is clear: if you don’t like our America, if you have any complaint about it whatsoever...you can go home, or go to hell and die!”

“They’ll join us or die!” Frank sprayed spittle with patriotic fervor. “Anyone who isn’t straight, white, or Christian...all the un-Americans will convert to our way or life, or they won’t have a life at all!”

“Fascism, when first detecting chaos at its heels, will entertain the vilest schemes to preserve its orderly facade.” Weapon V continued. “But it’s always order without love, justice, or liberty, which can’t stop their little world’s inevitable descent into hell on Earth: after all, it’s always been hell for the oppressed.

“Fascism wears two faces: the Liberal and the Conservative. The Liberal dangles a false hope of reform before the people, if they’d only continue to support the system that exploited them. The Conservative attacks the Liberal mercilessly, but in truth they’re two sides of the same coin, a coin for the slaver.

“The collapse of Fascism sends cracks through bedrooms and boardrooms, churches and schools alike. All rules are tyranny, and all institutions are oppression. Equality and freedom are not luxuries that can be easily cast aside; without them, order cannot exist without becoming an instrument of violence.”

“Are you almost finished?” Evey inquired about what he had spent the last hour on while they talked.

“See for yourself.” Weapon V pulled his hands away from his house of cards. “The playing cards, royal soldiers to their monarch, with numbers on their faces, color-coded for their conveniences. Poor cards, your pretty little empire took you so long to build, but now with a single snap of history’s fingers...”



Weapon V snapped his fingers.

“It all goes down.”

- V -

Eric stood before the abandoned Genosha Resettlement Camp, the toilet where all the “undesirables” of respectable American society were flushed down into. He had the syringe he found in Dr. SurrIDGE’s fridge in his hand; it was labeled “Super Soldier Serum.” He didn’t know if SurrIDGE kept it in the fridge, or if Weapon V planted it there; he didn’t even know if it’s actually the Serum at all, it could just as easily be cyanide, LSD, or water. But he had to try it. He had to try his best to understand what made Weapon V. He owed it to the world, and he owed it to himself, to find out who he is, who Weapon V is...

...Who Magneto was, beyond just another voice stifled by Xavier, his armor another trophy in a museum. His information was scrubbed as if he was an X-Man; all Eric could find were hearsay about how close he and Xavier was, that they were best friends or even lovers. Imagine a man willing to betray his best friend, his lover even, for the sake of power, in pursuit of his vision of a perfect world...what kind of man love like that? What kind of monster would put systems and institutions above human lives and suffering, and only visits what remained of their friends and loved ones in museums and graveyards?

He injected the translucent liquid into his vein. Now he was strapped-in, counting down from his wrist to his heart to his brain, ready for take off. He didn’t know what to expect, so he decided to take a look around when there was still daylight. He found an oven. This must be *the* oven. The one where they cooked people in, turning them into ashes. If he had known all of this atrocity was happening, would he still joined the force? Why did he join the force in the first place? What could it possibly achieve?

He saw two bodies hanging down from the barbed fence, one black and another Native American. They were both naked, with heavy bruises and deep cuts all over. Even though he had seen much worse in his work, Eric knelt down and threw up. He was disgusted by the naked hatred of the perpetrators, as well as the apathy of the “respectable” Americans to allow this to happen under their noses. And at that point he realized this cruelty is nothing new. It’s the American way. It always was, and always will be.

He felt overwhelmed. He tried to go back the way he came, but suddenly the gate was so impossibly far away. He can’t walk that far; his legs felt like jelly and everything was thrumming. He was trapped in a job that disgusted him, but his only “friend” is an asshole who thinks with his guns instead of his brain or heart, just like the rest of them on the force. He was alone, he was so horribly alone. He wished his old friends were here...his old comrades...he used to have those, back in the days of the Brotherhood...

Oh. Oh, look! There they were! They were all smiling; they were all happy. God, it’s been so long...he had forgotten how rich the color of someone’s skin could be, a million different shades instead of just a pale and sickly white...the girls he saw kissing each other at the demonstrations, and the men, so gentle and soft-spoken...oh Jesus,

he missed them...he missed their voices and their walk, their food and their clothes, their art and their music. His friends...there at the Pride parades, the Antifa rallies, the strikes...

“Beast...Toad...Pyro...” he muttered their names, almost like praying. “Destiny...Mystique...Forge...”

He wanted them to see beyond the uniform. He wanted them to know that he cared. But it was no use. One by one, they were taken behind the chemical shed and shot for the crimes of their existence, their bodies burnt to ash in the people oven. They would never know he cared, now that they were all dead, their ashes flushed down the toilet. It was just as well; what was his care if he didn't act upon it? Like everyone, he talked about liberty and justice while working for a system of injustice and oppression.

“I love you...!” Eric broke down into tears, for the first time in...the first time as far as he remembered.

He saw movement in the main compound. He went in and saw a pile of documents stacked on a table.

“Animal mutation experiment, Weapon V.” Dr. SurrIDGE declared as she suddenly appeared right next to him. “Subject exhibits close to human intelligence and form, as well as a potent healing factor...”

The subject, a mutated wolverine, was howling in pain and agony, its twisted limbs vaguely resembling that of a person, with sharp mental claws protruding from its paws, covered by black opera gloves.

“All clones so far had died from accelerated aging and cellular degeneration.” Dr. SurrIDGE continued, as if the Eric's horrified face wasn't staring at her. “Subject 23 was the only one to have survived...”

“What the fuck are you doing, Tessa?” Eric called out and tried to reach for the good doctor. “You're better than this; I know you are. You have a heart...you gave free medicine to poor children...”

“And who made them poor in the first place, hm?” Bishop appeared behind him. “It was you! Whiteys! You took all the money and leave the rest of us only tidbits, so we fight over scraps like fucking rats!”

“Bishop?” Eric blinked as he turned around, but Bishop was at his back no matter how much he turned.

“Nah, Imma just a pawn!” Bishop laughed. “That's what whiteys think, no? You can build huts out of shit and call it architecture, but when Egyptians or Natives built pyramids, it's aliens or super muties!”

“Are you one of them super muties, hm?” Bishop raised a quizzical eyebrow. “Are you Magneto?”

“I'm not - ” Eric began, and then bit his tongue because: “I don't know...who he is...or...who I am...”

Someone grabbed his arms. It was Emma Prothero in her warden's uniform, except there were three of them, two of them grabbing his arms while one led them all toward the cells and the chemical shed.



“Long time no see, Don Essex.” Madrox went back to his old boss, hiding his gun behind a badge like every coward. “Compliments from my new employers.” then he shot the mob boss down like a dog.

“Sorry boss, but I moved up in the food chain.” Madrox sat down in Essex’s chair while his duplicates cleaned up the scene. “After all, what’s law enforcement if not the biggest, meanest mob in the nation?”

- V -

“Are you gonna do something,” Evey asked, impatient. “Or just hide down here and sit out the chaos?”

“The chaos progresses splendidly without us, Evey.” Weapon V said. “For my part, I rather think it’s time we put certain things in order.”

“The hell does that mean?” Evey pressed on. “Are we gonna do something or not? What will happen?”

“Que sera, sera.” Weapon V sang. “Whatever will be, will be.”

“A song isn’t an answer.” Evey scowled. “Whatever will be? I wanna know what you’ll do, Weapon V.”

“You want me to show you my *will*?” Weapon V asked. “Very well.” a nod. “Well then...this way.”

“Not exactly what I asked, but whatevs.” Evey shrugged and followed Weapon V through the corridors.

“Knowledge is like air:” Weapon V took Evey to the room filled with banned books, the room she saw when she was first brought to the Danger Room. “It’s essential to life, and no one should be denied it.”

“Oh, c’mon, Weapon V!” Evey waved her hands for emphasis. “No more games! You’ve always been mysterious...about yourself, this place, your plans...if knowledge is air, you’re strangling me here!”

“Quite the reverse, Evey.” Weapon V replied. “I have been teaching you how to breath. Now, this way.”

“In the digital era, the people worship the God of Black Mirrors and live in the United States of Social Media.” he showed her a room filled with electronics and computers. “Pixels and bytes are their reality; by manipulating codes and data, we can remake reality to our liking, just as the technocrats always do.”

“Oh, these rooms are connected?” Evey asked as she began to grasp the geometry of the Danger Room.

“Everything is connected, Evey.” Weapon V led Evey to the room with photos and posters of every role Raven had ever played. “Everything and *everyone*. You must understand that knowledge is not all your heritage; it also includes passion and conviction like Raven’s. And romance. Always, always romance.”

“In midst the insurrection’s clamor, it’s easy to forget what we’re fighting for, what we’re willing to die for.” he led her to the room with a piano and other musical instruments. “*Do you hear the people sing?* Anarchy must embrace the noises of bombs and gunfire, but she always loves sweet music more.”

“*Edelweiss, edelweiss...*” Evey played it on the piano. “Man, I still can’t get it right. It’s so simple too!”

“Here you’ll find books and equipment that will help you make bombs out of groceries or make drugs cheaper than water; use it wisely.” Weapon V took Evey to a laboratory. “We can never have too much science; with it ideas can germinate in a bed of theory, form, and practice, which assists their growth.”

“But we must be a vigilant and constant gardener,” Weapon V opened a door to his rose garden. “For some seeds are the seeds of destruction, and the most iridescent blooms are often the most dangerous.”

“You got a rose for each of your...vendetta.” Evey said. “Is there a rose here for Professor Xavier?”

“Oh no, not here.” Weapon V shook his head. “For him, I have cultivated a most special Rose. Come.”

“What’s on the next floor?”

“Not so much a floor as a mezzanine.” Weapon V put a few bricks wrapped in paper into Evey’s hands. “Just one more floor to go. If you can help me carry these, I will be grateful. Just be careful with them.”

“Sure.” Evey nodded. “What are these?”

“C-4 explosives.”

“Explosives!?” Evey drew in a breath. “What are you gonna blow up? What are you doing with them?”

“I’m not going to blow up anything.” Weapon V laughed. “Not anymore. So help me dispose of them.”

“There are two wolves inside every revolution: the wolverine and the shepherd.” Weapon V told Evey while they walked further down the spiral staircase. “Thus the wolverine devours other predators; clear a path so the shepherd may lead the herd to a better world. Predators, once slain, make further murder’s means irrelevant. Away with our claws and tooth, then! Away with our wolverines! They have no place within our better world. But let us raise a toast to all our killers, all our monsters, the best at what they do even if what they do isn’t very nice. Let’s drink their health, then meet with them *no more*.”

“Wow, it’s so cool!” Evey cheered when she saw the plane Weapon V stashed down there. “What is it?”

“Just a memento from another life.” Weapon V said lightly and opened the hangar of the plane, which was filled with flowers as well. “Come, let’s be discreet and hide all the C-4 behind the spider lilies...”

“It’s like another garden in there.” Evey giggled as she walked out of the plane and looked it over. “It looks so old...where did you get it? What did you use it for? Were you like a superhero or something?”

But Weapon V simply turned his head and walked away without another word, so Evey followed him.

“What are the flowers for?” Evey asked, but the pallid white mask just smiled. “...What are they for, Weapon V?” she asked again, but he never said a word, as if he hadn’t heard. “I asked you a question!”

“You asked me to show you my will.” Weapon V said at last. “I have done so. Now I have to wait.”

“Weapon V, I’m tired of your puzzles. Just tell me!” Evey said dejectedly. “What are you waiting for?”

*“I’m waiting for the end.”*

“Wait, what? Is that - ” Evey blinked. “More fucking lyrics!?! It is, innit!?! I remember that reference!” she sighed. “I give up, Weapon V. No more games. What’s so bad you can’t tell it to me straight?”

“Weapon V, I’m waiting.” Evey crossed her arms below a movie poster. “What are you trying to say?”

The poster was of a 1973 American crime thriller directed by Robert Altman, starring Elliott Gould as Philip Marlowe, an adaptation based on a 1953 hard-boiled detective novel by Raymond Chandler:

The Long Goodbye.

- V -

Rose looked at the cardboard box on her bed as she got dressed with somewhere to go; a big red “V” was painted on one side. She found the box on her doorstep; there was a Sentinel drone inside, its legs removed, still broadcasting the Signal that kills Fascists. She put the legless drone into her purse after she squeezed into her dress; without legs its spherical shape was barely bigger than a can of soda.

“Dear Mrs. Summers:” the note that came with the box said, “I understand you have suffered a great deal of humiliation following your husband’s death, since this country is too busy using people up to take care of them or their widows. Since I was there when your husband died, I feel obliged to help you get whatever little justice from a fundamentally unjust system. Sincerely Yours, Weapon V.”

Rose hesitated. What she was about to do was unthinkable for a normal human being. Most countries go years or decades without it occurring even once, though in the great America it’s quite common.

“What the actual motherfuck. He’s right, isn’t he?” her coworker Pamela’s words echoed in Rose’s ears, helping her to make up her mind. “Weapon V. We shouldn’t have to live like this. It’s wrong.”

Rose picked up a picture of herself with her husband Derek and her sister Jean. She kissed it softly, remembering all the good times the three of them had together, then she burned it in her bare hands.

- V -

The Holocaust Museum, Washington D. C.

They put his armor here after his “death”, as he is the son of Holocaust survivors. They couldn’t erase him, but they could insult his memories by scrubbing the hammer

and sickle from his chest place to satisfy the incessant demand for political correctness from the Conservatives, pretending as if the Nazis didn't also genocide queers and political dissidents like himself, just like how that stupid Victims of Communism Memorial Foundation had deemed it fit to put the death toll from the Legacy Virus on Communism, on account of it being originated from a "Communist" nation. How laughable.

Soon, he would claim even more lives in the name of Communism, lives of the bourgeoisie swines.

He took the helmet into his hands, turned it around to inspect the stylized purple "M" on the red surface, before putting it on. It was a gift from his old flame, Xavier; it was given to him so he'd know that his thoughts and his love were his, and not the result of coercion from Xavier's telepathy. But in the end, it didn't matter; nothing ever really mattered to Xavier – not him, not the country, not their friends. It's about power. It had always been about power. Power without belief, without faith, without conviction.

He put on the armor and the cloak. Flexed his fingers. The various metal casings rattled under his will.

There was no memorial to commemorate the victims of Capitalism. The homeless people who starved to death because the government put bleach into the free food offered by kind citizens. Children being worked to death in sweat shops all over Asia and Africa, so that Westerners can have blood chocolate or coffee on the cheap. Arabs being blown to pieces and shot full of holes, so the Americans can steal the oil from their ancestral lands. All of them, sacrificed on the altar of Moloch, cost of business as usual.

No more. No more business as usual. No more quiet complicity. Today they would make a joyful noise!

"Hello, Detective Eisenhardt." a voice came from behind him. He turned around. "So, we meet at last."

It was the Anarchist, the terrorist, the revolutionary, the masked vigilante calling himself Weapon V.

"Eric Eisenhardt is dead." he took out his sidearm and unloaded the bullets. Adamantium, requisitioned when Surrige found trace amount of the metal in the wounds of his victims. "My name is Magneto."

Then he shot the bullets into Weapon V's body through sheer force of will, killing the villain at last.

- V -

"Now I'd like to introduce my very good friend:" the President said. "Give it up for Professor Xavier!"

"Thank you, Mr. President." Xavier was all smile and wave as he rolled onto the stadium. "In the last few months, we have suffered a series of terrorist attacks, committed by the Mutant supervillain calling himself Weapon V. These despicable and cowardly

acts could only be conceived in the mind of a mad man who is utterly devoid of any compassion, knowing neither the fear of God nor the love of science.”

Yes, despite her fear, for it’s insignificant, just like everything else about her sad, miserable little life.

“I would like to remind my fellow Americans that this country is built on a dream, the dream of liberty. That means sometimes we have to break bread with people we disagree with, and listen to opinions we found atrocious. We cannot simply discount someone’s opinion because we think they’re racist, sexist, or homophobic; we mustn’t ignore entire people simply because they produced violent radicals.”

Yes, even though she would die from it, because if she didn’t then her life would have meant nothing.

“The only people that we must always resist are the Communists and Muslims. Their ways of lives are fundamentally un-American. We must never break bread with these political extremists and violent radicals; they’ve forfeited their rights to be heard the moment they decided to criticize the sacred laws of our nation and attack its divine institutions. We must focus on eliminating these threats completely.”

Yes, because their lives were wasted on *his* vision of perfect order, the only vision they were allowed.

“We mustn’t use violence in place of dialogues. We must always trust in order and the system, to work with them in striving for our goals. For we’re simply the greatest democracy in the world, perfect in its conception and immaculate in its execution; there’s nothing in this country that cannot be fixed if you simply call your representatives and cast your sacred votes. The institution is simply God himself.”

Yes, because his kind lead them to hell, and then tell them the only way out is to suffer more in hell.

“This way, miss.” Drake smiled as he cleared a path for her through the crowd. “He will appreciate it.”

Yes, because she’s nearly there so everyone think she’s important; she’s not, but she will be, after today.

“It seems like I have a visitor.” Xavier smiled warmly as Drake led her onstage. “What’s your name?”

Yes, because they’ve met a dozen time and her husband and sister died for him and *you motherfucker* -

“You can’t even remember my fucking face!” Rose said coldly as hot flames engulfed her and her surroundings, shaping into a form that roughly resembles a giant bird made of fire, a fiery phoenix that devoured the entire stadium in its heat. Drake tried to protect Xavier and the President with a shield of ice, but his gesture was as futile as trying to put out the Sun with a water gun. They were all burned.

After today, Rose Summers (nee Gray) became the pride and joy of Liberals for all eternity: the first and only woman to have successfully assassinated a sitting President of the United States of America.



## Chapter V: Vanguard

“Evey...”

“Finally, you’re back!” Evey turned around to meet Weapon V. “You just fucking walked off after you showed me the plane thing. What the fuck was that all about? Where have you been all this time? I - ”

Before her very eyes, the man who she believed to be indestructible collapsed into a puddle of blood.

“Evey...” Weapon V coughed. “Listen carefully...my end is here, and I don’t have long in this world.”

“Weapon V...!” Evey panicked. “Oh God...! Don’t talk, I’ll go get the bandages! Just...hang in there!”

“No...” Weapon V shook his head. “I’d be dead by the time you’re back, there are things I must say...”

“This country is not saved...far from it. But its old beliefs are in shambles...and perhaps from their ruins we may rebuild. That is their task...to rule themselves, their lives, loves, and lands...with this achieved, then let them speak of salvation...for without it, they are surely carrion, a fine feast for the crows...”

“Oh no...” Evey held Weapon V’s cold body in her arms, her clothes soaked in blood. “Oh please...”

“By the turn of decade they shall know their fate: either a rose bud of true freedom among the rubble blooms, or else it has bloomed too late, and a poisonous flower of Fascism shall blossom in its place. But what about you, little sister, now that I’m dead and gone? What does destiny has in store for you?”

“You’re not!” Evey cried, her warm tears dripping onto the pallid white mask. “You’re not gonna die!”

“Hush, now. You must learn whose face lies behind this mask, but you must never see my face. Clear?”

“What?” Evey blinked. “What are you saying? No more puzzles, Weapon V! Don’t leave me like this!”

“White House...” Weapon V’s breaths grew shallow. “Black bird...must fly...gimme a Viking funeral...”

“Good luck, sweet Evey.” was his last words. “I love you, little sister.”

The he stopped breathing.

“Brothers, sisters, and everyone in between and beyond, I have an announcement:” Magneto addressed the striking workers before one of Stark’s factories. “I have slain the villainous terrorist Weapon V.”

A commotion broke out among the crowd; both from the news of Weapon V’s death, and the apparent resurrection of a revolutionary vanguard long thought dead, presumably murdered by the government.

“While we condemn his chaotic methods and anti-State rhetoric, we must also thank him for awakening the social consciousness of the American people.” Magneto continued, “He reminded us why a country built upon the dreams and labors of workers should not be controlled by a few elites and robber barons; a nation of workers should be just that: a country by the workers, for the workers, of the workers!”

“Humans, Mutants!” Magneto raised his fist high into the air. “One struggle, one Brotherhood!”

While the people got properly riled up by his speech, a handful of black vans arrived at the scene, and police officers with body armor and riot shields aimed their automatic weapons at the unarmed mass.

“Old man?” one of them called out from under his skull mask; it was Frank Castle. “Where the hell have you been? What the fuck are you wearing? Are you a goddamn faggot or something now?”

“I’m homosexual, yes.” Magneto said calmly as he lifted the vans with his mind. “And Frankie boy?”

“My name is Magneto.” then he made Castle and his Banishers roadkills beneath their own vehicles.

- V -

Evey stared at the body. She didn’t know how long it had been. Seconds? Minutes? Hours? Days?

She walked down the spiral staircase, thinking about everything Weapon V had told her. She couldn’t believe he was dead. He wouldn’t die and leave her in all this confusion. So he couldn’t be dead. That was all there was to it. She would walk up those stairs and through that door and he would be alive and it would just be another mean trick, another part of her education. No hanging back, she went back...

No movement. Dead then. What happens next? Weapon V never said. He said he was educating her, but he never actually said what he was educating her *for*. He never told her what she was supposed to *do*.

She walked toward the body, very quietly, very reverently; stooped down, her fingers struggling with elasticated straps, she took off the mask...

His name was James Howlett. He was one of the X-Men, way back when the X-Men was just Xavier’s personal superhero team, plugging holes created by a corrupt system without addressing the underlying rot. As time went on, he grew increasingly disgruntled, and after one black-bag job too many involving the death of a child, he turned on his former masters and was sent off to Genosha for re-education...

No. That wasn’t what she did. What she did was, in tears she stumbled over to the corpse. It was slippery with blood beneath her fingers, but she tore the mask aside, and...

Their name was Raven Page, Weapon W. They wrote the note to Evey when they thought they would die in genosha, but they survived while the actual Weapon V died. With their power of shapeshifting, they assumed the identity of Weapon V and

proceeded to kill off everyone who worked at the camp, so no one would know who they were and go after their son while they avenged their dead girlfriend...

No. That wasn't it, either. Because he was so larger than life, Weapon V. And what if he was just a nobody? Even if he was somebody, he would be smaller, because of all the people he could be but wasn't...

She shook her head. Oh, she didn't know. She didn't know what she meant. She should just do it; she should just walk across the floor and take hold of the mask...

His name was Hank Kinney, Father of Evey Kinney. He was taken away by the X-Men but instead of dying in the camps, he was thoroughly radicalized by his traumatic experience there. He went from a mild-mannered man and political moderate to a violent extremist and political radical, once again showing people how there was no greater recruitment tool for terrorism than government cruelty...

No, she was past that one. Weapon V wasn't her Father; she knew that. Even if he was, it wouldn't be enough. If she took off that mask, something would go away forever, be diminished because whoever he was isn't as big as the idea of him. But he said she had to learn whose face lies behind that mask...

So she started walking towards the body, trying not to tread in all the blood. It didn't move. It didn't look much like a person anymore; something had gone from it. She knelt, her hands were trembling, she could hardly find the fastenings, but finally she lifted away that maddening smile...

Her name was Evey Kinney. The State murdered her Father, and the Capital forced her into crime. She was nearly raped and killed by the people who had sworn to protect and serve, until an outlaw saved her and took her under his wing, teaching her everything the school is afraid for her to know. Weapon V asked what her destiny was; she thought he wouldn't believe in destiny, but now she understood him.

Destiny, free will: the same thing.

Came here, put here: no difference.

What was done to her created her.

She didn't start the fire.

She was simply the smoke.

And at last she knew.

She knew who Weapon V must be.

So she smiled that maddening smile...

...And put on the mask.

- V -

The prison doors rattled and then came loose from their frames under Magneto's command, releasing the inmates back into the civilized world that rejected them because of their race, gender, or religion.

"What is your name, child?" he asked the closest prisoner, a teenager with brown skin and blue hair.

"Dominic Petros."

“Did your parents pick it for you,” Magneto asked. “Like when they picked your clothes and school?”

“Look, I don’t like it either.” Dominic said. “But it beats being called Snowflake just ‘cause I’m enby.”

“I don’t want to hear the name your parents or anyone else give you.” Magneto shook his head. “I want to know the name you chose for yourself.” he shot a quizzical gaze toward the other inmates. “Well, perhaps your former housemates could provide some ideas...?” indicated them with a wave of hand.

“I’m Darwin.” said the black man whose features were ever-changing, adapting to the circumstances.

“Call me Jubilee.” said the Chinese woman who created the November 11th fireworks for Weapon V.

“Negasonic Teenage Warhead.” all eyes gathered on the lesbian. “...What? It’s a good name, innit?”

“Do you realize,” Darwin smirked. “That you can sing that name with the tune of the Ninja Turtles?”

“You really can, heh.” Jubilee giggled. “Negasonic Teenage Warhead! Teenage Mutant Negasonic!”

“Hm, how about...” Dominic put a finger to his lips and thought about it for a while. “...Avalanche?”

“Pleasure to meet you, Avalanche.” Magneto smiled and offered her a gloved hand. “I am Magneto.”

“Wait, what? You’re Magneto?” Jubilee blinked in surprise. “THE Magneto? From the Brotherhood?”

“No way, man!” Darwin shook his head. “He’s dead! No one had seen him since the Legacy Virus!”

“Well, I - ” Magneto was interrupted when a prison guard came running; the name tag revealed him to be one Mr. Kibblesmith. Avalanche shot the man a dirty glance, and then suddenly grinned widely.

“Yo, dipshit!” Avalanche laughed as a snowflake fell onto Kibblesmith’s head. Then another. And then another. The snowflakes kept falling until the dipshit was buried in an avalanche. “I’m Avalanche!”

- V -

“They’re still there?” asked one of the Madroxes. “All the same fucking mask. Gives me the creeps.”

“Tell me about it.” said another of the Madroxes. “It’s like that goddamn Occupy shit all over again.”

“It’s that Weapon V clownface.” the third Madrox said. “Reminded people about that stupid V mask.”

“At least they’re not doing anything.” observed the first Madrox. “Just sitting there, waiting for...?”

“Magneto came back from the dead.” the second Madrox said. “They wish Weapon V would too.”

“People don’t come back from the dead everyday.” the third said. “This isn’t a fucking comic book.”

As if on cue, the speakers around the plaza crackled to life, and a silhouette appeared atop a nearby building, framed by a cloak and a top hat, arms raised to the sky in the shape of the letter “V”.

“Good evening, America.” the villain said. “I would introduce myself, but truth be told, I don’t have a name; you can just call me Weapon V. Don’t worry now, I’ll keep this one short and sweet as well...”

“Since the dawn of the human race, a small minority of oppressors took up the responsibilities we each should have taken for ourselves.” Weapon V said. “In doing so, they took our power; by doing nothing, we gave it away. We propped up these idols in the hopes that they would protect us from prosecution, but we also gave them the authority to oppress the less fortunate. We have seen where their way leads, though concentration camps and burning battlefields, straight toward the human slaughterhouse.

“The founders of this nation put down the laws in the misguided belief that the institution will protect us from tyranny. But all rules are tyranny, and all institution are oppression; when people trust in the institutions of the State and the system of Capitalism as surely as they believed in a heavenly God, they created a worse kind of tyranny: a tyrannical system with no face, no soul, and no mind, it knows only to consume everything in its path in service of the institutions, a tyranny cheered on by the majority.

“In Anarchy, there is another way. With the myth of State and Capital out of the way, the real bond that binds us together as human beings becomes apparent. Our only responsibility is to ourselves and each other; we are to accept no rules, no systems, and no institutions, but to give our fellow human beings a helping hand when one is required of us. With that achieved, from ruins shall come new lives, hope reinstated. Everybody says that Anarchy is dead, but you see, reports of my death were...exaggerated.

“Tomorrow, the White House will be destroyed, its walls reduced to rubble, an end to what had came before.” Weapon V concluded. “Tonight, all of you musk ask yourself a question: are you ready to do more than just wearing the mask? Are you ready to embody the mask and its message? Are you ready to become a weapon: a weapon against injustice, a weapon against tyranny...a weapon for Anarchy?”

“And so, adios.” Weapon V tipped her top hat at the crowd before she vanished behind the building.

A moment of quiet contemplation preceded the uproar; the more absolute the hush, the more shocking the thunderclap. At last the people realized their suffering was caused not by the cruelty of fate, but by the injustice of their fellow human beings, and a great tide of righteous fury swept over the nation, and there weren’t enough Madroxes in the whole world to stop a people who had awakened to the truth.

- V -

“All species on Mother Earth needs her to survive.” Snake Vine told the handful of Inhumans on the roof with her. “But Mother Earth doesn’t need any of us. Everyone looks to an environment killer like Stark or his accomplices in the government when they said ‘looking out for number one’; well, it’s time someone starts looking out for the *real* number one! The Inhumans will succeed where humans fail!”

A dark shape leapt out of a bat-shaped helicopter and landed on the roof near the Inhumans. Everyone could readily tell who the newcomer was; Bruce Bolt, a good-for-nothing playboy with the power to create shockwaves when he shouts. He became a trillionaire by the virtue of marrying the princess of Wakanda, but all he did with that fortune was making a bat fursuit he could beat poor criminals in.

“Your villainy ends here, Poison Ivy!” he said slicing at the hair-vines covering the building with a bat-shaped knife. “Release the good, hard-working bankers inside this building from your vines at once!”

“My name is Snake Vine, bat-brain!” she said with a sigh and her hands on her hips. “And why should I? The Earth and the people don’t need bankers to survive, but they sure as hell need more plants!”

“Because you don’t own this building!” Bruce growled. “The survival and well-being of the planet and the human species are secondary to a piece of paper that says who owns this plot of God-made land!”

“Well, when you put it that way - ” Snake Vine wanted to snark him more because he was so close to having a breakthrough, but it was interrupted when a pair of giant palms crushed him like a cockroach.

“Kamala!?” Snake Vine blinked. “Did you just fucking murder him? Good job, I’m so proud of you!”

“Did not.” Kamala examined the broken Bat as she peeled him from her shrinking palms. “A shame.”

“Well, take him with us then.” Snake Vine said as she turned to leave. “He might just get it right yet.”

- V -

“Give me a Viking funeral.” he told her. That wasn’t much. That wasn’t much to ask. Not after what he did. He came out of an abattoir unharmed, but no unchanged. He realized the necessity of freedom and equality, not just for himself or the selected few, but for all human beings. He realized it, and instead of just talking about it, he dared to put it into action. She didn’t agree with everything he said and did, but at the end of the day, she would rather have him by her side than anyone who has nothing but words.

His foes thought he sought vengeance upon their flesh alone, but he gorged their ideology as well, what little there was to it; he revealed Liberalism and its mockery of democracy for the shams that they are, a mere hotbed for extremism to fester and grow among the victims of its apathetic institutions. Desperate people act, desperately. Either they’d put the blame on the marginalized people they’ve oppressed and march

toward an early grave with Fascism, or they'd have to embrace the true liberty of Anarchism.

Now the people stood within the ruins of their civilized society, a prison meant to feast upon their lives and outlive them all. The prison gate was open; they could leave together, or fell instead to squabbling and new chains. The choice was theirs, and no one else's, as ever it must be. She would not lead them, but she would help them build, and she would kill when they were threatened by predators that wish to harm and exploit them. The age of wolverines was no more; they had no place in this better world.

"Give me a Viking funeral." he told her.

"It's yours, brother." Evey whispered and put Weapon Vy into a casket full of spider lilies. "It's yours."

Away. Away he went, with all his spider lilies and C-4, soaring high in the sky within the embrace of a metal Valkyrie. How much explosives were on that plane? She never bothered to count the packages. More than enough, she'd bet; it's always double or nothing with him. "The Blackbird must fly", he told her. Lockheed SR-71 "Blackbird": the plane used by X-Men back when they were Xavier's superhero team, with stealth technology from the genius called Forge. "Give me a Viking funeral." he told her.

She had 5 minutes to take the elevator to the roof. It was so easy for her to find her way around now. Upon her guided tour, Weapon V showed this place to her and told her it was his will; she didn't get it back then, but of course he was right about this place – it was his will, and she was the sole beneficiary. It's 6:16; he was almost there now, speeding on his winged funeral barge across the endless expanse of the sky, slicing through the breaking dawn toward his destination, the final resting place for this hero:

The White House.

The explosion itself was a surprisingly uneventful affair, nothing she hadn't seen before. Presidential staffs die like any other mortal, and the White House fell like any other building. Descending now to claim her heritage, she thought about the tasks ahead: so vast, so vital, and so vexing. She felt wired, elated, enthusiastic, and maybe just a little bit scared. But that was what liberty means: being free to face your fears and overcome them, instead of being imprisoned by the fears of oneself and others.

She had things to do. People to see. Evey found the girl when "Weapon V" was heading back from the plaza; her comrades called her Kitty. Kitty could phase through solid objects, but was caught off guard when the police jammed the Signal and ambushed her from behind. Evey had rescued her among the chaos and took her to the safety of the Danger Room; now she's just waiting for the Kitty to wake up.

"Nyaaaa..." the girl finally came to it. "Where...?"

"Welcome to the Danger Room, Kitty." Evey said. "You can call me Weapon V. This is my home."

- V -

“It may be too late to save the future.” Lex Stark said mournfully, his body covered by an experimental exo-skeleton. “Just as the Fascists and assorted other bigots had taken over Wikipedia and other online services and websites, turning what were supposed to be shining examples of intellectual freedom and human collaboration into exercises in gatekeeping and authoritarianism, they may have already won the battle between authority and freedom, between State control and the free market. But you know what?”

“Even if we can’t save the future,” Stark put on the helmet attached to the exo-skeleton, and then lifted a heavy machine gun like it’s nothing and fired it at the police. “We can still sure as hell avenge her!”

“Avengers Assemble!” Captain Rogers shouted and threw himself between the police and Lex Stark, protecting the mad man with his riot armor and shield, both painted with the colors of the US flag. A cop tried to sneak up on him and shoot him in the back, but was stunned at last minute by a redhead woman in a black cat suit. She peeled her hand away to reveal a miniature stun gun mounted on a ring.

“So nice of you to join us at the rally,” Stark said with a slight smirk under his helmet. “Miss Tree.”

“Oh, come on!” Miss Tree spread her hands in defeat. “I said I can pretend to be a tree once. Let it go!”

“Not when it’s such a good bit, no.” Rogers laughed, then noticed a vagabond on the sidewalks and called out to him. “Friend! Would you like to join the fight for truth, justice, and the American way?”

“Nah, bub.” the vagabond smiled thinly and shook his head. “I’m good.”

Then the vagabond named Logan went quietly into the good night.

## Epilogue: Valhalla

“The author would like to thank their best friend Haddie, whom volunteered to be their editor for free, and gave them invaluable ideas for interesting plot twists and obscure references to spice up the story.”

“The writer would also like to thank Chad Walker for his amazing work on *SIG-MATA: This Signal Kills Fascists* and his willingness to help them understand the clusterfuck America is becoming.”

“It would of course be amiss if they didn’t thank their datemates: Colin, Corvids, and Kathryn, for giving them moral support and for being patient with them when they’re at their lowest moments.”

“Obviously this story wouldn’t have existed if not for Alan Moore’s *V For Vendetta*, which is indeed better than the movie and definitely his best work ever. You do you, cool Anarcho-Wizard grandpa!”



“I know what you’re thinking: Wolverine is the hero? AGAIN!? To be fair, the writer was inspired by the cover art created by artist Marco D’Alfonso, so if you need to blame someone for it, blame him!”

“The author is in fact *not* a fan of *X-Men*, and wished that all the discarded concpets referenced in this story – such as Nightcrawler being the son of Mystique and Destiny – could be canon instead.”

“But we all know that Marvel is ran by Liberal chickenshits, which is why so many MCU movies are really just reskinned *Iron Man (2008)*. Oh, that last bit wasn’t from the writer; it’s from *me*.”

Deathpool crumpled up the note from the author and tossed it away before she turned to *you*, yes, *you*, the reader. Look, she’s an amalgam of Death from *Sandman* and Deadpool; what else do you expect?

“Hi there! It’s me, the Endless With a Mouth, Deathpool! The writer planned an epilogue delivered by yours truly, but they ran out of material so they made me deliver their acknowledgments instead!”

“Well, don’t let me keep you! You only get what everyone else get: a lifetime! The question is, whacha gonna do with it? PROTIP: you don’t earn your way to Valhalla by burying your head in the sand!”

“Of course Valhalla is real; look, that’s Tessa Thompson taking Weapon V to Valhalla right there! No, Fascists don’t go to Valhalla, in fact those cowards don’t go anywhere! Even Satan hates them!”

“So are you gonna join the fight against Fascism and get your date with my lovely sister Destiny, or are you gonna keep standing her up and force me to come and get you early? Tick-tock, time’s a-wasting!”

The Battle For Liberty Never Ends.

# The Ted K Archive

A text dump on Magical Comrade Molotov Catgirl

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